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PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

I

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS—PARIS IN 1869

MY father was for three years American Consul at Trieste, and thus Italy colored my first impression of life, although I was born in Brooklyn, in the State of New York. Italian skies gave me my love of heat and of the sun, and a smiling, dark-eyed peasant nurse tuned my baby ears to the harmony of the most melodious of all languages. Until the age of six I spoke hardly anything but Italian. My father, Leonard Jerome, a Princeton graduate and the most enterprising of nine brothers, soon wearied of quiet Trieste, and returned to America with my mother and three small children, all girls, one of whom died a year or two later. On our journey back I remember how, as we crossed the Mont Cenis in a *vettura*, the deep snow filled my childish mind with awe and astonishment. But this was a sight I was soon to become familiar with in my own country.

For four or five years my family lived in New York, where my father, in making and unmaking several fortunes, and at one time virtually possessing the whole of the Pacific Mail Line, found plenty of scope for his ambitions and his active brain. He founded Jerome Park and the Coney Island Jockey Club, the first of the two great American racecourses, and with his friend August Belmont made good his claim to being called "the father of the American turf."

Then came the period of the Civil War. That great struggle, which for four years devastated my country and sacrificed a million men in the cause of freedom, passed our nursery unmolested, and I remember nothing about it except that every little Southerner I met at dancing classes was a "wicked rebel," to be pinched, if possible; while the words of the bitter parody which we used to sing to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland" come back to me to-day.

Besides the 4th of July celebrations of fire-crackers and memories of burnt fin-

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gers, and St. Patrick's Day processions, when the streets were filled yearly with an ever-increasing crowd, one vivid recollection of an important event strikes across my mind. I remember our house in Madison Square draped from top to bottom in white and black, and the whole of New York looking like one gigantic mausoleum. It was the funeral of President Lincoln.

Then came a few uneventful years of lessons, with matinées at the opera "to improve our minds," sleighing and skating for pleasure, and on red-letter days a drive to Jerome Park on my father's coach, where, tiny mite that I was, I always occupied the seat of honor next him. Sometimes from afar I could see the blue and white of his racing colors come in first, which was a great excitement. Unlike most American children, we were seldom permitted to go to boy and girl dances, but a photograph I have of myself at the age of ten, dressed as a *vivandière*, reminds me of a fancy ball given by Mr. Belmont to which I was allowed to go. For days I did not sleep with the excitement of anticipation, but on the eventful night I was found in a flood of tears, the explanation being that I did not look "at all as I thought I was going to"—a situation which I have found, alas! has often repeated itself.

We spent several delightful summers at Newport, where my father had built a charming villa more in accordance with one's idea of a seaside residence than the gorgeous white marble palaces which are the fashion nowadays. There we were allowed to run wild and be as grubby and happy as children ought to be.

Mrs. Ronalds, who was as gifted as she was lovely, and shared with Mrs. Ritchie (now Mrs. Adair) the reputation of being the reigning beauty, gave me a species of small dog-cart and two donkeys which rejoiced in the names of "Willie" and "Wooshey." With the cart filled with half a dozen children, and urged by a stick, at the end of which was "the business end of a tin tack," christened the "Persuader," Willie and Wooshey were gently made to tear up and down Bellevue Avenue at the risk of our necks and every one else's. The cart and its occupants soon became a terror to the smart folk in their silks and feathers who drove majestically by. These were delightful days.

In 1867, owing to my mother having become ill, we sailed for Europe in order that she might consult the celebrated American Doctor Sims, in Paris. I little thought I was fated not to return to my native land until 1876, when I had already been married two years. Finding that the educational advantages were greater in Paris than in New York, we decided to remain there. On regaining her health, my mother went out a great deal in French society, where her beauty attracted much attention, "*la belle Américaine*" at that time having all the charm of novelty.

The last flicker of the candle, the last flame of the dying fire, is ever the brightest; and so it was with Paris in 1869.

Never had the Empire seemed more assured, the court more brilliant, the fêtes more gorgeous. The light-hearted Parisians reveled in the daily sights of royal processions and cavalcades. The Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysées, where we were living at that time, were crowded with splendid equipages. I remember often seeing the Empress Eugénie, then the handsomest woman in Europe, driving in her daumont, the green and gold liveries of the postilions and outriders making a brave show. Nor were four horses and postilions the privilege of royalty alone. Princess Metternich, the wife of the Austrian ambassador, often went out in similar style. The beautiful Madame de Canisy, and the Duchesse de Mouchy, the Empress's greatest and perhaps only intimate friend, and a host of court ladies habitually drove out in great state, and helped by the magnificence of their appearance to give to Paris that air of elegance and distinction which could neither be surpassed nor emulated by any other capital in Europe. Even among those who had forebodings of the gathering storm, no one had descried the black shadow cast on the blue sky by the approaching figure of Bellona, her fierce eyes fixed on happy, smiling, tranquil France.

Although I was not old enough to go into society, being still troubled with governesses, the echoes of the Tuileries fêtes and of the gay social life of Paris were heard in our house, and eagerly listened to by my curious and greedy ears. The

Emperor Napoleon III was credited with a great liking for Americans, and he certainly showed his partiality by having many invited to the official festivities. Among them was my eldest sister, who made her début at one of the Tuileries balls. Notwithstanding her awe at the magnificence of the palace, and her confusion at having to walk up the grand staircase between the Cent-Gardes in her first low frock, she was able to give me afterward a graphic description of the scene, which made a deep impression on me. Unlike the procedure at the English court, no procession was formed. When the company was assembled, the doors were flung open, and "*Sa Majesté l'Empereur*" was announced. Then after a pause, "*Sa Majesté l'Impératrice!*" who that evening appeared a resplendent figure in green velvet, with a crown of emeralds and diamonds, spiked with pearls, on her small and beautifully shaped head. The Emperor and Empress walked round the circle of curtsying and bowing guests, addressing a few words here and there, and then proceeded to the ball-room. Besides the great functions at the palace, smaller and more informal dances were given.

MISS JENNIE JEROME, AS A VIVANDIÈRE, AT TEN YEARS OF AGE

These were the *petits Lundis,* which had been instituted ten years before, and at which the Prince Imperial, although only a boy, was allowed to appear and amuse himself, perhaps with a view to forming his manners, and giving him that ease in society in which foreign royalties excel. All the most beautiful and charming women of Paris, including many attractive foreigners, were asked.

Court ceremonial and etiquette were dispensed with, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. After one of these petits Lundis, which had been unusually animated (owing to its being Twelfth Night, when a magnificent "Gâteau des Rois," with presents for the ladies, had been the event of the evening), Count Hatzfeldt, late German Ambassador to England, who was then Secretary to the Embassy in Paris, and a frequenter of our salon, prophetically sounded the first note of trouble to come. "I never saw their Majesties in better spirits than they were last night," he remarked, "and God knows where they will be next year at this time." In the light of subsequent events, we were much impressed by his having said this, although I cannot believe that he knew much at that time.

The celebrated beauties, most of them in the zenith of their fame, with whom the Empress loved to surround herself, and whose portrait medallions adorned the walls of her boudoir in the Tuileries, were conspicuous at these small dances. The Marquise de Gallifet, wife of the General, and her sister Madame Cordier, formerly Mesdemoiselles Lafitte, one fair, the other dark, would sometimes dress alike, making a lovely contrast. The Comtesse de Pourtalès, whose bewitching face and fascinating manner won all hearts, also concerned herself so seriously with politics that she became the social link between the two camps of Legitimists and Bonapartists. Comte de Pourtalès, being of Swiss origin, had no compunction in becoming an Imperialist, and they were great favorites at the Tuileries. Madame de Pourtalès later showed her gratitude and devotion to the fallen monarchs by interceding for them with M. Thiers for the restoration of some of their property. Having visited them at Chiselhurst in the dark year of 1873, and realizing their poverty, which was known to few, Madame de Pourtalès never rested till she had succeeded in her task.

As a girl I remember seeing her at the opera, a vision of beauty in a cloud of tulle, with her soft, brown hair, lovely, expressive eyes, and radiant smile. Later, when as a married woman I had the pleasure of knowing her, I always found on my visits to Paris a pleasant welcome at her house in the rue Tronchet, and from the charm of her beauty and personality, and the vivacity of her conversation, could easily understand the sway she held over society. To this day, although a grandmother of many years' standing, she is still a beautiful woman, and no Frenchman can speak of "*La belle Mélanie*" without saying, "*Elle est étonnante.*" For so many years did these beautiful women reign supreme that envious rivals christened them "*La vieille Garde,*" perverting the old saying with malicious aptness.

At this period Princesse Mathilde, who had a fine house in the rue de Courcelles, used to give cotillions, at which the *colletmonté* and aristocratic families made their appearance in greater numbers than at the Tuileries: the noble faubourg, satisfied that her mother was a Princess of Würtemberg, while her uncle was the Czar Nicholas I, did not look upon her as a parvenu and an interloper.

Princesse Mathilde, undoubtedly the most brilliant and intelligent woman of the Second Empire, had done the honors at the Elysée, in 1848, for her cousin Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic. Her marriage to Count Anatole Demidoff, Prince of San Donato, as every one knows, had not been a success, and after some scenes of great violence on his part, she separated from him, supported in this step by her uncle Nicholas I, who also forced his subject Count Demidoff to give her a large income, which it is said in the course of sixty years amounted to twelve million francs.

The Princess loved to surround herself with all those possessing wit or talent, and her salon had a world-wide reputation, comparing easily with the famous salons of the Eighteenth Century, with the added attraction and glamour of royalty and great wealth. That these sacred portals were opened for anything so frivolous as a dance was to please the Prince Imperial and the Empress's nieces, the Mesdemoiselles d'Albe, and it was there that some of the young and pretty Americans in Paris, including my sister, had the privilege of meeting such men as Dumas, Sardou, Théophile Gautier, Baudry, and many other habitués of the house.

Among the celebrated women of Eu-

From a crayon drawing by Samuel Worcester Rowse
Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MISS JENNIE JEROME.

génie's circle none took so prominent a place as Princess Pauline Metternich, the wife of the Austrian Ambassador. Though she was only twenty-two when she first arrived in Paris in 1860, her wit, vivacity, and extraordinary "chic" (the only word which really describes her) placed her at once among the leaders of what was undoubtedly the most brilliant court in Europe. Her life is too well known for me to dilate on it, but her repartees and bons mots were on every one's lips, her dresses were the models all tried to copy, and her company was eagerly sought for by the greatest in the land. Apart from other interests, her predilection for the stage was perhaps her ruling passion. She was never so happy as when organizing theatricals, and she was the ruling spirit of all the entertainments of that kind given at Compiègne, where, whether as a black devil dancing in a ballet before the whole court, or dressed as a coachman singing sprightly verses, she was the cynosure of all eyes. Her success was enhanced by the fact that Octave Feuillet

From a photograph owned by the Coney Island Jockey Club
Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

LEONARD JEROME

wrote the verses, while Viollet-le-Duc was stage manager. Notwithstanding these frivolities, Princess Metternich always remained *grande dame*. After the fall of the Empire, on returning to Vienna, she took her legitimate place at court, where she soon gained the same social ascendancy that she had held for ten years in the French capital. A real patron of art and music, it was owing entirely to her influence, as is well known, that "Tannhäuser" was given in Paris in 1861, and although it was a gigantic failure, the French not having aspired in those days to anything so complex as Wagner,[1] it must be put down to her credit that she understood and appreciated him twenty years before they did. Smetana's "Verkaufte Braut," given this year in London for the first time, was brought out in Vienna some years ago under her auspices.

MISS CLARA JEROME, NOW MRS. MORETON FREWEN

In 1888 a Viennese wrote a rhyme in her honor which runs:

Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt;
Es giebt nur a Wien;
Es giebt nur a Fürstin:
Es is die Metternich Paulin.

[1] See "Les Femmes du Second Empire," by F. Lollise.

The following letter, which I received from her apropos of the "Puppenfee," which I wanted to give in London, proves what a born stage manager she was. Her directions are most clear and lucid, and show how great an interest she still takes in theatrical matters:

LETTER FROM PRINCESSE METTERNICH

Vienne, le 8 Juin, 1891.

CHÈRE LADY RANDOLPH,

Je reçois à l'instant la lettre dans laquelle vous me faites part de votre désir de représenter le pantomime ballet "Puppenfee" pour une œuvre de charité mondaine. J'en suis très flattée car c'est nous qui en sommes les auteurs, et la "Puppenfee" ayant été donnée pour la première fois chez nous à la campagne en Bohème. Je vais demander au maître de ballet de l'Opéra de m'envoyer le libretto avec toutes les indications voulues. Quant aux costumes rien de plus simple, car vous pouvez prendre tout ce que vous voulez. Il faudra seulement pour les pas seuls, avoir une Japonaise, une Espagnole, une Styrienne ou Tyrolienne, une Chinoise et un bébé, de ceux qui disent "Papa" et "Maman." Pour le reste, laissez libre cours à votre fantaisie. Le reveil des poupées s'opère au coup de minuit lorsque le magasin est fermé, et quand, reveillée par le sabbat, la marchande arrive, elle s'évanouit de frayeur, ayant été entrainée dans les rondes folles des poupées devenues vivantes. En revenant de son évanouissement elle trouve tout rentré en bon ordre, et les poupées sont redevenues immobiles. Alors la marchande s'avance vers la rampe et fait comprendre par gestes aux spectateurs qu'elle a été évidemment le jouet d'un rêve!

Le sujet est bien simple, comme vous voyez, et il n'a pas fallu beaucoup d'imagination pour le trouver!

Recevez, chère Lady Randolph, l'assurance de mes sentiments les meilleurs et les plus affectueux. *P. Metternich.*

Drawn by Francis Day from the picture by Winterhalter

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

Vienna, June 8, 1891.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I am just now in receipt of the letter in which you express a desire to present the pantomime ballet "Puppenfee" in aid of a charitable society.

I am greatly flattered that you should do so; for we are its authors. The "Puppenfee" was acted for the first time under our roof in the country in Bohemia.

I shall ask the ballet-master at the Opéra to send me the libretto containing all the necessary notes and indications. So far as costumes are concerned, nothing could be simpler, for you are at liberty to choose whatever you want. Only—for the solo dances—it is necessary to provide Japanese, Spanish, Styrian or Tyrolese, and Chinese women, and a baby like the dolls that cry "Papa" and "Mama." In other respects, let your fancy go as it will.

The awakening of the dolls takes place at midnight when the shop is closed up, so that when she is roused by the witches' Sabbath going on, the shop-woman enters, and then faints away from fright, after being swept along in the crazy rounds of the dolls come to life. When she revives from her swoon, she finds everything gone back into perfect order and all the dolls absolutely motionless.

Then it is that the shop-woman steps to the foot-lights and in dumb show gives the spectators to understand that evidently she has been the victim of a dream.

As you perceive, the plan is very simple, and no great imagination was required to invent it.

Accept, dear Lady Randolph, assurances of my best and most affectionate regards.

P. Metternich.

Foremost among the social lights of the Second Empire was Boson de Talleyrand Périgord—Prince de Sagan—now Duc de Valançay. With the Duc de Morny and the celebrated Count Gramont-Caderousse, he kept Paris society in a ferment of amazement and excitement. His name, his fêtes, and his extravagances were on all lips. When I first met the Prince after the war, in 1872, he must have been about fifty. He was a remarkable-looking man, with snow-white, curly hair, which stood out like a lion's mane, and through which he had a habit of passing his fingers. With a well set-up figure, irreproachable clothes, a white carnation in his buttonhole, and an eye-glass to which was attached a black moiré ribbon which became the fashion, he was un-

Drawn by George L. Tobin after photographs.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

doubtedly the ideal Parisian beau, "le dernier cri." As such he was caricatured in the press and on the stage *ad infinitum*. A kindly man, he deserved a better fate than was meted out to him in his domestic circle, where his differences with the most of his inheritance, and had dissipated enormous sums.

He was the originator of the Auteuil race-course and the Cercle de la Rue Royale. He was a patron of the drama, and many artists owed their success to

From a photograph by Le Jeune, taken before the Franco-Prussian War

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, ABOUT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE

Princess were for many years public property. A descendant of the famous diplomat, the Marquis de Talleyrand, he was heir to a dukedom and vast estates in Germany as well as in France, where he owned the famous Château de Valançay on the Loire. Although he did not succeed to his estates until stricken in years and in health, he had already anticipated his timely aid. If he had faults, he was, I fancy, as much sinned against as sinning. Struck down with an attack of paralysis, he was taken by the irony of fate to his wife's house, where he had not lived for many years and which he had sworn never to re-enter. He is still living there, the Princess having died a few years ago. Many a pleasant party did he

organize for my sister and me. I also remember a picnic to St. Germain where, as Mr. Gordon Bennett was driving us back on his coach, we came to grief near the Arc de l'Etoile and were nearly killed. I used sometimes to ride with my father and the Prince in the Bois. Mounted on a seemingly fiery chestnut, I fancied myself vastly.

In the month of November, 1869, the Empress went to Egypt to open the Suez Canal; the Emperor for state reasons remained in France. The imperial progress created the greatest enthusiasm. Her Majesty left Port Saïd for Ismailia on board the *Aigle,* which had been sumptuously fitted up for her; sixty vessels followed in the wake. Cleopatra sailing up the river of Cydnus to meet Mark Antony in all the color and glory of Eastern pomp paled in comparison, while "for her own person" Eugénie, like Cleopatra, "beggared all description." The most lavish expenditure and extraordinary display marked every step. All vied in doing honor to the brilliant and beautiful Empress who, imposing and serene, was then poised—for a final moment, had she but known it—at the summit of her fortune.

The Duc d'Albe, her favorite nephew, was in her suite, and related to me a few years ago the details of this wonderful journey. For instance, the Empress, as she stepped off the vessel on reaching Ismailia, found all the carriages awaiting her painted in the imperial colors, with green and gold liveries and the gold bees; and even her villa at Ismailia was furnished in facsimile of her rooms at the Tuileries, that she might feel "at home." I believe that the same compliment was paid to Queen Victoria when she and the Prince Consort visited the French court in 1855 for the Exhibition.

Verdi composed "Aïda" for the opening of the canal, and in honor of the Empress, who was present at the first performance in Cairo.

During her absence in Egypt, the Emperor gave what was fated to be the last of his famous parties, or *séries* as they were called, at Compiègne, at which Princesse Mathilde helped to do the honors. It was much smaller than usual, on account of the Emperor's bad health and political worries. Among those invited were my mother and sister. Hunting, shooting, and dancing were some of the amusements provided. There was a *grande chasse,* or stag hunt, on the first day, at which all the guests appeared, riding or driving. Those who hunted wore the royal colors, the men in green coats and the gold hunt buttons, the ladies in flowing green habits and three-cornered hats. The stag on this occasion was brought to bay in a lake, the Prince Imperial giving him the *coup de grâce.* At night there was a *curée aux flambeaux* in the courtyard of the château, the whole party assembling on the balconies in the glare of the innumerable torches. The carcass of the deer lay in the center, covered with its skin; the *hallali* was sounded; at a signal the hounds were unleashed, and in a moment every vestige of the stag had disappeared.

The next day an expedition was organized to see the Château de Pierrefonds, a distance of nine or ten miles: the party went in *chars-à-bancs* under the guidance of M. Viollet-le-Duc, the celebrated architect, who had just completed its restoration. Compiègne, where Joan of Arc was taken prisoner, and which was rebuilt by Louis XV and decorated by Napoleon I, seemed modern in comparison with this huge castle, with its battlemented walls and medieval arrangements.

After a tour of inspection under the guidance of Viollet-le-Duc, the day ended with tea in the beautiful armory of the castle from which the Emperor presented each lady with a souvenir in the shape of a small weapon.

One day there was a Cabinet Council, and the guests were exhorted to be discreet in their amusements and not disturb His Majesty. Who knows what fateful questions were discussed? Times were disquieting, and the *pourparlers* going on with Prussia were anything but pleasant. The Government was in direct conflict with the Opposition. Maréchal Bazaine, who had come from Paris for this Council, had a few weeks previously made great military preparations for preventing the Opposition members from meeting to fix a date other than that settled by the Government for the assembling of the Chambers. The Emperor himself, anticipating trouble, had gone to Paris. Fortu-

From a photograph by Disderi

NAPOLEON III AND EUGÉNIE IN THE 60's

nately all passed off quietly, and the troops were not called out. But it gives one an idea of the volcano on which the Empire and the new Ollivier Ministry were living. At this visit to Compiègne Bazaine was accompanied by his wife, a Mexican lady, who created a sensation by appearing in a gown of vivid scarlet with gloves to match. This was thought *très Anglais*, as no one in France wore such brilliant colors.

Every night from sixty to a hundred guests sat down to dinner, the Emperor never permitting it to last more than three quarters of an hour. Sometimes magnificent gold plate adorned the table, sometimes precious *biscuit de Sèvres*. Before dinner the company assembled in two long lines. The Emperor took in Princesse Mathilde, sitting opposite her at the center of the table, a few seats of honor being reserved on each side, while the rest placed themselves as they wished, the ladies choosing the gentlemen to take them in, according to the custom of Compiègne. After dinner there was dancing, in which the Prince Imperial, then only thirteen, was allowed to join till ten o'clock, when his tutor would approach him, saying, *"Monseigneur, votre chapeau,"* which meant going to bed. At the close of the visit there was a grand lottery in which all tickets were prizes. The Emperor stood near two great urns from which the numbers were drawn, and as each guest received one he would wish them *"Bonne chance."* Some little juggling must have gone on, as my mother and the American minister, Mr. Washburne, won valuable pieces of Sèvres china, whereas the presents for the younger people were less costly. My sister, much to my envy, was given an inkstand shaped like a knotted handkerchief filled with napoleons, upon which the Emperor remarked, *"Mademoiselle, n'oubliez par les Napoléons!"*

From a photograph by Ladrey-Disderi

PRINCESSE MATHILDE

In the spring of 1870 Paris was full of unrest and rumors of war. Prussia on several occasions had been more than aggressive and had heaped insults on France. Prévost Paradol, the brilliant journalist and writer, whose daughter was a playfellow of mine, described the two countries as "running on the same lines, collision being inevitable." It was said that the Emperor was credulous and that Bismarck was unscrupulous; the latter wanted war, and what he wished generally happened. In Prussia also disturbing rumors had been rife for some time; as an instance of this a story is told of General Blumenthal shooting in Norfolk in 1869 with Lord Albemarle, who remarked that he would like to see the Prussian manœuvers. "It is not necessary to come to Prussia," said the General; "we will have a review for you in the Champ-de-Mars."

The Hohenzollern incident was the last straw, and it provoked France beyond endurance. Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a tool of Bismarck, became a candidate for the throne of Spain. It was looked upon as *"une sanglante injure pour l'Empereur Napoléon."* Excited by the press, the whole country clamored for war. According to history, peace might have been maintained had it not been for the rashness and violence of the Duc de Gramont, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the ineptitude and blunders of M. Emile Ollivier, whose famous phrase, that he took upon himself and his colleagues the responsibility of the war *"d'un cœur léger,"* will ever be associated with his memory. Conciliation having been rendered impossible, on the 19th of July, 1870, war was declared, to the sor-

row of the Emperor, who, very ill at the time and on the eve of a serious operation, had done all he could to avert it. I shall never forget the excitement. Crowds paraded the streets with cries of *"A Berlin!"* The war, the war—there was no other topic. Utter strangers would stop to discuss the situation. The confidence in the generals and the army was immense. It was to be one long but straight march to Berlin; not a soul doubted it. Of course our sympathies were French, and I felt that I hated *"Ces sâles Prussiens"* as much as did any of the inhabitants of the doomed city. Exciting incidents crowded on us. One day we saw Capoul, the celebrated tenor, and Marie Sass of the Opêra, on being recognized in an omnibus, made to stand on the top and sing the "Marseillaise," an evergrowing crowd joining in the chorus.

One night we went to the opera in walking dresses, with our hats in our hands, in case there was any trouble and we might have to walk home, which proved to be the case. It was a strange performance, as the singers were constantly being interrupted and made to sing patriotic songs. We found the greatest difficulty in getting home, owing to the streets being filled with huge crowds marching to the cry of *"des chassepots, des chassepots."* Poor fellows, they soon had them, and all the fighting they wanted.

July and August were anxious months for us. With keen interest we followed with maps and flags the incidents of the war. One day it was the Emperor leaving Paris for Metz to join his army of 380,000 men, which, to his dismay, proved to muster only 220,000 badly equipped troops. Another day it was the details of Saarbrück and the *"baptême de feu"* of the Prince Imperial, or, again, Maréchal Lebœuf's resignation and Maréchal Bazaine made Generalissimo, which, according to M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, would give confidence to the country. But, alas! news of fresh defeats was continuous; the rapidity with which disaster after disaster befell the French army seemed incredible.

Soon our maps of France were bristling with the hated Prussian flag, and one heard nothing but cries of *"Nous sommes trahis."* On one or two occasions great victories were bruited about; in the twinkling of an eye the whole city would be decorated, flags flying from every window, and signs of rejoicing everywhere, only to be taken in a few hours later, and blinds pulled down, as the truth would filter out, and the glorious victory became a ghastly defeat, such as Weissenburg, Wörth, or Gravelotte, with more cries of betrayal from the bewildered Parisians.

As the war advanced, all the foreigners who could leave Paris departed. We were advised to go, but unfortunately my mother was laid up with a very severe sprain, and could not put her foot to the ground, and so we tarried. Besides, we were incredulous of the Prussians ever reaching Paris, and every day we put off our departure. Our house became the rendezvous of the few of our French friends who had not gone to the front.

Our principal visitor was the Duc de Persigny, who, with his family, had been on intimate relations with us for some years. Persigny, a short, dapper-looking little man with a piercing eye and a pleasant manner, was, as every one knows, Victor Fialin, Louis Napoleon's bosom friend and companion. He shared his fortunes at Strasburg in 1836 and at Boulogne in 1840. Imprisoned for a time at Doullens, when released he took an important part in the Coup d'Etat. He reaped the benefit of his devotion to the Bonapartist cause when Louis Napoleon became Emperor. His Majesty, when describing his Ministry one day, said laughingly: "How can you expect my Government to get on? The Empress is a Legitimist; Morny is an Orléanist; Prince Napoleon is a Republican; I am a Socialist—only Persigny is an Imperialist, and he is mad!" When later on Persigny was made a duke, he married the daughter of the Prince de la Moskowa, whose maternal grandfather had been the famous Maréchal Ney.

The Duchesse de Persigny was, to say the least of it, eccentric, and many were the stories related of her while her husband was Ambassador to England, somewhere about the sixties. Her unpunctuality became proverbial. One evening there was an official dinner at the Embassy for the Lord Mayor. The guests, who had been waiting some time for her appearance, were told that "Her Grace was in her bath," and presently she ap-

peared with her beautiful, fair hair (of which she was very proud) still wet and hanging down her back. *"Pardonnez moi, mes amis,"* she exclaimed with her slight stammer, *"c'est cet imbécile de Persigny qui ne m'a pas fait dire l'heure."* The Duchess's temper was somewhat quick; on one occasion, at a children's dance in Paris, I have a vivid recollection of her boxing my ears because I could not dance the mazurka.

She was a great Anglomaniac, and Chamarande, their country place, was entirely furnished after the English fashion, and as in those days the taste was early Victorian, it was not attractive. Several rooms were copied from Balmoral, and rejoiced in tartan curtains and carpets, at which the art-loving Frenchmen opened their eyes. On the other hand, the bed-rooms, with their English writing-tables and comfortable arm-chairs, were a revelation of what such rooms should be.

In August, 1870, the Empress—who had been made Regent and was living at St. Cloud—was often visited by M. de Persigny, who brought us all the latest news, which grew more and more ominous, until one day he rushed in crying, *"Tout est perdu; les Prussiens sont à nos portes!"* and imploring us to fly, otherwise it would be too late. With much difficulty and discomfort and many heartburnings we prepared to depart and go to Deauville.

DUC DE PERSIGNY

Trains were running most irregularly and were few and far between. As it turned out, the one we elected to go by was the last to leave. No luggage was allowed us but what we could carry. A few clothes were tied up in sheets and table-cloths, and so we left. My mother had to be carried, as she was too lame to walk.

While at Deauville a friend of ours, M. de Gardonne, called on us unexpectedly at the hotel and asked if he might spend the day in our rooms—in fact, hide there. He begged that on no account were we to mention his name or let any one know we had seen him. Naturally we thought this very strange, and my mother grew suspicious; but he impressed upon us that it was for "state reasons," of which we should hear later. After dinner, when it was quite dark, he departed as mysteriously as he had come. Two days later we were thrilled to hear of the Empress's escape from Paris, accompanied by Dr. Crane, Dr. Evans (the American dentist), and Madame Lebreton, our friend M. de Gardonne having helped to make the arrangements. The Empress came to Deauville unknown to all, went on board Sir John Burgoyne's yacht, which had been lying in the harbor, and after a rough crossing landed at Ryde in the Isle of Wight.

The perils of this flight, less hazardous and certainly more successful than the flight of Varennes, have been greatly exaggerated. Meanwhile the Emperor, after Bazaine's defeat at Gravelotte and other disasters, repaired to Sedan, where, after the battle, on his own authority, he raised

the flag of truce. According to his posthumous memoirs, Napoleon III "understood the gravity of the responsibility which he was incurring and foresaw the accusations that would be raised against him." As an example of these, the following letter, which I have in my possession from General Palikao, his late Minister of War, is of interest:

Ostend, Oct. 21, 1870.

MY DEAR DUC: I arrived in Ostend four days ago, and found your address at our common friends', the Dureaus.

Since our separation on the 7th I have remained in Belgium, and should have inquired after your happenings since that time if I had known where to send a letter. I now seize eagerly the opportunity which is offered me through meeting the excellent prefect of Orléans, to have a few moments' chat with you.

From a photograph by A. Liebert

EMILE OLLIVIER

Being threatened with arrest on September 4, I departed that evening, and sought refuge first at Namur where twenty-four hours later I was joined by my wife and daughters.

My chief aim in journeying to Namur, was to be near Sedan, that I might learn the fate of my son, for whom I had great anxiety. After several days of inquiry, I at last learned that my son, after having been wounded at Sedan, a horse having been killed under him, was a prisoner at Cologne, as he would not accept for himself the capitulation.

I left Namur for Spa, and a sojourn there not being very comfortable in the winter, I established myself at Ostend, where I await events, the issue of which I cannot foresee.

How I wish, my dear Duc, that my pen were clever enough to convey to you all the impressions I have received since the fatal Sedan. I have come to the point of asking myself how a disaster of such dimensions could be produced without the principal author of this lugubrious drama being buried under the corpses of his army.

I had thought that it was easier to die than to suffer dishonor.

The death of the Emperor at Sedan would have saved France, as well as his son; the capitulation has lost everything.

Now that France has become the prey of foreign and domestic vandals, how can this desolation of our unhappy country be brought to an end!

Unless there should be a general war creating a division in Prussian politics, I do not see to what side we can turn. England appears to have abandoned us, and however the circumstances which cemented our alliance of 1856 might be reproduced for her, even then she could not count on our help, we have fallen so low!

I had offered my services to the government of the National defense, but I withdrew my offer as soon as I saw the government, to the eternal shame of France, call a Garibaldi to defend her.

On the other hand, accusations of treason reach all the generals who have served the Empire, and I am not willing to have my name bandied among all these ignominies.

Adieu, my dear Duc. If you will be so good as to send me news of yourself, my family and I will be happy indeed . . . for our hearts are full of gratitude.

Ever yours,
Général de Palikao.

In view of this somewhat cruel letter, I cannot refrain from quoting General Changarnier, who, although at one time hostile to the Emperor, spoke of him thus: . . . "And he has been called 'Coward'! When I remember that this man, tortured by a horrible disease, remained on horseback at Sedan an entire day, watching disappear the prestige of France, his throne, his dynasty, and all the glory reaped at Sebastopol and in Lombardy, I cannot control myself."

And again, Colonel Fabre says: "The Emperor remained passively for two hours under the fire of shells, seeing many of his officers killed round him, before he reëntered Sedan."

IN October, not being able to return to Paris, we migrated to England, which I

MARÉCHAL BAZAINE AND MME. LA MARÉCHALE

saw for the first time. A winter spent in the gloom and fogs of London did not tend to dispel the melancholy which we felt. Our friends scattered, fighting, or killed at the front; debarred from our bright little house and our household gods, it was indeed a sad time.

Among the refugees who came to London was the Duc de Persigny. Broken-hearted, ill, and penniless, our poor friend was put to many straits to eke out a living, selling his plate and the little he had been able to bring away with him. His devotion to Napoleon III never altered, although the Emperor was often irritated with him and evidently, from the following letter, thought he interfered indiscreetly:

Wilhelmshöhe, Jan. 7, 1871.

MY DEAR PERSIGNY: I have received your letter of the first of January, and thank you for the prayers you offer for a better future. Without desiring to enter into a discussion of the ideas you express, I will say to you that nothing good can come from the confusion which is the result of individual efforts, made without discretion, and without authority. In fact I find it somewhat singular that any one should busy himself with the future of my son, without taking account of my own intentions.

I know you have written to M. de Bismarck, who naturally has demanded of me if you have done so with my authority and in full accord with me. I have answered him that I have authorized nobody to busy himself with my interests, and those of my son, without first obtaining my consent.

Believe, my dear Persigny, in my friendship. *Napoleon.*

The letter was written from Wilhelmshöhe and given to me by M. de Persigny as an autograph of the Emperor, the Duke adding at the same time that it compromised no one but himself.

There is good reason to believe that the letter referred to a scheme for placing the Prince Imperial on the throne during the Emperor's captivity, with the Empress as Regent.

Persigny died in 1872, preceding by one year his imperial master.

That autumn and winter (1871) London society was much entertained and a little scandalized by the doings and sayings of two pretty and lively refugees from Paris. The Duchesse de Carracciolo and the Comtesse de Béchevet, with their respective husbands and a few Frenchmen who preferred shooting birds in England to being shot at in France, took a place in the country. Many were the stories told of practical jokes and unorthodox sporting incidents, the ladies astonishing the country yokels by shooting dressed in kilts and smoking cigarettes, a thing unheard of in those days. All London laughed at the misfortunes of M. de Béchevet, who, being ill, was persuaded by one of the guests, admirably disguised as a doctor, that he was dying. Another guest, travestied as a priest, received his last confession, which was eagerly listened to by the rest of the party, hidden behind curtains, whose peals of laughter resuscitated the dying man.

While we were in London, and during the siege, my father, who had just arrived from America, arranged to go to Paris with General Sheridan. They got permission to see Mr. Washburne, the American Minister, who had been through the whole siege. They were blindfolded and taken through the Prussian lines, and a few days later saw the great columns of the victorious army roll down the Champs-Elysées. My father on his return gave me a graphic description of the triumphal entry and of the vivid scene impressed on him—how the masses of infantry, most of them wearing spectacles, marched through the Arc de Triomphe and the deserted streets of the once gay city singing "Die Wacht am Rhein." Many were the stories of individual suffering and despair, of hairbreadth escapes and brave deeds, told him by the besieged.

That summer I paid a first visit to Cowes. In those days it was delightfully small and peaceful. No glorified villas, no esplanade or pier, no bands or "nigger minstrels," no motors or crowded tourist steamers—"no nothing," as the children say. The Royal Yacht Squadron Club lawn did not resemble a perpetual garden party, or the roadstead a perpetual regatta. Yachts went in and out without fear of losing their moorings, and most of them belonged to the Royal Yacht Squadron. People all seemed to know one another. The Prince and Princess of Wales and many foreign royalties could walk about and amuse themselves without being photographed or mobbed, and many were the gay little expeditions to Shanklin Bay, Freshwater, or Beaulieu, where they threw off all ceremony and enjoyed themselves like ordinary mortals.

Ever since those early days Cowes has always had so great an attraction for me that, notwithstanding its gradual deterioration, I have rarely missed a yearly visit. My first ball was at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, long since abandoned, but then an annual event during the Cowes regatta week. It was there, in 1873, that I had the honor of being presented to the present King and Queen, and made the acquaintance of Lord Randolph Churchill.

In August, 1871, the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, who were living at Camden House, Chisel-

hurst, came to Cowes on a short visit. One day a gentleman called, but finding us out, left a card saying he would come again. "Le Comte de Pierrefonds"—who could it be? We asked the Empress's private secretary, M. Pietri. *"Mais c'est l'Empereur,"* he said laughingly. Shortly afterward we were asked by their Majesties to go for an expedition round the island. The party consisted of the Emperor and Empress, the Prince Imperial, the Empress's nieces, the Mesdemoiselles d'Albe (afterwards Duchesse de Medina Coeli and Marquise de Tamamis), and Prince Joachim Murat, the Duc d'Albe (Carlos), a few Spaniards, and the suite, which was composed of a few faithful followers. The expedition was rather a failure, owing to the roughness of the sea, most of the party seeking "the seclusion that the cabin grants." The Mlles. d'Albe were desperately ill, and lay on the deck in a state of coma. But the Empress enjoyed the breeze. The Prince Imperial, full of life and spirits, chaffed every one, some of his jokes falling rather flat on the Spaniards, who were feeling anything but bright, and evidently thought it no laughing matter. I can see now the Emperor leaning against the mast, looking old, ill, and sad. His thoughts could not have been other than sorrowful, and even in my young eyes he seemed to have nothing to live for.

AFTER two years' absence (having left for two weeks, as we thought at the time), we returned to Paris, to find our house, goods, and chattels intact, with the exception of the cellar, which had been visited by a shell from Mont Valérien. But what changes in Paris itself! Ruins everywhere: the sight of the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville made me cry. St.-Cloud, the scene of many pleasant expeditions, was a thing of the past, the lovely château razed to the ground. And if material Paris was damaged, the social fabric was even more so. In vain we tried to pick up the threads. Some of our friends were killed, others ruined or in mourning, and all broken-hearted and miserable, hiding in their houses and refusing to be comforted.

The statues at the Place de la Concorde representing the most important towns of France,—Strasburg, Lille, Nancy, Orléans, —swathed in crape, in which some are still draped on the anniversary of Sedan, reminded one daily, if one had needed it, of the trials and tribulations France had just gone through. Only the embassies and a few foreigners, principally Americans, received or entertained. The Misses King (one of them became Madame Waddington, wife of the Ambassador to England) gave small parties. Mrs. John Munroe, the wife of the American banker, also gave dances for her daughters, who eventually married, one Mr. Ridgeway, well known in Paris and the hero of Bourget's "M. Cazal," the other Baron Hottingue. A few opened their houses, but the French on the whole were shy of going out at all, and if Paris had any gaiety left in those days, it was owing to her cosmopolitan character. As time has gone on, with the fall of the Empire and the advent of the Republic, society in Paris has become a thing of the past. Broken up into small coteries and cliques, each, a law unto itself, thinks the others beneath contempt. The old nobility, which was beginning to get accustomed to the Empire, and was peeping shyly out of its faubourg, has retired into it more pertinaciously than ever. Where there is no recognized head or "fount of honor," so to speak, there can be no recognized grades, and with the exception of a small group, Paris society in the present day, as compared with the past, is like a ship without a rudder.

Among our compatriots who were more or less settled in Paris, our greatest friends were perhaps the Forbeses of New York. Two of the daughters eventually married Frenchmen, one the Duc de Praslin, head of the house of Choiseul, and the other M. Odilon Barrot, son of Louis Philippe's Minister.

My sister and I and the Countess Hatzfeldt were once invited by the Duc de Praslin to visit his beautiful Château of Vaux-Praslin. Our host took us all over the huge building, pointing out everything of historical interest, until we came to an ornamented door, before which he paused, but did not enter. *"La chambre du feu Duc de Praslin,"* he said in a grim voice, and then passed on. This was the room in which the late Duke, his father, had murdered his mother, a deed which filled the world with horror, and which

undoubtedly precipitated the revolution of 1848. The Duchess's unfounded jealousy of their French governess drove the Duke to this terrible act. On our way home we discussed the details with bated breath—how the Duchess had first been stabbed, then smothered under the canopy of the bed, which the Duke pulled down on her; how the Duke was tried by his peers and sentenced to death, but the night before the execution was found dead in his cell, friends having smuggled in poison to him. It was averred, later, that the story of his death was not true, and that in reality he had escaped and lived in exile for many years. At the trial the French governess pleaded her own cause so eloquently, that she left the court without the slightest aspersion on her character. She went to America and married the Rev. Henry M. Field, brother of Cyrus W. Field of Atlantic Cable fame. By the way, the first time the cable was laid by the *Great Eastern* the cable broke in mid-ocean, and my father, who was much interested in it, lent his steam yacht the *Clara Clarita*, which went out and picked it up. The yacht was afterward sold to the Government. I remember well being taken, as a great treat, on the yacht on its trial trip, and my poor mother's face of dismay at the fittings of pale blue and velvet and silver! My father, in his extravagant manner, had left it all to the upholsterer.

In the autumn of 1873, I remember going to Bazaine's trial at Versailles. A long, low room filled to suffocation with a curious crowd, many of whom were women, a raised platform, a table covered with green baize and holding a bottle of water, a few chairs arranged in semicircles, completed the *mise-en-scène,* which seemed rather a poor one for the trial for life or death of a Marshal of France. The Duc d'Aumale, who was president, having seated himself at the table, Bazaine was brought in. All eyes turned on him, and some of the women jumped on their chairs, leveling their opera-glasses at the unfortunate man. This was promptly put a stop to by the gendarmes present, who pulled the offenders down unceremoniously by their skirts. "*Fi donc!*" I heard a gendarme say, "*c'est pas gentil,*" nor was it.

Bazaine sat impassive even while Maître Lachaud, his advocate, making a curious defense, at one moment pointed with a dramatic gesture to the accused, exclaiming "*Mais, regardez-le donc! Ce n'est pas un traitre, c'est un imbécile!*"

How the mighty had fallen! I thought of him and his wife in the glittering throng of Compiègne only three years before, and again as commander-in-chief of a huge army, which now he was supposed to have betrayed and sold. I say supposed, for although he was found guilty and condemned to death (which was commuted to twenty years' imprisonment) there were many who believed in him and thought him a hero. His permitted escape on the 9th of August, 1874, from the Ile Ste. Marguerite had the elements of the grotesque about it, and if he was a martyr, I doubt if posterity will place a halo round his head.

(To be continued)

THE COMET

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O STARRY rebel! O impassioned spark!
How brave thy brief defiance of the dark!

Lost, but triumphant when thy flight is done—
O moth that dies but clasps the flaming Sun!

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

MORE than one heathen philosopher conceived creation as a tree, with its roots in the nether world, its fruit in the skies. Had these men been other than heathen, we to-day might have called them inspired. They outlined in advance the view of modern science, that the universe is a concrete whole, a thing of growth, with ceaseless, upward struggle.

Darwin and his school taught us the literal verity of this in material things. Modern psychologists are daily discovering its truth in their own departments. Possibly we may go further and find it apply equally in the moral world. A theory is a great aid to study. It helps one to observe, provided always one does not cut the facts to fit the theory, but keeps changing his theory to fit the new facts.

Years ago I set for my theory that the Ten Commandments are not arbitrary laws given to man, but are fundamental laws of all creation. If this be true, I shall be able to trace them through the animal world. We can learn an unwritten law only by breaking it and suffering the penalty. My task, therefore, was to discover among the animals disaster following breach of the ten great principles on which human society is founded.

There are two disasters commonly discernible: one is, direct punishment of the individual by those he has wronged; the other a slow and general visitation of the criminal on the whole race as the working out of the law. The former, the objective, is more obvious; the latter, the subjective, more important: but they are fundamentally the same, since the agents in the first case were impelled by their own recognition that wrong had been done, that a law had been broken.

Most commentators divide the commandments into two groups: the first four on man's duty to a Supreme Being, the last six on man's duty to man.

For many reasons I found it better to take the latter group first, beginning with

V. AGAINST DISOBEDIENCE.

The law which imposes acceptance of the benefits derivable from the experience of those over us. This is the foundation of all government, since the family is the social unit. Its force everywhere is so seen that it scarcely needs proof.

A hen sets out with her chickens a-foraging; one loiters, does not hasten at her *cluck-cluck* of invitation and command, so that he gets lost and dies. Another neglects to run to the spot when she calls in the established way that she has found "good food." He is not so well nourished as the others, he becomes a weakling, and in the first hard pinch he is the one that fails: he dies.

Again, she may call out "Hawk!" and run for shelter; the obedient ones run with her, and are safe; the disobedient loiter, and die. They pay the penalty; their days are shortened in the land.

Yet again: A black bear in the Cincinnati Zoo produced a family of cubs in January, 1879. When they were seventy-one days old, one of them left the nest for the first time, and followed the mother in her quest for food. This, in a wild state, would have been a fatal mistake for the young one. As soon as the mother found it out, says Superintendent F. J. Thompson, "she immediately drove it gently back, and on the second attempt she cuffed it soundly, which put a stop to its wandering propensity. After a few days she allowed them to wander about at

will, provided no one was immediately in front of the den; but so soon as a visitor put in an appearance, they were driven back into the nest, and not allowed to emerge until the strangers were gone."

Under natural conditions this maternal rule is essential, and a breach of it means death to the culprit. When a mother deer or antelope sights, scents, or hears danger, she quickly warns her young.

How it is done varies greatly with the species: some bleat or snort, others may merely spread the disk of white hair around the tail; but all give what is understood to be warning of danger. The young at once squat in the grass, and the mother goes forth to baffle the foe as best she may. But it is essential to the little one and to the race that the warning be acted on promptly and fully.

This action on the part of the young is purely instinctive, which means that the law of obedience has been a long, long time in successful operation.

It would be easy to fill a volume with incidents in this department; but it is well known among all naturalists that obedience to parents is vital, and disobedience on the part of the young means injury to themselves, and, if uncurbed, death to the race.

VI. AGAINST MURDER.

That is, against taking the life of one of our own species. There is a deep-rooted feeling against murder in most animals. Their senses tell them that this is one of their own race, and their instinct that, therefore, it is not lawful prey. New-born rattlesnakes will strike instantly at a stranger of any other species, but never at one of themselves. I have seen a young mink, still blind, suck at a mother cat till fed, then try to kill her. Though a bloodthirsty creature, it would never have attacked its own mother.

Wild animals often fight for the mastery, usually over a question of mates, but in virtually all cases the fight is over when one yields. The vanquished can save himself either by submission or by flight. What is commoner than to see the weaker of two dogs disarm his conqueror by groveling on the ground? The victor in a fight between two cats is satisfied when the foe flies; he will not pursue him twenty yards. In either case, had the enemy been of another race, the victor would have followed and killed him.

What makes the difference? Obviously not a reasoned-out conclusion, but a deep instinctive feeling—the recognition of the unwritten law against unnecessarily killing one's own kind.

There are doubtless exceptions to this. Cannibalism is recorded of many species, but investigation shows that it is rare except in the lowest forms, and among creatures demoralized by domestication or captivity. The higher the animals are, the more repugnant does cannibalism become. It is seldom indulged in except under dire stress of famine. Nothing but actual starvation induced Nansen's dogs to eat the flesh of their comrades, although it was offered to them in a disguised form. Experience shows me that it is useless to bait a wolf-trap with a part of a dead wolf. His kinsmen shun it in disgust, unless absolutely famished.

Obviously no race can live by cannibalism, and this is instinctively recognized by all the higher animals. In other words, the law against murder has been hammered into them by natural selection, and so fully established that not only will they abstain from preying on one of their own tribe, but will rally to rescue one whose life is threatened. The fact that there are exceptional cases does not disprove the law among beasts any more than among men.

VII. AGAINST IMPURITY.

Although on the face of it this commandment is directed against the grossest form of misapplied reproductive instinct, most commentators agree that it is meant to cherish the general principle of purity.

Of what service is such a general principle to the race? A review of many creatures and their marriage customs shows that from the beginning they have been groping for an ideal form of marriage.

Promiscuity was doubtless the mode when first the animal world became diœcious. It had the great advantage that it ensured all finding mates with whom fruitful union is possible. But it has several disadvantages, the most obvious being epidemic diseases of all sorts.

The promiscuous animals to-day—the Northwestern rabbit and the voles—are high in the scale of fecundity, low in the

scale of general development, and are periodically scourged by epidemic plagues.

The Chinaman who reduces personal contact to a minimum by refraining even from shaking the hand of a friend, has gone to the extreme, and without doubt has had his reward.

Another danger from this lawless reproduction is the evil called "inbreeding"; that is, the mating of near kin. In certain animals promiscuity has been displaced by polyandry and polygamy. That the former has not been a success is shown by the fact that it is very rare among the higher kinds, and is practised only under exceptional circumstances. The few cases I can find are the European cuckoo and, possibly, the American cowbirds. The extraordinary and dishonest methods to which these are driven for support of their young are well known. The fact that these species are healthy and prospering is a puzzle to me. Nevertheless it must be observed that their parasitism is on the other races, not on their own kind.

Polygamy seems much more satisfactory: there are hundreds of species of polygamous animals in the world to-day that are prospering and growing with the world's growth. Polygamy might seem to be good, because it makes it possible for only the finest males to breed, and ensures for them the greatest possible number of offspring; but some unexpected light has been shed by Caton's observation among the wapiti, the most polygamous of all our deer.

Referring to Sultan, the great bull wapiti, that for a longer time than any other was the monarch of his herd, he says:[1]

"At first his progeny were reasonably numerous, but during the last few years of his life they gradually diminished from a dozen to a single fawn in 1875, with about twenty-five females, more than half of which had previously produced fawns." He was removed, though yet able to hold the harem by force, and replaced by a younger buck; "the result was that I had twelve fawns the next season, including one pair of twins." It is probable that a far better result would have been secured had each female been paired off with a single male.

As the wapiti is the most polygamous of the deer in America, probably in the world, it is interesting to note that it is first of the family to disappear before civilization. This may be due in part to its size; but it is further remarkable that the most successful of all our true deer,—that is, the common white-tail,—is the least polygamous.

There is at least one strong and obvious objection to polygamy among animals: the offspring of such union have only one parent to care for them, and the weaker one at that.

It is commonly remarked that while the Mosaic law did not expressly forbid polygamy, it surrounded marriage with so many restrictions that by living up to the spirit of them the Hebrew ultimately was forced into pure monogamy.

It is extremely interesting to note that the animals in their blind groping for an ideal form of union have gone through the same stages, and have arrived at exactly the same conclusion. Monogamy is their best solution of the marriage question, and is the rule among all the higher and most successful animals.

There are four degrees of monogamy. One, in which the male stays with one female as long as she interests him or desires a mate, then changes to another; for his season may be many times as long as hers. Thus he may have several wives in the season, but only one at a time. This is convenient for both parties, but it is open to the same objection as frank polygamy. It is the way of the moose. A second kind, in which the male and one female are paired for that breeding season only, the male staying with the family, and sharing the care of the young till they are well grown; after which the parents may or may not resume their fellowship. This is admirable. It is seen in hawks. A third, in which the pair consort for life, but the death of one leaves the other free to mate again. This is ideal. It is the way of wolves. A fourth, in which they pair for life, and in case of death the survivor remains disconsolate and alone to the end. This seems absurd. It is the way of the geese.

Upon the whole, we find the animals succeeding—that is, avoiding disease and holding their own, spreading, and high

[1] "Antelope and Deer of America," pp. 294-5.

in the scale,—in proportion as they approach the ideal union.[1]

I confess, however, that monogamy in the fourth degree puzzles me.

In making observations, one is hampered by the fact that association with man has always been ruinous to the morals of animals.

There can be no doubt that the dog, now so promiscuous, was originally a monogamous creature. One of the great difficulties besetting the growing of blue-foxes for their fur, on the islands of the Bering Sea, is what has been called the obstinate and deplorable monogamy of those animals. The breeders are working hard to break down this high moral sentiment and produce a blue-fox that does not object to polygamy, promiscuity, or any other combination, and so remove all sentimental obstacles to their experiments.

The wild goose is a most exemplary bird; the tame goose is little better than the dog. Of rabbits, wild or tame, the least said the better.

There is, however, one domestic bird that maintains its honorable wild tradition in spite of all that sinful man can do; that is the pigeon. The breeder knows that the young in a given nest are unquestionably the offspring of their alleged parents, no matter how many hundreds of their kind may freely fly with them all day.

What wonder that Gadow, the distinguished ornithologist, should proclaim the pigeons the birds of the future, implying that when, under the relentless unwritten laws, all other species shall have run themselves out, the pigeons will be happily possessing the earth!

Similarly the most successful wild quadrupeds in America to-day are the gray wolves. Not only have they through strict monogamy eliminated much possibility of disease, and given their young the advantage of two wise protectors, but they have even developed a spirit of chivalry; that is, the male shows consideration for the female in the non-mating season on account of her sex. This is very high in the scale. And one result, at least partly due to these things, is that the wolves defy all attempts to exterminate them, and are increasing to-day in exact ratio to the improved food supplies for which the settlers are responsible. Exceptions undoubtedly occur, and they have their value as proof, not disproof.

Immorality, in its broadest sense, may be defined as the deflection of any natural power, member, or instinct from its purpose to one that works harm for the species. Among animals we have recorded nearly every kind of abominable vice that was known among men and forbidden by the Mosaic law. In captivity and domestication we see such things all too often, but rarely in a state of nature, partly because the cases are scarce and difficult to observe, and partly because the creatures of vice soon destroy themselves: they pay the extreme penalty.

Incest is admittedly forbidden by the spirit of this ordinance. The numberless contrivances among plants to prevent any but cross-fertilization give evidence of the importance of preventing the marriage of near kin. Among higher animals, strange to tell, observation of this law is not so marked, probably because their safeguard is not a mechanism, but a sentiment, which suffers in domestication and captivity. It seems to exist, however.

Mr. L. H. Ohnimus, for years the director of Woodward's Garden Menagerie at San Francisco, told me that often among higher animals they had great difficulty in mating brother and sister that were brought up together.[2] The friendly feeling commonly overpowered the sex instinct. If, however, the pair were separated long enough to be brought together as virtual strangers of opposite sexes, the difficulty disappeared.

But the penalty must be paid. The resultant young in most cases are feeble creatures, tending to die out in a generation or two; that is, paying with their death for the sin of their parents. This is physical law, and the fact that it was unwitting sin does not prevent the result.

To sum up: there is evidence that in the animal world there has long been a groping after an ideal form of marriage. Beginning with promiscuity, they have worked through many stages into pure monogamy; and, other things equal, the

[1] Dr. Woods Hutchinson has pointed out that, in the long run, other things being equal, a monogamous race will beat out a polygamous one.

[2] Other directors tell me they have seen nothing of such a sentiment.

species, owing to natural laws, are successful in proportion as they have reached it, and, therefore, have developed an instinctive recognition of the Seventh Commandment.

VIII. AGAINST STEALING.

The whole property question is in this, and the high development of the property idea among animals must be a surprise to all who have not studied it. The animal law is: The producer owns the product; unproduced property belongs to him who discovers and possesses it.

Numberless instances in proof will occur to every naturalist. Property among animals consists of food, nest, playground, range, and wives. Ownership is indicated in two ways, one by actual possession, the other by ownership marks. Of these there are two kinds, smell marks and visible marks: by far the more important are those of smell.

I once threw peanuts for an hour to the fox squirrels in City Hall Park, Madison, Wisconsin. In each case, the peanut, when thrown, was no one's property. All the near squirrels rushed for it; the first one to get it securely in his mouth was admittedly the owner; his claim was never questioned after a few seconds' actual possession. If hungry, he ate it at once; otherwise his first act was to turn it round in his mouth three or four times, as he licked it, marking it with his own smell, before burying it for future use.

This is paralleled in many tribes of men. According to Franklin, the Eskimo of Davis Straits lick each new acquisition by way of taking possession. Sailors commonly spit on a new got article, and boys, in the north of England at least, indicate the beginning of their ownership in the same way. Many animals, as rabbits and bears, rub their bodies against trees in their range to let other animals know that this place is already possessed. Some creatures, as the weasels, have glands that secrete an odor which they use for a mark of ownership. As this odor must vary with each individual, it answers admirably. I have seen martens, wolves, and foxes marking their property in this way. The wolverine is commonly described as a monster of iniquity, which not only lugs off and hides the hunter's food, but defiles it with his abominable secretion, so that it is useless to the original owner. It is quite certain that malice of this kind is un-animal. The wolverine eats what he can of the trapper's hoard, and hides the rest for future use, after taking care to mark it with his ownership smell mark.

Foxes and wolves are known to store up food, and, after it is buried, they "defile" the place in a characteristic way. Many harsh terms are applied to this practice. It is, or was formerly, ascribed to the inherent and abominable filthiness of all creation unregenerated in the particular manner specially advocated by the critic. The fact is, that the odor glands of the fox and wolf are so situated that their product is given out with the product of the kidneys. They do this merely to put their mark on their cache, having the property instinct in high development.

In August, 1906, at Petoskey, Michigan, I made the acquaintance of a team of Eskimo train dogs. They were seven eighths wolf, and showed all the wild traits in force. The leader, a big, savage creature, was easily master of the others. I gave the smallest one a bone after he was already fed. True to the wild instinct of his kind, he set off to hide this for future use. The bone was buried under a cedar bush a hundred yards away, and the place marked in dog fashion. The owner then retired about fifty yards to a shady spot, where he could see his cache, and lay down.

The biggest dog of all saw the hiding of the bone, but did not see the watcher. He walked quietly to the cache. When within twenty feet, there could no longer be any doubt of his purpose: the smaller dog rushed from his covert, and stood guard over his property, showing his teeth and clearly intimating that only over his dead body could the bully take his property. The big dog, though he could have whipped the smaller in a minute, turned slowly and sullenly away, as though he knew his cause was weak.

What is the psychology of this situation? Can any one deny that the little dog felt that he was right, the big dog that he was wrong? In other words, they recognized the law of property and that stealing was crime.

Many instances of this kind could be adduced. The principle is very old, and has, indeed, given rise to several prov-

erbs: "Any cock will fight on his own dunghill"; "He is a poor thing that won't fight for his own"; "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," etc.

For how long are these caches made? In domesticated wolves they are opened and the contents eaten within a few hours or days at most. But hunters believe that among the truly wild animals the cache is made in time of plenty for a season of starvation, maybe months ahead.

There is good reason for believing, however, that the wolf, coyote, and fox have no compunction about stealing from one another. I found it a most alluring bait, if I buried a piece of meat,—that is, formed a cache,—and either made it fair game for wolves by pattering the ground with an old coyote foot, or leaving it with man-tracks only around. Whether so pattering it would make other wolves respect it I am not prepared to say.

The food idea is probably the first property idea. Ownership of the home place came later, but is now deeply rooted. Many cases in line have been reported to me from among rookeries in England. Rooks are ordinarily moral birds. A stick found in the woods is the property of the rook that discovers it, and doubly his when he has labored to bring it to his nest. This is recognized law. Nevertheless, there are degenerates or thieves that think it easier to steal sticks from their neighbor's nest than to fetch them from afar. The result is war.

In the autumn I put up opposite my window an artificial shelter hole for birds. A flying squirrel used it for a nest. In the spring I several times saw a pair of chickadees peeping into the hole, but noting the nesting material, the evidence of a possessor, they withdrew without entering. If they knew that the occupant was a squirrel, fear might have kept them back, and the incident would mean nothing; but all they could see were some shreds of bark, which might have represented the nest of another chickadee, in which case they were restrained by the unwritten law.

To get without labor is theft, and the thief and his children must be the sufferers in the end. How does this work out in our animal world? The squirrel that will not store must starve or steal in winter. If he escapes being killed by his honest neighbors, the vice of stealing will spread, so that it will no longer be worth while to store up for winter, and the habit will be abandoned.

We must remember that the lives of animals are in a delicate balance; at times a featherweight easily turns the scales against them. A single hard winter among squirrels forced to abandon storage might wipe out the whole race.

So also among rooks. The thief, taken red-handed, may suffer grievous bodily punishment, or even death,—this is the objective retribution,—but the subjective is farther-reaching, for a spread of the crime would prove ruinous to all the nests, and tend to exterminate the race.

Out of the food-property instinct has grown the territory-property instinct. Bears, martens, foxes, wolves, and many other species mark their range by putting their signs on trees, stones, etc., scattered over the region claimed.

Bears not only rub their backs on the trees, but claw them and tear them with their teeth. These things are familiar to all who have lived among bears. The visible marks may appeal to the eyes of another bear afar off, but the smell record is, I take it, of chief importance, and is the only one used by wolves and foxes.

These are the marks of ownership: to what extent are they respected? It is well known that each wild animal has a little home region or range that he considers his, and for which he will fight; but it is not so well known that others of his kind will respect his claim without any fight—without anything, apparently, but the little sign-boards or smell marks already noted. Dr. F. W. True, writing of the blue-foxes on the islands of Bering Sea, and their tameness, says one of them will follow a man for a long way, apparently hoping to be fed; will follow, indeed, "to the boundary of his domain, for each fox, like his neighbor, the bull seal, seems to have a definite territory . . . which he regards as his own, and upon which he resents intrusion."

From these examples it will be seen that the operation of natural laws has produced in the animals ideas of property rights in materials and in places, and means of putting those rights on record, that is, has tended to give ever-growing force to the law against stealing.

IX. AGAINST FALSE WITNESS.

Although the Commandment specially forbids false witness against a neighbor, it is generally considered to have a broader meaning—to prohibit any falsification.

In fox-hunting, the character of every hound becomes well known not only to the men, but to the hounds themselves. When they are scattered for a "find," each dog does his individual best and is keen to be first. Oftentimes a very young dog will jump at a conclusion, think, or hope, he has the trail; then, allowing his enthusiasm to carry him away, gives the first tongue, shouting in dog language: "Trail!" The other dogs run to this, but if a careful examination shows that he was wrong, the announcer suffers in the opinion of the pack, and after a few such blunders that individual is entirely discredited. Thenceforth he may bawl "Trail!" as often as he likes, but no one heeds him.

The spread of such a habit of false witness would be disastrous to the whole race of dogs in a wild state. They would discredit one another. All the enormous benefits derivable from collaboration would be lost to them; and since it takes but a little thing, long continued in the struggle for life, to work great changes, it is easily conceivable that this vice of lying might exterminate the race that became addicted to it.

The wild animals no doubt afford safer instances, but they are so difficult of observation that few are at hand.

X. AGAINST COVETING.

The broad principle of this Commandment is against unduly hankering for a neighbor's property, against scheming to dispossess him.

A remarkable case has occurred many times of late in the country around Yellowstone Park. It may have present application.

A band of wapiti, drifting southward to their winter range, came on the haystack of a pioneer. It was so fenced in that they could not get near, but it smelt so desirable that the band lingered about it, hoping some time to get possession. Thus the days passed, the deer grew weaker, winter came down, and the whole band perished; whereas, had they moved on or worked to find their proper food, they would, as often before, have come safely through to the spring.

In this case I am by no means sure of the principle involved, and cite the incident with much hesitancy. A weak spot in the illustration is the circumstance that the possessor of the stack was not another elk.

A more nearly pertinent circumstance was recently told me by a friend.[1]

Under the barn eaves at his home, a colony of swallows had for long been established. In the spring of 1885 a pair of bluebirds came and took forcible possession of one of the nests. The owners first tried to oust the invaders, next the whole swallow colony joined in the attempt, without success. The bluebird inside was entrenched behind hard mud walls, and defied them. At length the swallows came in a body, each with a pellet of mud, and walled up the entrance to the nest. The bluebird in possession starved to death, and was found there ten days later.

In this case the retribution came direct from the swallows, in obedience to the inner impulse. But it is clear that bluebirds, adopting habitually these methods of nesting, would become parasites dependent on the swallows; this additional burden might easily turn the balance of nature against the swallows, ending in their death, as a species, and of course the death of their dependents.

A still more obvious episode I have seen many times in the barnyard. A hen had made a nest in a certain place, and was already sitting. Later another hen, desiring the same nest, took possession several times during the owner's brief absence, adding some of her own eggs, and endeavoring to sit. The result was a state of war, and the eggs of both hens were destroyed.

It is not easy to say whether this was coveting or stealing, but I find it equally difficult to discriminate between the two laws that forbid these things.

THIS is the last of the lower group of Commandments, and here my pathway seemed to end. If the next in order merely enforced a period of rest among toilers, then could I find illustration

[1] Mr. H. Dallas of Morristown, Ohio.

among all toilers. But this would be a physical interpretation, and would take it out of the superior class of ordinances, where commentators generally agree that it belongs. They maintain that its purpose is to set apart a time for spiritual matters, and of this there was no discernible recognition in my field. I could find nothing in the animal world that seemed to suggest any relation to a Supreme Being.

Therefore I reformed my theory to fit the new facts, and presented it thus:

The first four Commandments have a purely spiritual bearing; the last six are physical. Man is concerned with all, the animals only with the last six.

I was also struck by the thought that in all cases the ultimate penalty is death.

There was another, a disappointing, conclusion forced on me. It seems that law exists only between members of the same species. Wolf and wolf have law, crow and crow, weasel and weasel, mouse and mouse even, but never, so far as I can see, wolf and mouse, or crow and weasel. There is nothing but bitter war between them; their might is their right.

We should not marvel at this, however, since it was ever thus with man until the latest light came. Ask any savage which is worse, to steal some trifling article, the property of his tribesman, or to massacre a family of the neighboring tribe. He will as surely answer the former as we should the latter.

Only in his highest development is man capable of the broad love and sympathy that take in all the human race, and extends even to the beasts of the field.

With this conclusion, then, I was forced to halt the investigation—that we may find in the animals the beginnings of man's physical and mental attributes, but not a vestige of foundation for a spiritual nature. And the conclusion seemed the end. Because the trail became obscured, I thought it went no further. But a faint glimmering of light came unexpectedly.

My twenty-five years of journals had been copied, and the copies cut up so that incidents referring to each subject might easily be filed. I found several new subjects well represented, such as the evolution of sanitation, amusement, intercommunication, etc., and a final department of unexplained strange instances. When I got many of these together, I found that they began to explain one another. To make this clear I give several of them now.

I. Dr. G. B. Grinnell tells me that, in 1874, when out shooting with General Custer's party near the Black Hills, they observed a falcon in pursuit of a wild pigeon. When the latter saw that it could not escape its winged foe, it took refuge among the men, resting on one of the saddles.

II. Mr. Geo. F. Guernsey of Fort Qu' Appelle, Assiniboia, writes me that some years ago a neighbor and his wife, standing in their cattle-yard, saw a pack of five coyotes chasing a fox. The fox was pretty nearly spent; it finally ran right up to the woman, and crouched for protection at her feet.

III. In December, 1886, I was hunting snowshoe rabbits in a little grove near Carberry. The one I was after escaped. It was an exceedingly cold day, some 35° below zero. I laid my gun on my sleigh, and busied myself lighting a fire to make some tea. As I cowered over this, trying to think I was getting warm, I saw a rabbit running through the little grove. It ran past me, forty yards away; then I noticed, twenty-five feet behind it, another rabbit running fast in pursuit. The first circled round, came nearer; then I saw that the smaller animal was not a rabbit at all, but a white weasel, an ermine, that was running the rabbit down. The chase continued around me, but ever nearer. Though so much swifter, the rabbit was losing because the paralysis of terror was setting in. The weasel was within a few feet of his victim, and ready for the final spring, when that rabbit made a rush toward me, and took refuge under the sleigh near my feet—came to me, who had been trying to kill it a few minutes before.

The weasel flashed about and under the snow, curling his nose a little; then, realizing that he was probably running into danger, he darted under brush and snow to vanish. The rabbit cowered at my feet for a few minutes, but recovered, and hopped away in another direction.

IV. In October, 1898, I was riding across the Bighorn Basin (Wyoming) with Mrs. Seton and Mr. A. A. Ander-

son, when we noticed near the horizon some bright white specks. They were moving about, disappearing, and showing again. Then two of them seemed to dart erratically over the plain, keeping always just so far apart. Soon these left the others, and careered about like twin meteors, this way and that, then our way, at first in changing line, but later directly toward us.

Their wonderful speed soon ate up the intervening mile or two, and we now saw clearly that they were antelope, one in pursuit of the other. High over their head a golden eagle was sailing.

On they came; the half-mile shrank to a couple of hundred yards, and we saw that they were bucks, the hind one larger, dashing straight toward us still. As they neared, we could see the smaller one making desperate efforts to avoid the savage lunges of the big one's horns, and barely maintaining the scant six feet that were between him and his foe.

We reined up to watch, for now it was clear that the smaller buck had been defeated in battle with an exceptionally vicious rival, and was trying to save his life by flight. But his heaving flanks and gaping, dribbling mouth showed that he could not hold out much longer. Straight on he came toward us, the deadliest foes of his race, the ones he fears the most.

He was between two deaths; which should he choose? He seemed not to hesitate. The two hundred yards shrank to one hundred, the hundred to fifty, then the pursuer slacked his speed. It would be folly to come farther. The fugitive kept on until he dashed right in among our startled horses. The eagle alighted on the rock two hundred yards away.

The victorious buck veered off, shaking his sharp, black horns and circling at a safe distance about our cavalcade, to intercept his victim when he should come out on the other side. But the victim did not come out. He felt he was saved, and he stayed with us. The other buck, seeing that he was balked, gave up the attempt, and, turning back, sailed across the plain till he became again a white speck that joined the other specks —no doubt the does that had caused the duel.

The vanquished buck beside us stood panting, with his tongue out, and showing every sign of dire distress. It would have been easy to lasso him, but none of us had any desire to do him harm. In a very short time he regained his wind, and having seen his foe away to a safe distance, he left our company to go off in the opposite direction. The eagle realized now that he was mistaken in supposing that something was to be killed, and that there would be pickings for him. He rose in haste and soared to a safe distance.

V. This I heard from George Crawford, the well-known guide of Mattawa; it was corroborated by others in camp. In March, 1888 (or '89), while out with his partner to catch moose for Dr. Seward Webb, he came on a moose-calf track in the deep snow. There was no sign of a cow, so they turned their dog loose. Very soon they heard him barking, and came up to the calf. It rushed toward them with bristling mane. His partner ran away, and he got behind a tree. The calf charged up to him, and quickly wheeled to face the dog. It paid no heed to the man, then; but when he turned homeward, it followed him for protection, crowding up close, and watching the dog. At home Mr. Crawford put a halter on it, and it allowed him to lead it quietly into the stable. It was shipped to Dr. Webb, and is now roaming the Adirondacks.

The following was related to me by Edouard Crête of Deux Rivières:

In late September, 1893, a mail-carrier was starting from Bear Lake to Deux Rivières. Crête showed him a short cut over Brulé Lake. Some hours later two men were out that way, looking for ax-handles, and heard the mail-carrier shouting for help. Instead of going to him, they ran back to camp in great fear. The foreman picked up a rifle, and, accompanied by Crête, went as fast as possible to the place. They heard the shouting as soon as they came within half a mile. When near enough, they heard the mail-carrier call out, "A moose has got me up a tree." They came close, and saw it was a cow moose. She would neither go away nor charge. Indeed, she paid no attention to them. The foreman, Jean Basquin, walked up to within twenty yards, and shot her.

The mail-carrier, it seems, had come upon the cow suddenly. She was alone

but came toward him, squealing. Her mane was up, and she seemed to be threatening him. He had nothing but a hatchet, so ran for a tree, and happened to find one leaning so much that he could walk up. She ran behind him, within touching distance all the way, but did not strike at him. The tree at the highest point was only ten feet up. Here the man sat, the moose below. She could easily have struck him, but made no attempt to do so. There she stayed, watching him; her mane bristled all the time.

When she heard the other men coming, she merely turned her head, but during the three hours that she kept the man up that tree she did not leave the spot for a moment.

When examined, after skinning, her left side was found in a dreadful condition. Evidently she had been attacked by a bull moose some days before. The horns had pierced her flank in four places. She must have been suffering great pain, and would surely have died before long. They could not make out why she should go to the man; but it is quite certain she was not there to do him any harm, for she had every opportunity, and did not strike at him once.

Why, then, the angry bristling of her mane? Perhaps it was not anger. It may have been any other intense feeling. It is not easy to discriminate so finely the expressions of animal emotion. We only know that she was greatly wrought up about something.

THESE are the incidents. They seem to have a common principle. Divested of externals, what is the cardinal thought in each? This, I take it—that when the animals are in terrible trouble, when they have done all that they can do, and are face to face with despair and death, there is then revealed in them an instinct, deep-laid—and deeper-laid as the animal is higher—which prompts them in their dire extremity to throw themselves on the mercy of some other power, not knowing, indeed, whether it be friendly or not, but very sure that it is superior.

Here, perhaps, is the looked-for light. I was seeking in the animal nature for beginnings of the spiritual life in man, for something that might respond to the four higher ordinances. Maybe in this instinct of the brute in extremity we have revealed the foundation of something which ultimately had its highest development in man, reaching, indeed, like the heathen thinker's tree, from root in the earthy darkness to its fruit in the realms of Light.

MARY'S OLD MASTER

BY KATHARINE BRECK

"WHEN—" said the *Mediatore,* hopefully, beguilingly.

"If," I replied firmly, thus, as I thought, establishing our relations.

The Professor wore a plaid ulster belted across the back and an English tourist cap with a visor. A pair of field-glasses hung over one shoulder by a new strap. His shoes creaked slightly.

"This is worth while!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "I can't understand, Ford, how you 've stayed here in Rome so long and done so little of it. There must be, as this Mediatore says, thousands of good things still to be rediscovered. We are going on a treasure hunt. *This* is worth while."

He probably meant nothing personal, but the Professor is a notorious woman-hater, and I saw Henrietta raise her lovely eyebrows slightly.

"Henrietta," I said as coldly as I could manage in the face of those blushing cheeks as we emerged from behind the door where I had hastily pushed her before kissing her good-by—"Henrietta, we shall probably return by the seven-thirty train to-night; but I may not be able to

telegraph you if we don't make the train, so don't worry."

"Stay away all night, if you can," said Henrietta, pleasantly, trying to look dignifiedly cordial to the Professor and the bowing Mediatore and saucily affectionate to me at the same time.

I winked at her as we went down the stairs, in appreciation of the double meaning of her last remark, and, thus admonished, we sallied forth, the Professor, the Mediatore, and I, upon exploration, with possible acquisition, bent. The Mediatore was radiant; the plan was his. If the illustrious signori were interested in pictures—old pictures, he could show them wonderful ones. In an out-of-the-way place, profaned by no tourist's cloven foot, hidden thus far from the all-devouring gaze of the American millionaire, from the history-dimmed eyes of the archæologist, he knew where there was a whole gallery of treasures. The signori had trusted him; they were going with him to see these treasures. He would justify, he would glorify, their trust. The names of Perugino, Raphael, Michaelangelo fell lightly from his lips, as if crowded out by more important ones behind. Or, if it were Primitives that the signori were interested in, here also there were pictures so old that it was like imagining the beginning of all time to put a date to them.

Henrietta and I, coming abroad directly after our marriage, had lived for two years in Rome, and my acquaintance with the Mediatore was not of yesterday; so that, while hopeful, I was hardly as secure as the Professor of the outcome of our excursion. We could, he affirmed, buy these pictures for a trifling sum, sell a few of the least interesting for what we had paid for the collection, and still have the choice ones left, either to keep ourselves or to sell to the Metropolitan Museum, as we might choose. He unfolded this plan as we walked up and down the platform at the station, waiting for our train. It sounded plausible, but faintly familiar, and I found my mind wandering.

"That 's a pretty girl. American, I bet," I said, as a slim, trim young woman, followed by a footman, came through the gate. "Wonder where she 's going."

The Professor gave her a cursory glance. His face looked positively ugly as he turned it back to me. "We 'd better be getting in," he said.

The Mediatore was keeping our places for us, and I saw no reason why we should not stroll down the platform and have another look at the pretty American, and I was about to say so rather tartly when a glance at the Professor's face changed my mind. I had always been fond of him since the days when we played marbles together, and no one could be better company for a day like this than he; but when out of humor, he was, as the French delicately put it, a little difficult, and I decided for my own comfort not to cross him at the outset. So when he climbed into the compartment I followed him with never a word, though in so doing I quite lost sight of the girl I had been watching. Just as the train was ready to start, however, she came quickly down the platform and climbed into our compartment, to the consternation of the attendant footman, who explained excitedly that it was a smoking-carriage, and already occupied by three gentlemen!

"*Partenza!*" cried the guard, slamming the door.

The girl leaned out of the window to speak to the gesticulating footman.

"Thank you, Ettore, for getting me such a good place," she said. "And please tell the signora that if I am not back by the six o'clock train, I shall have stayed all night with the contessa."

As the train moved off I caught sight of Ettore's face, and heard him call something about the probable displeasure of the signora.

The signorina had moved to the farther end of the compartment and seemed unconscious alike of the footman's distress, the possible anger of the signora, or of anything unusual in her position. We were, I reflected, gentlemen, and the girl was safe enough; but it was a careless thing in a foreign land for a young girl traveling alone to get into a smoking-carriage. She took no notice of us, but continued to gaze delightedly out of the window, and presently the Mediatore resumed his discourse upon the merits of the pictures he was taking us to see and the history of the family to whom they belonged.

The family history! Ah, that was a story, indeed! We rolled out of Rome to an account of the past honors and glory of this family. They were very "black." Cardinals, even a Pope, flitted through the scene, and through their very devotion to the Church had come trouble; for the father of the present prince had married a Protestant. True, she had died very soon, when this son was born, but the Church had not forgiven the family. The hereditary office had been taken away from this young man, leaving him not only with no money for living, but with a great accumulation of debts, and this young prince—surely, signori, misfortune had followed this noble family! His marriage with a rich and beautiful American young lady had all been arranged, and hopefully borrowing money to buy her a diamond tiara, he had sailed the great sea for the nuptials, and to bring her back, and all would have been well. But when he got there,—fancy, signori! —when the boat was actually on her shore, he found that the faithless one had been persuaded to marry another, an American, and a great waste it was, for this American was as rich as she! She and her husband had gone away, so that he did not see her at all; but her lawyer he did see, and the lawyer was very just for him, and for his passage there and back they paid, and for the diamond tiara. But fancy the shock to one's most tender feelings! The story was in all the papers, too, so that it will be a long time before it is forgotten and he can arrange another match so good.

For this reason, signori, the poor heart-broken young man has been persuaded by some of his friends that it will be for the best that he sell his art treasures and pay his most pressing debts, for now he owes so much money in Rome that when he goes there he cannot walk on the Corso for fear of being trapped like a thief by his creditors. Is that not a tragedy for a youth of spirit, of fiery spirit, such as this brave young prince has?

The young girl had drawn near during the recital of this moving tale, and at its close looked at me with such friendly amusement that I could not refrain from saying to her: "The signorina speaks Italian?"

"School-girl Italian," she said, blushing slightly, but speaking frankly.

From the window the snow-capped mountains were blue in the distance, and in the foreground the olive groves shone silver in the sun. The girl found it all delicious, and was so glad, she informed me ingenuously, to be back again in Italy. The people interested her, too; and what a very droll story that was we had just heard, and did I think my friend knew any more?

"He is a fountain of information," I said—"true, false, and the picturesque, which is between the two. But beware! It is much easier to turn him on than off. His occupation, too, brings him into contact with all kinds of people, and he has all kinds of experiences; and as he has, fortunately, no discrimination, an acquaintance with him leads to the acquiring of much information concerning things which are none of one's business."

"What does he do?"

"He is a *mediatore*—what we would call in English a middleman, and the business of this particular middleman is to bring together the owners of supposedly valuable antiques and possible purchasers. Sometimes he brings things to your house from the shops which take this cunning way of attracting your attention to their wares, and sometimes, as now, he takes his patrons to see pictures or tapestries in the homes of the owners who wish to sell, but whose high position forbids their taking any active part in the sale themselves."

"He brings together," said the girl, slowly, "people who might otherwise not meet."

"Exactly. And now my friend and I are going with him to the palace of the young prince whose history you have just heard, to see some pictures said to be very fine."

"How perfectly delightful!" she exclaimed with pretty enthusiasm. "How I 'd adore to go with you!"

"I 'm sure I wish you could," I said, with vague politeness. The Professor, on her first approach, had moved to the farther end of the compartment, and turned his back on us.

"I 'd love to go," she repeated, this time rather thoughtfully; "and I don't

know why I could n't, either," she pursued. "That is, if you really meant what you said just now about wishing I could go with you."

"Of course I meant it," I said lamely, knowing that it was the very last thing in the world that I meant, and aware of the Professor's stiffening back; "but, unfortunately, it 's quite impossible. It 's too hard a trip for a girl."

"I don't mind that."

"And we have never seen this—ah, this young man, and we don't know just what kind of person—"

"It would be such fun to see the hero of that tale. And I should feel quite safe with you," she added simply.

"Your friends would be anxious," I suggested.

"Oh," she laughed, "I was just going to spend the day with an old schoolfriend a few stations farther on; and as she does n't know I am coming, she will not miss me when I do not arrive."

She was too deliciously pretty and too unsophisticated to be traveling alone, and her friendly simplicity, which came from a life so sheltered and protected that it left her as unsuspicious as a child, put her at the mercy of any chance traveling companion. I congratulated myself anew that she had fallen among gentlemen. Meantime our station was approaching. I must be firm and quick. Gathering myself for a last effort, I said:

"We can, unfortunately, signorina, provide no chaperon for you, and neither my friend nor myself can take the responsibility of a change in your plans, which would undoubtedly so greatly annoy your mother."

This rebuff passed over her head so lightly that it did not ruffle a golden hair.

"I 'll take the responsibility," she answered brightly. "I never had a real adventure, and we are all Americans." She smiled at me. "I 'm a thousand times obliged to you for suggesting it," she said; "I 'm sure it will be great fun."

She took it all so naturally that she had almost succeeded in convincing me that it was quite the conventional thing for a stranger, a conspicuously pretty and well-bred young girl, to join two gentlemen whom she had never seen before in a wild-goose chase after some pictures which might or might not exist. She had, I say, almost succeeded in convincing me when I caught a glimpse of the Professor's face as I was helping her off the train. I was sorry that his day was spoiled, but I could not help feeling that he was unnecessarily cross about it. Why could n't he take things more as they came? It was, as the girl had said, an adventure, and now that we were in for it, I meant to give her as pleasant a day as possible, and trust that when I took her home at night I should be able to persuade her mama to take as liberal a view of the pleasures of social intercourse as the one held by her daughter.

The first stage of our journey accomplished, we had an early luncheon at a bare table in front of the little *caffè* in the piazza, lunching royally upon spaghetti, an omelet, and a delicious fresh salad. The girl enjoyed it all immensely. She made the salad-dressing, and she put an extra dose of red pepper on the Professor's plate as she handed it to him. It was the only notice she had taken of his conspicuous neglect of her.

On the chance that should we ever stop eating we might wish to go somewhere, donkey-boys fought in the little piazza for the honor of there conducting us. A train of half a dozen horses, picturesquely laden with great bundles of fagots, trailed slowly by, the driver swearing affectionately at his beasts, and trilling a love-song, *molto furioso*, to one marble-hearted Clelia, with bewildering transitions from one theme to the other. It was only in silly songs, the girl said, that women were so marble-hearted. In real life they were much more affectionate and much quicker to forgive and forget than men; and was n't it perfectly wonderful how the Mediatore managed his spaghetti? I admitted that I had not yet attained his perfection in the art, and fascinated, we watched him as he wound the long ropes scientifically around his fork and conveyed the result dexterously to his mouth without for an instant interrupting his conversation with the Professor. The process of removing old frescoes from rotting walls by means of melted glue poured over their surfaces will always have a subtle connection in my mind with spaghetti—spaghetti glistening with tomato sauce and sticky with grated cheese; spaghetti in great masses,

with dangerous loose ends, whisked with incredible rapidity from plate to mouth.

I cannot say that the Mediatore had told me in so many words, but I had certainly been led to believe that the famous picture-gallery of old masters of the fiery-spirited young prince was only a stone's throw from this station; but when he had carefully polished his plate with a piece of bread, that not a suspicion of omelet should be wasted, he broke it to us in a tone which implied an added joy that there were yet some dozen trifling miles to be covered.

The proprietor of the caffè observed that when one was in the country one must do as the country people did. I thought of the long, thin length of the Professor's legs, and repressed a smile at the picture of them in juxtaposition with one of the small mouse-colored donkeys that the man's gesture implied. The Professor settled his cap firmly on his head and suggested that we walk. He did not look at the girl as he spoke, but his handsome face wore the harried look of a man who is trying, without positive brutality, to rid himself of a stray dog that affectionately insists on accompanying him home. The Mediatore, with the holy horror of the Italian for using his own legs when those of anything else can be employed, was for a carriage, and as he succeeded in persuading us all that each of us had been clever enough to suggest the carriage, we started off amiably enough, although the Professor refused rather rudely to sit by the pretty girl. He had not spoken to her at all, even in response to shy, well-bred efforts that she had several times made to draw him into the conversation. She had the good taste to appear not to notice these rebuffs, and during the long, hot drive her gentle spirits never flagged.

The village to which we were going might have been a dozen miles away as the bird flies, but the two beasts that drew our creaking coach had no wings. They had dashed up to the caffè with great spirit; they had started off, with heads up, at a stylish pace, as though to make a good impression on onlookers: but their high spirits, like an invisible garment, fell from them as we passed from the village, and they plodded up the low hills and down into the green valleys with a depression equaled only by the Professor. When we approached the first scattered houses of the sought-for village, however, long training prevailed. They raised their heads proudly, shook their legs gaily, and entered the village with urban elegance.

The castle, rather an imposing-looking house, with a rococo façade, was in the center of the town. There was an air of mystery in the deep portals and in the decorously closed shutters. In a manner the girl called funereal, a solemn and untidy servant ushered us through a number of dim rooms in which we could see nothing, coming as we did from the bright light without, but rooms which looked distinctly promising. At the door of the gallery we were met by the fiery-spirited, broken-hearted young prince himself, an emaciated youth of perhaps twenty-four years, who had a skimped appearance, suggesting that the material had proved insufficient after he had been blocked out. He greeted us pleasantly, bowed profoundly and a bit inquisitively to the girl, and after a few minutes' chafing delay we entered what he told us was the first of the galleries.

A number of large canvases, depicting the bloodiest battle-scenes which seventeenth century imagination could conjure, were before us in all their horror.

"Salvator Rosa," he explained, half-shutting his eyes, and looking at the girl as if she were something we had brought to exchange. "Salvator Rosa at his best."

My liking for this painter had never been great enough to induce a study of his methods, so that I felt quite unequal to the task of differing with him, and I remarked to the girl, as I stepped between her and the prince, that if these disappointing canvases were valued so highly by the owner, he would probably not appreciate the Raphaels and Peruginos, and we might pick those up for a mere song.

The walls of the other two rooms were hung with pictures of religious subjects, mostly of the same uninteresting century —Madonnas, St. Jeromes, scenes from the lives of the martyrs. On the tables were large important-looking cases in which were stored the greatest treasures, miniatures of the family and small, grimy

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'TO A MAN OF MY BIRTH AND POSITION, THERE IS BUT ONE POSSIBLE WAY'"

paintings which bore not the slightest resemblance to the work of Giorgione, whose name was boldly attached to them. Even Giorgione nodded, said the girl. A Rembrandt was unveiled with much ceremony. Rembrandt, indeed! The only resemblance was in the quantity, not the quality, of the black paint used.

The girl somewhat shyly addressed the prince. "Do you yourself consider that a Rembrandt?"

"The picture upon which the signorina has deigned to rest her charming eyes," he replied offensively, "is undoubtedly a Rembrandt. If my word is not sufficient —the word of a gentleman and a prince," —he paused to glance at the Professor, who wore the amiable look of being ready to contradict any statement the prince might make,—"I can show you the will of my grandfather, in which, as he was dividing his pictures among his heirs, he gave this to my father, specially mentioning it as of great value, being a Rembrandt. My grandfather paid a hundred thousand lire for it, at a bargain; but of course the value has increased very much since then."

The girl looked mischievously at me. "I should like enormously to own a Rembrandt all myself," she said to the prince, "and of course that is little enough to pay for it; but it seems to me, that such a precious heirloom should not go out of your family. Is there no way by which you could keep it?"

"To a man of my birth and position, there is only one possible way."

"Then you should make all effort to take that way," she said, smiling.

"Thank you, signorina; with your encouragement and permission, I shall try that way."

She smiled again. She could not of course know what a beast the man was. I was glad she could n't, but I was half-indignant with her for her playful encouragement of him. In the light of the story about him which the Mediatore had told us in the morning, she must have well understood what his idea of the only way out was. I had a feeling of wanting her to stand well with the Professor, too, and his black looks during the slight talk between the girl and the prince had proclaimed his lack of sympathy with her playful mood.

As we passed out of the room, the girl went first, questioning the Mediatore. I followed, and close behind me the prince had the unwilling Professor by the arm.

"The charming signorina, your sister," he began,—"ah, do not start! I know of course that she is your sister because you neither talked nor looked at her, which is a way we have with our sisters, be they ever so pretty." He stopped to laugh slyly, but he laughed alone. The face of the Professor was as the death-mask of one who has died in anger. "I should be glad," pursued the prince, nothing daunted, "to discuss with you at a convenient time the prospects of your charming sister. My name is one of the oldest in Italy."

I turned a corner just then and did not get the Professor's reply, but I inferred from the subdued way in which our host offered us cake and wine that this reply was not in the friendly spirit of the inquiry.

Refusing princely hospitality, we made our way out through the galleries. Compared with the Rembrandts and Giorgiones of the credulous grandparent of the prince, the battle-scenes in the first room looked cheerful and well painted.

Conversation during the return drive was maintained largely by the Mediatore, who had many apologies to make for the trouble to which he had put us. He was, he explained, not a learned man like the illustrious signori; he had had no time to educate himself. He was sorry, but it was not, of course, his fault. He had only repeated what had been told him.

The Professor said nothing. He seemed wrapped in his own thoughts, which, to judge by his expression, were not happy ones. The only time I caught his eye his gaze was distinctly unfriendly, and I heartily wished the girl in Jericho. There were plenty of pretty girls in the world,— I had myself married one of the prettiest, —but friends like the Professor were rare indeed. Why had I allowed this girl to peril our friendship? Why had I ever looked at her in the first place? Why had I spoken to her in the train? Why had I permitted myself to be persuaded to let her join us? I hated myself for my weakness, and was sure I should never forgive her.

"But, signori," continued the Medi-

atore, "do not be discouraged. Though you are disappointed and, I have no doubt, angry, I will yet justify your faith in me. I know of other—of real treasures—"

"Never!" I repeated sternly to myself as I helped the girl from the carriage at the railroad station.

"How is Henrietta?" she said in a low, clear voice, leaning slightly toward me. "She 's such a dear! I 'm wild to see her."

"She is well, thank you," I heard myself reply in a voice that sounded strange in my own ears. What did she mean? I was sure Henrietta's name had not been mentioned all day. And to speak so familiarly of her!

"I wish Henrietta had come, too," she went on a little wistfully. "Don't you, Mr. Professor?"

It was the first time she had addressed him, and I felt the hand she had slipped through my arm tremble when he did not answer. I glanced down at her. She had been so gay all day that I had not realized how little and frail she was. There were shadows under her violet eyes, too, and a pathetic quiver to her lips, though she held her little head high. She must be very tired.

"It 's been a great lark to-day," she went on with an attempt at her old gaiety, pressing her lips together as if she felt their lack of color, "and I shall always remember your great kindness to me—"

"I am afraid you feel faint," I interrupted her, feeling for my pocket-flask. "You look so tired and white. Have a drop of whisky!"

"Oh, no!" She tried to laugh. "The train will be here in a minute, and—"

"Mary Seaton," thundered the Professor, "drink that whisky!"

The teardrops trembled on her lashes. "I 'll do anything in the world you wish me to, Will,"—she looked up at him,—"if you 'll only wish me to."

We were at the extreme end of the platform, and the Mediatore and I were the only witnesses of the bearlike embrace in which the Professor enfolded her. The name Mary Seaton shed an uncertain light on the situation for me, for Mary Seaton was a dear friend of Henrietta's and her name a household word with us. But the Professor? Had she known him before? Surely his behavior that day had not been such as to endear him to the most perverse of ladies seeing him for the first time.

The Mediatore regarded them with beady eyes. "Is it with such rapidity that marriages are usually arranged in your country?" he inquired politely.

"They were engaged last year," I explained to Henrietta, as we sat over our late dinner, Mary Seaton and the Professor entirely absorbed in each other at the other side of the table, "and it was broken off, and he was unreasonable, and she was proud and thought he did n't care, and they were both unhappy—"

"She never wrote me a word about it!" cried Henrietta.

"And she came over to visit her aunt, Mrs. Robertson, who has a villa at Frascati for the summer, and she was going to spend the day with a friend at—"

"Julia Rocciavelli!" interrupted Henrietta. "The idea of her going there before she had come to me! Go on."

"And she did n't know that the Professor was here in Rome, so that her meeting with him at the station was pure accident; and she recognized me by a kodak you had sent her, and knowing I was a friend of his—"

"Yes, yes," sighed Henrietta; "and she got into the compartment with you to give him a chance to speak to her."

"Her meeting him in the first place was pure accident," I went on, "but all the rest, from the time she climbed into the train until he broke his long silence with the sentimental remark I have already repeated to you, was—"

"Of course," Henrietta assented, "How perfectly delicious! What a day you must have had!"

"The pictures," I remarked, reverting to an ancient grievance, "were a fraud. That Mediatore is a wall-eyed idiot."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said a voice from the other side of the table—a voice so mild that I hardly recognized it as belonging to the Professor any more than I did the deep content in his eyes. "It seems to me," he pursued, taking the willing little hand of Mary Seaton in his own, "that he was a pretty good middleman."

From the painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters"

MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN AND DAUGHTER
BY MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—IV)

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN AND DAUGHTER

BY

MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XVI

HILDEGARDE learned other things the next morning besides how to do your marketing for two years in an hour. She brought away from Baumgarten's the renewed impression that Mrs. Blumpitty was a person of some practical sense, and that Mr. Blumpitty, though he might be an authority upon the mother lode and an estimable character to boot, did in reality need a good deal of looking after. It is impossible to say just how the unlogical feminine mind, in this case young and ignorant as well, may arrive at so definite a conclusion out of a small assemblage of apparently trifling data. For Hildegarde's judgment was not founded merely upon the outer man, nor was it contributed to very largely by Mr. Blumpitty's indifference to small economies, as shown in his readiness to order gallons of expensive "olive" oil, when cottonseed oil was as cheap as it was wholesome to cook with, and Mr. Blumpitty convicted by his wife of inability to detect any difference in taste. It was not merely that Mrs. Blumpitty was the one to offer reasons why methylated spirit, though cheap on the bill, was dearer in actual use than alcohol. It was not that he had forgotten, after sixteen months' experience, "what a cravin' you get up there fer sweet and fer sour" and what a failure the California dried fruit had turned out the year before. Had he complained he could n't eat such insipid stuff till Mrs. Blumpitty had "livened" it with a dash of vinegar as well as sugar and spice? Wa-al, p'r'aps he had.

"You must n't give me dried apples from any place nearer here than Michigan," said Mrs. Blumpitty.

The Baumgarten Brothers had smiled and said, "She knows."

The upshot of the morning was to give Hildegarde an inkling that the chief use of Mr. Blumpitty, so far as she was concerned, might be that he would keep her family soothed by the illusion that this respectable man, pledged to her service, was "going to see that everything was all right." For the rest, should she not perhaps do well to imitate his spouse, and not expect any one to be wide awake in her interest who was half-asleep before his own? Although he had said: "Ya-as, it 's all right about the ticket," Miss Mar interviewed the steamship people, on her own behalf. Quite right. And as to the berths, Mr. Blumpitty already had twenty-eight, and had sent word he wanted a twenty-ninth for a lady. "Noospaper woman I presoom," said the agent, politely. It seemed to be only the Press that inspired such respect. She was more glad than ever of the offer that had come that morning from Eddie Cox, editor now of the "San Miguel Despatch." "Yes," she told the agent, "I am to be a Regular Correspondent." In all sorts of ways she saw her status incomparably improved by falling in with Eddie Cox's suggestion. It appeared to be necessary to stand well with a "noospaper" woman. "What accommodation can I have?"

"Why, the best we got."

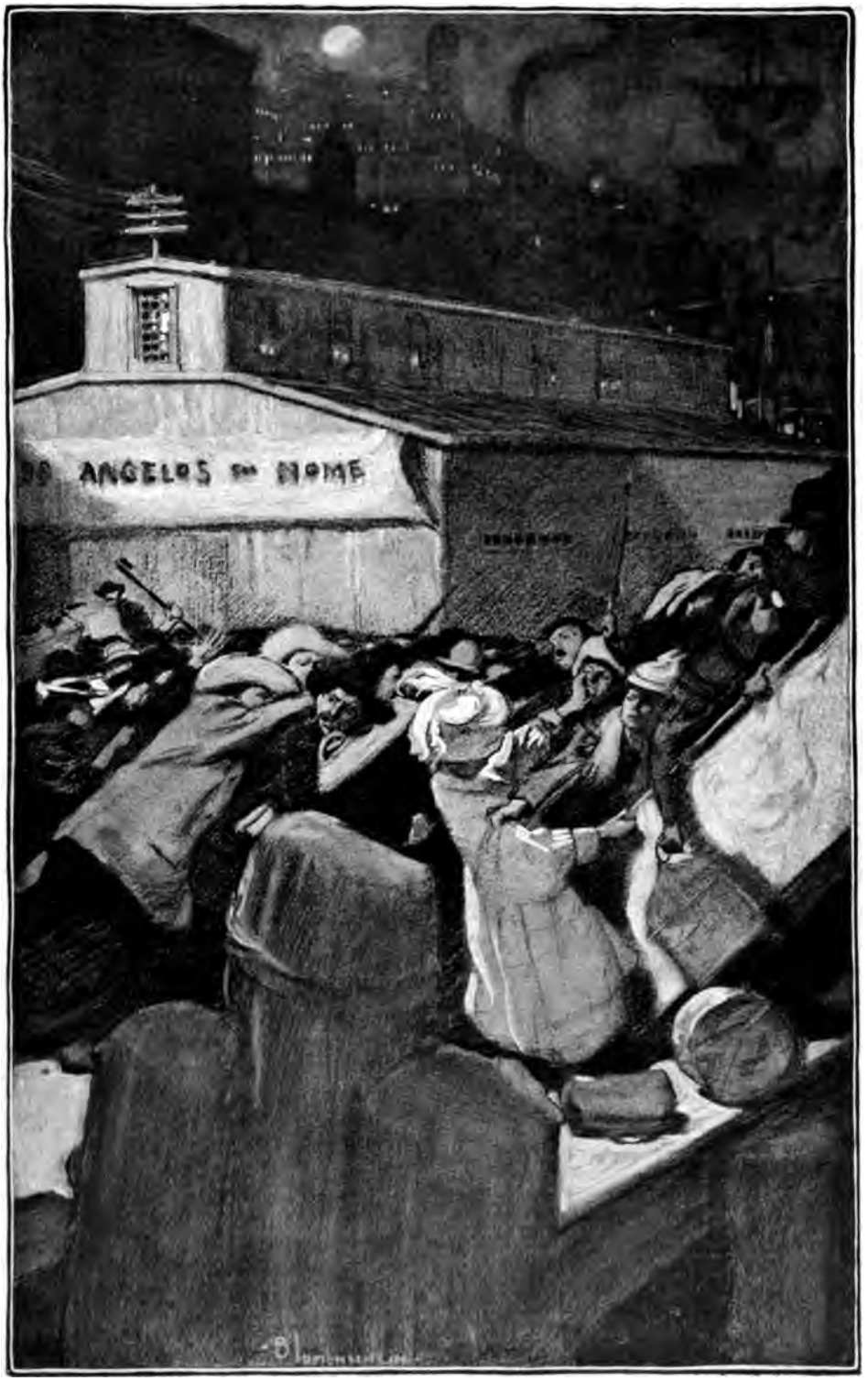
"Is there much choice?"

"We put you down here with Mr. Blumpitty's party." A number was indicated.

"You want to *see* it!"

"Yes; before I decide."

Impossible. If she did n't take and pay for the berth now, in an hour it would be in other hands. But seeing her



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE TORRENT OF HUMANITY THAT SWEPT IN LOOKED SO WILD-EYED AND DISHEVELED, ANGRY AND POSSESSED BY EVIL PASSION"

quite unhustled by this horrid alternative, the agent said he would make a great, an unheard-of exception in her case, and promise to take her over the ship as soon as the *Los Angeles* came up from Tacoma, where she was being elaborately refitted —"new paint, electric light—everything." It would be a pity for a "noospaper" woman to go in any meaner vessel.

The crowds that composed the sailing list besieged the offices day by day, wildly impatient at the date of departure being "a little postponed" while the *Los Angeles* was further embellished for their reception. "Style 's all very well; but gettin' there 's the thing."

And among them all this girl, with only half her ticket paid for, coming in twice a day to keep track of events!

At last, after a night of riot, when the office was very nearly pulled about the company's ears, all Seattle knew that the much-heralded steamer had been brought up from Tacoma and was at the Seattle wharf. The crowds on the water front could see her, glaring and white and respect-inspiring, but guarded like the gate of Paradise.

"Let 's go and see our quarters," Hildegarde suggested, meeting Mr. Blumpitty in the street.

"Wish we could," said Blumpitty, sadly. "No one allowed aboard till sailin' time, nine o'clock to-morrer."

Hildegarde spoke of the agent's promise.

"Promise! Oh, yes; promise anything." And Blumpitty moved gloomily away in the crowd.

Hildegarde found the agent without loss of time. He was overwhelmed with work. Could she not see!

What she saw was a clay-faced person, with a slight bulge in one lean jaw where he stored his tobacco; red-eyed, unwashed, and obviously irritated by her reappearance. His promise—quietly she insisted. The anemic visage twitched, and he attended to another customer. But she stood waiting, and she looked as if she were prepared to camp there till she 'd had her way. Oh, these women! They was always like that, fussin' and naggin' and goin' on!

He attended to two other customers. Nobody else expected such things of him; but there she still stood, with her eyes fixed upon the agent, blockin' up the way, waitin', waitin'. "What 'd I do if they all expected me to go runnin' round the wharves with 'em!" he demanded in an angry undertone.

"You promised," she began, glancing at the fact that there were three other clerks in the office.

"Mr. Blumpitty 's satisfied," he said severely, pointing out the lamentable contrast. And he 'd taken her for a lady. A lady would believe a gentleman when he told her it was all right, and not worry him. But though she must have seen plainly how she was still further lowering the agent's lofty ideal of how a lady should behave, there she stood, looking at him with a grave steadiness that held no hope of her yielding her point. Promise! promise—why, it was damned good-natured of him to make a promise; but to expect him to—. He bent toward her. "Look yere," he said in an angry whisper, "I ain't got a special permit yet."

"I 'll wait till you get it."

"Can't have it yere before three."

"Very well, I 'll come at three; but you must please not disappoint me again, or else I—." He jerked away. Now what did she mean—"or else" she? You never know what pull these noospaper women have got.

He had forgotten all about her when —O Lor'! There she was upon the stroke—like Fate.

Well, well, would she promise not to tell none o' the rest o' the passengers? All right then. Come ahead.

He led the way to the docks with every circumstance of secrecy, dodging through back streets, lying to acquaintances as to where he was going, and gradually growing more cheerful, pausing to exchange humorous asides with friends along the wharf. Hildegarde, waiting, silent, patient during these passages, was entirely aware of the curious looks bent upon her, and saw that her expedition with this little rat of a man was held by some to have a "larky" aspect (save the mark!). She saw it was incredible to these people that the agent should take this trouble for any other reason than that she was an attractive young girl who had smiled upon this poor little drink-sodden creature and was giving him the rare sensation of being "a sad dog with the ladies." Even playing

at the idea had quite transformed the agent. Poor little Misery! She knew instinctively she had nothing to fear from him; and even if he had been a different type she had no doubt but she would have known how to keep him in his place when they were alone. But before these pals of his the agent put on sly looks, carried himself rakishly, and tipped his hat very far back on his head. Well, it was an odd world, evidently, but Hildegarde Mar had come out to see it. Now, after various formalities they were going on board.

"See, paint 's wet yet. That 's why I did n't want ye to come. Spoil yer clo'es sure 's a gun." Apparently to-morrow the paint would be as dry as a bone. Past the strangely few decent though cramped staterooms of the first saloon, each ticketed with the names of prospective occupants, down into the dim region of the second saloon, down into the intermediate, further down, clinging on to ladders, down, down into the bowels of the ship, Hildegarde and the ferret-faced agent went looking for Mr. Blumpitty's quarters. And, lo! though that gentleman had paid for first-class accommodation, as the agent admitted, Mr. Blumpitty 'd been glad to get the only accommodation left," and that was in the hold! The twenty-nine berths were twenty-nine sections of deal shelves, ranged in tiers five deep, and set so close one on top of the other, you could not believe it possible for a good-sized man to insert his body between the unsheeted ticking of his shuck-mattress and the board above his head. Hildegarde stood stooping in the awful hole, and staring as one not crediting her eyes.

"It 'll look better," says the agent, a little shamefaced, "when the beds are made. The company supplies a piller each, and a pair o' blankets."

No ventilation, no light of day; one electric burner to illume the horror of the gloom.

"You don't mean to say," began Hildegarde, turning such a look upon the agent that he said hurriedly: "No, no. This won't do fer a noos—fer a lady." And they climbed the ladders back to day.

He found the up-stairs quarters for women on the saloon-deck.

"But there are only five berths here."

"Best cabin on the ship," said he, spitting with decision through the port.

"But on this card on the door there are five names already."

"One 's comin' out," and he saw to that by the simple process of drawing an indelible pencil across "Miss Tillie Jump," and substituting "Miss H. Mar."

Still the young lady studied the card. "Look at this."

He looked.

"Here at the very top."

"Don't see nothin'."

"You don't see *Mr.* and Mrs. David M. Jones?"

"Oh, yes; I see them."

"Surely that 's a mistake."

"Mistake? No. I 'tended to them folks myself." As the young lady stared incredulous, he reassured her. "They 're comin' all right. Tiptop folks. He was governor of—"

"They 're not coming in here?"

"Why not?"

"*Mr.* Jones?"

"Yes; David M. He was governor of—"

"In here with all these—ladies!"

"Well, one 's his wife. Don't you be afraid. *He* 's all right."

"He can't possibly come in here."

"He 's got to. No other place. Him an' his wife was almost the first passengers on the list."

"Well, give them a cabin to themselves."

"Oh, see here, there ain't room fer no style like that on *this* trip."

"Then put back Miss Jump and take out Mr. Jones."

She saw the agent blink at such cool juggling. "Mr. Jones must go in a man's cabin," she explained.

"Don't you know they 're all full?"

"He can't come in here," said the young lady inflexibly.

"He 's got to; that 's all there is about it. I can't go playin' no monkey-tricks with David M. Jones."

"Then please find me some other place."

"Ain't I already told you? They ain't no—"

"You mean you can't, after all, accommodate me on this ship?"

"Lord! Lord!" the agent seemed to pray for patience and for light.

"You were prepared to make Miss Tillie Jump"—in spite of herself gravity went by the board. But the agent's smile was wan.

"That was different," he assured her. "Wa-al, here goes!" With the air of one who has cast the last shred of prudence to the winds, he wrote out a new card from which one might gather that David M. Jones had not been re-elected for this berth. And so exit the former governor!

"*Now,* you can't say we ain't done everything."

"Thank you," said Hildegarde. "There 's only one thing more. I should like to bring my steamer trunk in to-day and get settled."

The agent gaped and then, with a gesture of comic feebleness before the spectacle presented by this young lady, he sat down on the edge of the berth labeled "T. Jump," and grinned.

"The paint 's nearly dry up here," urged Miss Mar, as one meeting the only possible objection.

It must be because she was on a "noospaper"—nothing else could give a woman a nerve like this. Well, it was positively refreshin'! Out of pure gaiety of heart, the agent added a little new tobacco to the store already accumulated in his cheek. "'T ain't a bad idear," he said. "More 'n you 'd like to try it on; but it would n't hardly do."

"Why?"

"Make a' nawful rumpus." As still she seemed not to understand the enormity of her proposal; he added: "'T would n't be fair to let some and not let others."

She could see that. "But why not let them all?"

"Oh, haw! haw!" The thing was somehow deliciously comic. But a compromise might be possible, "fer a noos—" Luckily the purser happened to be on deck. Hildegarde, to her stark astonishment, heard the agent reply confidentially to some question: "Well, ye would n't think so, but from one or two things she let drop, I guess she 's one o' ——'s hustlers, an' special correspondent fer the 'New York Herald,' I guess, an' Gawd knows what else." She was forthwith presented to Mr. Brown, and it was arranged that the "noospaper" woman should send her baggage down to the purser's care, and herself be allowed to come on board a couple of hours before the mob—say, at seven o'clock in the evening.

At a quarter before that hour the street near the wharf where the *Los Angeles* lay was dense with packed humanity. So much time and tact it took to worm one's way through the mass that Madeleine, who had come down to see her friend off, began to despair. Already she had been longer away from her invalid than she had meant. Hildegarde urged her to turn back now. Madeleine looked about with anxious eyes: "It 's worse even than I imagined. It 's terrible to leave you here."

"It 's much more terrible for you to leave Mr. Dorn."

Madeleine did not deny that.

"And if you come further, there 's no telling *when* you 'll get out. It will be worse going back against the tide."

But Madeleine hesitated, with harassed face.

"I 'd much rather you went now," Hildegarde urged, taking her suit-case from her friend. "Good-by."

Madeleine clung to her, with filling eyes. "I *hate* leaving you."

Hildegarde kissed her. "Good-by, dear. And thank you a thousand times."

In the act of going, Madeleine whispered: "Oh, I *hope* nothing will happen to you! But I 'm frightened to death. Good-by! Oh, *dear!*"

And that was the last of the old familiar life.

As slowly Hildegarde got herself and her suit-case through the crowd, it was borne in upon her that perhaps she had been wrong to insist that neither of her brothers should come and see her off, as each had nobly suggested, in spite of their unwavering opposition to the enterprise. She had made a point of their trusting her "to do it alone."

Besides she was not alone. In every letter she flourished the Blumpittys. Where were those Blumpittys now? No sign of them since yesterday. Anyhow, she had prevented the boys from coming. Her fear, not of course formulated to them, had been that if they came, somehow, at the last moment they might try to prevent her going. Well—she looked

about. They probably would. She pressed on, inwardly exulting, outwardly modest and asking pardon. And all the time she kept a sharp lookout, as if, in spite of everything, she was expecting some one. A Blumpitty? Not a bit of it.

"It 's no use," said a red-faced man, with a wheezy voice—"not a *bit* o' use yer tryin' to get through yere."

"There would be," said the young lady, "if you helped me a little."

That was different; but: "Ye 'll only get to stand a yard or two further on till nine o'clock. They would n't open them gates fer President McKinley."

"I want to see if my baggage got here all right."

"Same bright idear 's occurred to the rest of us," said a sharp-faced youth. But they let the young lady pass, and in the uncertain light they looked after the tall, striking figure, dressed in close-fitting dark green, wearing a perfectly plain green felt hat, which was somehow more distinguishable and more distinguished set upon a head like that than if it had been furbelowed, after the fashion of the other feminine headgear that flowered and feathered in the throng. Public opinion would have set her down as "stuck up" from the way she carried herself had it not been for something too gentle in the face to support that view. The delicately molded chin, with the end softly turned up, gave an almost childish look to the face, and the long-lashed eyes, at once eager and abstracted, why were they always looking, looking? "Lost her party, I guess."

On she went, changing her suit-case from one tired hand to the other, looking here, looking there, just as she had done in the Seattle streets. She had gone about all these last days consciously braced for a final encounter with Cheviot—a last attempt on his part to make her abandon the undertaking. That, of course, was the reason he had not written or even telegraphed to say good-by. There was nothing surly or even sullen about Cheviot. Though they had parted "like that," he would n't be willing she should go without his making some sign. Not having done so could only mean—oh, she knew what it meant.

She dramatized the coming scene: saw herself being "quite firm," defeating, utterly routing him. But in order to carry out her program, she must not let him take her by surprise. And as now over this shoulder, now over that, she scrutinized the faces in the crowd, she felt her heart beat as she thought of the coming conflict. And the pink color rose in her face. She had been afraid "the boys" might want to turn her back. In her heart of hearts she was afraid that Louis, in some way not clearly foreseen, would succeed. She went forward with the sense of one escaping from a definite peril. At last, rather out of breath, she dropped her suit-case before the door of the brightly lighted baggage-room. Just inside was a man in his shirt sleeves, and beyond him—"There 's my trunk!" she cried out with the cheerful air of one descrying a valued friend.

"Want it checked?"

"Yes, please."

"Where 's it goin'?"

"To Nome, of course," answered Hildegarde, panting a little, and straightening her hat. "Nobody is going anywhere else, is he?" she added, a little impatient at the man's staring and delay.

"N-no; I guess not. But—" he grinned good-humoredly—"I did n't think you looked like a Nomer."

Here was a blow at the very start. Hildegarde glanced down at her plain clothes and decided that the man was mistaken. But he checked her trunk, her provision-box, her bag, her deck-chair, and her roll of wraps, and she, declining to give up the suit-case, turned about to make her way among the people massed thicker than ever in this direction. For over yonder, hidden by the crowd, was the gate the opening of which would give access to the *Los Angeles*. Progress here more difficult than ever.

Courage! Now if Louis were somewhere in the crush, if those critical blue-gray eyes were on her, he would be wondering to see how well she made her way, keeping her footing and her temper, gaining inch by inch her goal. She went the more unflinching as under the gray-blue eye. When it became obvious that this pink-and-white gentle-looking girl was intent, if you please, on working her way to the barrier in front of

people who had been there an hour, she was treated to an experience of unyielding backs, sharp elbows, and surly looks. Why should n't she wait her turn? Yes, Hildegarde reflected, it was natural they should feel that, especially the women. Why, how many women there were! But no Mrs. Blumpitty, and no— Hildegarde looked at her watch. How the time had flown! It really was rather odd about Cheviot. He might of course come still later, but suppose he did n't? It was almost incredible, and yet—

If he did come, he would see, at all events, there were some quite nice-seeming women here. But perhaps they were not going. This one with the white face under the orange hat, what little young voice was that beside her? Why, the woman was holding a boy by the hand. He reminded Hildegarde of Cheviot's small nephew Billy. She smiled down into the solemn little face. "Are you seeing some one off?"

"Nope," said Curlyhead, sturdily. "Goin' to Nome meself." And the crowd cheered. Either that demonstration frightened him or he was tired and indifferent to popular approval. He began to fret and then to whimper. Was it his father who spoke so roughly and so thickly? Curlyhead's whimper blossomed into wailing. His father began to shake him.

"Oh, wait a minute," said the tall young lady, as if meaning only to delay the operation for a second. She set down the suit-case on her own toes, and out of a pocket in the close-fitting green jacket came a cake of chocolate, all glorious in silver foil. Hildegarde held it before the child's distorted little face. The features righted themselves as if by magic. The youngest pioneer no longer took a gloomy view of his prospects.

"The father 's been drinking heavily," Hildegarde said to herself as she went on. Poor wife! Poor little boy! She would know Curlyhead better on the ship.

How strange if Louis were to harbor such deep resentment as not to write and not to appear! That *he* should be the only one of her familiar circle that had not to be dissuaded from coming to see her off! If suddenly now in the crowd she should see him she would be almost glad. After all, he could not prevent her sailing. What was he thinking of to let her go off like this without—had her mother been right? Just then a woman in a sealskin jacket, and with diamonds twinkling in her ears not only refused flatly to let Hildegarde pass, but angrily admonished the men about her to stand firm.

The tall young lady only changed her course a little, and made obliquely for the barrier; but the encounter with that woman affected her more unpleasantly than the elbowing and jostling of the others. She had a distinct vision of Louis Cheviot's face as he had said "the kind of woman that goes to Nome." It had been horrible to him that Hildegarde was not daunted; for she had not let him see that she was. And now that woman with the hard face and the diamond earrings! And Louis too disgusted to want to come and see his old friend off or even to send her a message of good-by!

She began to see how foolish it was to expect to see him here. He had washed his hands of her.

And still in the back of her head she thought he might come—even built upon it. She looked back. No, he was not in sight; but a tall, grizzled man had given the youngest pioneer a seat on his shoulder. That was nice of the grizzled man.

But it was saddening to go on so great a journey without the good will of so close a friend as—

There was something very hard about Louis. He could enjoy himself quite comfortably since he had washed his hands of her. Her mother—(why was this man in front of her dressed in oilskins?)—Yes, washed his hands of her—her mother had told her as much. Bella and Mrs. Wayne had come up from the country to the Valdivia G. H. Charity Ball. They had stayed at the great new hotel. Bella had worn pink at the ball and danced constantly with Louis Cheviot. She stayed on for several days, and they drove together every evening. People had begun to talk. Well, it had seemed very possible once. Why not? And here was Hildegarde actually expecting he might have left Bella and come all that way from Valdivia just to wish Hildegarde Godspeed

on a journey he had loathed the very mention of! Idiocy. He was out driving with Bella this soft, beautiful evening. He would be thinking: "Bella could never do anything so unfeminine as go to a horrible place like Nome." Bella and Louis—why did she, the girl struggling here in the crowd, feel this half-incredulous aching at the thought? Bella and Louis. Natural enough, even inevitable. The reason that she, Hildegarde, felt like this was that she was not accustomed yet to being alone, and it was so hard to reach the barrier yonder. Jack Galbraith—would he too join them, the sensible stay-at-home folk? Curiously, Jack was grown as dim as last year's dreams. For weeks she had felt him fading out of the old picture; and in the new he had no place at all. Why was that? Perhaps he was dead. It seemed hardly to matter. Should she ever get to the barrier?

Oh, how they pushed and crowded upon her! It made her feel quite angry. Not so much with these poor, struggling people, but with Cheviot. If he were here now, instead of driving about with Bella, if those broad shoulders of his were between Hildegarde and—"Oh, please, please! you 're crushing me!"

"Then stand back," said a man, angrily. And he was n't even drunk!

Over an hour it had taken her to penetrate from the outer fringes of the crowd by way of the baggage-room to this gate in the barrier chained and barred. On the other side of it, an irate dragon on guard, ready to breathe fire and brimstone at the mere notion of letting anybody by. When Hildegarde signed to him, he only roared out over the heads of the people: "Nine o'clock 's the time everybody was told to come on board. If you don't like waitin' outside till the proper time, you can go home." Hildegarde tried to convey across the barrier that she was acting under instructions. "Keep back!" roared the dragon quite as if he feared the tall figure might contemplate vaulting over.

"It is a special arrangement," she said quite low, "made by the purser himself."

"Yes, yes; very likely."

"I assure you the purser—"

"God A'mighty! what purser?"

Still Hildegarde spoke as confidentially as possible. "The purser of this ship."

"What 's the name o' the purser who could do a thing like that?"

"Mr. Brown is his name."

"Brown ain't the name o' the purser o' this ship. Guess again!"

The crowd exulted. The dodge had failed.

"Is n't this the *Los Angeles?*"

"Yes, by ——!" A gush of oaths before which the girl gasped as if a bowl of ice-cold water had been dashed in her face. O-h-h, if Louis heard that! Luckily he will never know. He 's out driving with Bella.

She took her courage in both hands. "I shall report you if you don't let me by. Your own agent introduced me to the *Los Angeles* purser and called him Mr. Brown."

"Purser, purser—" more blasphemy—"I would n't let the owner of this ship on board before nine o'clock."

"Mr. Brown said—"

"Brown! Brown!" shouted the man, goaded to frenzy by this feminine obstinacy. "Look yere, if he was Black and the Devil himself, I would n't let ye in after the orders I 've had."

The crowd chuckled and swayed.

The tall girl craned her neck over the barrier in the uncertain light. She had caught sight of a lurking figure uncommonly like the fat purser's, seeming to seek shelter behind a bale of merchandise. "Why, there he is now," she said. "Mr. Brown!" No answer, and the figure vanished. "Mr. Brown!" she called in a clear, penetrating voice. "I 'm here, as you told me to be. Mr. B—"

Hurriedly the figure reappeared and whispered to the dragon. A brief low-voiced altercation between the two men. Only one word distinguishable to the girl on the other side of the barrier: "noospaper." A growling menace of "trouble sure" from the dragon, and then the gate opened a cautious crack. The noospaper woman and her suit-case were plucked from the murmuring crowd and set upon the ship. She turned to thank her rescuer. For all his amplitude, he had melted into air. On the far side of the barrier, under the electric light, the crowd murmured and swayed, coupling the name of Brown with opprobrium.

The ship was badly lighted and as silent as the grave. Hildegarde felt her way down into the saloon, where a single light was burning. She found her cabin, and she put her jacket and suit-case in her berth. On reflection, to make it look the more occupied, she added a green felt hat, with her card stuck in the narrow band. Then out into the dim saloon. How strange for her to be in this place! So strange she had a fleeting notion she would presently wake up and find herself in the little white room at home. But, no; for the purser, who appeared and disappeared like some incorporeal essence, was standing at the door of the saloon with a pile of letters and telegrams and little packets, saying: "There 's flowers, too, an' a box o' fruit an' a basket. When the steward comes, I 'll send them to your room."

Last letters from the few who had been allowed to know the name of her ship—from her mother and the boys, from Bella, from Eddie Cox—no one had forgotten her except—He might come yet. Even Bella's mother had sent a telegram saying she hoped Hildegarde would find the traveling tea-basket a slight solace. Bella sent fruit and wrote: "Come back as much the same Hildegarde as you can. You won't be quite the same, I know. No one is after a great journey. Too much happens. No, I shan't ever see you again, dearest of all my friends; but let the Hildegarde that you bring home be as much like the old Hildegarde as you can manage."

These letters were the last echo of the old voices. Why did she hear plainest of all the one who was silent?

What was this—homesick already, and the anchor not yet weighed?

She would go on deck. At the foot of the companionway she took heart of grace, breathing in gratefully the whiff of fresh air that came down to greet her. But half-way up she paused. What was that—that sound, like the deep ground-swell of the sea? Why, that must be the crowd—those people on the other side of the barrier and the ever-augmenting legions all along the water front. It was the sharp-featured youth with the shifty little eyes who had called her wish to check her baggage "a brilliant idear"; it was the drunken man who had shaken his little tired child; the woman with the white face; that other woman with the earrings who hated anybody who went in front of her—all the people who had jostled and elbowed and tried to force her back. Soon they would be here, her daily companions. No escape. They were to become as familiar as people she had known all her life, as those home people who already seemed as far off as the dead folk are. But they were not dead: they were driving and dancing, and they had nothing more in common with Hildegarde Mar. She was henceforth to be companioned by that hungry crowd out there, with its vague murmuring, like the sea at Monterey. Dancing and merry-making fell back into that far-off world that she had left so long ago before she came all by herself to Seattle, all by herself was setting sail for Nome. Even when she reached the top of the companionway the noises on the wharf still sounded muffled for the most part and seemed to come from afar. But every now and then a single anger-sharpened note, or a cheer, it might be, went up into the still air as startling as a rocket, and like a rocket seemed to burst in that higher region, and come falling down to earth in a shower of sharp, broken cries and strange, unnerving noises. She remembered the man who had set the child on his shoulder, and a woman with gray hair. She seemed to see them trampled under foot. The woman in the sealskin jacket looked on. Something menacing even in the muted cries, as though they presaged the mighty uprising of a trampled people. Had there been sounds like these abroad in Paris streets in the days of the Revolution? The solitary girl lent herself for a moment to that terror of the mob which dimly feels that no physical danger on the earth can match the peril you may stand in before the fury of the mass. Any single creature, however angry or debased, is a human being; but the mass —the mass is a monster, and the monster was at the gate.

Along the deserted deck she went, making hardly any noise, and listening with tense nerves. How strange for her to be in this place alone! Oh, Louis! Louis! and suddenly she had stopped. She was leaning her head against a stanchion, and the tears were running

down her face. But very soon she was ashamed.

Drying her eyes, she went aft on the upper deck. The air was soft and wooing; all the harbor full of shipping, and lights—lights everywhere. The arch of heaven was very wide and filled with an infinite dusk. It was like some soothing and benignant presence. She faced about, still looking up, and saw the keen little crescent of the young moon hanging aslant, seeming to bend down over the *Los Angeles*. The sight of the little moon comforted the girl curiously. It seemed to be shining so hopefully, so gallantly, setting its tiny horns for a signal just over Hildegarde's ship. She turned a silver coin in her pocket while she wished, and in the dusk she courtesied to Her Moonship. Feeling a little less forlorn after performance of these rites, she walked the silent deck with firmer step, and the horned moon for company, trying not to listen to those sounds down there upon the wharf, trying to recapture her early zest in this enterprise. Now there were dim figures moving about the shadowy deck and in the smoking-room a light was turned on. Through the window she could see a group of four men. They stood before a big sheet of paper laid upon the table, and they argued some point with anger. Why, one of the men was the little agent. "I swear it 's all right,"—he raised his voice excitedly,—"all quite regillar an' legal."

A snigger near where the girl stood made her aware of the presence of two men behind her in the dusk, one indifferent, half-turned away, the other, through spectacles that caught the smoking-room light, looked in over Hildegarde's shoulder at the angry group.

"What are they arguing so about?" asked the girl, a little anxiously.

If either of the men outside answered, she was unable to hear, for the noise below on the wharf had been growing louder. Surely there was a riot going on! "Oh, what is it?" she asked. "What 's the matter down there?"

"The matter is it 's close on ten o'clock," said the man with the spectacles.

"But they promised to let the people in at nine!"

"That 's the trouble."

"Why did n't they?"

"That 's why," the spectacled face nodded toward the smoking-room window. The voices in there were held down now, but three of the faces were angrier than ever. The fourth was sullen and set.

"Won't you tell me what is happening?"

"Only a little false swearing."

"What about?"

"The size of the passenger-list. The *Los Angeles* is chartered to carry three hundred. They 've sold over five hundred first-class tickets."

"Is that the inspector in there?"

The spectacles moved up and down, making "Yes" with flashes of light, and the lowered voice said: "He 's refused to sign our clearance papers."

"Then we won't get off?"

"Oh, probably." The reply rang so cynical as the spectacled stranger walked after his silent companion that Hildegarde stared the more earnestly through the window at the drama going on within.

Did they "square" the inspector? She only knew the party broke up and melted away, and a few minutes after a change came over the crowd below—a sudden animation that exploded in yells. Was it triumph, or was it rage, or was it pain? Yes, surely some one was crying "Help!" and a woman shrieked, and now a sound like a flood breaking all barriers and deluging the world. The lights went up on a sudden all over the silent ship, and down below the gates gave way. In an incredibly short time the ship that had seemed lonely was full, and the torrent of humanity that swept in looked so wild-eyed and disheveled, angry and possessed by evil passion, that Hildegarde turned, fled down the companionway, and hid herself in her cabin. Ah, yes, she was not much of a heroine. It had been the work of a few seconds to turn the dim and silent ship into a howling, flaring pandemonium, with hundreds of angry voices clamoring, complaining, threatening, shouting questions, muttering hoarse abuse. "The company"--everybody was blaming the company. Dozens of people tried to force their way into the cabin for five at the foot of whose authorized list of occupants stood the name of "Miss H. Mar," and in one of whose berths that

intrepid adventurer was sitting in the midst of her possessions, cross-legged like a Turk, staring, listening, wondering what was going to happen when Governor David M. Jones appeared. Was this he? No; only a huge young woman, in a man's hat and ulster, who growled and muttered unintelligibly—a foreigner who seemed to be cursing in Dutch. But this other, breathing American fire and Biblical brimstone, this must be Mrs. Governor Jones, holding up her skirt, half torn out of its gathers. Would she wreak vengeance for that as well as for graver misfortunes on the Turk in the upper berth? As the night wore on the people sorted themselves. Hildegarde came to distinguish between the interlopers and the women who belonged in here; battered, and breathless, and worn out, but held together by a common bond of fearsome experience in getting on board, and agreed besides in regarding none too benevolently the person who sat up there in the farther top berth, staring with wide eyes at the stories of what the others had suffered and herself saying never a word, till some one came to the door to ask if Miss Mar was "there all right." "*I* don't know," said the nearest woman, crossly.

"Oh, yes, yes," said the Turk, tumbling out of the top berth. "Is that you, Louis?" Now she knew how sure she had been, and how hugely glad of his coming. But there at the door only the fat purser, who seemed to have gone mad. He stared vacantly at the young lady, pulled off his cap, and polishing his shining crown with a large handkerchief, muttered abstractedly: "Oh—a—*that 's* all hunkydory!" and hurried away. As soon as she recovered her breath, Hildegarde caught up her hat and went after him to explain and to inquire.

But he was swallowed in the crowd. She made a tour of the deck; but no, one could n't stay long, and, anyhow, Cheviot was not there. Not even the Blumpittys seemed to be there. Curlyhead was refusing to come and be put to bed, refusing in terms incredibly sulphurous for one of such tender years. It turned you sick to hear such language from baby lips.

"Where you off to?" said one man to another just in front of Hildegarde.

"Goin' to report to the authorities."

"Report what?"

"The rat-hole they 're askin' me to sleep in—"

"Plenty o' time. We ain't goin' to get off till to-morrer, anyway."

"*What!* Why, we 're a week late a'ready."

"Some of us 'll be later 'n that. The authorities are goin' to hold back a couple of hundred fer the next ship."

"Who says so? *I* ain't goin' to wait."

"Well," the other lowered his voice, "there 's inconvenient questions about over-crowdin'."

The raging malcontent of the moment before was straightway tamed. You saw in his face that he would do his share to hush up the conditions under which he was to make the voyage.

As Hildegarde sped along the last stretch of the deck before going below, her astonished eyes fell upon the giant. Then he had not got off by the *Congress!* She was about to ask him if he had seen the Blumpittys, but some one else was surprised to find the giant on board the *Los Angeles*. A puffing, excited person with a red beard, in the act of pushing past, stopped, stared, and then clapped the giant on the back: "Gawd A'mighty! Is that you!"

"No," says the giant, calmly; "I 'm Ford O'Gorman."

Again Hildegarde hurried down the companionway, and very much as an agitated tabby seeks refuge in the attic, she clambered into the top berth farthest from the door.

And Cheviot had never come.

XVII

WHEN she waked the next morning it was to a sensation of strange silence and gentle motion. Why, they had got off then, after all!

Up on deck a flood of sunshine, a dazzling sea, a green shore not yet very far away, a distant background of snow-capped mountains. On board the *Los Angeles* few people yet afoot. There was Curlyhead dashing about, responding to Hildegarde's good morning with a cheerful oath.

She took hold of him: "Listen to me," she said. "You are not to say such horrible things."

"Shut up!" and more of the same sort. She dropped the child with precipitation,

and walked to the ship's side. Those two men just there by the life-boat, had they heard the dreadful words? She was hot at the thought. They seemed to be talking about the boy now, that spectacled man and his friend. The friend must have a cold or something wrong with him, for even on this glorious morning he kept his Arctic cap pulled down over his neck, and his overcoat "storm-collar" turned up above his ears. Instead of taking a constitutional before breakfast, there he was lounging behind the life-boat. The spectacled man got tired of so sluggish a companion. He left the muffled-up figure and began to tramp about by himself. Hildegarde passed him with "good morning." There was her steamer-chair in the corner. She ought to get it out and place it before the deck overflowed.

The spectacled man lent a hand.

"Well, we did get off," he said.

"Yes. When was it?"

"About half-past four they say."

"Then this is Puget Sound?"

"Yes. Those are the Cascade Mountains on that side. The Olympics on the other."

Just then the giant came swinging down the breezy deck.

"Oh, do you know," Hildegarde asked him, "if Mr. and Mrs. Blumpitty got on board all right?"

"Well," said the smiling Hercules, "they got on board." He waited a moment. When the spectacled gentleman had taken himself off, "Got your seat?" he asked.

"Won't this be a good place?"

"I mean for meals."

"Must I see about that?"

"If you don't want to eat scraps at the second table or the third."

"Oh, my ticket is first-class."

"That 's got nothing to do with it. Shall I go and see they keep you a place?"

"Oh, will you?"

When she went down to breakfast she was bidden to a vacant seat on the giant's left. The other belonged to one of the two ex-governors on board. But this particular excellency was not up yet. Beyond the place reserved was a lean lathe of a man with a voracious appetite. Opposite, sat a big shy man to whom people spoke deferentially as "Senator Cochrane." Next him a slim, attractive-looking woman with fair hair, too young you would have said to be the mother of the girl beside her; but this pretty little person in her teens was Mrs. Hines's daughter, so said the giant. What on earth could be taking people like that? The giant did not know. Neither did the person next him, a gentleman with a white "goatee," who told the company that as for himself, though like everybody else he expected to get a claim, he was taking sixty dozen chickens to Nome, and was "dead sure to make a good thing of it." He longed to talk more about chickens, and was obviously disturbed by his stout friend, farther down, who would keep shouting remarks to the chicken-merchant about thirty-eight horses he had on board, and whose conveyance to Nome was costing the fat gentleman a hundred dollars apiece. And he did n't grudge it. Indeed, the horses' quarters were so superior to the fat gentleman's own that he 'd been thinkin'. There was one o' them horses,—a daisy lot they were,—but there was one of 'em he 'd taken a dislike to. Did n't know why, quite groundless; but the fat man was like that. His wife said he was notional. Perhaps she was right. He never contradicted a lady. But, anyways, he was goin' to give up his own first-class accommodation. In future he would bunk with the horses. And the one he had a "pick on," the mare with one white stocking and a star on her forehead, she should have berth 147. If you had a quite groundless but deadly spite against any one, that was a sure way to fix her —just put her in berth 147. "Anyways, ladies first," he wound up, handing to the pretty mother of the young girl a vast dish in which slabs of fat bacon floated in an inch of grease.

Not only the horse-dealer and the giant were attentive to the supposed wants of the three women who appeared at breakfast. Two of the roughest-looking of the men had stood aside on Hildegarde's entrance to let her go first, and there were those who warmly recommended the cold bully beef, and yet others who urged upon her the excellence of the hot buckwheats. Could these be the wild animals who had roared and ravened outside the night before?

At Hildegarde's end of the table sat a group of three who seemed to have interests in common. "Mining men," the giant said. They talked of the difficulty in getting all their machinery on board. They and the giant had stayed up till the *Los Angeles* left the port of Seattle, mounting guard over their "stuff." They aired their views about the ship. Plenty of white paint on her (or had been before so much of it came off on the passengers), but the *Los Angeles* was a whited sepulchre.

"Has n't she just recently been an army transport?" ventured Hildegarde, with the average American's unquestioning respect for anything endorsed by the Government.

"Oh, yes; pressed into the service during the Spanish-American War. But the *Los Angeles* is nothing more nor less than an antiquated Atlantic liner from way back—known to our grandfathers in the sixties as the rolling *Roumelia.* She got such a bad name even in those days of primitive ocean travel that she had to clear out of the Atlantic. They re-christened her, brought her round the Horn, and turned her on to the Japan trade. Except for taking those Johnnies to Manila, she had not carried passengers for thirty years until this company got hold of her, crowded in ten berths where there 'd been two before, or none at all, and lied about the number of people they 'd sold tickets to."

In the act of shoveling in Boston beans with his knife, the lean person next to Hildegarde paused to remark: "If a man had committed the worst crime in the calendar, it 'u'd be a brutal punishment to make him sleep a fortnight in the suffocatin' black hole they 've put me in."

"Exactly," began one of the three financiers, assuming the lean one to be agreeing with him.

"But," interrupted the bean-feaster, "when they says t' me they was n't no more room, I says: 'Lookee here. It 's worth anywheres from fifty to sixty thousand dollars to me to be among the first to git there. You can put me in *anywheres,'* I says; 'ye can do anything in hell except leave me behind.' An' b' Gosh! they done it." He champed his beans with a look that betokened renewed relish at having given the conversation an unexpected turn. Accomplished as this person was, he with a plateful of Boston beans and a knife could do nothing as original with his food as the passenger on the other side of the table next to the pretty girl. After one fascinated stare in his direction, Hildegarde felt it wiser to look away. It was not, however, that moment's astonishing vision that prevented her from eating her own breakfast. The giant was charitably concerned. Try this and that. But Hildegarde disposed of a little of the sticky gray porridge and condensed milk, a sip of the muddy coffee, and then she played with the sour bread while she listened to the conversation. Suddenly whirling round her chair, she returned with ardor to the sunshine-flooded upper regions.

It looked as though every soul who was not at the first breakfast must be on deck. In this clear and searching light Miss Mar's traveling companions stood revealed; a strange, an unexampled crew. Scraps of German, of Swedish, of French, and of tongues to which she had no key, floated past her ear. In this new world of the *Los Angeles,* no color line was discoverable, no alien labor law in force. Her eye fell upon the cryptic faces of the Japanese, and on familiar types of negro and mulatto, cheek by jowl with lawyers, clergymen, and senators. There were raw, red Irishmen, and overdone brown Hebrews. The captain went by, talking broad Scotch to the English doctor, and the pig-tailed crew pulled at the cordage in unison, with an uncouth Chinese chant.

And never was such sunshine, never shores so green, never before mountain ranges so ethereal, so softly touched with snow or wreathed in cloud.

But the people, the people!

The girl wandered about, all eyes, or sat in her long chair, for which there was hardly room now on the swarming deck. She held in one hand a little volume in which never a page was turned, for here moving up and down before her was matter more wonderful than any history written in any book. The thought she found coming up oftenest was: "What on earth takes him, or her, to Nome? For, Louis, it seemed, was in one thing right. Here was no Klondike company of sturdy pioneers, all men of brawn or Amazonian women. Some such were in the throng, but the majority were weedy clerks and

dyspeptic nondescripts. There went a man with only one arm to dig his gold. Several smartly dressed ladies flashed by with an air of being on their way to a garden party. Here was a hollow-chested youth with a corpse-like face, crawling painfully about with the aid of a cane. There were other children besides Curly-head, and a number of old men, one grizzled creature with both feet "club." What are *they* going to do in such a place as Nome? Hildegarde seemed to be the only one to wonder. Every face shining, every heart seemed lifted up. One and all were well-assured they had only to see Nome to "obtain joy and gladness." "Nome is the place," their faces seemed to say, " 'where sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' "

Here were the Blumpittys, looking a good deal battered, but he at least no gloomier than common, and she beaming like all the rest. Hildegarde got up to greet them. "I looked for you at breakfast."

"We are having ours later," quoth Mrs. Blumpitty, as one whose habits are luxurious. But since the second table had been summoned some time before, it was patent that to be of the Blumpitty party meant you must eat at the third.

"Are you comfortable where you are?" inquired the rusty one, solicitously.

"Oh, yes; quite, thank you," said Hildegarde, a little ashamed at being so vastly better off than poor little Mrs. Blumpitty. But that lady with an air of subdued pride was presenting: "One of our party, Dr. Daly," an important-looking man of thirty or so, with a highly impressive manner. "Ruth, Ruth, please come here! My niece, Miss Sears."

"My niece" was little, and shy, and brown. Hildegarde felt instantly that she was a nice niece. "And this is Mr. Tobin. Dr. Merrick"—about nineteen, this last gentleman, with the complexion of a lucky girl— "And Dr. Thomas." Why, it rained doctors! Which was the dentist? Hildegarde decided they were all dentists. "Oh, and here comes Miss Leroy Schermerhorn!" Mrs. Blumpitty spoke in the tone of a chamberlain announcing "Her Majesty the Queen!"

Through the crowd advanced the heralded "business woman to Blumpitty & Co.," a lady of twenty-eight or thirty, with a somewhat defiant face under the shadow of a fuzzy black bang, and lighted by a ruthless eye. When it had pierced Miss Mar in many a vital spot, it fell upon the only deck-chair on the ship, with its "robe" and scarlet cushion. "Well, you 're making yourself pretty comfortable," said Miss Leroy Schermerhorn. "Like your room?"

Hildegarde was in no haste to reply.

Mrs. Blumpitty bridged the chasm. "I was so glad when I heard you 'd got a berth up-stairs."

"I guess it cost you a lot," said Miss Schermerhorn, with a snap of her eyes.

"No," said Hildegarde; "it was a piece of luck."

"Well, I 'm that glad and relieved," said Mrs. Blumpitty, as the haughty Schermerhorn retired a few paces to whisper conclusions in Dr. Thomas's ear, while surreptitiously both pursued their study of Miss Mar. But Mrs. Blumpitty's eye still angled among the sea creatures that swarmed upon the waters of Puget Sound. With a little jerk of satisfaction she landed yet another big fish.

"Miss Estelle Maris."

Oh, yes, the lady with the languid air, the rakish hat, and red velveteen blouse, she was the one who "said" she could cook.

"Any more of our party up yet?" Mrs. Blumpitty asked her.

"Guess the rest 's asleep," answered Miss Estelle Maris.

"Guess so, too," said Mrs. Blumpitty, with benevolence. "We was all pretty tired." And that was the sole reference to the struggle of the night before. Neither then nor later from any member of Blumpitty's staunch party a syllable of complaint at their quarters on the ship.

Mr. Blumpitty himself, during these amenities and some further conversation, had stood by the ship's side, looking sadly toward Vancouver Island.

"There goes our breakfast horn," said his wife at last, as one who offers substantial cheer.

The Blumpitty party melted away; only the leader remained. "Guess everybody that ain't on deck 's either eatin' or asleep." He offered it as a general comment upon existence.

"I suppose so," said Miss Mar.

"And the smokin'-room 'll be empty. Will you step in there a minute?"

"Yes." What on earth—

"Little matter o' business," he said, leading the way.

Two men in one corner puffed bad cigars while they bent over a glazed paper whereon a certain property was outlined in red ink. No one else was there. Hildegarde and Mr. Blumpitty took the opposite corner.

"I 've got to give ye $25," said Blumpitty, as one who has studied every alternative.

"What in the world for?" asked the young lady.

"Bonus on the *Congress* ticket," he said, pulling a roll of bills out of his pocket; and the breeze in the transit from open port-hole to open door paused on its way to toy with greenbacks of a goodly denomination.

"I did n't know there was a bonus," said Hildegarde.

"Naw," said Blumpitty, vaguely, as he handed her the money. He got up murmuring "Breakfast." But when he found himself on his feet, he glanced with slow caution at the absorbed faces opposite, still bent over the map of a mining district, and lowering his voice, said: "Did Mrs. Mar say anything to you touchin' the mother lode?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't mention it, will yer?"

As Hildegarde looked up to say: "Oh, no, indeed," there was the spectacled man's friend at the port-hole. At least it looked like his cap and his high collar, for that was all of him that any one could see. Even that much vanished the moment Hildegarde raised her eyes. When she and Mr. Blumpitty reached the deck, the Arctic cap was nowhere to be seen. How had he disappeared so quickly in such a crowd!

Mr. Blumpitty paused a moment before going below, muttering as if to himself: "I jest been talkin' to a gentleman" —the yellow-gray eyes went over the heads of the throng—"a gentleman that thinks he knows where it is."

"The mother lode?"

Blumpitty's pale visage relaxed to something remotely like a smile as he answered: "But he don't."

"I suppose," said Hildegarde, "all these people in one way or another hope to find it—the mother lode, you know."

Blumpitty's vague eyes came back from the snow-capped range of the Cascades and dwelt with a ruminant sympathy upon the passing faces. "Ya-as; they think they 're headin' straight fer it; but they ain't."

"Nobody on all this ship, or on all the other ships, is really heading straight but you?"

"Wa-al,"—he paused, seeming to wish to be strictly, punctiliously accurate,—"I got to go to Snow Gulch first."

"But after that—"

"Ya-as; after that." Blumpitty went to the third breakfast table on his way to Millionairedom and the mother lode.

The girl lay back in her long chair and stared at the crowd, thinking how strange it was that Hildegarde Mar should be among them; and even while she wondered the sense of strangeness was wearing away. It was something to get back her courage to be alone among these people. Last night she had been under an illusion about them. Yes, she had had some bad moments; but they had come chiefly because she had so set her heart on seeing—yet, no; let her be honest. Louis's neglect had put her out of tune, disheartened her quite unaccountably; but the worst moments had come through positive fear. And the fear had come,—oh, it was clear now!—it had come through having her mind filled with foreboding by the people who cared most for her. There was always that potency in evil prophecy: it brought about its own fulfilment. If good were foretold, you were afraid to believe it. If evil, you were afraid not to believe.

There was that much truth in the fabled power of the evil eye. Her expedition had been so frowned on, eyed so askance, small wonder she had failed to keep her courage quite untarnished. Well, she had found out one thing on the threshold of the journey: it is the fear felt for us by the men who love us that make cowards of womankind; it is their shrinking that goes far to make us quail.

She took a sheet of folded note-paper out of her little Tennyson, and her pencil traced the words: "On board the *Los Angeles,* May 31, 1900. My dear Louis." Yes, she would write him a long, long letter, and tell him how little ground there was for fear. But she would write very gently, even humbly, and get him to understand and to forgive her. She would

show him how much better his fellow-men were than he had given out.

"Oh, this is where you are!" some one was saying familiarly just behind them, Hildegarde thought to Mrs. Locke, but, on looking round, she met the purser's fascinating smile. Mrs. Locke got up instantly, murmuring something about feeling the need of a walk. The purser dropped comfortably into the vacant chair.

"Well, my dear, and how do you find yourself this morning?" As Miss Mar did not instantly respond: "Goin' to be a good sailor?" he said with a great display of teeth.

Hildegarde looked at him, and decided he was a little idiotic, but that she must have dreamed the "dear." She answered him upon that supposition. Still he talked rather queerly, she thought, till the first horn sounded for dinner.

"I 've got a place for you at my table," he said, getting up.

"Oh, thank you; but I have a seat already."

"That don't matter; it won't go beggin'. I 'm lookin' out for you all right," he assured her, as though he had heard himself accused of neglect. "I was up till five this mornin' so I slept late, or I 'd been around before."

"It's very good of you; but I've got quite a good place. I won't change, thank you."

"Oh, come, now, don't be huffy. How could I tell you 'd be up at breakfast? Come along, my dear."

Hildegarde stared at him, and then she said quite gently: "I 'm not the least huffy; but I 'll keep the seat I have, thank you."

"Oh, very well. Very *well.*" He took himself off in a state that might perhaps be described in his own words as "huffy." Oh, but very huffy, indeed.

Before Vancouver Island faded out of sight, everybody was greatly intrigued to see the men of the British post there signaling the passing ship. A boom of cannon came across the water. The news filtered down from the bridge: Lord Roberts has entered Pretoria.

"And that 's the last human sign," said Ex-Governor Reinhart, "till we sight the ships at Nome."

"Or better still," amended one of the first-table financiers, "the last till we signal to the Nomites: The fleet 's behind! We 've run the race! Rah! for the *Los Angeles!*" The betting had already begun. The run was to be anything from a week to a month.

LOSING sight of land meant losing sunshine and calm seas—almost, it would appear, losing the vast majority of the passengers.

The next few days saw a surprisingly deserted deck. The *Los Angeles,* however antiquated, had lost none of her pristine capacity for rolling. At least ninety per cent. of the people were laid low. Most of the stewards (all green hands working their passage to Nome), instead of ministering to others on the way, were making the voyage on their backs.

Hildegarde, the only one of her cabin to leave it, dragged herself on deck early every morning to find fortitude by dint of staying out in the air. It was not solely the awful pitching of the ship, not even the added discomfort of the dank, cold weather, that made up the sum of her discomfort. The purser had got on her nerves. Still, she did n't like snubbing him any more than was strictly necessary, not from fear of reprisals (though beyond a doubt he was a power in this tiny kingdom), but because it was hideous to her even to see any one's self-respect hurt, let alone be the one to deal the wound. Nor could she help sympathizing with him.. He must be under a ludicrous, and rather pathetic illusion about himself to "go on" like this. Whenever he could be spared from his duties, there, wherever Miss Mar turned, was the fat purser, practising his most killing smiles, and proffering aid and companionship. In these gray and dripping days of nearly abandoned decks, her sole refuge was in the society of the giant, who discoursed pleasantly of sea-birds, and in any moment's lifting of the fog pointed out more whales. And he piloted Hildegarde's see-sawing steps fore and aft till she found her sea-legs. She was vaguely aware that at a pinch she might count on the spectacled man.

Three days now since she had had a sign from the Blumpittys or any of their party except Dr. Daly. He had laughed and said: "They 're all very busy. Guess they don't want to be disturbed."

It was a relief when in the middle of a

rainy afternoon Ruth Sears came to the surface. She was very wan and looked pathetic, childish, and attractive, too, in a skirt to her knees, stout boots, and long gaiters. And she had come to ask Miss Mar for a little beef-extract for Mrs. Blumpitty.

Hildegarde had not waited for that moment to be glad that she had disregarded the warm recommendation not to bother with ship supplies of her own, but to help herself out of the Blumpittys' and pay at the end of the voyage.

Ruth said sadly: "There 's been some mistake. Our grocery-box can't be found." Down the two girls and the giant went to the regions behind the dining-saloon to open the provision-box the contents of which had been Miss Mar's daily solace. There in the swaying dingy murk, where the figures of Chinamen flitted, they opened the padlocked box, and drew forth jars of beef extract, crackers, cheese, and silver packets of tea.

"Oh, it *is* kind of you!" Ruth's gentle eyes were shining. "She has n't had anything for forty-eight hours; but she 'll be able to eat *now*."

"Poor Mis' Bumble Bee! I 'll lend you my alcohol lamp," said Hildegarde. "I make tea every afternoon when it is n't too rough. Won't you come and have some?"

The wan little niece, going off with her hands full, paused an instant. "If—if I 'm able, thank you."

"You ought to be more on deck. Of course you 're ill if you stay down there."

"I could n't take care of them, if I did n't," she said, and was gone.

The next day the fat purser was so all-pervading that Hildegarde felt herself making up her mind that really something must be done. She had scant patience with girls who complained at this order of infliction. Hers was the firm conviction: "It 's their own fault," though just how the purser's foolishness was hers she could not determine.

The afternoon was wild and rough, the smoking-room, packed and noisy. The overflow of men, together with a few very subdued-looking women, sat below in the "Ladies Saloon," a feebly-lighted, ill-smelling little room where an aged upright piano kept company with a hurly-burly of freight and three rickety chairs. Hildegarde's fortitude threatened to give way after three minutes in the foul, close air. But up on deck the purser! and not a soul beside, except the bean-feaster, Mr. Isaiah Joslin, trudging up and down in oilskins, and the Arctic cap, driven off the bridge by the inclement weather. He sat in the most sheltered corner of the upper deck, obviously asleep, with arms folded and head withdrawn into his collar. The wind rose and the rain swept down upon the place where Hildegarde and the giant (with intervals of purser) had spent the morning. Oh, where was that giant now! She moved her chair to the better shelter near the Arctic cap. At least the purser did it for her, and was altogether so oppressive with his poor little gallantries and what the giant called his "toothsome smile," that Hildegarde felt, whatever the penalty of his worst displeasure, in another moment she would be doing something more drastic than throwing out broad hints which he either disregarded or affected to consider humorous. She wished now that before moving she had said something even he could n't misunderstand. With another man by it would make the purser mad with fury. In any case, it was hardly fair to subject him publicly to a snubbing as effectual as she saw was going to be necessary. The Arctic cap, for all the seeming blindness, and deafness of his hidden face, might be listening. So Miss Mar merely drew her tartan plaid up about her shoulders and observed with some gravity that she was going to sleep. The purser took up a romantic attitude at her feet saying: "Good-night."

Hildegarde jumped up. "I 'll go and see how Mrs. Blumpitty is," she said.

Getting rid of the purser lent a rapture even to going below. And as she went, she smiled, remembering how her mother was comforting herself with the thought of the Blumpittys ("splendid sailors," both of them!), pledged to watch over Miss Mar, and if she were laid low, to bring her sustenance on deck out of their private supplies. Four days, and no glimpse of either of her guardian angels till this moment, when rolling through the second saloon on her way to smooth Mrs. Blumpitty's pillow, Hildegarde, pitching from side to side, clutching at anything within reach to steady herself, caught sight of her stand-by, her protec-

tor, the man who was going to minister to her and "see her through," Blumpitty, with ghastly visage, clinging to the knob of a cabin door, like a shipwrecked mariner to a spar. In these days of seclusion poor Blumpitty had sadly altered, wearing now a yellow-gray beard bristling upon a countenance pea-green and pitiful.

"Oh, is that you?" said the young lady, holding on to the rough newspaper-covered board that did duty down here for a dining-table. "How do you do?"

"How—" Blumpitty stopped at that, and devoted his entire attention to keeping hold of the knob.

Hildegarde did not quite like to go away and leave him to his fate at a moment so abject in the Blumpitty history, nor did she quite know how to conduct a conversation under these conditions. She decided frankness was best. So, as her friend still clutched and tried to steady himself, she gave way a little to smiling. "I thought you were a seasoned old salt, Mr. Blumpitty."

He only rolled his yellow eyes; but, no, that statement is misleading for Blumpitty rolled his entire anatomy. Yet never a word rolled out. Hildegarde, wishing to spare his feelings, added as she turned to go: "A great many people seem to have been bowled over by the pitching of *this* ship."

"No ship," said Blumpitty, in a sepulchral whisper—"No *ship* could make a man feel like this."

Hildegarde was alarmed. Was Mr. Blumpitty about to be snatched from them by some deadly disease?

"Wh-what do you think it is?" she inquired, with another lurch, but much sympathy.

He clung now with both hands to his knob, while the rolling *Roumelia* worked her own wild will upon Mr. Blumpitty's body. "It 's the cook," he groaned.

"The *cook!*" This was indeed terrible! His brain was giving way!

"Yes," he went on hoarsely, in an interval of comparative steadiness, "I know these fellows. If a sea-cook thinks he 's got too many people to feed—he—oh, Gawd!—he puts stuff in the coffee, or soap in the bread—and—people don't want to eat any more."

Roumelia resented this aspersion upon her son. She shot Mr. Blumpitty forward with extreme violence, and he, entirely without volition, found himself going on deck. But perhaps the same force that took him up, brought him down and put him to bed, for Hildegarde saw him no more.

Over her further descent into that part of the ship it had been intended she should occupy it is considerate to draw a veil.

She reappeared like a mourner at a funeral, following at Ruth's side in the wake of a figure borne on a mattress between a steward and the giant. The prostrate form of poor Mis' Bumble Bee, speechless, blind, deaf, was laid in the one sheltered corner of the deck. Ruth, very weak and unsteady, went back to that fetid under-world that beggared description, ministering to miserable men and women lying helpless on shelves, tier above tier to the ceiling. Even to be down there for five minutes was a thing to be remembered, shuddering, as long as one lived.

After putting her cushion under Mrs. Blumpitty's head, Hildegarde glanced round.

"Lookin' fer the purser?" said Mr. Isaiah Joslin, grinning, and holding on to a stanchion.

"No," said Hildegarde, with some dignity.

Mr. Joslin accepted a graver view of life's possibilities. "That feller 'll get a thrashin' if he don't look out."

"The purser?"

"Yep."

"Why—who will—"

"That man up there 'll be attendin' to it." Mr. Joslin nodded toward the bridge. The Arctic cap was scanning the misty world through Captain Gillies' glass.

"Why should he—besides, I thought he was an invalid."

"Wa-al, maybe that 's it. P'r'aps he thinks it 'd be good fer his health."

"What would?"

"W'y, wallopin' the purser."

"What 's *he* got against the purser?"

"Says he don't like the color of his hair. But as the purser ain't got no hair, it 's my private opinion the gentleman up there don't like his fascinatin' ways." He looked significantly at the tall girl. Hildegarde bent down to tuck the tartan round Mrs. Blumpitty. Now, why on earth should the Arctic cap care how the purser behaved to—other people?

(To be continued)

Half-tone process engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. XVII

BUST OF EDWIN MARKHAM

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

LINCOLN'S OFFER OF A COMMAND TO GARIBALDI

LIGHT ON A DISPUTED POINT OF HISTORY

BY H. NELSON GAY

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI was preeminently a national hero. In his country's long and stubborn struggle for independence and national unity, his were the stoutest blows that were struck for freedom; with his regiments of devoted volunteers he vindicated Italian honor upon the battle-fields of 1849, 1859, 1860, and 1866, winning in military annals a place among the world's great captains, while history has not hesitated to rank him with the prophet Mazzini, the statesman Cavour, and the honest king Victor Emanuel—the makers of modern Italy. In the days of revolution and of conflict his name was the dread of despotism, as it was the hope of the oppressed; and to-day in the land of his marvelous achievements it justly symbolizes what is most unselfish, most fearless, and most constant in patriotism, and what is noblest in democracy.

But the genius of Garibaldi was more than national; his field of chivalrous action embraced both hemispheres, and the sympathies which the struggle for freedom aroused in his generous heart were universal. His blood was first shed in the cause of liberty upon the waters of the La Plata, his last campaign was that of the army of the Vosges. The independence of Poland, the independence of Hungary, the freedom of the negro slave in the Southern States of the American Union—all these were causes which deeply moved him, if they did not actually secure the succor of his powerful arm. As an American writer declared when it was proposed to erect a monument to Garibaldi in the Capitol at Washington, "He was the enemy of all tyrants; he hated every form of tyranny, political or intellectual." And it was in honor of Garibaldi in this universal character of liberator of the oppressed, that the Senate of the United States, on August 23, 1888, voted unanimously to place his bust in the east hall of its wing of the Capitol.[1]

But there is an unwritten page of American history which bears more eloquent testimony to American admiration of the Italian hero as soldier and as champion of freedom than any commemorative bust or eulogistic discourse.

In the summer of 1861 President Lincoln appealed to Garibaldi to lend the power of his name, his genius, and his sword to the Northern cause, and offered him the command of a Northern army. For reasons too obvious to require detailed explanation, despatches relating to this unusual negotiation between the American government and a foreign general were rigorously excluded from the published "Diplomatic Correspondence" of the United States, while newspaper reporters of the time had been unable to obtain official confirmation of the persistent rumors that were in circulation. To many this appeal for assistance from a European soldier seemed humiliating to the national pride; to have openly admitted then the overtures that were made, would obviously have been to acknowledge the military weakness of the North before the enemy; but to-day there is no longer reason for concealing the facts in regard to the offer. The attitude of our government was frank and loyal. The invitation which evinced its belief in Gari-

[1] An account of the inauguration of this bust, together with the address delivered by Senator Evarts on the occasion, may be found in the pamphlet, "Inaugurazione del busto di Garibaldi nel campidoglio di Washington, Stati Uniti d'America, 1888." 34 pages.

baldi's sympathy and power to help in its hour of direst need was the finest foreign homage ever paid to the sterling character and military genius of the great Italian.

To understand fully the circumstances under which it was proposed that the command of a Northern army should be tendered to Garibaldi, some introductory words are necessary upon his residence a decade earlier in the United States, and upon the world-wide reputation which his recent achievements in Italy had obtained.

His picturesque and heroic figure had first attracted European attention in the desperate resistance of the Roman Republic of 1849 to the combined efforts of France, Austria, the two Sicilies, and Spain, to restore the moribund government of the Pope. He had beaten the French under the walls of Rome on April 30, and the Neapolitans at Palestrina and Velletri on May 9 and 19. Only on June 30 did the reinforced army of the French Republic succeed in crushing the gallant defense which for two months he had conducted with inadequate volunteer forces mustered in the Eternal City under the banner of Italian independence. Rome had become untenable, but the struggle for liberty was still going on in Venice, and he hoped to carry succor there. In his hardy retreat, with about four thousand followers, he was pursued by the combined armies of the four powers. Badly equipped and without means of subsistence, worn with fatigue, but undaunted, the force was at length obliged to disperse, and Garibaldi, hunted as an outlaw, after a series of hairbreadth escapes, found temporary refuge in Piedmont.

But the government of Victor Emanuel was not then strong enough to defy neighboring despots by harboring him for long. Deported to Tunis, he was rejected by that government at French instigation. Landing at Gibraltar, he was given six days by the English governor in which to leave the place. For six months he found a haven of rest in Mussulman Tangier. Then he decided to proceed to Liverpool and embark for the United States. On July 30, 1850, the "New York Tribune" contained the following notice:

"The ship *Waterloo* arrived here from Liverpool this morning, bringing the world-renowned Garibaldi, the hero of Montevideo and the defender of Rome. He will be welcomed by those who know him as becomes his chivalrous character and his services in behalf of liberty."

As Garibaldi afterward confessed in his memoirs,[1] his expulsion from Gibraltar "by the representative of England, universal asylum of the oppressed, had wounded him deeply." Of the many acts which exhibited the hatred treasured by European rulers for him as the embodiment of the revolution, this hurt him most. In contrast with it the enthusiastic demonstration of sympathy and affection prepared for him in New York must have been doubly grateful.

A great procession had been planned to escort the general on his arrival from the Battery to the Astor House, the proprietors of which invited him to become their guest. It was expected that Mayor Woodhull would receive him, and that the Common Council would tender him a welcome and the use of the Governor's room.[2] But Garibaldi, who upon his arrival was suffering from acute rheumatism, upset the program of his admirers by remaining for a few days with friends at Staten Island; then, having received some hints of the proposed public reception, he slipped quietly up to New York, and endeavoring to attract as little attention as possible, drove to the house of other friends.[3] The committee of arrangements immediately determined to organize the procession for the following Saturday, the date set for an imposing banquet to be offered him at the Astor House. But the modest Italian would hear nothing of either procession or banquet. In a letter addressed to the committee on August 7 he said:[4]

"No such public exhibition is necessary to assure me of the sympathy of my countrymen, of the American people, and of all true republicans in the misfortunes which I have suffered, and for the cause out of which they have flowed. Though a public manifesta-

[1] Garibaldi, "Memorie autobiografiche," Firenze, 1888, p. 163.
[2] "New York Tribune." July 26-30, 1850.
[3] "New York Tribune." August 5, 1850.
[4] "New York Tribune." August 8, 1850.

tion of this feeling might yield much gratification to me, an exile from my native land, severed from my children, and mourning the overthrow of my country's freedom by foreign interference, yet, believe me, that I would rather avoid it, and be permitted, quietly and humbly, to become a citizen of this great republic of freemen, to sail under its flag, to engage in business to earn my livelihood, and to await a more favorable opportunity for the redemption of my country from foreign and domestic oppressors."

Upon the receipt of this letter only one course was possible for the committee: to renounce all plans of public demonstration. American friends of liberty could only allow the gallant soldier to remain as he had asked, undisturbed in modest retirement, to toil for his daily bread. He chose the humble work which first offered an independent livelihood. An Italian friend, Antonio Meucci, was setting up a candle factory on Staten Island, and with him Garibaldi found employment for several months, sending his earnings to his distant mother and children. Then, in 1851, when his health seemed fully restored, he entered a commercial enterprise with Francesco Carpenetto, and, as master of a sailing vessel, navigated her to the Southern Hemisphere, and even to the coast of China.[1]

Garibaldi never became an American citizen. He filed in due form his declaration of intention to become such, and tried in vain to obtain naturalization before he was legally eligible. Later he declared that he had remained long enough in the country and under the flag to have taken out his papers; more than once he even claimed American citizenship, and after the expedition of Mentana expressed a wish to be taken to Caprera on an American man-of-war. But the final steps requisite to naturalization proved not to have been taken, and the government of the United States could not recognize his claims.[2]

In 1854 Garibaldi returned to Europe, and in the following year purchased the small rocky island of Caprera, off the coast of Sardinia, and settled down quietly to the life of an agriculturist.[3] But much as he loved his rural occupations in his new sea-girt home, his thoughts could dwell only upon a single theme—the liberation of his country from the rule of the foreigner and the despot, the unification of Italy. In 1859 he responded with alacrity to the hasty summons of Cavour to Turin, to take command of volunteer forces and to act in conjunction with the allied armies of France and Piedmont; and the brilliant victories of Varese and San Fermo record the efficiency of his coöperation in driving out the Austrian from the plains of Lombardy.

The greatest achievement of his life followed in 1860. On May 5, with a thousand volunteer followers, he sailed secretly from Genoa and raised the standard of revolt in the kingdom of the two Sicilies. The Bourbon tyranny was defended by an army of one hundred thousand, but the people flocked to Garibaldi's banner, and in a campaign of five months, marked by brilliant victories,—Calatifimi, Palermo, Milazzo,—he shut up Francis II upon his tottering throne, in the corner of the kingdom commanded by the fortresses of Capua and Gaeta. The last battle was that of the Volturno. This, like its predecessors, was won to the cry of "Italy and Victor Emanuel." A few days later the honest king of Piedmont arrived with his constitutional army of regulars, to finish off the Bourbon downfall. On October 26, Garibaldi went to meet Victor Emanuel, saluting him as "King of Italy." Then, in the height of his glory, when not only Italy, but the world, was ringing with acclamations of his remarkable exploits, he laid down his command, and on November 9, with a few hundred lire in his pocket, and a bag of seed-beans for his farm, sailed quietly out of the bay of Naples for his island home. He had freed nine million fellow-Italians from one of the worst of modern despotisms; he had presented his sovereign with a

[1] Garibaldi, "Memorie autobiografiche," Firenze, 1888, pp. 265–275.

[2] Letter of Garibaldi to Augusto Vecchi, Nizza, March 9, 1855, published in Garibaldi's "Epistolario," Milano, 1885, Vol. I, pp. 47–48. Unpublished letter of Garibaldi to the American consul at Spezia, William T. Rice, Varignano, November 11, 1867. Unpublished letter of George P. Marsh, American minister in Florence, to Rice, November 14. Unpublished letter of Rice to Marsh, Spezia, November 19.

[3] Guerzoni, "Garibaldi," Firenze, 1882, Vol. I, pp. 400-410.

kingdom; and he had made possible the ultimate unity of Italy.

At Caprera, in the square, one-story Montevidean house of four rooms, constructed in 1856 by Garibaldi himself, aided by a few friends and one or two master workmen, life was patriarchal in its simplicity. The general always had a changing group of old comrades in arms about him, helping in the farm work, and, particularly after the Sicilian expedition, and acting as his secretaries; for admirers from all parts of the world had begun to overwhelm him with letters. In the winter of 1860–61, Specchi, Vecchi, Stagneti, Fruscianti, and Carpeneti were at Caprera, a lively group of patriots, devoted to their leader, and impatient for new adventures in the cause of freedom. They talked much of Rome and Venice yet to be won for Italy; of oppression and struggles for liberty in foreign lands; and among them of the antislavery conflict in the United States. In the January number of "The North American Review," 1861, Henry Theodore Tuckerman, who had known Garibaldi in America, had published anonymously an enthusiastic appreciation of the general. Vecchi, who had been requested to thank Tuckerman, wrote a few lines of acknowledgment in his chief's name, but added secretly a letter of his own, in which he spoke of the painful crisis in America, and suggested, as a means of bringing it to a speedy close, that Garibaldi be invited to lend his powerful arm.[1] The idea was Vecchi's own. The general was to be kept in ignorance of the plan, and Tuckerman was to suggest it to him as if uninspired. Vecchi, however, could not keep the affair to himself. His companions, in whom he confided, heartily applauded the idea, which then became their leading topic of conversation. One night at dinner in a round of good-natured chaff the secret leaked out. The eyes of all became fixed upon their leader as they anxiously awaited his judgment. A pause ensued; the whole scene of cruelty and debasement presented by negro slavery seemed to pass rapidly before Garibaldi's eyes. His face lighted up. "I thank you," he said to Vecchi, "for the letter which you have written to our friend. North Americans are a proud people, and would receive with bad grace foreign aid that was uninvited. But our undertaking would be a noble one and greater than you suppose. The battle will be brief," he continued, speaking as if the enterprise had already been decided upon; "the enemy has been weakened by his vices, and disarmed by his conscience. From America we shall go on to the Antilles." And the general proceeded to picture wider campaigns in the cause of freedom.

Evidence upon Tuckerman's reply to Vecchi has not yet come to light: but the rumor spread in the United States that Garibaldi had offered his services to the North in our civil conflict; the newspapers reported it; and there appeared early advocates of measures to secure his aid. On June 8, 1861, J. W. Quiggle, American consul to Antwerp, who had met Garibaldi not long before, addressed to him the following letter:[2]

GENERAL GARIBALDI:

The papers report that you are going to the United States, to join the army of the North in the conflict of my country. If you do, the name of La Fayette will not surpass yours.

There are thousands of Italians and Hungarians who will rush to your ranks, and there are thousands and tens of thousands of American citizens who will glory to be under the command of the "Washington of Italy."

I would thank you to let me know if this is really your intention. If it be I will resign my position here as Consul and join you in the support of a Government formed by such men as Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and their compatriots, whose names it is not necessary for me to mention to you.

With assurances of my profound regard,

Yours, etc., etc.,

J. W. Quiggle.

Garibaldi replied from Caprera, June 27:

MY DEAR FRIEND:

The news given in the journals that I am going to United States is not exact. I have had, and still have, a great desire to go, but many causes prevent me.

If, however, in writing to your Government, and they believe my service of some use, I would go to America, if I did not find myself occupied in the defence of my country.

[1] Vecchi, "Garibaldi e Caprera," Napoli, 1862, pp. 52, 67–72.

[2] The Quiggle-Garibaldi correspondence has been obtained from the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

Tell me also, whether this agitation is the emancipation of the negroes or not.

I should be very happy to be your companion in a war in which I would take part by duty as well as sympathy.

I kiss with affection the hand of your lady,

And I am, with gratitude,

Yours,

G. Garibaldi.

It was a straightforward letter. Garibaldi was anxious that there should be no misunderstanding. Italian unity had yet to be consummated; Rome and Venice remained to be won. The opportunity for a forward movement might present itself at any moment, as in May, 1860, and in such an event he must be free to place himself at the head of his volunteers. Americans must realize at the outset that his first duty was to his own country. Furthermore, the single consideration which prompted him to enter our civil struggle was plainly hinted at—the emancipation of the negroes.

Quiggle replied upon the latter issue as best he could with the following letter, dated July 4, at the same time forwarding copies of the entire correspondence to the State Department at Washington:

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter, dated at Caprera on the 27th ultimo, has reached me; and I beg leave to say, that I have communicated the same (English translation) to the Government at Washington.

It may be that before this letter shall reach you that some terms of peace may have been agreed upon by which our difficulties will be at an end.

You propound the question whether the present war in the United States is to emancipate the negroes from slavery? I say this is not the intention of the Federal Government. But it is to maintain its power and dignity—put down rebellion and insurrection, and restore to the Government her ancient prowess at home and throughout the world.

You have lived in the United States; and you must readily have observed what a dreadful calamity it would be to throw at once upon that country in looseness, four millions of slaves. But if this war be prosecuted with the bitterness with which it has been commenced, I would not be surprised if it result in the extinction of slavery in the United States, no matter what may be the circumstances.

With assurances of distinguished consideration, and sending herewith the salutations of my lady, I am, with profound regard,

Yours, etc.,

J. W. Quiggle.

The correspondence reached Secretary Seward at a critical moment in the fortunes of the North. The disaster of Bull Run, on July 21, which made it evident that the war was to be long and stubbornly contested, destroyed more than one high military reputation. The Government at once decided to invite Garibaldi's aid, and chose Sanford, American minister in Brussels, to go on a special mission to Caprera. On July 27, Seward sent him this despatch:[1]

TO HENRY S. SANFORD, Esq.

SIR: I send you a copy of a correspondence which has taken place between Garibaldi and J. W. Quiggle, Esq., late consul of the United States at Antwerp.

I wish you to proceed at once and enter into communication with the distinguished Soldier of Freedom. Say to him that this government believes his services in its present contest for the unity and liberty of the American People, would be exceedingly useful, and that, therefore, they are earnestly desired and invited. Tell him that this government believes he will, if possible, accept this call, because it is too certain that the fall of the American Union, if indeed it were possible, would be a disastrous blow to the cause of Human Freedom equally here, in Europe, and throughout the world.

Tell him that he will receive a Major-General's commission in the army of the United States, with its appointments, with the hearty welcome of the American People.

Tell him that we have abundant resources, and numbers unlimited at our command, and a nation resolved to remain united and free.

General Garibaldi will recognize in me, not merely an organ of the government, but an old and sincere personal friend.

You will submit this correspondence to Mr. Marsh, and he will be expected to act concurrently with you. A copy of this instruction is sent to him.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

William H. Seward.

Inexact news of the offer leaked out in Washington, and on August 11 the "New York Tribune" contained the fol-

[1] Archives of the American Legation in Brussels. A portion of this letter, with omissions from the text quoted, appears in the Life of William H. Seward by his son, Frederick W. Seward, Vol. II, p. 609.

lowing notice: "Our Washington correspondent states positively that Garibaldi has offered his services to the national government, that the offer was promptly accepted, and the rank of major-general tendered. Should the liberator of Italy revisit this country to take the field for freedom, he would be greeted with an enthusiasm beyond the power of words to express." For over a month the American press discussed the truth of the report. It was denied and reaffirmed, but no official denial or confirmation could be had at Washington.

Upon receipt of Seward's despatch, Sanford called Quiggle to Brussels for a conference, then set out at once for Turin, the Italian capital, where he arrived on August 20. He found in Marsh, the American minister to Italy, an earnest and judicious adviser, who informed him as accurately as was possible of the conditions which prevailed in that kingdom, and particularly of the latest phase of the Roman question. The party of action was hoping for its imminent solution by offensive operations in which Garibaldi would lead the volunteer forces. If such an event were probable, there could be no chance of an acceptance of the American offer. Sanford and Marsh therefore decided "to send in advance a trusty messenger to Caprera with the following confidential letter to the general," to ask "whether he was open to propositions on the subject of Sanford's mission."[1]

Turin, August 20, 1861.[2]

GENERAL:

The government of the United States having learned with much pleasure from the correspondence between yourself and the United States consul at Antwerp that you take a lively interest in our affairs, and that if not occupied in the defence of your own country, you might be disposed to take part in the contest for preserving the Unity and Liberty of the American people, and the institutions of Freedom and Self-Government, has directed me to communicate with you and learn if you are at liberty to entertain propositions on the subject.

Should this be the case, I would be glad to have a personal interview with you at such place and time as would be most agreeable to you, and as early as your convenience will permit.

I shall await the return of the bearer of this, Giuseppe Artomi, Esq., at Genoa, and to him you can safely entrust your letter of reply.

With sentiments of the highest consideration, I have the honor to be, General,

Your most obedient servant,

H. S. Sanford,

Minister Resident of the United States at Brussels.

Owing to the infrequency of the steamer sailings to the island of Maddalena, in which was the nearest port to Caprera, Artomi, clerk of the American legation at Turin, who carried the letter, was considerably delayed in its delivery, and Garibaldi replied only on the thirty-first:[3]

MR. MINISTER:

I should be very happy to be able to serve a country for which I have so much affection and of which I am an adoptive citizen,[4] and if I do not reply affirmatively and immediately to the honorable proposition which your government through your agency has made to me, it is because I do not feel myself entirely free, because of my duties toward Italy.

Nevertheless if His Majesty, Victor Emanuel, believes he has no need of my services, then, provided that the conditions upon which the American government intends to accept me are those which your messenger has verbally indicated to me, you will have me immediately at your disposal.

I am delegating Colonel Trecchi to speak to the King and to give me a reply which will be communicated to you at once.

I am with consideration,

Faithfully yours,

G. Garibaldi.

Garibaldi thought that his proposed departure for the United States might rouse the Italian government to make, or to allow, a forward movement upon Rome, and this was what he most desired when he sent Trecchi to inform Victor Emanuel of the American offer. But of the sincerity of his plans to go to America in case the Italian government expressed no intention of acting vigorously and soon there can be no question; of

[1] Unpublished despatch of Sanford to Seward, Turin, August 29, 1861, in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

[2] Archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

[3] Translated from the copy of the French original in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

[4] See earlier paragraph upon Garibaldi's alleged American citizenship.

this the alarm shown by those who were in close communication with him, and who were zealous advocates of a Roman movement under his leadership, is sufficient proof.

The exact nature of Garibaldi's letter to the king has never been made known, but it certainly urged immediate action looking to the annexation of Rome. Trecchi, who accompanied Artomi on his return from Caprera, and had a conference with Sanford on September 3, informed the American minister that he had been instructed to state verbally to the king, that if no answer to this letter was returned within twenty-four hours, Garibaldi would leave for the United States.[1] The answer of the king, nevertheless, was delayed until the sixth. In it Garibaldi was kindly told that he was free to go. In other words, the government had no idea of adopting his Roman program, and contemplated no military operations for the acquisition of papal territory that would require his services in the near future. Trecchi communicated the reply to Sanford without delay, and declared to him[2] "that he saw now no prospect of retaining the general in Italy; the only question to arise would be with regard to the position he was to occupy in our service, which from letters received from one of our consuls[3] and the conversation of the messenger, he had thought to be the commander-in-chief of our army." Sanford immediately engaged a private steamer, and left Genoa for Maddalena on the 8th, bearing also the king's reply, which had been intrusted to him by Trecchi. On the evening of the 9th he was received by Garibaldi. The account of this interview may be given in Sanford's own words:[4]

"I found the general still an invalid but able to leave his room, however, to which he had been confined for several months, and had on that day a long conversation with him on the subject of his going to the United States.

He said that the only way in which he could render service, as he ardently desired to do, to the cause of the United States, was as Commander-in-chief of its forces, that he would only go as such, and with the additional contingent power—to be governed by events—of declaring the abolition of slavery—that he would be of little use without the first, and without the second it would appear like a civil war in which the world at large could have little interest or sympathy. I observed to him that the President had no such powers to confer—that I was authorized to communicate with him on the subject of his letter to our consul at Antwerp confidentially, and if found acceptable to offer him a commission of Major-General, which I doubted not would carry with it the command of a large *corps d'armée* to conduct in his own way within certain limits in the prosecution of the war, and informed him of the tenor of your despatch of July 27th. As, however, I found that such position would not be acceptable it would not be in my power to make such proposition. He expressed himself flattered by your appreciation of him and grateful for the friendly sentiments manifested by the President and yourself, but said his mind was made up only to take service in the position already indicated."

Sanford's mission was manifestly hopeless. He saw the general again on the following morning, the 10th, and left at noon for Genoa. Garibaldi demanded what it was impossible to grant. The President, by a provision of our Constitution, is commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. Winfield Scott was at this time lieutenant-general. The rank offered to Garibaldi was high, but it was, after all, subordinate, and both Sanford and Marsh[5] agreed that Garibaldi was right in refusing it. As a military commander he was accustomed to act on his own plans, and it was questionable whether he would be successful in coöperative action. Furthermore, the emancipation of the slaves, which he demanded the discretionary right of declaring, did not yet form a part of Lincoln's program. And then there still remained the other reason of Rome and Venice. The following is the text of all of Mr. Marsh's letter which is pertinent to the subject:

[1] Unpublished portion of Sanford's despatch to Seward, Brussels, September 18, 1861, in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

[2] The same. [3] Quiggle.

[4] Portion of Sanford's despatch to Seward, Brussels, September 18, 1861, in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

[5] Unpublished despatch of Marsh to Seward, Turin, September 14, 1861, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome, and in the State Department at Washington. The Department permits the printing here of so much of that despatch as is pertinent to the subject.

Legation of the United States.
Turin, September 14, 1816. [1861.]

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

SIR: Mr. Sanford arrived here from Caprera on the evening of Thursday the 12 instant, and left for Brussels the next morning. He will of course explain to you the causes of his failure to accomplish the object of his mission, and on that subject I need only say that his want of success is not to be ascribed to any error or indiscretion on his part. He has, in my judgment, conducted the whole affair with much prudence, tact and skill, and I am satisfied that the services of General Garibaldi cannot, under present circumstances, be secured, except by the offer of terms which Mr. Sanford was not authorized, and the American government would not be inclined, to propose.

Although, after the correspondence which had taken place between Mr. Quiggle and Garibaldi, the President could not well avoid making some advances to that distinguished soldier, I do not by any means look upon his assumption of a position which precluded all negotiation, and put it out of Mr. Sanford's power to make a proposal at all, as an evil. His constitutional independence of character and action, his long habit of exercising uncontrolled and irresponsible authority, the natural and honorable pride which he cannot but feel in reviewing his own splendid career and vast achievements, and the consciousness that though but a solitary and private individual, he is at this moment in and of himself, one of the great Powers of the world—all these combine to render it difficult if not impossible for him, consistently with due self respect, to accept such military rank and powers as the President can constitutionally and lawfully offer him. . . .

But the opinions which this remarkable man entertains with regard to the character of the contest between the federal government and the insurgent states would constitute an equally insuperable objection, in his mind, to his acceptance of a commission in the American Army, or to his usefulness in it so long as those opinions remain unchanged.

I have been for some months aware that he considers this contest a struggle in which no important political or philanthropic principle is involved, thinks the parties are contending about purely material interests, and holds that neither of them has superior claims upon the sympathies of the European friends of liberty and of progress. Garibaldi has never been ambitious of wielding power or winning laurels in a cause which did not commend itself to him as something more than a question of legal right and governmental interests, and this the cause of the American government and union, as regarded from his point of view, has thus far failed to do. He, as his friends represent, does not think that the perpetuity and extension of domestic slavery constitute one of the issues of the war, and though I should not be surprised if, in spite of what has passed between him and Mr. Sanford, he should visit America of his own motion, with a view of examining the position of affairs on the spot, yet I do not believe he will take any part in the struggle, unless he is convinced that the government and the people of the North are united in the determination to pursue a policy which shall necessarily result in the abolition of slavery.

The Italian government had refused to pledge itself to an immediate forward movement, but Garibaldi understood well that the nation was awaiting only its opportunity. The radical party was for precipitate action, and it might succeed in forcing the hand of the government at any moment. When Sanford arrived in Caprera the general had not had time to receive news of the great celebration at Naples, of the 7th,[1] the first anniversary of his triumphal entry into that city as liberator. "On to Rome with Garibaldi!" had been there the universal cry; but he knew the pulse of the people, and his intimate friends, who were eager for a Roman expedition, and many of whom had a part in preparing the Neapolitan celebration and similar demonstrations elsewhere, urged upon him the demand of the people, that he should not

[1] The following letter, addressed by Garibaldi's intimate friend Guerzoni to Cadolini, here translated from the unpublished original in the archives of Senator Cadolini, contradicts the above statement. Guerzoni was, however, mistaken. He probably was ignorant of the exact date when Garibaldi refused Sanford. With the means of communication then existing, Garibaldi cannot have had detailed news in Caprera on the ninth of what took place in Naples on the seventh.

Genoa, September 18.

MY DEAR CADOLINI:

You will have already heard that Garibaldi no longer intends to leave. I confirm it to you, having heard the good news from the lips of Miceli and Mignona, just returned from Caprera. He was influenced in his determination by the celebration of the seventh in Naples, and by the thoughts that all his companions would have followed him over the sea. Better so. Let us look after our own affairs; they need it.

Meanwhile I salute you. Yours,

Guerzoni.

abandon them. The outcry of the press which immediately followed Sanford's conference with Garibaldi reveals influences that were also at work before.

The American minister had succeeded in maintaining much secrecy relative to his mission, but Garibaldi's friends, in their alarm at his proposed departure, talked. On the 9th, the "Italie" of Turin printed, "with every reserve," "the report that Garibaldi had accepted the command of the American Federal army, offered to him by the American minister at Brussels." The entire liberal press broke out at once in a chorus of remonstrance. "What will the country do, what will the press do, what will the government do, in this emergency?" demanded the "Monarchia Nazionale" in its correspondence from Naples, dated the tenth. "The arm of Garibaldi certainly could not serve a nobler cause," declared the "Nazione" of Florence in its issue of September 18, "were it not that the supreme interests of his own country demand his presence here." Hundreds of petitions addressed to the general were quickly circulated, particularly by the radical party, in every section of the country. They were all of the same tenor; one will suffice to indicate their character:[1]

TO GENERAL GARIBALDI:

Do not leave for America. The people have faith in you; and you should have faith in the people. Our national unity has not yet been completed. You have laid its most solid foundation; you alone are able to complete the work.

General, do not doubt your mission; and the Italian people will not prove unworthy of you.

Let us not wait, O General, to march on Rome.

The demand of the people was earnest and solemn. With the struggle for freedom but half terminated, how could the popular hero forsake his country? Sanford, in his detailed report of his mission, sent to the State Department from Brussels on September 18, stated that Garibaldi had proposed to keep up a correspondence with him. Seward replied to Sanford on October 11, commending the manner in which he had executed his mission, as "in all respects considerate and proper."[2] He added: "Should Garibaldi propose to renew the correspondence with you at any future time, in pursuance of the intimation you have received from him, you will promptly communicate to me the views he may express. They will always be considered with the highest respect for his character and the best wishes for his prosperity and fame."

To Quiggle, Garibaldi related his refusal of the commission of major-general in the army of the United States in a brief but sympathetic letter:[3]

Caprera, 10 September, 1861.

DEAR SIR:

I have seen Mr. Sanford, and I am sorry to be obliged to say that I cannot go at present to the United States. I have no doubt of the triumph of the cause of the Union, and that it will come quickly; but if the war should by evil chance continue in your country, I will overcome all the obstacles which hold me back, and will hasten to come to the defence of that people which is so dear to me.

G. Garibaldi.

A YEAR passed, and the issue of national unity remained undecided in both Italy and America. In the summer of 1862, in the face of the Italian government, the radical party succeeded in initiating its desired movement upon Rome, with Garibaldi at its head. At Aspromonte, however, it was stopped by the Italian troops. Garibaldi had ordered his own men not to fire, but there was some skirmishing, and he was himself severely wounded in the foot, and taken under arrest to Varignano. He had acted in violation of the orders of the government, but had hoped that it would stand by, as in 1860, and allow him to carry out his volunteer campaign, which he believed would win Rome for Italy.

His arrest was made on August 29. On September 1 the American consul in Vienna, Theodore Canisius, without authorization from the American govern-

[1] "La Nuova Europa," Florence, September 20, 1861.

[2] Unpublished despatch of Seward to Sanford, Washington, October 11, 1861, in the archives of the American Legation in Brussels.

[3] Translated from the Italian original given in Guerzoni's "Garibaldi," Firenze, 1882, Vol. II, p. 277.

ment, addressed to him the following letter:[1]

GENERAL:

As it has proved impossible for you to accomplish now the great patriotic work which you had undertaken in the interest of your beloved country, I am taking the liberty of addressing to you the present in order to ascertain whether it might not enter into your plans to offer us your valorous arm in the struggle which we are carrying on for the liberty and unity of our great republic.

The conflict which we are sustaining interests not only ourselves, but the whole civilized world.

The honor and enthusiasm with which you would be received in our country, where you have passed a portion of your life, would be immense, and your mission, which would be that of inducing our brave soldiers to fight for the same principle to which you have nobly consecrated all your existence, would accord fully with your views.

I should consider myself most fortunate, General, if I could receive from you a reply.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

Canisius,
Consul of the United States of America.

Garibaldi replied from Varignano on the 14th:

SIR: I am a prisoner and severely wounded: in consequence it is impossible for me to dispose of myself. However, I believe that, if I am set at liberty and if my wounds heal, the favorable opportunity will have arrived in which I shall be able to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic, of which I am a citizen, and which to-day combats for universal liberty.

I have the honor, etc.,

G. Garibaldi.

Canisius at once sent a copy of the general's letter to the State Department at Washington, and on September 29, wrote to him as follows:[2]

Consulate of the U. S. of America at Vienna.

TO GENERAL GARIBALDI, Varignano, Italy:

GENERAL: I thank you in the name of my Government and Country for the letter you have addressed to me on the fourteenth day of the month. Both letters, the one I addressed to you, and your answer, have been published by me in order to show to the world that your sympathy, General, is on our side in this mighty struggle.

A copy of your letter was sent by me, immediately after I had received it, to Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and I can assure you the contents of the letter will produce the greatest enthusiasm throughout all the northern States.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

Theodore Canisius,
U. S. Consul.

Garibaldi's wound proved very serious; in fact nearly three months passed before the doctors succeeded in extracting the bullet. Nevertheless on October 5 he sent Vecchi to Marsh with a letter,[3] for the purpose of reopening negotiations on the subject of an American command.

Varignano, 5 October, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am ill and shall remain so for some months; but I think continually of the disastrous war in America, my second country, to which I would gladly be of some use when recovered. I will go thither with my friends; and we will make an appeal to all the democrats of Europe to join us in fighting this holy battle. But in this appeal it would be necessary to proclaim to them the principle which animates us—the enfranchisement of the slaves, the triumph of universal reason. Please confer with your government on this subject, and communicate to me your ideas in regard to it, through my friend, Col. Vecchi.

Believe me, meanwhile, affectionately yours,

G. Garibaldi.

To this Marsh replied:[4]

(Private)

Legation of the United States,
Turin, Oct. 8, '62.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I have just received your letter of Oct. 5, 1862, and will lose no time in forwarding it to

[1] This letter, together with Garibaldi's reply, was immediately given to the press by Canisius; they were printed by the leading Italian journals, from one of which, the "Opinione," Turin, September 24, 1862, this translation has been made.

[2] The original of this letter is in the writer's possession, having been presented to him by Garibaldi's son, General Ricciotti Garibaldi.

[3] Archives of the American Embassy in Rome. The original draft of the letter in the handwriting of Garibaldi's secretary, is in the possession of the writer, having been presented to him by General Ricciotti Garibaldi. In this draft the last sentence of the first paragraph is cast in a distinctly personal form, stating even more forcibly the sole condition on which Garibaldi proposed to go to America — the emancipation of the negro. ("You know, however, my principles. I cannot fight except for the enfranchisement of men, of whatever color, and in whatever land. Nor can I inscribe any other motto upon my banner.")

[4] Archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

my government. If the despatch reaches Liverpool in time for the steamer of Saturday the 11th, it will arrive at Washington about the 25th of the month; if too late for that mail, not before the 1st of November.

I have no doubt that the govt. will reply without unnecessary delay, but I cannot venture to anticipate the character of its answer further than to say that I am sure it will be conceived in a spirit of the highest respect and greatest kindness towards yourself and your brave companions. You and they will in any event be warmly welcomed by the American government and people, and I fervently hope that means may be found to give you all an opportunity of rendering new services and winning new laurels in the cause of liberty and of progress to which the best years of your life have been so nobly devoted.

I have the honor, etc.,

George P. Marsh.

To Gen. Garibaldi, Varignano.

Marsh's despatch of October 8,[1] in which he communicated Garibaldi's offer to the State Department, crossed a despatch of October 9,[2] addressed to him by Seward, announcing the removal of Canisius from his post for his presumption in having undertaken, without authorization, to reopen negotiations with Garibaldi. At first thought it seems strange that the same Secretary of State who had commended the consul at Antwerp for having opened negotiations with Garibaldi in 1861, should have removed the consul at Vienna for having attempted to reopen the negotiations in 1862. Canisius's letter of September 1, 1862, like that of Quiggle of June 8, 1861, did not profess to be official. But Quiggle had taken pains to keep his correspondence with Garibaldi secret, reporting it only to the State Department, while Canisius had satisfied his vanity by giving his correspondence at once to the press; furthermore, in his letter he had characterized as "a great patriotic work" the expedition for which Garibaldi had been placed under arrest. And it was primarily because of this seeming affront to the Italian government that Canisius's commission as consul was withdrawn.[3]

But the reopening of negotiations with Garibaldi was in itself an embarrassment to the American government. The announcement of Lincoln's proclamation of the emancipation of the negroes had removed one of the great obstacles to Garibaldi's espousal of the Northern cause. Aspromonte had destroyed all hope of an immediate advance upon Rome, and had thus removed another obstacle to Garibaldi's departure. But there was no intimation that the obstacle presented by the general's determination to accept no post except that of commander-in-chief had been removed. His wound made present military service impossible; his position as prisoner of the Italian government would render negotiations delicate; his action in violation of his government's orders may not have been perfectly understood in the United States.

Despatch 57, which should have contained Seward's reply to Marsh's communication of Garibaldi's offer, never reached the legation at Turin;[4] a paragraph in Seward's despatch[5] of December 26, 1862, was the only official acknowledgment of it which Marsh ever received:

The Secretary of War still retains under consideration the offer of General Garibaldi. It involves some considerations upon which the convenience of that Department must necessarily be consulted. It is a source of high satisfaction to know that the General has been so far relieved of his painful wound as to justify a hope of his rapid convalescence.

On October 22, Marsh notified Garibaldi of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, declaring in his letter:[6] "I confidently hope that we shall soon have the aid both of your strong arm and of your immense moral power in the maintenance of our most righteous cause," and on No-

[1] Unpublished despatch of Marsh to Seward, Turin, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

[2] Unpublished despatch of Seward to Marsh, Washington, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

[3] Seward's unpublished despatch to Canisius, Washington, October 10, 1862, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome. Canisius was restored to his consulate in December, at the request of the Italian government.

[4] Unpublished despatches of Marsh to Seward, November 28, and December 16, 1862, in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

[5] Unpublished despatch in the archives of the American Embassy in Rome.

[6] The writer has been able to see the original draft of this letter through the kindness of Miss Caroline Crane and Miss Mary Crane.

vember 28 he wrote to explain and apologize for the delay in transmitting a reply from Washington. Seward left it to the tact and judgment of the American minister at Turin to interpret as he saw fit the future silence of the Department upon this delicate matter. Marsh's later letters to Garibaldi have not come to light, but they were certainly characterized, as were these, by perfect courtesy, and exhibited sincere friendship and esteem.

The process of making able American generals in the field was going steadily on in the United States; Garibaldi's convalescence continued but slowly; the hour for profiting in America by the services of the great Italian had passed.

THE SALE OF THE MAMMOTH WESTERN

BY WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Georgians," "Ann Boyd," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY H. S. POTTER

AS George Mandel entered the store, and made his way between the long counters to the sitting-room in the rear where the storekeeper and his wife and pretty daughter sat before the wood fire in the wide chimney, the storekeeper stared over his shoulder at him, and then, with an angry exclamation, rose and left the room. He was an enormously fat man, and the planks of the flooring creaked and groaned under his sturdy tread as he strode past dusty barrels and boxes to the front. For a moment he allowed his massive form to fill the doorway as he glared back at the group at the fire, and then, with another snort of fury, he stepped down on the sidewalk and walked on to the village post-office.

"George," was the older woman's greeting to the newcomer, "what have you done to Mr. Sedgewith? Anybody can see he 's mad at you."

The young man flushed under the combined upward stare of mother and daughter, and twisted his hands awkwardly one in the other as he leaned over the back of the chair the storekeeper had just vacated.

"I 'm afraid I got the old gentleman good and mad at me up at the Court-House Square a while ago," he made slow answer. "That 's what I came in to see him about. I thought I 'd make some sort of an effort to show him I meant no harm."

"Why, George, what did you do?" Helen Sedgewith asked, as she leaned forward anxiously, and studied his face with her deep, brown eyes.

"It was just this way," Mandel went on to them both. "You remember the little one-horse circus which got in debt and was forced to disband here a month ago. Well, the sheriff had a debt against the concern for license and one thing and another, and he levied on it, bag and baggage, and the whole thing is to be sold at public outcry this afternoon. The different items are on exhibition at the square. There are six horses, as poor as Job's turkey; three big wagons; the pony and cart the clown rode in; the lion's den (the lion had died before they reached here); the big tent; and a pile of planks which were used for seats. It seemed like the entire town was looking on, and, as Mr. Sedgewith was examining everything carefully, and has the reputation of buying all sorts of odds and ends that no one else would have, the crowd began to poke fun at him. I 'm going to make a clean breast of it, Mrs. Sedgewith. I was standing talking to Thad Pelham, and Thad

asked me if I really thought the old gentleman would be big enough fool to invest any money in that rubbish; and I had just told him that if anybody bid on the stuff, it would be Mr. Sedgewith, for he was known to be the biggest crank in that way that the town afforded. Well, Mr. Sedgewith simply heard it. He was right at my elbow at the time."

"Good gracious!" Helen cried. "That was awful. What on earth did he say?"

"Say?"—the young man made a grimace and shrugged his broad shoulders,—"If you 'd been in my shoes, you would n't ask that. He stood facing me as red as a beet in the face for a minute. 'Crank, am I?' he snorted. 'Well, let me tell you there is worse than that wearing trousers in this town. Some idiot has started the report that my daughter is going to marry, and, crank or not, I intend to make it my business to correct the impression.' "

Helen Sedgewith covered her pretty face with her firm, white hands.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "he 'll never forgive that—never in the world!"

"Well, he might get over it in time, and he might not," said Mrs. Sedgewith, plaintively, "but angry as he is over being criticized, it would be just like him to bid in that whole show. There is nothing in the world he is as proud of as his ability to buy and sell to advantage." She waved her thin hand at the rows of shelving in the store. "Just go in there and look around. The old second-hand stuff has almost taken the place of the new goods; and yet, to do him full justice, he is always turning them over at a profit. Helen and I scolded him awfully last week when he brought in a cash-register that he had bought at the bankrupt sale of Johnson's store. We told him he 'd never get his money out of it; but two days had n't passed before he went around town and got up a raffle among the business men, and twenty of them paid two dollars apiece and gathered in here one night and threw dice for it. Mr. Sedgewith had already doubled his money; but had reserved two chances for himself, and came within an inch of winning the thing back."

George Mandel laughed impulsively as he looked down into Helen's eyes. "Well, I 'm going to attend that sale," he said, "and if the old gentleman buys the show, we can help him run it. You 'd make a good Queen of Beauty, Helen, and I could soon get on to bareback-riding."

That afternoon, about five o'clock, George came to the store panting and flushed from rapid walking. "I hurried on ahead of him," he said grimly. "It 's all up."

"What do you mean?" Helen and her mother asked in the same breath.

"Why, Mr. Sedgewith has bought The Mammoth Western, lock, stock, and barrel; he owns every hair, thread, and splinter of it. Hardly anybody else bid. The whole town was making big sport of it, and guying Mr. Sedgewith for all he was worth; but he did n't care. His blood was up, and he stood there with a pencil and paper in hand, his face set, and his eyes gleaming. They teased me, too, while it was going on."

"You? What about?" Helen asked.

"Why, they had all heard about his calling me down this morning, and that was enough to set them going. When the first old bony horse was knocked down to Mr. Sedgewith at fifteen dollars, Ike Rembert yelled out, 'That will make a good present for a hard-working bridegroom to start life on,' and the crowd laughed. Mr. Sedgewith got red in the face, and he glared at me, but he only told the sheriff to go on with the sale. Then one by one the old codger bid in the other horses for little enough. Then came the wagons. They interested some of the farmers, but the wagons were rather too heavy for their use, and they let all three of them go to Mr. Sedgewith at a very low figure. I heard a blacksmith say the iron in them alone was worth what was paid for them."

"What did they sell next?" asked Mrs. Sedgewith, with a sigh.

"The next item was the lion's cage," said Mandel, "and that produced such a roar of laughter that I thought surely Mr. Sedgewith would let it pass; but it had a good strong wagon under it, and Mr. Sedgewith got it for about fifteen dollars. The top part of it has a door, and is as big as a house. Ike Rembert said he reckoned Mr. Sedgewith intended to turn gipsy and move his family over the country, swapping horses."

"*Then* what did he buy?" Helen asked gravely.

"Why, he raked in the clown's pony and little cart for ten dollars even money. The crowd cheered, and Ike Rembert called out that if Mr. Sedgewith would get in the cart and drive around the square, he 'd take up a collection. But Mr. Sedgewith was n't listening. He had his eyes on the big tent, which was stretched out in the sun, with all its ropes and poles and a pile of planks that had been used as seats to be sold in a lump. I was watching the old gentleman, and I could see that he was really excited, as if he was afraid some one would outbid him. There was a photographer there from Springtown, and I heard him say he might be able to use the tent for his business during the warm weather, and he started it at ten dollars. Mr. Sedgewith got down and examined the canvas, and sniffed and said something about it being rotten. He stuck his hands in his pockets, and gave an order to a negro to take the horses out to his farm; but his eyes were still gleaming, and he went the photographer one dollar better. Then the two began to fight for it a dollar at a time till it finally fell to Mr. Sedgewith at sixteen dollars."

"Sixteen dollars!" Mrs. Sedgewith cried. "And for an old rotten tent!"

"It did n't look to me like it was rotten," said George. "It seemed to me to be as solid as leather; besides, the sale included a whopping big pile of planks that were as good as new—never had had a nail driven into them. As I came away, Mr. Sedgewith was having a couple of negroes stack them up evenly, and was measuring them with his walking-stick. There he comes now. I 'd better lie low. You would n't think from his looks that he was proprietor, bill-poster, and ringmaster of The Mammoth Western Circus and Hippodrome; but he is, and looks satisfied plumb down to the ground."

"Poor papa!" Helen sighed. "I wish he 'd be like other folks. We 'll never hear the end of this."

"Well, I don't intend to say a word," said Mrs. Sedgewith, in an undertone, as her husband came in at the door. "I intend to remember that cash-register from now on. He may not be as big a fool as he looks."

"Well, I don't like it one bit," Helen said hotly, and, as her father was now in the room, she asked, "Are you going to keep your show in winter quarters, father?"

"Winter quarters?" he said indifferently. "Oh, yes; I 've sent the horses to the farm to have meat put on them."

"A circus!" Mrs. Sedgewith found herself obliged to put in—"a *circus*, and me a Baptist preacher's daughter! Did you know the whole town is laughing at you, Hiram?"

"Huh! maybe they 'll laugh on the other side of their jaws later," the fat man said, refusing to look in the direction of his would-be son-in-law. "They were the fools, not me—standing there with their eyes open, letting goods like them slide for a mere song. You folks keep quiet and let me handle this deal. There comes a chap right now that is itching for part of it."

A man entered the door and strolled carelessly back to the group. "I was up at the sale just now," he said. "I did have an idea of bidding on that pile of planks till I found they were included under one head with that tent, and so I was out of it."

"Yes, I had my eye on the planks *chiefly*," Sedgewith said, as he filled his pipe from a bowl on the mantelpiece. "They are good, smooth, heart pine boards, an inch and a quarter thick, twelve wide, and fourteen feet long. They had to have the best that was going for folks to set on. I don't know when I 've seen such solid timber. Looks to me like long-leaf pine, cut right from the middle of the tree."

"Well, I only wanted to build me a cow-house," said the man, "and I think there 's just about enough for roof and all. What are you holding the pile at, just as it stands?"

"I had n't thought much about it," answered the storekeeper. "I never was much of a hand to jump at a trade. It really does my eyes good to look at timber as good as that is; but if you are in a hurry, how will eighteen dollars strike you?"

"Eighteen? Why, you only paid sixteen for it and the tent all together."

"I know," Sedgewith puffed at his

pipe; "but I was only taking the tent in order to secure the boards."

"Oh, I see," emerged from the credulity of the customer. "Well, I guess I 'd have to pay more than that at the mill."

"And get timber that was n't half as sound," said Sedgewith, indifferently; "and this is already seasoned, and won't warp or shrink."

"Well, I 'll take it," said the man, and he put his hand into his pocket. Sedgewith accompanied him to his cash-drawer near the front door.

"Do you think I 'd better stay and apologize now?" Mandel asked anxiously.

"No," Helen replied wisely. "You 'd better get out at the back door and let him alone now. If you brought it up, he 'd make some angry reply. Let him alone for a while. He certainly is very mad at you."

When Mandel had gone, Sedgewith thumped firmly back to the fire, his fat hands in his capacious pockets, his round face aglow.

"Not such a very bad beginning," he grunted. He paused and looked toward the door, attracted by the sound of somebody entering. "It 's that blamed photographer," he said to his wife and daughter. "He wants to banter me for a trade. I 'm already two dollars to the good on that item, but he 'll have to pay for my tent if he gets it."

"You 'd better not miss a trade," his timorous wife put in cautiously; but her husband had eyes and ears only for the approaching man.

"I was up at the sale just now," the photographer began, "and I noticed that you 'd bid that old tent in. I reckon you won't be able to do anything with it. I don't want it all, but I thought you might let me have about half of it for a little something, being as the lumber included with it was the best part of the item."

"Lumber nothing!" Hiram Sedgewith grunted. "Why, man, I did n't want them old planks. It was that big canvas tent I was after. I would n't cut it for you nor nobody else."

"You say you would n't. Well, how would, say, fifteen dollars strike you for the tent, poles, and ropes?"

"If it struck me at all, it would hit my funny-bone," said Hiram, dryly. "It 'u'd make me laugh— fifteen dollars for a bale of cotton turned into the thickest canvas this town ever saw—stuff as thick, by hunky! as the sail-cloth used on the big ocean ships, the seams double hand-stitched over quarter-inch, hard-twisted rope."

"Well, how about twenty?"

"This ain't no auction," said Sedgewith. "I reckon you could go on climbing up till bed-time, dollar by dollar, and we 'd never trade. The truth is, you never would pay what the tent is worth, and there is no use talking about it."

"Well, if you want more than twenty dollars, we could n't deal," said the man, and he left the store.

When the photographer had gone, Mrs. Sedgewith leaned forward, her eyes large with excitement and reproof. "Good gracious!" she said. "If you had taken his offer, you 'd have made a splendid profit, and be rid of that much of it, anyway."

"Huh! that 's always the way with folks that don't know how to trade," Hiram said proudly. "They never buy a thing without jumping clean out of their skin to sell at the first chance. Huh! I 'd make you and Helen rip it up and sell it by the yard before I 'd let it go for less than the bare cost to make it."

The purchase of The Mammoth Western was the joke of the village for many a day afterward. Hardly a man passed Sedgewith's store during the next month without looking in and making some jovial remark about the deal. Ike Rembert, the local wag, had a fresh thrust for every day. He was always inquiring when the old man intended to "take the road," and offering this and that suggestion about taking along this or that village "freak," to say nothing of making a side show of Sedgewith himself, as the fattest man in the profession.

With George Mandel the matter had become very serious. Helen, whom he managed to see now and then, gloomily reported that her parent was more angry than ever, and had, indeed, expressed himself as being opposed to her associating with a young man who could be so disrespectful toward his elders. "There is really only one thing in the world that will ever soften him," Helen declared one evening, as Mandel was taking her home

from prayer meeting, "and that is his selling the whole circus at a handsome profit."

"Well, we 'll hope for that," George answered. "In fact, we might help bring it about if we saw a chance."

But the storekeeper was wisely keeping his own counsel, although the broadest of all targets for every arrow of fun that the village hurled. His underlying wisdom began to show itself one day when there was a sale of horses in the village. It had been widely advertised, and farmers came for miles around to buy horses for use in the spring crop-making. The would-be purchasers saw nothing remarkable in the fact, but the villagers stood open-mouthed when Sedgewith's negro farm hands led six sleek, well-groomed horses into the square. The village brass band was out that day, and to the music Sedgewith's horses kept gay and sprightly step, as if glad to be once more in their accustomed element. The prices the fat man had put on them were by no means low, and yet, at the end of the day, the proprietor of The Mammoth Western waddled contentedly back to his store without a horse to his name and a prodigious roll of bank bills in his fat hands.

The tide of village opinion had turned. From open ridicule, it had swept to eager-eyed expectancy, touched with pride in Hiram as a native product. From that day on, the fat man seldom made a sale that was not closely scrutinized. There was much general discussion as to what was really the "hardest stock" in the circus outfit, and the consensus of opinion had decided that it was perhaps the three wagons, as they were too heavy and cumbersome for any ordinary use; but one day a man who was opening a new sawmill dropped into Sedgewith's and made him an outright offer. They were almost too heavy, the man said diplomatically, but he might be able to make them answer his purpose. He had offered twice as much as they had cost Hiram, but the fat man's laugh of open derision could have been heard across the street to the bank on the corner.

"I see you don't want my wagons," he laughed, as he patted the man on the shoulder. "I 'll wait till they get to work on this end of the new railroad. They will have to have them."

The customer was under Hiram's spell, though he was not aware of it. "How much do you hold them at?" he wanted to know.

Hiram named a price which was fully three times what they had brought by auction, and he did it in a tone of supreme contempt for the smallness of the figures. He added that he would not let them go, but he had no place to keep them.

"Well, I 'll take them," said the sawmill man. "I reckon neither of us will lose by it."

"Oh, I guess not," Hiram said. "I buy a heap of things that I don't make on; I 'm a great hand to keep money turning. Quick sales and small profits has always been my motto."

As the man was leaving, he said: "I really needed another wagon. I guess I 'll have to order it from market."

"Hold on; let me study a minute," said Hiram. "You see that lion's cage standing on Jim Carden's vacant lot across the street? Now, I 'll tell you what I 'll do. The wagon the cage is on is exactly the same as them you 've bought. I can't leave the store now, but if you will step in Jim's shoe-shop around the corner, and if he will consent to let the cage rest on his land for a while, I 'll have a carpenter take the cage off and let you have the wagon part at the same price as the others."

The man's eyes twinkled as he consented. He returned afterward with the report that the shoemaker was perfectly willing for Hiram to use the lot in any way he liked, as he never expected to be able to build on it.

"All right, then, the wagon part 's yours," said Sedgewith in the same uneventful tone that always preceded the reception of money on his part. "I 'll let the cage set there on the edge of the sidewalk. Maybe I can get the town council to use it as a calaboose. It 's better than the one they got."

The report of this four-wheeled transfer went over the village before nightfall, and the next morning for the first time Ike Rembert looked in on Sedgewith without a smile or a joke. He eyed the storekeeper behind the showcase, in all his magnificent proportions, with a new and wondering respect. Ike was beginning to see largely manifested in the big

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'HIS BLOOD WAS UP, AND HE STOOD THERE WITH A PENCIL AND PAPER'"

man the very qualities which were wofully missing from his own shiftless make-up. He counted on his mental fingers the remaining items of The Mammoth Western—the tent, the pony and cart, and the lion's den standing open-doored across the street. And while Rembert stood there, telepathically apologetic for his past bantering, little Sammy Malthorn, the twelve-year-old son of the village banker, came in, as he had been doing every day for a week past, and looked eagerly across the showcase at the storekeeper.

"Well," he said, "papa says I can have them. He 'll pay you the first time you stop in the bank. It was twenty dollars, you said."

"Yes, twenty to you, Sammy boy," Hiram answered. "You go to the stable and hitch him up. You 'd better let me sell you a ten-cent box of axle-grease for them wheels. If you have n't got the dime, I can add it on to the main bill."

"All right," said the proud owner of the pony and cart; "I 'll take it."

"Good Lord!" Ike Rembert said in his throat, and he went at once to Jim Carden's shoe-shop, where there was always a group of loafers, eager to tell the news. "I begin to think," he mused, "that Sedgewith is going to make the only money The Mammoth Western ever made. Think of that—think of a big circus and hippodrome touring the whole United States without a cent of profit, and a fat duck behind a counter in this measly town reaping all the profits without turning his hand over! Now, what will he do with the tent and lion's cage? I 'll bet he 's got something in view."

And that very evening Hiram demonstrated the truth of this assertion, for about eight o'clock he put on his long broadcloth coat and fuzzy silk hat, and left the store. Trudging up the street, he came to the dark stairway of a little public hall over a feed store. He laboriously ascended the steps, and entered the hall. It was furnished with crude, unpainted benches, and lighted with tallow dips and kerosene lamps. At one end stood a table holding a pitcher of water, a goblet, and a Bible, and behind it sat an earnest-eyed, middle-aged evangelistic preacher, who bowed and smiled in agreeable surprise to the newcomer. The room held fifty or sixty men and women, all silently awaiting the beginning of the services. Hiram seated himself on the front bench nearest the preacher, and put his hat on the floor, dropping his red handkerchief into it.

The meeting was opened with the singing by the congregation of familiar hymns, in which Hiram joined harmoniously with a fair bass. It was known of him that he never declined an invitation to lead in prayer, and, on being asked this evening, he readily complied. His voice was deep and round and mellow, and the burden of his utterances was suitable to the occasion, being a sort of singsong tribute to the glory of humility and submission to the divine will. This prayer was followed by a rousing sermon from the preacher, and in closing he called attention, as Hiram evidently had gathered from some source that he would do, to the future plans of the organization. The spring and summer were coming on, and the preacher was to "take the road" with one or two good singers and a cornet-player, and give people in isolated mountain places a chance to attend service.

He had just seated himself when Hiram rose, hemming and hawing, and clearing his throat. "I want to say," he began, "that I thoroughly approve of this new idea of taking the great and living Truth out into the highways and byways. In fact, I heard that you had already written to a tent factory in Atlanta to get the price of a tabernacle tent, and I must say that it 's not a bad notion, because many a good open-air meeting has been broken up by bad weather and a lack of a suitable place to hold service. I want to contribute five dollars toward the fund myself; but I 'm here to confess to you frankly that I would n't like to see the money thrown away. A great part of those meeting tents on the market are simply made to sell, and not for use. They look all right in the shop, but they are full of starch and glue and what not, and give way at the first shower or high wind."

"That 's a fact, brother Sedgewith," said the preacher. "We 've been looking around, and have found it pretty hard to run across a really durable article at a price we could afford; but there was a

Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WELL, YOU WAIT AND WATCH ME,' GEORGE SAID MYSTERIOUSLY."

drummer here from Nashville the other day, and he—"

"I 'd advise you to let drummers alone," said Hiram. "They are the most ungodly class of men alive. Most of 'em play cards and drink, and never observe the Sabbath. The fact is, that I happened myself to buy a tent from a stranded show here awhile back. I did n't know but what it would come handy in some such way as this, so I bid it in. I had to pay for a lot of old planks, and one thing or other, to get the real bargain; but I could let a good, earnest organization like this have it for a sight less than a new tent would cost, and, moreover, it would last a lifetime. It 's big enough to hold a multitude. It was made for rough wear, and must have cost a pile of money. I don't know but what we might trade—that is, if I had any idea how much you-all feel disposed to—to invest in a tent."

"We have fifty dollars in the treasury," spoke up the preacher, eagerly. "Of course, it may not be enough to—"

He paused, and Hiram stroked his face thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, "as I remarked just now, I had intended to contribute to the fund from my own pocket, and seeing that the tent is exactly what you need, why, I 'll take the fifty, and call it square."

There was a murmur and shuffle of enthusiastic and grateful approval over the room. The preacher leaned forward and shook Hiram warmly by the hand. "There is no use putting it to a vote," he said. "I 'll take the responsibility, and accept your magnificent offer right now. Brothers and sisters, we are simply in luck. Some special Providence must have been at work through this whole thing. We have turned over the tables of the money-changers in putting this tent, which was once used for such a vile purpose, to work for our great cause."

As Sedgewith waddled homeward along the dark street, he said to himself: "I could have made that sixty just as well. They would have raked up the difference."

The next day Helen met her lover near the post-office, and they took a short walk together. "He 's simply in a splendid humor," she said. "He 's constantly laughing at the whole town. Mother caught him in a good mood this morning, and told him she thought he was too severe on you. He did n't snap her up as I expected. He only said: 'According to him, I 'm the biggest crank in the county; I reckon he sees it pays to be a crank now and then. The whole town said I 'd bankrupt myself with that show, and I 've put a big pile of bills to my credit in the bank, and have n't got a thing left of the lot except the lion's den, and you watch; some fool will come along and offer me something for it.' "

"They may," George replied reflectively. "Who knows? In fact, I myself had an idea, as I passed it this morning—"

"So have I," Helen laughed. "Oh, George, if you had the money to spare, I really wish you 'd buy it from him. It would do more to bring him around than anything."

Mandel reflected a moment, and then, with his fine face beaming, he said: "Would n't it be splendid if I could not only buy it, but actually dispose of it at a profit?"

"If it were only possible," Helen said, with a laugh.

"Well, you wait and watch me," George said mysteriously.

An hour later George Mandel entered the store and approached Sedgewith as he sat at his little desk, writing. "I think I can find a use for that lion's cage, Mr. Sedgewith. How much do you want for it?" he asked.

The old man flushed all over his big, fat face. "What 's this, now?" he asked. "You can't catch me napping, young man."

"Well, you 've got a sale sign on it, and I 'm only asking you a fair question, Mr. Sedgewith."

"So you want to know what I 'll take for it?" the old man grunted suspiciously.

"That 's what I came in to ask," George replied, in a tone of business. "How much do you want for it?"

"What do you intend to do with it?" Sedgewith asked.

"I can't say till I know whether I can meet your price or not," Mandel returned, and Hiram smiled impulsively.

"Oh, that 's it! Well, if you get it from me, you 'll plank up twenty hard

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"CARDEN AND THE NEGRO WERE ARRIVING WITH ANOTHER LOAD"

dollars. It 's got a lot of good wrought iron in it, and a door that shuts as tight as a cork in a bottle. It 's a bargain at twenty."

"I call that pretty steep, Mr. Sedgewith," said Mandel; "but I 'll take it off your hands. Here 's your money."

The storekeeper let the bills lie untouched on his desk for a moment as he stared in surprise, his brow furrowed. Then he asked: "Look here, George, what do you intend to do with that old box?"

To his further astonishment, if not open admiration, Mandel avoided his eyes, glancing through the doorway into the street.

"Do you think that 's quite a fair question between business men, Mr. Sedgewith? When you bought it, you were not asked what disposal you intended to make of it."

"That 's so," the storekeeper admitted, suddenly dropping his eyes. "I only asked because I—you see, I 'm a sort er expert hand at such things, and I 'd about made up my mind to chop it up into stove-wood. The truth is, I don't exactly want this money."

"Oh, you 'll have to take the money, Mr. Sedgewith," Mandel said rather anxiously. "You see, I want full right and title to the cage."

That afternoon as Hiram stood in his front doorway smoking his pipe and looking at the lion's cage across the street, he saw a negro take Jim Carden's things over and put them into the cage. Then, to his further astonishment, the shoemaker himself crossed over with his arms full of boots and shoes and lasts, and put them on the floor of the cage. Hiram pondered a few minutes, and went across the street just as Carden and the negro were arriving with another load.

"Why, what 's this?" he questioned, glancing in at the door.

Jim looked up from his bench, on which he had already seated himself, a cheerful smile breaking through the grime on his face.

"Why, the truth is, Mr. Sedgewith, that I 'm my own boss now. I 've been paying Trotter forty dollars a year rent

for that little hole in the wall, away back from the main street, because I could n't find another place for my shop. About an hour ago George Mandel came in and told me he 'd bought this cage from you, and asked me if I had any objections to letting it set here on my lot awhile. As I always liked the boy, I told him it might set here till it rotted for all I cared, as I 'd about give' up the idea of ever gitting enough money ahead to build a shop of my own. Well, sir, that 's the way it started; for George all at once looked around my hole in the wall and wanted to know how much rent I paid for it. I told him forty a year, and he set down on a box and whistled keen-like. I asked him what he meant by that, and he whistled that way again. 'Forty dollars!' he said. 'Great goodness! and you 've got a vacant lot of your own right in the center of trade.' I explained to him that I was n't able to build, and did n't know when I 'd ever get enough ahead; and then what you reckon he said, Mr. Sedgewith? Why, George said, said he: 'Jim, do you know that lion's cage, just as it stands, the door facing the street, would make the dandiest shoe-shop in seven States? You 'd get twice as much custom there as here, and they could n't make you pay taxes like they would on a house.' Well, sir, Mr. Sedgewith, he had n't no more 'n got the words out of his mouth than I saw he was right; but of course I did n't let on. For a new hand at trading, he takes the rag off the bush. He went on to say that in the summer time I could prop up both of the wooden shutters of the cage, making an awning on each side of the shop, or take them off, and let the wind blow clean through. He laughed, and said it would be putting me behind bars a little sooner than the law might, but the very novelty of the thing would attract trade. He said if I did n't like the iron bars running up and down before my eyes, I could take them out, and sell them to somebody to make a fence around a grave. I stopped him. If I had n't, he 'd have run the value of the thing up to a thousand dollars. I asked him, as indifferent as I could, what he 'd take for it, and he studied awhile. 'Well,' said he, 'I don't want to be hard on you, Jim, and as you say you pay forty a year rent, why, if you 'll give me that amount in cash, I 'll call it even. You see, Jim,' said he, 'you 'd just be paying rent to yourself the first year, and then the shop would be yours.' I thought it was steep, Mr. Sedgewith, but George begun to talk about a man that wanted to open a barber-shop, and another that was thinking about setting up a nigger restaurant, and I bought. I planked down the boodle, and I don't regret it. It 's exactly what I was looking for."

Sedgewith said nothing. His massive brows were drawn together as he turned and trudged back to his store. "Now, why did n't *I* think of that?" he thought. "I must be getting in my dotage. It 's the first time I 've been beat in a trade since I can remember, but—well, it was done by the fellow that 's going to marry my daughter. I reckon he 'll make his way in the world. He certainly has made a fair start."

Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley

LANCING A WHALE

ODE ON A LYCIAN TOMB[1]

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

I

What gracious nunnery of grief is here!
One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood;
Each sad presentment celled apart, in fear
Lest that herself upon herself intrude
And break some tender dream of sorrow's day,
Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray.

O pale procession of immortal love,
Forever married to immortal grief!
All of life's childlike sorrow far above,
Past help of time's compassionate relief:
These changeless stones are treasuries of regret,
And mock the term by time for sorrow set.

Ah me! what tired hearts have hither come
To weep with thee, and give thy grief a voice!
And such as have not added to life's sum
The count of loss, they who do still rejoice
In love which time yet leaveth unassailed,
Here tremble, by prophetic sadness paled.

Thou who hast wept for many, weep for me,
For surely I, who deepest grief have known,
Share thy stilled sadness, which must ever be
Too changeless, and unending like my own,
Since thine is woe that knows not time's release,
And sorrow that can never compass peace.

[1] On this famous monument, known as "Les Pleureuses," and now in the museum at Constantinople, one and the same woman is carved in many attitudes of grief. These eighteen figures (herewith reproduced) stand niched between Ionic columns. On the sarcophagus, above and below, are funeral scenes and scenes of battle and the chase in bas-relief.—S. W. M.

He, too, who wrought this antique poetry,
Which wakes sad rhythms in the mourning heart,
Must oft with thee have wondered silently,
Touched by the strange revealments of his art,
When at thy side he watched his chisel's grace
Foretell what time would carve upon thy face.

If to thy yearning silence, which in vain
Suggests its speechless plea in marbles old,
We add the anguish of an equal pain,
Shall not the sorrow of these statues cold
Inherit memories of our tears, and keep
Record of dear ones long in death asleep?

Ah me! in death asleep; how pitiful,
If, in that timeless time the soul should wake,
To wander heart-blind where no years may dull
Remembrance, with a heart forbid to break.—
Dove of my home, that fled life's stranded ark,
The sea of death is shelterless and dark.

Cold mourner set in stone so long ago,
Too much my thoughts have dwelt with thee apart.
Again my grief is young; full well I know
The pang reborn, that mocked my feeble art
With that too human wail in pain expressed—
The parent cry above the empty nest!

II

Fair worshiper of many gods, whom I
In one God worship, very surely He
Will for thy tears and mine have some reply
When death assumes the trust of life, and we
Hear once again the voices of our dead,
And on a newer earth contented tread.

Doubtless for thee thy Lycian fields were sweet,
Thy dream of heaven no wiser than my own;
Nature and love, the sound of children's feet,
Home, husband, friends—what better hast thou known?
What of the gods could ask thy longing prayer,
Except again this earth and love to share?

For all in vain, with vexed imaginings,
We build of dreams another earth than ours,
And high in thought's thinned atmosphere, with wings
That helpless beat, and mock our futile powers,
Falter and flutter, seeing naught above,
And naught below except the earth we love.

Enough it were to find our own old earth
With death's dark riddle answered, and unspoiled
By fear, or sin, or pain; where joy and mirth
Have no sad shadows, and love is not foiled,
And where, companioned by the mighty dead,
The dateless books of time and fate are read.

III

What stately melancholy doth possess
This innocent marble with eternal doom!
What most imperious grief doth here oppress
The one sad soul which haunts this peopled tomb
In many forms that all these years have worn
One thought, for time's long comment more forlorn!

Lo! grief, through love instinct with silentness,
Reluctant, in these marbles eloquent,
The ancient tale of loss doth here confess,
The first confusing, mad bewilderment,
Life's unbelief in death, in love fore-spent,
Thought without issue, childlike discontent.

Time, that for thee awhile did moveless seem,
Again his glass hath turned: I see thee stand
Thought-netted, or, like one who in a dream
Self-wildered, in some alien forest land
Lone-wandering, in endless mazes lost,
Wearily stumbles over tracks recrossed.

Oft didst thou come in after days to leave
Roses and laurel on thy warrior's grave,
And with thy marble self again to grieve,
Glad of what genius unto sorrow gave,
Interpreting what had been and would be,
Love, tears, despair, attained serenity.

There are whom sorrow leaves full-wrecked. The great
Grow in the urgent anguish of defeat,
And with mysterious confidence await
The silent coming of the bearer's feet;
Wherefore this quiet face so proudly set
To front life's duties, but naught to forget.

For life is but a tender instrument
Whereon the master hand of grief doth fall,
Leaving love's vibrant tissue resonant
With echoes, ever waking at the call
Of every kindred tone: so grief doth change
The instrument o'er which his fateful fingers range.

GRIEG THE MAN

REMINISCENCES OF A FRIEND

BY WILLIAM PETERS

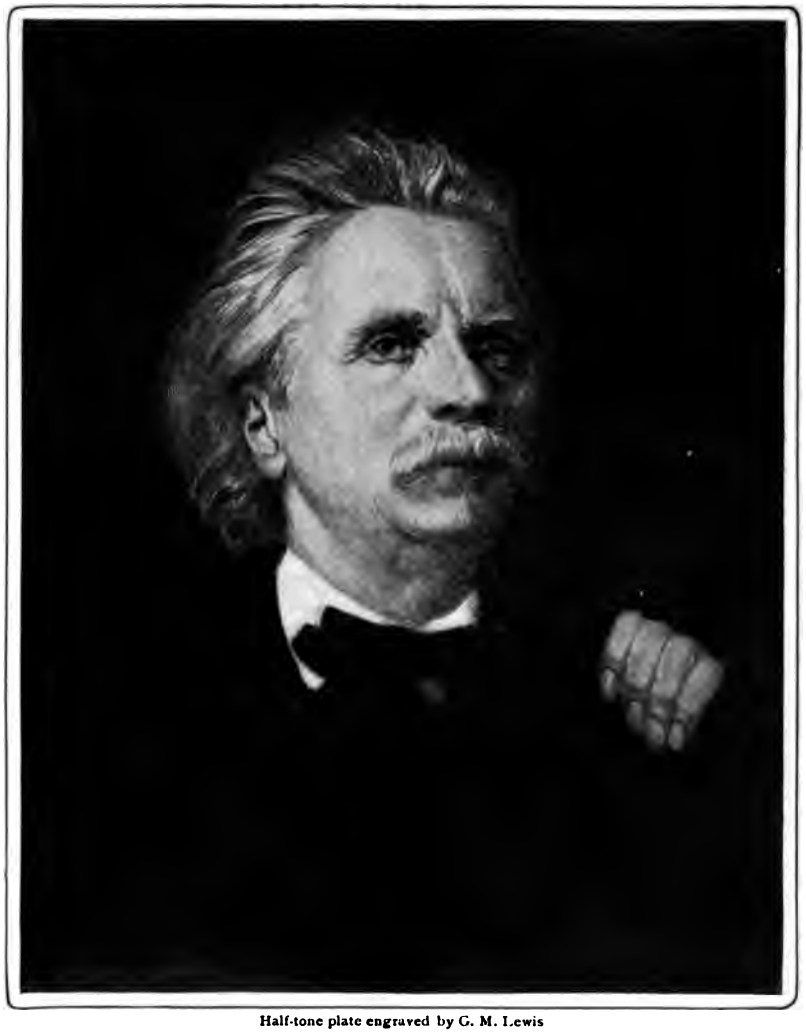
WITH PORTRAIT AND PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

PROBABLY no foreign composer was more admired or more often represented on the concert programs of the great virtuosos in America than Edvard Grieg. The great Norwegian never crossed the Atlantic, being deterred by his delicate health and his age. He never could bring himself to brave the long sea voyage, though often invited to America. The journeys he made were short ones, and even those were often interrupted by physical weakness. His American admirers thus learned of him only from others.

Grieg was born June 15, 1843, in Bergen, Norway, where he died September 4, 1907. This city, which is the second in size in Norway, has a character entirely its own. Its citizens are first of all citizens of Bergen, which they consider the quintessence of everything that is national. The situation of the city, surrounded on three sides by high mountains forming a solid wall against the winds from the North Sea, has given it its peculiar climate, with excessive rainfall. Usually the first gift that a child receives is an umbrella. That Bergen, with its intense patriotism, its beautiful surroundings, its sailors returning from all quarters of the globe with tales of wonder and with a kind of halo of foreign life, activity, and poetry, was just the place to produce artists, was almost a matter of course. Indeed, Bergen has given to Norway a whole series of her most prominent men, artists as well as statesmen. As yet all hold a position secondary to Ole Bull, who may be claimed to be the spirit of Bergen incarnate. To what extent Ole Bull is still revered, not to say adored, by the Bergen populace, is shown by the fact that when a Bergen man of the common type wishes to spend a Sunday afternoon pleasantly, he goes into the museum and takes a peep at the Ole Bull violin, which is there exhibited. Another story, which happened before Grieg had attained his present fame, is also very characteristic. Once in the time when Ole Bull lived, I was traveling from Bergen on one of the steamers plying the Hardanger Fjord. Grieg entered into conversation with an old farmer, whose ready wit was a source of amusement to us. When I asked the man: "Do you know who this is? It is Grieg," he turned around and said: "The best musician in Bergen when Ole Bull is away."

Such a town, with its multicolored life and its history, could not but be a fertile soil for an art like Grieg's. The folksongs that his nurse sang to him in his early childhood, the old houses with small windows, the eccentric, elderly citizens, for whose amusing characteristics Grieg had a very open eye—all these quaint and picturesque conditions were to the boy occasions for giving his imagination free play.

It was admitted by Grieg that he was not at all a school luminary, and he averred that if he there showed any special talent it was in the direction of inventing excuses to get rid of school. The boy loved nothing like solitude; his great pleasure was to climb into the attic of the old, high-stooped house. Here his imagination would run riot, while he looked out through the small, dusty window-panes over the harbor and the surrounding mountains. Strange to say, his dreams did not on such occasions circle about music. On the contrary, in a corner of the attic he had a little drug store where he could mix his drugs and act a real apothecary. It was only when he



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

PORTRAIT OF GRIEG. ETCHED FROM LIFE IN CHRISTIANIA, 1903, AND EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON OF THAT YEAR

was about twelve years old that he showed his musical gifts, the discovery being made by a casual teacher of mathematics, a young lieutenant, who on the margin of the boy's mathematical papers found annotations indicating that no matter how slight was his love for mathematical knowledge, he was no laggard in music.

I have, in my time, met a great number of musicians, and I have often noted that the really great men in music can be specialists to such an extent that nothing interests them but their own art. Aside from that, they are little children. Not so with Grieg. Politics, wherein artists seldom take much interest, always interested him. It is needless to say that he belonged to the progressive party; and two years ago, when Norway had to choose between kingdom and republic, Grieg was found on the republican side.

In this connection it may be interesting to note the way in which Grieg showed his interest in the Dreyfus *Affaire:* nothing could be more characteristic of him. About the time when the court at Rennes gave its decision, Grieg was invited to conduct a production of his own compositions with the Colonne Orchestra in Paris. He replied, that after such a failure of right and justice as the Dreyfus case, he did not care to have any deal-

ings with the French public. The letter was printed in the Frankfurter "Zeitung," and aroused a storm of anger against him in France. Every mail brought him a bag of threatening letters from angry Frenchmen. Henri Rochefort called him the "Jewish Composer," and promised him that if he ever came to Paris he would get a fitting reception. In 1903, Colonne again asked him to come, and this time Grieg went. The concert-hall was crowded to suffocation, for all papers had exhorted their readers fittingly to receive this enemy of France. When his slender person was seen on the stage, a storm of catcalls and cries to apologize arose. Grieg calmly waited for the noise to subside. When his music began to flow from the orchestra, and his art became manifest, the catcalls were changed into plaudits. The concert was a perfect success, and even if the anti-Dreyfus papers the next day were filled with venom, they had to admit that he had conquered the French public.

Grieg's grandfather, Alexander Greig, was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, and emigrated to Norway after the battle near Inverness, in 1745, where the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, failed against the Duke of Cumberland. He started in Bergen as a merchant, changing his name to Grieg. Edvard Grieg's father became British consul at Bergen, and was a highly respected burgher of the old Hanseatic town. His elder brother played the violoncello, and his parents looked on him as the musically gifted member of the family. He even pursued his musical studies for a time at Leipsic, but soon put his muse on the shelves, and succeeded his father in his business. In the meantime it was rather hard for young Edvard to make his family understand that he was the real man of destiny. That he succeeded was due to the intervention of Ole Bull, who, himself a genius, appreciated the fire of genius in his younger brother-musician.

As a conductor of orchestra, Grieg was all fire, and his concentrated energy transfused itself to such an extent into the members of the orchestra that the whole band became merely an incidental part of its leader, who filled the concert-hall with his personality. One would think that such intense vital energy would, so to speak, be burned out by its own flame; but slight and small though he was, Grieg lived for forty-five years with only one lung; and even if he had to husband his strength, and sometimes to interrupt a tour of concerts, he still infused his fiery soul into orchestras and audiences.

A characteristic pose of his was holding his left hand on the collar of his coat, as I have shown him in my etching. I have chanced to see many snap-shots taken of him on different occasions, and nearly all show this same pose.

What, so far as I know, no one has

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

GRIEG FISHING ON THE HARDANGER FJORD

written about is Grieg's relations to his friend Richard Nordraak, a gifted Norwegian composer, who died young, chiefly famous through the music to Björnson's national hymn of Norway. Grieg and Nordraak were of about the same age, but of thoroughly different characters. Nordraak was titanic in his force, but at the same time vague and formless; Grieg was rather of a retiring disposition, but clearer, and more a master of form. lying there doomed to death, unable to understand why he, of all men, should die. The night Nordraak died, Grieg composed the march which was afterward used at the funeral, giving a perfect tone-picture of the feeling of void that filled Grieg at the loss of this friend.

Grieg in real life was what his work shows him to have been, a man of temperament—what the Germans call a *Stimmungsmensch*. He always worked

Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

PEASANTS MOVING GRIEG'S MUSIC-HOUSE

These two men mutually influenced each other, and while Nordraak gave to Grieg some of his courage and push, the latter polished off some of the uncut edges of Nordraak's temperament and music. It is believed that the music to "Ja, vi elsker," owes to Grieg much of its simplicity and clearness.

Nordraak was a nephew of Björnson, and possessed, no doubt, many of the latter's peculiar gifts. Grieg enjoyed this robust character, which won all by its directness.

Nordraak was attacked by consumption, and died after a short illness. It was extremely pathetic to hear Grieg's description of this powerful young man with his piano at his side, trying every chord over and over again. He could not stand having anybody listening to him; if he noticed an auditor, he immediately shut the piano, and ceased to work. His wife was his inspiration, as well as his best interpreter; for no one can sing his songs as she does. I believe that during their long married life —they were both about twenty when they married—they were never a day without each other's company; but even with her in the room he could not work. In Christiania he found a work-room in a piano factory, where they were tuning pianos all about him. But a steady noise like that did not annoy him.

One day, having come to the conclusion that the city air was doing us no good, Grieg and I started for that garden spot of western Norway, the bewitching Hardanger Fjord, that place where, according to our national poet Henrik Wergeland, enemies become friends. Those who have seen it on a bright summer's day will never forget the sight: the fjord lying like a mirror under snow-capped mountains; in the background the Folgefond glacier, one of the largest in Europe; while beautiful, fragrant green covers the valley and the mountains up to the line of snow and ice. Perfect peace reigns over the farm-houses and the meadows, over the white-painted church, facing the water, over the whole landscape.

Here we found a pretty farm-house, where we arranged ourselves for the summer. We made beautiful excursions up in the mountains and into the woods, returning to our temporary home with a magnificent feeling of strength and a delicious hunger that made our rustic meals seem royal feasts. But best of all were the fishing trips on gray days—those days when the fish seem specially to enjoy biting. We would put on our fishing togs, and sit for hours in a small boat, hauling in fish, while the mist made fantastic caps and hoods for the mountain peaks and a musical quiet ruled undisturbed except for the jovial song of a bird or two, while the far-away waterfalls furnished the tuneful undertone.

Thus the summer passed in happiness and freedom. Grieg often received visits from friends in Bergen—only a day's distance from us—but there was no work done; for as soon as he touched the piano people began to gather outside to hear the master's music.

Autumn came, dressing the woods in nature's brightest colors, and we could not possibly leave all this beauty. So we decided to remain over the winter in the heart of the country, and see what a real winter looked like. At Ullensvang we found good quarters and on the most suitable—that is, the most inaccessible—spot, where nobody could come and listen, Grieg built his studio. Not only was there no road to the house, but from his place at the piano Grieg could see, like Odin from Lidskjalf, whenever anybody tried to approach from afar. I was chosen architect and superintendent of building, an easy enough task, because the house was nothing but a square wooden box big enough for a piano, a fire-place and the master himself.

Full winter came, covering everything with its spotless blanket of snow. Every morning Grieg walked up to the "tune house," as the peasants called the little hut, where tunes were born that are still being reproduced throughout the world. The evenings we spent quietly in the big

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

GRIEG WALKING TO HIS MUSIC-HOUSE

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

PEASANTS LISTENING TO GRIEG'S MUSIC

room at our hotel, where there were then no travelers, no autograph-hunters, and no snap-shotters. Grieg worked hard at his music, and I was deeply engaged in the study of the Icelandic sagas. I shall never forget our moonlight walks, visiting the enormous caves under the waterfalls formed by the ice. Sometimes we brought torches along, and lighted them in the caves, watching the wonderful light effects.

On stormy days, when the wind shook our house, rattling doors and windows like spirits playing an immense orchestra, Grieg sat in a corner, listening. I have known composers who, in writing a little song, would use up a cart-load of paper. Not so with Grieg: he would use only a single sheet. He wrote his music with a lead-pencil, rubbed out, and substituted and changed again, until he was satisfied. Then he wrote it over in ink, and sent to the publisher the same sheet with which he began.

Winter went on, and Christmas was celebrated with all the time-hallowed customs dating back to the dawn of time, when Odin and Thor were the rulers of the Norse Olympus; for Christianity has adopted so many of the old heathen notions and customs that to-day nobody knows where the individual ideas had their origin.

The long Norwegian winter nights, when lamps have to be lighted at three o'clock in the afternoon, were spent quietly, sometimes at cards, when an old sea-captain living in the neighborhood came over and furnished the missing link of the whist party; at other times Grieg played and told stories of his student days in Leipsic, and then played again. In the course of that winter he wrote several of his quartets for male voices, and we often had people of the country around come and sing old popular ballads for him.

The days were growing longer and old father Sun got the better of the snow on the housetops, making it come down in long, tapering icicles from roof-gutters and eaves. There is told a story about a troll who lived in the mountains across the fjord. He had once been rejected as a lover by a girl in Ullensvang, and on that account had taken an implacable hatred to all Christian people, with their church bells and other disagreeable noises. He could not cross the water, but he gathered up the snow on the mountain,

so that at last it looked like an immense wave or comb of snow, rising a hundred feet from the summit. When the wind blew the snow up on the mountain top, that was the troll who was at work, said the peasants. One day in the spring this big snow comb, weighing hundreds and thousands of tons, broke down, carrying with it trees and immense rocks, falling five thousand feet below into the sea. It made a noise like the most violent thunder-storm I have ever heard. The sea rose high in the air, and flowed far up on the shores; vessels were capsized; heavy tile roofs were blown off the houses; windows were smashed; and all living beings were shaking and trembling. Then the spectator who, in the supreme moment, had not lost the use of his senses, could see the troll sitting high up in the mountain, laughing till the stones were shaking.

Spring returned with flowers and humming rivers. Every little brook was turned into a big river with a mighty voice. Hardanger, as I have said before, is the garden spot of Norway, and apple- and cherry-trees abound everywhere. When coming from the open sea into the fjord, you can smell the fragrance of the blossoms miles away. But Grieg's little house was not in a good place for the summer: it was too near the road, and exposed to curious sight-seers. So we made it the object of our promenades to find a better place for it. At last we fixed upon a fine place near the sea, between rocks and trees. I had heard that in America big houses were moved long distances, so why not move this little box of a house? We concluded to call for a house-moving "bee." It is common in the country places of Norway when a farmer has a job on hand that exceeds his own limited power or strength, to call a "dugna," and while spreading a nice feast for his neighbors expect them, in return, to assist in his work.

The day came bright and fine; flags were waving, contrasting their red, white, and blue with the bright blue sky.

At the start we had feared that few people would come to help us; but we soon saw black spots moving from all the small farm-houses down the road, where they seemed to halt and sit down on the stones until there were about fifty of them. Then they approached slowly, and had a look at the little house. The ceremonious hand-shaking had to be gone through with, and at last we were at the point where a general had to be chosen for the little army, a question fraught with some diplomatic difficulty, because all declared that they could not possibly fill this high position, while everybody at heart believed he was the only right man.

At last this difficulty was overcome, big logs were placed under the house, and as it began to move, all the children cheered and waved their flags. But Mrs. Grieg came very near being in tears and all of us felt a certain pang at seeing this house, which had gained a very high place in our feelings, moved by rough and, as it seemed to us, indelicate hands. The house had to be taken up to the highway and from there down to the fjord, and at every ten paces there was a stop in the work, filled in with cakes and drinks, laughable stories and witty remarks. The way down to the final stopping-place passed through some woodland, and trees had to be cut and stones broken up, until at last the job was done, and there the little house stood amid big boulders and green trees. The house itself seemed to like the place, it gave such a bright reflection in the water. The piano was soon in its place, and Grieg started a "Halling," while the people danced and threw pine-cones at one another. But soon he struck a minor tune and the melancholy strains of his own music sounded over the water, while the peasants sat down around the house, looking at the far-away blue mountains, every one putting his own dream thoughts into the master's music, and when he stopped there was not a dry eye.

However, the little house was not allowed to stay long in this peaceful, secluded spot. When it became known that Grieg had his "compository" there, so to speak, it became a favorite pastime to row in and listen, with the hope of catching some tune from his piano. Not all were satisfied to stay in their boats, but many went ashore and took one souvenir or another from the place—things of little or no value, to be sure; but disturbing to Grieg to such an extent that he at last gave up the "tune house." When he built his villa Troldhaugen near Bergen, he moved the house there.

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

BY MARK LEE LUTHER

Author of "The Crucible," "The Henchman," etc.

MR. FRANKLIN KNOX, whose jovial boast it was that he could sell your real estate wherever it was situated, reached the theater of his activities in Shawnee Springs about sundown. He had looked for a buggy-ride, at least, to Judge Woodhull's superfluous acres on the outskirts, but that sterling citizen said that the democratic trolley was good enough for him, and as a proof of his confidence, permitted the new-comer to pay the fares. Their destination revealed itself as a sloping tract of meadow, untilled, and abandoned to pasturage, the lower portion of which was noisy with a vesper chorus of frogs.

"It certainly needs a Grand Realty Auction," adjudged the agent, mounting the rail-fence which marched unsteadily with the highway. "It needs it bad. What are all those holes in the landscape? Did the mosquitoes bore them?"

"No; jackasses," returned the owner, without a smile; "jackasses drilling for mineral springs. That 's why I had to foreclose."

Franklin Knox nodded appreciatively and ran a practised eye over the scene.

"By sun-up," he said, "I 'll have a husky gang grading and staking off the future suburb. We 'll drain that boggy end somehow, run a Washington Boulevard down the middle of the pasture and crisscross it with a job lot of early Presidents. This day week you 'll never know the place. Meanwhile, I 'll put through the literature in good style. We 'll promise a free trolley ride to the sale, a band concert, a balloon ascension and a distribution of elegant and useful presents, including a grand upright piano, all absolutely free. I generally use posters, handbills, and page ads in the local papers, and ring in a neat woodcut of the Ideal American Home in each and every prescription. That 's the king-pin of the Grand Realty Auction, Judge—the American Home."

The older man coughed restively.

"A home is a wise investment," he said.

"Sure," agreed Franklin Knox. "Be it ever so mortgaged, there 's no place like home."

His glance roamed to the lower boundary fence beyond which he perceived a drill still at work in the fading light. As he looked, the man in charge of this optimistic venture left his work to intercept a muslin-clad figure, luminous against the sunset, which advanced down the highway with leisurely grace.

"More mineral water dreams?" asked the agent.

"Yes," said Woodhull. "I used to credit Joe Powell with more horse sense. He 'll fritter away that piece of land the same as he did this. It only goes to show what a poor investment a college education can be."

But the agent was intent upon the figure in muslin.

"Summer boarder?" he queried.

"Lucy Reeves, you mean? No. She was born and raised here. She did go to Boston for a spell, studying art or some such moonshine, after she came into her money. Folks used to think she and young Powell would make a match of it, but I guess it 's all off. A girl like her can pick and choose. I suppose you won't mind going back to town alone?" he added abruptly. "I think I 'll drop in on a party out this way who 's behind with his interest."

"Oh, don't mind me," said the agent carelessly. "I want to study the lay of the land."

He turned his back on the pasture,

however, with his client's departure, and watched the two who stood in radiant outline against the sunset. Their colloquy was brief. Young Powell returned almost at once to his ill-starred enterprise and the girl, with quickened step, came on down the road. Just before she reached him the agent stepped, hat in hand, out into the road.

"I knew you a mile away," he stated veraciously. "Have you forgotten your fellow-boarder in Mount Vernon Street?"

The girl's face flushed delicately at the encounter.

"You!" she exclaimed. "In Shawnee Springs?"

"Why not? My work takes me everywhere."

She nodded brightly.

"I remember now. And it 's brought you here?"

Franklin Knox's gallantry once more overrode the exact truth.

"It 's one of the things that brought me," he returned with a sweeping bow. "In this fine consignment of bulrushes and daisies you behold the Springs' new suburb."

Her face lighted, but the man's complacency in her kindled interest was short-lived.

"You 're to sell that land!" she said. "And for building lots? Then, perhaps—"

"Well?"

"Nothing much. It merely struck me that this may raise the value of neighboring property."

Franklin Knox threw a meaning look toward the line fence where young Powell was quitting his unprofitable task for the day.

"I hear you 're interested in—the neighboring property."

Her quick color flooded back.

"Then you heard wrong," she answered. "I 'm not a landowner."

"I congratulate you. I should n't call it a gilt-edged proposition—in Shawnee Springs."

He walked on with her, unasked, yet not unwelcome, for he had a taking way; and she found his facile talk diverting. An echo of her laughter reached Joe Powell beside the silent drill.

In the week which followed Franklin Knox's exuberant personality stormed the town, which, grateful for his enlivening presence, mustered loyally at his sale. From the truck which served him for rostrum he welcomed the gathering crowd, with as cheery a greeting for the loafers afoot as for the well-to-do buggies and buckboards fringing the outskirts. Among the latter his keen eye presently spied a dog-cart, which, for sufficient cause, he had come intimately to associate with Lucy Reeves; and while the Shawnee Springs Brass Band buffeted the waters of the Beautiful Blue Danube he slipped quietly to her side.

"So you 've come!" he said, too low for the deaf aunt at her left. "I take it as a good omen."

"Do you need one?" she parried. "I should think such a crowd assured success."

"You know I 'm not talking business," he protested. "Why don't you take me seriously? I meant what I said last night. Your answer—"

She cut him short with a greeting to a neighbor and then other interruptions helped thrust the intimate moment yet farther away. There was still a demand for the pink slips entitling those who would to share in the much-trumpeted allotment of presents. One weak-faced applicant thanked the agent effusively.

"Hope I draw the upright grand piano," he added hopefully.

"The grand upright piano!" said the agent, adhering carefully to the letter of his florid advertisements. "You 're an ambitious man, sir. But who knows!"

Lucy Reeves bent impulsively to the auctioneer as the ne'er-do-well drifted away.

"Thank you for being nice to him," she murmured. "So few are."

The agent looked after the shabby lounger.

"Oh, it pays," he laughed. "He won't buy lots, but he has a tongue to wag. He 's an old friend. I see him everywhere I go."

"Virgil Peebles! But he 's no traveler."

"I mean his type. He always enters the scene in a free trolley-car, escorted by the local brass band. His nose is usually Roman of the best period, but his chin is merely a ripple and a dimple, and the knees of his trousers have a sedentary

droop. He is a tireless patron of free shows. Not a whip-seller, herb doctor, or fakir in any line you can mention, gets by him, but they 'd all admit that he is an obliging deadhead. Yes, he believes in reciprocity. He 's a willing subject for the hypnotist and he 'll let the sleight-of-hand professor pull guinea pigs from his pockets till the cows come home. Nine times out of ten he has a weak back that nobody takes stock in except his sister, who supports the pair of them by baking pies and crullers which half the time Brother is too poorly to tote to the customers. Does that description fit Virgil's case?"

"Almost," she smiled. "Only Virgil Peebles really deserves a piano. He is music-mad, poor fellow. But how can you afford to give such things away?" she asked with a glance toward the truck, where, among the boxes of lesser gifts, the "grand upright" glittered bravely in the morning sun.

Franklin Knox laughed.

"If you attend many functions like this," he said, "you 'll begin to notice that the first prize goes always with the shopworn article which otherwise you could n't even lose. I guess the crowd don't think our balloon ascension comes up to the brag," he went on, with a whimsical grin skyward where two or three flimsy bags of tissue-paper still floated. "They 've been working their imaginations overtime and counted on a Santos-Dumont dirigible at least, with maybe a trapeze artist in spangles attached. It 's time I opened the sale."

Her glance followed his trim, urban figure to the truck, and she admired the ease with which he faced his audience. He should try for higher game than this, she felt. The stump was his true forum. Once launched in politics he would make a name. Then, with growing amusement, she listened.

Franklin Knox began by congratulating his auditors on being Americans, heirs of that precious heritage, the Declaration of Independence, which he quoted fluently. With withering scorn he dismissed the effête monarchies of the old world, arrogating a monopoly of virtue for the free-born dwellers beneath the Stars and Stripes. The Canal Zone and our insular possessions were not forgotten, and, in passing, the Ten Commandments received his warm indorsement. Then, taking his cue from the many youngsters noisily present, he thundered eloquently against race suicide. His peroration was a verbal shower bouquet in praise of Woman and the American Home.

"And now," he continued, dropping to plain speech, "we propose to nail a lie. Some mean-spirited person has started a rumor that only lot-purchasers will share in the grand distribution of presents. To prove our good faith we shall therefore begin this feature of the program before an inch of real estate changes hands. Who is the fortunate holder of Coupon No. 234?"

A bashful young woman in the background giggled nervously, and under persuasion made her way to the front with a small child clinging to her skirts. Franklin Knox drew up a hand-mirror from the nearest crate.

"Let Beauty see herself as she is," he said. "A fine child, madam! She has your classic features, your sunny hair, your azure eyes."

"She 's a boy," stated the girl tersely. "I 'm his nurse."

The agent was not disconcerted. He turned the laugh with a thrust at the ungallant bachelors of Shawnee Springs and continued to scatter plated silverware and pseudo-Japanese vases as rapidly as the ticket-holders could be coaxed to run the fire of the jests. Stranger though he was, he was seldom at a loss for the right name, and he displayed a careless mastery of local gossip which amazed and flattered the crowd. Lucy herself smiled over his personalities, for they left no sting, and even Virgil Peebles, when he suddenly found himself sharing the limelight, did his courteous best to hide from this brilliant being his disappointment that a fluted glass cake-basket, not the piano, had fallen to him.

Franklin Knox presently stated that, delightful as he found the rôle of Santa Claus, he must abandon it for a time as the would-be lot buyers were growing impatient, whereupon Virgil Peebles and other gentlemen of the leisured class modestly retreated to give the capitalists a chance. But the eager home-builders, if such there were, now held their feel-

ings stoically in check, and, as the morning lapsed, even choice sites fronting "Washington Boulevard," offered at the tempting terms of ten dollars down and a dollar a month till paid for, went at sacrificial figures—or so the agent said—and he often found it necessary to switch to bric-à-brac to hold his audience. When the whistle of Shawnee Springs' one factory blew for noon he promptly adjourned the sale till two o'clock and called Judge Woodhull into what he styled an executive session.

"The suburb needs a boom," he began.

"It needs something," agreed the owner despondently. "I shall have half these lots left on my hands."

"It looks to me like a case for local talent."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean some public-spirited citizen to throw in a bid when we need it most. Have n't you a friend you can trust?"

The judge straightened.

"Sir," he said, "I am a church-member—"

"What of it? This is n't Sunday. You 're a business man, too."

His further arguments fell on deaf ears and he gave over with a laugh.

"Sorry you feel squeamish," he said. "I 'm afraid you 'll have to content yourself with a beggarly fifty per cent. profit on your investment."

An hour later the agent issued from the conglomerate atmosphere of cheap cigar smoke and boiled dinner which overhung the leading hotel of Shawnee Springs, and without apparent haste took his way down a pretty side-street shaded by elms. Behind a white paling stood a white house, and behind the house, slung beneath apple-trees, swayed a hammock. In the hammock was a girl.

"You left the sale early," said the man. "Did it bore you?"

"No, indeed. It was most entertaining."

"Why, then, did you run away?"

"Aunt had to see her dressmaker. Did you do well?"

"Not very."

"I 'm sorry."

"Then come back this afternoon and encourage me."

"I can't believe it would help much," she said, with a smile.

"Would you—would you care to help? You could, if you would."

"How?"

"Put in a bid once in a while. Help keep the pot boiling."

"But I don't want to buy."

"Of course not. Many people bid at auctions who don't expect to buy. It amuses them."

"I don't think it would amuse me."

"It would help *me*. My commission won't be lordly if things go on as they have. Why not oblige an old friend?"

"Would it be right?"

"What would be wrong about it? We only want to get a fair price. Will you come?"

She swayed thoughtfully to and fro a moment, her eyes upon the lilac bushes by the gate. As she hesitated Joe Powell came down the elm-arched street, wavered, perceived her companion, and passed on.

Franklin Knox smiled.

"But perhaps you 've an engagement—?"

"No," she answered quickly. "But my aunt has."

"Are chaperons so necessary in Shawnee Springs?"

"Of course not."

"Then you 'll come?"

"I—I think so."

"And help?"

"Perhaps."

"Thank you. We must have a code. If I put my hand to my necktie—bid five."

Toward three o'clock, when a lot at the corner of Washington Boulevard and Monroe Avenue hung in peril of being knocked down too cheap, he sighted her dog-cart, and, catching her eye, laid a careless hand on his cravat.

"Fair warning!" he called. "One hundred and fifty—once!"

Lucy Reeves parted her lips, but instantly closed them again, without sound.

"Are you all done?" coaxed the agent, still fingering his neckwear. "One fifty—twice! One fifty—third and last call—One fifty—"

"Five," came softly from the dog-cart.

"Five I have—who 'll make it sixty?" called Knox.

Lucy's neighbors eyed her with new interest and in the stir some one bid.

"Now do I hear sixty-five?" asked the auctioneer.

The crowd watched the girl expectantly and with a smile Franklin Knox adjusted his scarf-pin. Lucy blushed under the common regard, fingered her whip uncertainly and then suddenly perceived Joe Powell's moody gaze fixed upon her.

"Five," she said again, decisively.

Without further aid on her part she saw the lot soar to a profitable sale and with this display of interest by one whom everybody knew the whole occasion took on a new impetus. Not until five o'clock, when, empty of everything elegant and useful except Franklin Knox himself, the dray brought up near Joe Powell's line fence, did the agent make another appeal for her aid. The large, low-lying tract remaining, he frankly admitted, was not as desirable as some, but he talked cleverly of modern drainage and concentrated his eloquence upon the piano, which —absolutely free—would fall to the lucky purchaser. Finally, some daring spirit offered twenty-five dollars.

"Twenty-five dollars!" cried the auctioneer as if he could not credit his ears. "Man alive, it 's not the grand upright piano you 're bidding on, but the stool!"

"I thought it was the swamp lot," drawled the bidder.

Franklin Knox controlled his outraged feelings, told a story or two, and at length accepted the bid. With this beginning, the price rose tediously to one hundred and ninety-five dollars. Lucy Reeves, who had thrice gathered up her reins, delayed yet a little longer to learn the fate of the garish instrument near which, hopeless but absorbed, Virgil Peebles still clung. Then, once more, she saw the agent's hand steal toward his throat and the agent's glance confidently seek her own.

"It 's surely worth two hundred?" he wheedled.

She nodded.

"Two hundred I have," he announced briskly. "Do I hear the five?"

Some one, whose face Lucy could not see, bid silently, and again, hand at scarf, Franklin Knox waited.

"Five," she assented, fairly against her will.

"Two hundred and five I have. Do I hear the ten?"

The unseen bidder agreed.

"And now fifteen," coaxed Knox, signaling.

Lucy shut her lips firmly. He was asking too much of her.

"Only fifteen?" he pleaded, the scarf-pin still troublesome.

"Fifteen," she said, and again took up her reins for a sign that he must expect no more.

"Is it two-twenty, Mr. Powell?"

She searched the crowd with a painful flush. So *he* was the man! Then she perceived him beside her wheel.

"Lucy," he demanded in a hoarse whisper, "are you an auction capper?"

She stared into his white face.

"What do you mean, Joe?"

"I mean you 're in league with that man to defraud honest bidders." He swung half about, called "Two-twenty," and then, for her ear only, added: "Bid if you dare."

Her face went as pale as his and the reins trembled beneath her fingers, but she drew herself up and, heedless that Franklin Knox's signals had ceased, called so that all might hear: "Three hundred dollars!"

The crowd scented drama and breathlessly awaited young Powell's answer; but, deaf to the auctioneer's patter, he walked stoically away, vaulted the boundary fence and returned to his silent drill. With a misgiving which even his assurance could ill conceal Franklin Knox said "Sold!" and Shawnee Springs' first Grand Realty Auction was at an end.

A moment later he reached the girl's side.

"I could n't guess it would end this way," he apologized. "Of course, you need n't keep the lot."

She caught a bank-note from her purse.

"My deposit," she said, curtly.

"But you need n't keep it, I tell you. I 'll square it somehow with old Woodhull."

"Give me my receipt."

He hesitated a moment, then gave her the paper she demanded.

"You make me feel like a cur," he complained.

She betrayed no interest in the state of his feelings.

"And the piano?" he asked, stung to anger by her contempt. "That 's also yours, you know."

She stared at the thing as if she saw it for the first time.

"Send it—send it to Virgil Peebles," she bade, and whipped away up the road toward the sunset whence she had come, muslin-clad and radiant, a week ago.

It was dusk when she returned that way and the white stakes with their absurd street-signs dotted an empty field. Beside the drill across the line fence, however, a dejected figure lingered. With sudden resolution she alighted, left the pony grazing by the way and walked slowly to young Powell's side.

"There 's been a terrible blunder, Joe," she said. "Can't—can't we somehow set it straight?"

He faced her sternly.

"Was it a blunder?"

"Can you believe otherwise?"

"I don't know what to believe. For a week I 've believed myself a rich man. To-night I 'm—well, what you 've always known. Yet I was n't mistaken," he added, striking the drill. "I was n't the fool they thought."

Her face became illumined.

"Joe!" she cried. "You have struck something at last? You 've found your spring?"

"I never bored for mineral water. I played for higher stakes."

"You mean—"

"I mean gas—carbonic acid gas."

"And you found it?"

"Yes; a week ago to-night. I tried to tell you then—when you came by—but somehow—"

"But I would n't let you! Forgive me, Joe."

"I thought I 'd better wait a little longer. You might have thought it only another of Joe Powell's dreams. Well, it was."

"You were mistaken? It is n't here?"

"Yes; it 's here—a fortune; a fortune I cannot claim."

"But who has taken it away?"

"You."

"I?"

"The gas has its real source across the line. You acquired it with a cheap piano this afternoon."

"Joe!" She steadied herself weakly. "You surely don't think—"

"That you knew?" He hesitated. "No, I did n't think that, but it seemed to me that your—your friend must suspect. A blind man could have seen you were acting for him."

"I was a silly fool."

"It paid," he returned bitterly. "The question now is, what are you going to do with your purchase? I 'm not in a position to make you an offer or suggest a partnership; but if you don't sell, you 'll need somebody to develop the property, and as I 'm something of an expert now, why—I thought—"

"Don't, don't," she broke in. "Do you think me capable of keeping this land to which you have every moral right—this land which you once owned? Joe! Have you ceased to—to care?"

"What has that to do with the matter?"

"Everything—or nothing. I 'm a wiser girl, Joe. I know now why you have kept silent. My money was the barrier. You imagined I thought you—"

"A crank, an impractical dreamer? Well, did n't you?"

She hesitated, colored, then dimpled into a smile.

"It did n't prevent my—my—oh, you 're making it so hard for me, Joe!"

"Lucy!" He caught her hands. "You 're offering me—?"

"What you do not ask—a partnership—a partnership for life."

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAST

II—THE FEAST OF THE VESSEL OF ISIS

BY ANDRÉ SAGLIO

WITH PICTURE BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THE Egyptian trinity, Osiris the husband, Isis the wife, Horus the son, had conquered the ancient world; following the example of Athens, Rome itself, forty years before the birth of Christ, had raised a temple to them, comparable to that dedicated to its own hereditary gods. The ceremonial and the mystery which enveloped the new religion imported from the Orient, the promise it held out of the immortality of the soul, and of happiness for the righteous in the next life, had drawn rich and poor alike into its fold.

During the last centuries of paganism, the most important and brilliant festival celebrated in all the cities on the Mediterranean coast was that of Isis, the good goddess, symbol of birth and life, who watched over the safety of mariners and protected their commerce.

On the ninth day of March, as the first ray of sunlight shot across the horizon, a long procession started from the temple and wound its way slowly toward the port. At its head, running to and fro, shouting jealously, was a motley crew, who, in fulfilment of vows, had disguised themselves in the garb of many mythological personages, or as soldiers, judges, philosophers, women, peasants, or huntsmen. Behind this tumultuous mob came young girls, who strewed the path with flowers which they took from the folds of their flowing white robes, and who scattered perfumes; following these was a goodly number of devotees, each carrying a light, a lamp, or a torch, to solemnize the daily and blessed victory of the beneficent powers of light over the powers of darkness; and these were again succeeded by many who played on flutes and on reeds, and by others still who, in rhythm, with a dignified step, chanted sacred poems composed in alternating strophes. After this numerous vanguard, officers in glittering armor opened a passage for the initiated; that is to say, for those to whom, in recognition of their prolonged assiduity in the temple and of their rich gifts, had been revealed the sacred mysteries of the cult. The women were swathed in transparent veilings, the men, with heads shaven, drew piercing sounds from the strings of their resonant instruments of gold, silver, or bronze. At the end came the priests, wrapped in their scant garments of linen cloth. They carried the emblems of the gods: a golden bark in which flickered a flame; a double altar; a golden palm-leaf; a caduceus; an open left hand, symbol of wavering justice; a golden jug, containing milk; a golden basket; an amphora; and many statuettes, among which was that of the godly Anubis, who had the head of a dog; and that of Fertility, represented as a tame heifer. Lastly appeared the emblem of the goddess, a small amphora, the top opening being in the form of a bird's head, and the handle shaped like a serpent.

The long procession made its way to the shore. A ship made of lemon-tree wood, decked for her maiden voyage, lay moored there. The high priest embarked and proceeded to purify the ship from end to end by means of a lighted torch, an egg, and some sulphur. The sail, covered with sacred inscriptions, was spread to the breeze. Then, while the devout poured their libations of milk into the sea, the vessel sailed with her silent crew of statues out into the high seas.

THE SACRED BOAT OF ISIS

THE TRUTH-TELLERS

BY EMERY POTTLE

I

AFTER the dinner, which took on a comfortable, easy-going quality from the first,—Mrs. Grenley had laughed as they sat down, "No cleverness, please, to-night among friends,"—they had come into the library. There was an open fire, for the early spring evening had a raw chill in it. The few lights in their dull, opaque glass shades, the varying gleams of the burning logs, the faint haze of the men's cigarette smoke, invested the gracious room with a friendly placidity, enhanced its leisureliness with a shadowy romance,—though with a restricted romance, Colonel Darrow was inclined to think,—of some sweet, carefully bred nature. There was a beautiful sense through it all that, for the hour, Mrs. Grenley had achieved the wonderful—wonderful for New York, at least: one had no suggestion of coming or going.

Colonel Darrow was saying something like this as he stood before the fire with Mrs. Grenley; Payne and Bream were in another corner of the place hanging over Mary Crown. His hostess smiled and nodded.

"I 'm glad the place has some sign of peace and refreshment," she said. "I hate being hurried about as they hurry us old women here in New York. They expect us to be as agile and blooming as Mary over there—and then they blackguard us for our affected youth."

"'Myself when young,'" laughed Darrow, lazily.

"Well, let 's be frankly old to-night, Landan, and sit before the fire. They don't want us, the others. If you 'll pull up that little sofa—there. Let us gossip. I dare say you are right about the air of domesticated romance you say you detect to-night."

Colonel Darrow glanced over to the two young men talking eagerly with Mary Crown. "I don't think I 'd quite got down to cases when I mentioned romance," he said.

"You may as well," she caught him up, "because they have—Mary has."

"Oh, has she, so soon?" questioned Darrow, with an infusion of interest. "How fast they do it nowadays!"

Mrs. Grenley regarded him thoughtfully. "Landan," she said rather confidentially, "what do you think of our Mary?"

Darrow settled himself to the consideration of Mary Crown. In all the years he had known Amy Grenley, he had never lost the delicate glow of pleasure her confidence gave him. "How many Marys and Sallies and Susies we 've dissected in our day, have n't we, Amy? This Mary, now, poor Caroline's child, she 's really the prettiest of the lot."

"Is she not? Is n't she spring mornings in spring gardens—old-fashioned gardens?" Mrs. Grenley elaborated.

"Old-fashioned gardens of a very prim, precise arrangement, I should think."

"To be sure," nodded Mrs. Grenley. "That 's partly her mother in her and partly her convent training. She 's a good child. I wanted her to stay with me this winter because I suspected her of being old-fashionedly good. I wanted an old-fashionedly good girl—one with principles and religion, as they used to call it, and high ideals, to be in the house with me again, just to see how it would seem." Mrs. Grenley smiled across to Mary, whose eyes had lifted to hers gratefully, in a pause of talk.

"And she is all that; I can see it," said Darrow. "It 's rather refreshing. One finds so few of them nowadays."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Grenley, absently. "Nowadays girls know so much, so many things—things I lived years to find out. After all, I 'm not sure it is n't better so. They are, at least, fitter to live the lives they have to live. Mary is appallingly uncompromising," she added whimsically; "she insists terribly on the truth in the slightest matter."

"And a very good thing, too," Darrow retorted. "I honor truthful women as highly as I honor truthful men."

Mrs. Grenley seemed about to take up his challenge, but, after an instant of hesitation, she let the question drop. "Yes, oh, yes," she answered.

Darrow did not press the matter further. He reverted, instead, to an earlier expression. "So it has come to cases with them—with Mary?"

"To be exact, it has come to a case," she returned lightly, "if I am not mistaken."

"One of those?" asked Darrow, with a slight gesture toward the three.

"I fear I shall soon lose my good little Mary," was Mrs. Grenley's response.

"Well?" prompted her friend.

"In the beginning," proceeded Mrs. Grenley, appreciating Darrow's interest—"in the beginning it might have been either one or the other. But now—well, as I said, Mary is a stickler for the naked, unadorned truth—but *now* the matter has narrowed down to the one. She discovered the other in several—ah—untruths. Little ones—at least, rather unimportant evasions; things said for effective embellishment, you know. Excuses made on reasons that subsequently proved to be—mirages. She came to me about it, dreadfully upset, asking what *I* thought of a man who—you know."

Colonel Darrow waited.

"Well, candidly, Landan, as a rule, I prefer the truth. I believe I told her so."

Darrow's nods were all approving. "Quite right."

Mrs. Grenley's eyes twinkled a bit at his gravity. "It was difficult. She *probes* one so with the scalpel of her virtue."

After a moment of consideration Colonel Darrow turned squarely to Mrs. Grenley. "So it 's *Payne* now, is it?"

"Oh," she commented dryly. Then presently: "So Mary is not alone in her —her discovery?"

He took all the time for his answer. "Amy, I—I cannot properly speak on such a matter. My only justification in saying anything at all is that Mary Crown's happiness is involved."

Mrs. Grenley perfectly understood him. "Say what you know, if you like."

"Only this," said Darrow. "You know I, too, am a keen admirer of the truth. Bream—" he lowered his voice—"has the reputation in the clubs of being a—well, of not telling the truth. Men do not believe him. I must say this has been tested only in smaller matters. Of larger affairs I cannot speak. But it 's a characteristic in a man that I can't bear."

"I can conceive of times when one simply may not tell the truth," Mrs. Grenley reflected.

"They are very rare," retorted Darrow.

"Rare—yes. But you must admit that there are times—and people—when the truth won't answer."

"Perhaps; mind, I say only perhaps, Amy."

Mrs. Grenley thought over Darrow's earlier words about Bream. She put the result into a satisfied monosyllable: "Ah!" Then: "And Raleigh Payne?"

"A splendid chap, clean, decent, the soul of honor. There 's a truth-teller, if you like," approved Colonel Darrow with a suppressed enthusiasm. "I knew his father and I know him. There 's not a more promising youngster in the town than Payne. I *like* him. I 'm glad its to be Payne for Mary Crown. You *said* it was, did n't you?"

Mrs. Grenley was amused. "You make out a good case for him, Landan. Yes, I think it 's to be Raleigh Payne. At least he has asked her—and she 's considering. Mary is not hasty, you know."

"She 's a little fool if she does n't take him," grumbled Darrow. "Next to my own son, that young fellow is the one I 'd say a girl would make no mistake in. He 's *clean*—he 's as clean as a girl. I *know* him."

Mrs. Grenley forsook her attitude of

quizzicality. "You are right, I think. He *is* a nice boy. I hope she will take him," she said simply.

Mary Crown rose and came over to Mrs. Grenley, leaning on the sofa behind her. The girl lightly touched the still beautiful cheek of the older woman. "Is n't it nice to be so *homey,* Auntie?" she laughed.

Darrow saw the eyes of the two men, who had followed her, adoringly on her: Payne, tall, well-set-up, grave and rather wistful of face, strongly marked in feature, but with a mouth too handsome in modeling to carry out to completeness his suggestion of reserve and instinctive control; and little Bream—*little* by reason of the confiding quality of his mind, by reason of his drolleries, his apparent light-heartedness, rather than for any noticeable lack of inches, shrewd of eye and tongue, and deft of hand, scarcely good-looking, yet vivacious enough to make one hesitate to say that he was actually of an ordinary mold of face.

Mrs. Grenley's "Very, dear," was a most indulgent thing.

"It makes a man wish—" began Payne, earnestly, but, catching Mary's eyes, he broke off with a flushed face. The moment was not lost on Bream.

"Wish for that little cabin of yours out in Colorado, eh, Raleigh?" he followed out with a penetrating deliberation that caught the attention of the group.

Payne's eyes closed as if a hammer-blow was struck before him. His composure was shaken. But he rallied instantly.

"Oh, this is good enough for me," he laughed rather nervously.

Mary Crown turned to him expectantly. "But you never told me of that," she reproved.

"Oh, have n't I?" Payne hurried on. "Nothing but a camping-out episode. I 'll tell you some day." His hands worked restlessly at the edges of his coat.

Bream smiled. "Make him do it, Miss Crown. You 'll be interested. If he does n't tell you, perhaps, I shall—some day."

Colonel Darrow stood up irritably. Bream always affected him unpleasantly. Mrs. Grenley, who had lost nothing of the encounter, rose leisurely and moved to a farther table. Mary followed her. The two stood together, Mary's arm about her aunt's waist, while the girl said something to her shyly. Mrs. Grenley patted her cheek. The three men, with fresh cigarettes, stood before the fire and watched the women, both very beautiful in the rose light of the shaded lamp beside them.

Mrs. Grenley disengaged herself from Mary. "My dear," she said, "take Mr. Payne and Mr. Bream to the conservatory and show them the pride of our hearts—our new carnation." Mary Crown moved toward the three by the fire and beckoned. Bream's eyes were on Payne challengingly. The latter seemed suddenly to sink under an inner oppression.

"I—I—I 'm sorry," he got out.. "I have to go—I 've a bit of work to do tonight. I 'm awfully sorry."

After all, there was nothing peculiar in Payne's going. It was odd, then, that they should have felt it so. Perhaps Payne's ill-concealed relief when they let him depart accentuated the impression.

Payne's last look was for Mary—an imploring look, it almost seemed to the others. Mary herself, with all her spontaneity gone, her eyes clouded over, turned to Bream. "Let us go," she said indifferently.

Left alone, Mrs. Grenley and Colonel Darrow hovered over the fire. But the earlier charm of the room had been strangely dissipated. Darrow's middle-aged irritation at any change not of his making took itself out in: "Amy, I don't like that chap Bream, even if he is your guest."

She did not immediately reply. Instead, she drew a little closer to her friend and stared thoughtfully at the charring wood. At last: "Be a little generous to him, Landan, Mary has told me it is to be Raleigh Payne."

Darrow approved, as if the affair had been of his making. "Thank God for that!" he said in relief.

They were startled some time later by the entrance of Mary Crown, alone. "Mr. Bream has gone. He left his adieus to you both," she began nervously. "He—he had to go, he—he found."

The solution seemed so obvious, to

Colonel Darrow at least, that they scarcely made a comment. Mrs. Grenley eyed Mary rather solicitously as the girl moved uncertainly up and down the room, touching aimlessly various trifles upon the tables.

When Colonel Darrow had gone, Mary came over to her aunt and sat on the floor at her feet, huddling herself near to the glowing fire. Her voice was very serious and had a clear note of martyrdom as she spoke: "Max Bream asked me in the conservatory to marry him," she began rather monotonously.

"Well, my dear," prompted Mrs. Grenley.

"I said *no,* Auntie, of course. You know I—you know I told Raleigh to-night; but Max kept insisting that I should tell him why I did n't love—why I did n't want to marry him. So I had to say that Raleigh and I—and—oh, dear!"

Mrs. Grenley smiled. "Yes, I know, dear. But why not tell him?"

"Oh, I did n't mind that; but he would n't stop. He would n't leave me alone then. He made me say that I had liked him so much in the beginning—I *did,* you know. And then he simply forced me to tell him what had made me decide in Raleigh's favor."

Mrs. Grenley listened in sympathetic silence.

Mary's attitude stiffened into a moral rigidity. "I told him frankly why. That he had not told me the truth: that I had discovered him in lies; that I could *never* marry a man who had *lied* to me. I *had* to tell him that, Auntie. It was right that I should."

She appealed to Mrs. Grenley for confirmation. It was difficult for the older woman to keep a suffusion of amusement from her eyes, Mary was so terribly in earnest, and so helplessly, incongruously young and girlish. She patted Mary's hand consolingly. "Yes, Mary, *you* had to tell him. I 'm sure you did."

Mary lost the accentuation of the pronoun in a sudden lapse into tears. "Oh, Auntie, he said something dreadful about Raleigh. He insinuated horrid, awful things about him. He told me—to ask Raleigh—to tell me the truth about his camping-out in Colorado one summer. And he said that *he* knew about it, and that if I knew the truth I 'd never marry Raleigh—and that Raleigh would n't tell me the truth about that—and for me to ask him and see. Oh, I don't understand him. I don't understand. Auntie, what does he mean? What is there about Raleigh? Do you know what it is?" She sobbed miserably, her head on Mrs. Grenley's knees.

"My dear," her aunt began at last, "I know absolutely nothing of anything dreadful in Raleigh Payne's life. Only to-night Colonel Darrow said of him that he was one of the cleanest, truthfullest, finest young men he knew in town. Don't take it quite so terribly, Mary; there 's nothing yet but Mr. Bream's rather excited story, is there?"

Mary Crown straightened herself up in quick anger. "No, there is n't; and I don't believe what Max says about him. I never shall believe it. He has lied to me before—and I 'm certain he 's lying now out of meanness and—and—*spite.* There 's *nothing* about Raleigh. He 'd have told me. He always tells the truth; he loves it. There 's *nothing* about Raleigh. Oh, I never want to see Max Bream again!"

Slim, wrathful, defiant, Mary stood before Mrs. Grenley. The girl was wonderfully lovely in the slight disorder of her distress, the glow of the flames on her soft, white gown and reflected faintly in her eyes.

"I never want to see him again. I 'd never marry a man who *lied* to me."

"I would n't worry about it, Mary," comforted Mrs. Grenley, vaguely, it must be confessed, for inwardly she was marveling at the wonderful certainty of youth, its dreadful sureness. "Raleigh loves you, you know."

The exaltation of Mary lasted only a moment, and then she was back on her knees by her aunt.

"Auntie, Auntie," she cried, "what if it *should* be true about Raleigh—what if it *should* be true!"

II

THE tumult of a miserable, anguishing night of sleeplessness resulted, for Mary Crown, in the determination that at any cost she had to know from Payne the truth of the matter which Max Bream had projected into her mind. So it came

about that she went rather earlier than usual the following morning to her aunt. Mrs. Grenley was having her tea in her bedroom. It was an hour she devoted peculiarly to her own reflections. Even the intrusion of Mary she was inclined amiably to resent.

"Bless me, child, what are you doing here?" she demanded. "You look shockingly. Your eyes—my dear, this will never do."

"I 'm sorry, Auntie. I had to come."

"Well, Mary, if you *had* to come, as you say," regretted Mrs. Grenley; "but it 's dreadfully early in the day, is n't it, for decisions?"

"I have decided," continued her niece solemnly. "I *must* ask Raleigh the truth about the story Max Bream hinted at. I —I feel as if I should die if I did n't."

Mrs. Grenley sighed. "But, my child, I thought you believed implicitly in Raleigh?" she ventured.

"I do. And that is why I am going to ask him about it."

"Oh," was her aunt's dry response.

"I am not afraid. Raleigh has nothing to conceal," Mary pursued loftily. "Only I have decided he must tell me with his own lips that what Max said is n't so."

Mrs. Grenley put down her tea-cup in slight exasperation. "As a logician, Mary—" she began. She broke off impatiently. "Mary, for the sake of argument, suppose what Max said is true?"

The girl quivered at the blow. Her recovery was splendid. "But it is *not* so," she triumphed.

"There you are again," pounced Mrs. Grenley. "If it is *not* so, let the thing rest in peace. Believe me, my dear, nothing is ever gained by poking about with a moral stick in men's pasts. There are things women would better not know. I 'm an old lady, and I have had some experience."

Mary was impervious. "There is *nothing* a woman should not know about a man," she affirmed decisively.

"Mercy!"

"I 'm going to send for Raleigh to come this afternoon," the young girl continued.

"Now, my dear," commanded Mrs. Grenley, sitting up majestically in bed, "I won't have it! Do you hear me? I won't have it. No, you need n't look stubborn, like your poor mother. You sha'n't send for Raleigh. You must wait a week before a word is spoken to him. If at the end of that time you *must* be another *Elsa,* then you can do what you like; but not for a week! Run away, child; you 've upset me so, that I shall have to get up. A week, mind you!"

But, after all, it came, not unnaturally, in the end, to Mrs. Grenley's sending for Raleigh Payne to come to her late that afternoon when Mary was to be out. The sum of her thoughts over the situation was that if there was anything to know she herself should know it first of all, for Heaven only might fathom the mess of things Mary would make if left to her own devices. That she herself was a fool to meddle in the matter Mrs. Grenley confessed at the outset.

Her own relief, then, was almost as refreshing as Mary's when, at the luncheon table, the girl had a note from Max Bream. Her eyes moist with tears, Mary silently passed the single sheet to her aunt.

"DEAR MARY CROWN," Mrs. Grenley read, "For love of you I lied again last night to you—about Payne. For love of you this morning I am ashamed of that lie. Will you believe me, this once, when I tell you that what I insinuated to you in the conservatory was not true? I said it because—well, because I knew Payne had won out and I hated him for it.

"*Max Bream.*"

"Ah," ejaculated Mrs. Grenley. "Very handsome of him in a nasty situation, I must admit. There—now the matter is settled, Mary."

Mary Crown was tearfully joyous. "Oh, Auntie, I 'm so *glad!* I 'm so glad for Raleigh, and I 'm so glad for Max, too. I feel so much better about him. And it is the truth for once, is n't it? Oh, I 'm so happy to think Max was fine enough to tell me the truth about this. I *knew* Raleigh had n't done anything horrid."

"I 'm delighted, my dear, at the vindication of your sureness," Mrs. Grenley said, gravely suppressing her desire to laugh.

"Oh, now, everything is all right," rejoiced Mary.

"Yes—everything is right now," Mrs. Grenley returned. "And let me hear no more about it."

"I shall, of course, tell Raleigh *all* about it," was Mary's parting word.

Left to herself, Mrs. Grenley meditated. "I wonder," she said aloud—"I wonder." And finally: "Well, it does n't matter now."

Even though the great issue for which Payne had been summoned was void, Mrs. Grenley did not feel averse to a few minutes' talk with the young man. Mary Crown's impulses, she considered, were so fatally persistent that, if the proper moment cropped out, it might be worth while to give Payne a hint of the girl's pertinacious ethics.

Payne himself, when he came into the drawing-room, was obviously under a burden. His uncertain sallies of talk, his frequent lapses into a furtive silence, his effort of conventionally screening something or other which Mrs. Grenley divined he would, after all, be relieved to disclose, made the earlier conditions of their meeting rather intolerable. It was Mrs. Grenley who finally gave a point to the situation.

"Raleigh," she began with not too much seriousness, "Mary tells me she has decided."

He bowed gravely. "Yes."

"Well, my dear boy, I 'm very glad. There is no one whom I know to whom I would rather intrust my little girl than to you. I 'm very satisfied."

Payne's smile of gratitude was very wistful.

"You need not expect I am going to read you the marriage articles on what a young woman expects of a husband: I fancy Mary will attend to that. But will you let me say, for I 'm an old woman and I like you both, that Mary is young and—well, intolerant of things? So be gentle and not too—too *considerate* of her in certain matters. If you get what I mean."

Payne looked at her quickly, though his deliberation over her words was long. "Yes—I—think I gather what you mean."

"You do not seem convinced," pursued Mrs. Grenley. "Remember that in marriage it is as much a man's duty to keep his own individuality intact as to make it possible for a woman to keep hers. In the excitement of their unworthiness at being wedded to the most delightful creatures in the world, too many men regard the marriage service as a sanctified opportunity to rid themselves of burdens that life has made for them. Burdens which are really a part of them are, in the long run, the *best* of these men themselves.

Payne hesitated. "You are saying that a—a *burden,* if you put it so, is a part of a man's *best?*" His tone was frankly incredulous.

"Yes—to the right man."

"But why not share it, then?" he asked.

"There are burdens which may not be shared, Raleigh. And the trouble is that people can't seem to get hold of the fact."

" 'And the truth shall make you free,' " resisted Payne.

Mrs. Grenley was succinct. "Freedom is a dangerous thing—for some of us."

"I hate lies," he returned.

"There are some who may not have freedom," Mrs. Grenley smiled patiently, "and I think there are some who may not have the truth—always."

"A person who can't bear the truth is weak," Payne flung at her head.

She did not reply at once. The two sat silent. At last the young man made matters more tangible. "Mrs. Grenley, I think I know why you asked me to come here to-day."

She protested with a gesture.

"It is about Mary—and about something she has heard. Something Bream said. I 'm certain."

In her instant of pondering, Mrs. Grenley saw she could not evade. "My boy," she answered, "I did send for you, I suppose, for something of the sort you imagine. But afterward I found I had no need to."

"I don't understand."

"I found Mary upset last night over—over something Mr. Bream had hinted at—something—"

Payne sharply drew in his breath between his shut teeth.

"It was, at the time, of such a gravity that I determined to take the attitude which generally makes trouble—that of the fussily interfering old friend."

Payne smiled drearily at her kindness. "You were right."

"I don't want things spoiled for you or Mary," she continued; "you know that. But at luncheon Mary got a note from Max Bream saying that what he had poisoned her mind with was not true —that he had told it because—well, I need n't explain that."

Payne's eyes were uncomprehendingly on her. "Is this true you are telling me? Bream *wrote* to Mary and *told* her he had *lied?*"

"Yes—quite true."

To Mrs. Grenley the young man seemed trying to fight off the relief which her words might have given him.

"He said he lied," murmured Payne.

"So there the matter ends," Mrs. Grenley finished; "and let 's hear no more of it. He did a very disagreeable thing, but he made up for it in the best way he could. Mary is satisfied. You are vindicated. And now we 'll have some tea."

Payne leaned over to Mrs. Grenley, looking her sternly in the eyes.

"No, wait. Did you believe him—in that note, I mean?"

"I have no reason for not believing him, Raleigh," she temporized. Then: "Yes, I believed him."

He jumped to his feet and tramped the length of the room. From the farther end by the windows he threw it at her savagely: "He lied again, to save me, God knows what for. He lied again in that letter."

Mrs. Grenley maintained an even front. "Well?"

"Well? I tell you he *lied.* It was true, what he wanted Mary to know."

"Careful," she warned, "careful, Raleigh. I 'm asking you nothing. I shall ask nothing."

"It 's got to be told," he got out wretchedly. "I can't bear it any longer. You 've got to know. For Mary 's sake, you 've—"

Mrs. Grenley rose and met him as he hurried toward her. "For Mary's sake," she broke in, "I shall be told nothing. Raleigh, whatever it is, however bad, I tell you I won't hear it."

"It 's truth," he insisted. "I won't lie about it. I hate this beastly lying. No one knows but Bream—he found out—"

"And he is not telling," she put in quietly.

He sunk wearily into a chair. "For love of Mary he 's not telling."

"For love of Mary, then, *you* have no *right* to tell," Mrs. Grenley caught him up. "Raleigh, I know you. I know your life here. Older men here told me of it. I believe you to be a good man. Others believe you so."

"I try to be decent," he muttered, "God knows."

"For this thing in your life you speak of—"

"It 's over now, and done with, and dead," he interrupted.

"I say for this thing I am sorry. I could wish it had never happened. But I shall not listen to it. You have no right to tell it. I would n't say that to every man; but I believe in you. And I believe that this is a burden you must carry *alone.*"

"You mean—" he started up—"you mean that I should go to the altar with Mary, become her husband, and not tell *her?*"

"Yes—just that."

"I shall never do it. I shall tell her."

"You are beside yourself," she retorted. "You don't understand Mary. She won't understand you. Can't you see how delicately she has been reared? She 's not been out of her convent a year. She has her mother's conscience—my sister's conscience. I know what that was —it nearly ruined her early married life and mine. Raleigh, a story of the sort you suggest would *appal* Mary, *paralyze* her, *horrify* her!"

"It is right that she should know."

"It is *not* right."

"She must be told," he persisted.

Mrs. Grenley took another attack. "Do you love Mary?" she asked crisply.

"Do I *love* her?"

"Well, then, I tell you this: if you should tell this thing to Mary, you will lose her."

Payne, with anguished eyes, shrunk from the words. "Lose her, lose her."

"You will lose her."

"But—"

"She cannot bear the truth—now."

"But—"

"You are going to say, but it is *right* to tell her. All I say is—you will lose

her and make her unhappy for the rest of her life."

"You believe this?" he asked miserably.

"I know it."

"I 'm confused. You make it hard for me. I can't think it out," Payne cried. "My father taught me that—"

Mrs. Grenley was gentle. "You do not believe me because I am a woman. You can't trust women's logic. Is there a man you can trust? A man to whom you could put a hypothetical case?"

Payne considered. "I trust Colonel Darrow," he said. "Yes, as much as any man, I trust him."

"Then go to him," she begged. "Go to him. Whatever he tells you, you may rely on. I trust Landan myself beyond all men for truth and honor with both women and men." She put out her hand and took Payne's. "My boy, I 'm very sorry, very, very sorry for you."

He touched his lips to her hand in his humiliation of spirit. "And you don't hate me?" he wondered.

"No—no, my dear. Is n't it proof that I am willing to give Mary into your keeping?"

He was silent. After a moment he spoke rather brokenly. "I want more than anything else to be right with Mary."

"What you are, the man you are now, is right with Mary," said Mrs. Grenley. "That is enough."

"If I could be sure," he persisted.

She faced him. "You never will be *sure*. That is part of your penalty. You can only *try*, and *hope*."

After a long time, while he sat inert in his chair staring blankly at the floor, Payne made an effort to get hold of himself again. "You 're very good," he said steadily—"very good to me. And I 've given you an awful time of it. I 'll go now and think things over. And I 'll see Colonel Darrow. I won't, at least, say anything to Mary until after that."

In the ensuing pause they heard Mary's voice in the hall. In another moment she stood in the doorway of the room. "Auntie—Raleigh! Is n't this nice! I 'm so glad! And what have you two been gossiping about while I was away? Raleigh—you 're dreadfully serious-looking!"

THE WORLD'S DESIRE

BY RICHARD BURTON

BEAUTY is like a star
  Shamed in the bold daylight,
But coming out of the far
  At the call of the mystic night.

Beauty is like a dream:
  We wake, and, lo! it is flown;
If we sleep again, 't would seem,
  We may make it our very own.

Beauty is like a flower
  In a dusk garden set,
That, reaved away, for an hour
  Gives of her odor yet.

MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE

FIRST PAPER: THE GENESIS OF A WORLD

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

UP to the middle of the nineteenth century, astronomy was busied with motions. The wanderings of the planets in their courses attracted attention, and held thought to the practical exclusion of all else concerning them. It was to problems of this character that the great names of the past—Newton, Huygens, Laplace—were linked. But when the century that has gone was halfway through its course, a change came over the spirit of the investigation; with the advance in physics celestial searchers began to concern themselves with matter as such. Gravitational astronomy had regarded the planets from the point of view of what they do; the later physical branch of the subject is intent upon what they are.

One outcome of this more intimate acquaintance is the new study with which the present papers deal: the evolution of the planets regarded as worlds. Such research has to do not merely with the aggregation of material, but with its subsequent metamorphoses after it has come together. Planetology we may call this science of the making of worlds, since it concerns itself with the life-history of planetary bodies from their chemically inert beginning to their final inert end. It constitutes the connecting link in the long chain of evolution from nebular hypotheses to the Darwinian theory. It is itself neither the one nor the other, but takes up the tale where the one leaves off, and leaves it for the other to continue.

CATASTROPHIC ORIGIN

THE epic of our solar system began with a great catastrophe. Two suns met. Fatal to what had been, the event dated a stupendous cosmic birth.

It is more than likely that one or both of the colliding masses were dark bodies, dead suns, such as now circle unseen in space amid the bright ones we call the stars. Probably this is, for the same reason that the men who have been far outnumber the men who are. It is not to be supposed that the two rovers actually struck, the chances being against so head-on an encounter; but the effect was as disastrous. Tides raised in each by the approach tore both to fragments, the ruptured visitant passing on and leaving a dismembered body behind in lieu of what had been the other. That the stranger continued on its way is shown by the present moment of momentum of our system. For it is very small, and the fact can be proved to mean that after the encounter its matter still lay massed for the most part in a single center. Thus, what had been one sun was left alone, with its wreckage strewn about it. Masses large and small made up its outlying fragments, scattered through space in its vicinity, while a shattered nucleus did it for core. So much of its history we learn from the tiniest of its constituents now, the meteorites. To meteorites thus attaches a peculiar importance; for they are Rosetta stones for the decipherment of what went before.

METEORITES

FROM time unreckoned, rocks have fallen out of the sky upon the Earth. Most of them are of stone, but some are nearly pure iron, mixed with a small amount of

From a photograph by Guay, N. Y. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Percival Lowell.

nickel. They are called meteorites. Twenty-six known elements have been found to occur in them, and not one element that is new. They thus betray a constitution cognate to the Earth's.

In size these visitants vary from the grain-like bodies known as shooting-stars up to ponderous masses weighing many tons. Coming from space, they enter our air at speeds of from ten to forty-one miles a second, and friction, due to their great velocities, fuses their exterior, and eats the holes with which is pitted what remains of them when they strike the ground.

METEORITE WORSHIP

RECORDED meteoric falls date from a far past, and were deemed miraculous by early men. A stone that fell in Phrygia in pristine times was adored as Cybele, "the mother of the gods," and later, about 204 B.C., was carted with great ceremony to Rome. The famous Diana of the Ephesians was probably none other than a meteoric stone, enshrined and worshiped as a goddess. Adoration of such arrivals from heaven was not of local observance only, but common to peoples over the whole Earth. There was a stone so worshiped at Mecca, and another in Siberia to which homage was paid by the Tatars; while even in our own country a large mass of iron found in Wichita County, Texas, was set up as a fetish by the Indians, who revered it as a body not of the Earth, but sent to it by the Great Spirit.

METEORIC CONSTITUTION OF SOLAR SYSTEM

A CERTAIN poetic justice invests this worship with a grandeur of its own; for these things are probably the oldest bits of matter we may ever touch, the material from which our whole solar system was fashioned. They mark the farthest point in its history to which we can now mount back. The time of day at which they commonly fall—the afternoon rather than the morning—points curiously to their oneness with the rest of the solar system; for in the afternoon the Earth looks backward over its traversed path, and their descent then proves that they follow and overtake it, and therefore that their movement has the same sense as its own. Still more conclusive of their relationship to ourselves is the speed with which they arrive, or, to be precise, the lack of it. For, did they come from the depths of space, were they ronins of the sky owing attraction's allegiance to no one lordly sun, they would have velocities exceeding forty-five miles a second, and these should often show, not an instance of which has ever been remarked.

Just as, chemically and gravitationally, they stand confessed our kith and kin, so, physically, they betray the character of their origin; for they bear in them occluded gases, which could have come there only under great pressure, such as would exist in the interior of a giant sun. Thus they proclaim themselves clearly fragments of some greater body. To the sometime dismemberment of this orb the little solitary bits of rock thus mutely bear witness.

ANALOGY OF CATACLYSM TO NEW STARS (NOVAE)

OF the cataclysm that thus occurred far down the otherwise unrecorded vista of time, we have an analogue in the Novae that now and then blaze forth in the sky to-day, startling us from out the depths of space. These new stars that suddenly appear, grow in brightness, and then slowly fade to nebulosity, speak by such action of a like catastrophe by which they were born again. Not otherwise was our own birth heralded in heaven.

THE METEORITES GRAVITATE TOGETHER, GENERATING HEAT

STREWN thus about the scene of the encounter, the pieces of the disrupted sun would begin to gravitate together. The several subsidiary swarms of these fragments were of different sizes, but of much the same substance, because of the general similarity of their origin. Cooled by contact with the cold of space, as soon as the meteorites started to fall together, they generated heat, warming one another, just as the rubbing of two sticks strikes fire. The amount of heat produced depended upon the number of particles concerned, or, in other words, upon the mass of the body the particles were busied to form.

AMOUNT OF HEAT DEPENDS ON THE MASS OF THE BODY

APPROXIMATELY we can compute what this heat would be. If the body be supposed homogeneous, and to contract under its own gravity from an original extended condition to an eventually compressed state, the work done, converted into heat, would be proportionate to the square of the mass divided by the radius attained. The same would be the case if the body were heterogeneous and com-

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS OF THE LOWELL OBSERVATORY

Devised by Mr. C. O. Lampland, and used in getting the photographs of the canals of Mars.

posed of concentric spherical shells, each of a density inversely as its radius, only that the numerical amount would be twice and a half as much. However the body were constituted, its caloric would be spread through the mass, and the resulting heat on each unit of it would therefore be as its mass divided by its radius. The internal temperature of the particular planet would therefore depend upon the amount of material that collected together. Thus each body was subjected to a different heat as well as pressure, according to its mass from the moment it began to form; and to its mass alone, for that determined the radius to which it finally stood compressed.

SUBSTANCES VARY WITH HEAT AND PRESSURE

NOW, all substances behave differently according to the temperature and the pressure under which they exist, both as to physical state and in their display of chemical action. Diverse results ensue from diverse conditions. The same element melts or remains solid, combines with another eagerly to form a third utterly unlike both, or coldly stands aloof from all association, solely as the temperature or the pressure constrains it to that end. Each, too, is a law unto itself, and acts unlike its neighbor as these compelling causes change. To them, therefore, diversity is due; and they in their turn are conditioned by the mass.

MASS THE FUNDAMENTAL FACTOR

MASS, then, is the fundamental factor in the whole evolutionary process, the determining departure-point, fixing what the subsequent development shall be. Though the bodies were in essence the same at the start, their initial quantity would change their very quality as time went on. What started like would become different; for the gathering together of the particles into a single body was the preface to that body's planetary career. Not until the internal heat began to abate did what we call evolution set in. Up to then the growing temperature induced a devolution or separating into simplicity of what had been complex. The time taken by each planet to reach its maximum bodily heat differed as between one and another. The larger the body, the slower it attained the greatest temperature of which it was capable, both by reason directly of its mass, and indirectly of the pressure to which that mass gave rise.

COOLING

AT its heat-acme the picture each planet presented was all its own. Some may have been white hot, some certainly were red hot, some were merely darkly warm; for one differed from another in self-endowment of warmth or light, each with a glory of its own.

METEORITE FROM CAÑON DIABLO, ARIZONA

Pitted by fusion in traversing the Earth's atmosphere.

Radiation had, of course, been going on from the time the impact of the particles began. At first the heat gained by contraction surpassed that radiated away, but at last a time came when the depletion exceeded the generation of heat, and the planet began to cool. By parting with its caloric into space, its surface fell in temperature. Unlike in amount of acquisition, the bodies were no less unlike in the manner of their loss. Each acted according to its kind. Those that originally had little, lost that little fast; for volume is a matter of three dimensions, surface of but two, and as through their surfaces their volumes cooled, the smaller got rid of their heat with relatively greater speed. Just as if two stones be put into the fire and then taken out, the smaller will turn cold while the larger is yet warm. With the planets, contrast in performance was accentuated from the fact that the big ones were intrinsically hotter at the start. Thus, for two reasons, the large lingered in the race: they had more to lose, and they lost it more reluctantly.

LIFE-HISTORY DEPENDS ON SIZE

In consequence the life-history of a planet was long or short in proportion to its size. If little, it ran through its gamut of change fast, and that gamut was itself brief; if large, it tarried in its several stages, and those stages were themselves drawn out. But, in addition to this, the larger knew states the smaller in their heating had never reached. Diversified age, both in length of years and in breadth of experience, was thus the first result of size.

PLANETOLOGIC ERAS

Six stages may conveniently be distinguished in the progress of a planet from sun to cinder, all of which will be traversed by the body, if it be sufficiently big. If it be of asteroidal size, it virtually knows none of them, remaining meteoric from first to last. The six periods may be designated:

I. The Sun Stage. Hot enough to emit light.
II. The Molten Stage. Hot, but lightless.
III. The Solidifying Stage. Solid surface formed. Ocean basins determined. Age of Metamorphic rocks.
IV. The Terraqueous Stage. Age of sedimentary rocks.
V. The Terrestrial Stage. Oceans have disappeared.
VI. The Dead Stage. Air has departed.

METEORITE FROM CAÑON DIABLO, ARIZONA (SURFACE POLISHED)

Showing method of crystallization.

PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE PLANETS OUR GUIDE

THOUGH we cannot in our own ephemeral life watch any planet pass through these several phases of its career, we can get a view of the process by studying the present conditions of the various planets and piecing together the information we thus obtain. It is, in the end, as conclusive as in botany would be the study of a wood by carefully noting the condition of the individual trees in their various growths from seedling to patriarch. Thus, at the present moment, in Stage II are

AN APPLE, SHRUNK TO SHOW THE EFFECT OF CONTRACTION

found Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter; in Stage IV, the Earth; in Stage V, Mars; and in Stage VI, the Moon and the larger satellites of the other planets.

Each planet's internal heat was its initial motive-power, and cooling the mode by which this energy worked, first, to the fashioning of its surface, and then to all evolution upon it. While still in the molten state the mass was a seething chaos but little differentiated from any other equal agglomeration of matter. Yet even here the several substances had begun to segregate, the heavier falling to the bottom, the lighter rising to the top.

GEOLOGIC PART OF PLANETOLOGY

WITH Stage III we enter the part of a planet's career with which, on our Earth, geology is concerned. Though specifically the story only of our Earth, that science has analogues elsewhere, and to be best understood needs to be generically considered. Local as many Earth-happenings are, with increasing light from the heavens it is becoming clear that the main events are of cosmic occasioning, and that astronomic cause presides over their manifestations. Initial instance of planetary action occurs at the first stage of the Earth's history to which geology mounts back—that in which a crust began to form over the molten mass. The liquid metal in a furnace upon which the solidifying slag has begun to float gives us an idea of this early state of things. Our metamorphic rocks were in action akin to the furnace slag, rising to the surface because of their lightness. Proof of this lies in their present density, which is only about one half of the average density of the Earth, 2.7 times that of water instead of 5.5. Their constitution furnishes further evidence that such they were. The gneiss, mica, and hornblende of which they are composed show by their crystalline form that they cooled from a once molten state, and their foliation indicates that they were crumpled and recrystallized in the process.

In Stage III the body first acquires a physiognomy of its own. Up to then it is a chaotic mass as unstable and shifting as clouds in the sky; but at the advent of surface solidification its features take form—a form they are in fundamentals ever afterward to keep. Our knowledge of this and the two subsequent stages IV and V is derived from study of three planets of our system, the Earth, the Moon, and Mars. The others contribute nothing to our information of these mid-phases, either because, like Mercury and Venus, they are too advanced, or because, like the major planets, Jupiter, Uranus, and Neptune, they are not advanced enough.

LANDSCAPE THE RESULT OF COOLING

LANDSCAPE is simply the sculpturing due this cause. As the substances composing the mass cool, some of them expand; but

most of them contract, and in consequence of this the crust finds itself too large for what it incloses. To fit the shrunken kernel it must needs crumple into folds. These folds are what we know as mountain ranges—long, low swells while the crust is yet thin, abrupt and broken fractures when it has become thick. The valleys between mark the down-folds of the squeeze. Wrinkles are thus as inevitable a consequence of planetary aging as are man's, only that while they are thought a disfigurement in him, they are regarded as beautiful in a world.

MOUNTAINS IN PROPORTION TO MASS

SUCH crinkling of its cuticle is most pronounced where the heat to be got rid of is greatest, and the surface to radiate it is relatively least. Both conditions are fulfilled the more completely the bigger the body. The larger the planet, therefore, the more mountainous its surface will be when it reaches the crumpling stage of its career.

CLOUD EFFECT ON JUPITER

As observed at the Lowell Observatory in 1907, indicating that Jupiter is in the second planetologic stage.

VOLCANIC PHENOMENA

IN like manner is volcanic action relatively increased, and volcanoes arise, violent and wide-spread, in proportion; since these are vents by which the molten matter under pressure within finds exit abroad. This is shown in their positioning. They occur where the crust is most permeable, and so are found along the edges of continents, as these are weakened by dipping down into the sea.

RELATIVE ROUGHNESS OF EARTH, MOON, AND MARS

THREE bodies exist near us in space where the working of this inevitable action stands displayed, and its comparative effects may thus be studied: the Earth, Mars, and the Moon. With the accidented character of the Earth's surface we are all familiar. Its mountains, its volcanoes, and its hills go to make up its loveliest and grandest features. Its mass fashioned them, and fashioned them as they are because its mass was large. This mass is nine times that of Mars, and eighty-one times that of the Moon. Being greater than that of the Moon or Mars, our globe should have crumpled more, and those other two bodies should have smoother contours than the Earth shows. The general order of their roughness should be Earth, Mars, Moon.

NO MOUNTAINS ON MARS

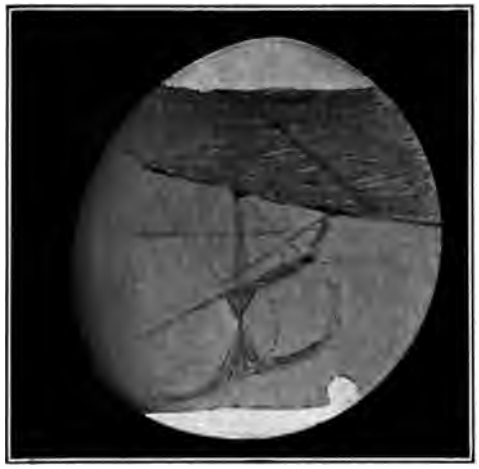
NOW, when we come to scan Mars with nicety, we are gradually made aware of a curious condition of its surface. It seems devoid of irregularity. The more minutely it is viewed, the more its levelness grows apparent. Finally, calculation shows that heights, even of very moderate elevation, should be visible if existent, and they are not. Thus we are confronted by the fact that there are no mountains on Mars.

SLANT ILLUMINATION

SECOND only in interest to the fact itself is the method by which that fact has been found out. To appreciate the problem, we may recall the appearance of a road lighted by electric arc-lights placed at such considerable distances apart that the illumination falls aslant. All of us who, on dark nights in the country, have trudged along such pikes, have noted the likeness of such shadows to seeming great unevenness of roadway, so that we have lifted our feet to surmount what threatened to stub our toes, only to find the obstacles not there. To such delusion were we led by the monstrous length of the shadows thrown with unexpected vividness across our path.

IMPORTANT TO ASTRONOMERS

NOW, the fact of such projection,—as Cowper puts it of his legs under the rays of a rising or a setting sun, "spindling into longitude immense,"—bothering as it is to the midnight pedestrian on arc-lit roads, proves to the astronomer of inestimable use. For without its aid he had forever remained incapable of gaging the in-



PHASE VIEW OF MARS, SHOWING A SMOOTH TERMINATOR (THE CURVED LINE AT THE LEFT), WHICH INDICATES THAT THERE ARE NO MOUNTAINS ON THE PLANET, MAY, 1907

equalities of the terrene of the heavenly bodies to any fine precision.

When an object stands on the sunrise, or the sunset, edge of the planet, the slant illumination it then receives throws its shadows to a great distance from its foot. A tapering finger searching the plains as the sun changes position, it may be a hundredfold the height of the object casting it.

Deprived of this natural kind of magnification, he would be forced to measure the object itself for just what it was, as it showed in profile on the limb. With shadows he has a vernier to his hand. For the derived may be any number of times longer than the original.

On the same principle, by noting the distance off the general sun-lightened edge at which some fortunate peak first catches the rays of the rising sun, or holds latest his setting beams, its loftiness may be found.

APPLIED TO MARS

THIS last procedure applied to Mars results in a negative outcome. While the sunrise or sunset edge of the Moon is palpably notched, even to the naked eye, as any one may see who scans it carefully a

PHASE VIEW OF THE MOON, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF A MOUNTAINOUS SURFACE ON THE TERMINATOR (THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN THE ILLUMINATED AND THE OBSCURED PART OF THE FACE)

few days before or after the half, the similar edge of Mars is wonderfully smooth and even. One may gaze, armed with the most powerful glass, night after night, and never detect the least irregularity in its elliptic outline. Commonly, at most, he will notice slight flattenings here and there where a dark area happens at the moment to be passing over the boundary of sunlight and shade. So rare is it to perceive any other indentation or excrescence upon the smooth rim of its disk where the light fades away, that to do so is something of an astronomic event. The very rarity of the phenomenon,—there has been but one good one at each of the last three oppositions,—proves the projections not to be mountains, for a mountain is a permanence, which under similar conditions should either always or never show. Now, for many nights in succession, indeed for weeks together, Mars presents us his disk under substantially the same conditions night after night; so that if the obstacle that caught the light were part and parcel of the surface, however it should tower above that surface's customary level, it should be seen as regularly as the planet's rotation should bring it round. The fact that it fails of such continuity of expression is proof conclusive that it is of no such origin.

ONE VIEW OF THE EARTH, SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF LAND AND SEA

NOT INDICATIVE OF MOUNTAINS

SPORADICITY, then, far from raising the slightest presumption in favor of mountains, or indicating their uncommonness, is absolutely fatal to the observed phenomenon being a mountain at all. Now, as none of these projections seen on Mars are of permanent appearance, we perceive that there are no mountains on Mars. As to their character, we have witness from the fact that when detected two nights running they prove to have changed their place in the interval. Thus they come from something floating in the planet's air: to wit, clouds, and, furthermore, clouds of dust.

TWO OR THREE THOUSAND FEET LIMIT OF ELEVATION ON MARS

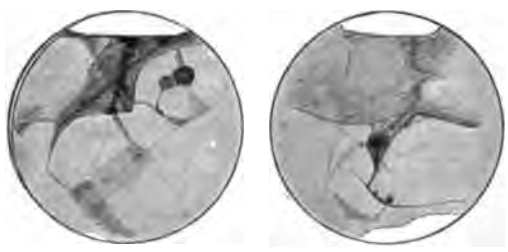
FROM the evidence as to scale afforded by the Moon, we can tell what height we

From "Old and New Astronomy," by R. A. Proctor, Longmans, Green & Co.

TWO VIEWS OF THE EARTH, 180° APART, SHOWING THE POLAR CAPS AND GENERAL FEATURES AS SEEN FROM SPACE

ought to be able to detect in this manner on Mars. We find it by calculation to be about two or three thousand feet. Nothing, therefore, higher than this modest elevation exists there, which leaves us for contemplation a surface singularly flat, according to the idea with which our Earth has furnished us. A Martian landscape would seem to us remarkably peaceful and tame, —scenery chiefly noticeable for the lack of everything that with us goes to make up that term.

Turning now to the Moon, the first thing that strikes us on observation is the glaring exception to this order of smoothness, Earth, Mars, Moon, seemingly made by the latter. The lunar surface is conspicuously rough, pitted with what are evidently volcanic cones of enormous girth and of great height, and seamed by ridges more than the equal of the Earth's in elevation. Many lunar craters have ramparts 17,000 feet high, and some exceed in diameter 100 miles; while the Leibnitz range of mountains, seen in profile on the lunar limb, rises nearly 30,000 feet into the air.



TWO VIEWS OF MARS, ABOUT 180° APART (LOWELL OBSERVATORY, 1907), SHOWING THE POLAR CAPS AND GENERAL FEATURES FOR COMPARISON WITH THE EARTH (AS ABOVE)

INTERNAL HEAT OF THE THREE BODIES

On the principle that the internal heat to cause contraction was as the body's mass,—and no physical deduction is sounder,—this state of things on the surface of our satellite is unaccountable. The Moon should have a surface like a frozen sea, and it shows one that surpasses the Earth's in shagginess. To perceive this more definitely we will make that not uninteresting thing, an evaluation of the heat evolved by both the Moon and the Earth, supposing their origin the same. We will express it in terms, if not in figures, that are comprehensible. The result is startling. Unaccountable at a first view, the event proves actually impossible when we subject the heat evolved by a like genesis to numerical computation. If the Earth contracted homogeneously from an infinite expansion to its present state, and none of its heat were lost meanwhile by radiation, calculation shows that the energy evolved would be sufficient to raise the temperature of its entire mass to 147,000° F., if that mass were composed of iron, which represents about its present density and is probably not far from the fact. If it were composed of other material, the temperature of that material would be different, according to its capacity for heat. Thus quartz has a capacity nearly twice that of iron (sp. gr. 0.20) and water one of five times as much (sp. gr. 1.00). The temperatures would be reduced in proportion. On the other hand, if, instead of homogeneous, the body were composed of concentric shells of densities increasing toward the core inversely as their radii, which is likely to have been nearer the mark, the heat begotten would have been two and a half times as much. Now, much of this heat would, in the course of the body's long evolution, be radiated away into space. We do not know how much, but from the observed volcanic effects we are perhaps justified in assuming that the internal temperature was never above 10,000° F. Indeed, this is a degree of internal heat exceeding what is necessary to explain the phenomena. On

the same basis the degree of heat produced in Mars would be about 2000° F., a very perceptible difference; while with the Moon the corresponding amount was only 450° F. These amounts of heat are reckoned on the absolute scale whose zero is 459° below zero Fahrenheit. To represent the resulting temperature on the Fahrenheit scale, then, we must subtract 459° from the degree of heat attained. This, in the case of the Moon, reduces the internal heat of that body to −9° F. To point

DARWINIAN THEORY OF LUNAR ORIGIN

SOME years ago Sir George Darwin showed analytically that the action of the tides in the Earth-Moon system, when traced backward, lands us at a time when the Moon might have formed a part of the Earth's mass, the two rotating together as a single pear-shaped body in about five hours. His analysis pointed to what might have been; the face of our satellite indicates that the might-have-been actually was.

From a photograph taken at the Lowell Observatory

A PART OF THE MOON'S FACE, SHOWING ANCIENT SEA-BOTTOM

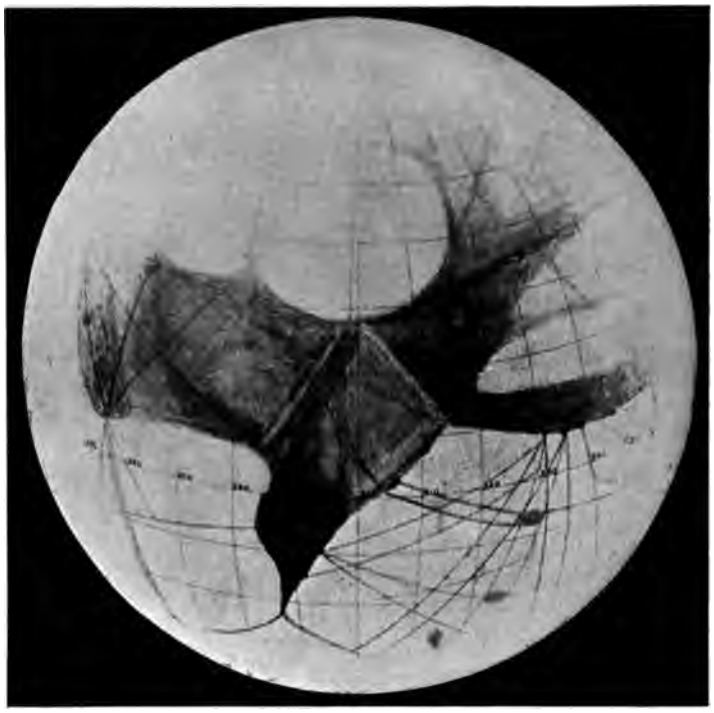
out that any volcanic action could be produced by this quantum of heat is superfluous. Even water would be frozen stiff.

Here, then, we are landed in a quandary. If the Moon was generated on its own account, as the Earth and Mars were, the internal heat it was able to amass was never anything like the amount sufficient to provide for the features which its surface shows. It could not even have kept itself from freezing amid the terrible cold of space. Now, it will be noticed that we said "if its genesis was like our own"; that is, that it came into being by itself alone. In this saving "if" will be found the explanation of the dilemma.

CONFIRMED BY LUNAR SURFACE

THE erupted state of the Moon's surface speaks of such a genesis. For in that event the internal heat which the Moon carried away with it must have been that of the parent body—the amount the Earth-Moon had been able to amass. Thus the Moon was endowed from the start of its separate existence with an amount of heat the falling together of its own mass could never have generated. Thus its great craters and huge volcanic cones stand explained. It did not originate as a separate body, but had its birth in a rib of Earth.

Far from disproving the law, the seem-



ONE VIEW OF MARS, SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF DARK AND LIGHT AREAS

The dark areas are supposed to be old sea-bottoms, and the light ones, desert land.

ing lunar exception, therefore, really upholds it.

PROBABLE COMPARATIVE INTERNAL HEAT OF EARTH AND MARS

WE may now go on to apply the principle to no less interesting a determination—the case of Mars. If, taking into account the radiation which has ceaselessly gone on from the time when first the matter started to collect, we allow 10,000° F. for the effective internal heat of the Earth, we shall be making it a liberal allowance. Now, computation shows that an internal heat of 10,000° F. for the Earth would correspond to about 2000° F. for Mars. But the melting-point of iron is 2200° F., so that iron would not have fused, and we should have in consequence virtually no volcanic action and but little crinkling of the crust. Here, then, we confront an important conclusion: Mars cannot have been hot enough in the past to have contracted much, and so must largely have escaped crumpling. It should show, therefore, a remarkably smooth and level surface; and this is precisely what the telescope reveals.

CONTINENTAL AND OCEANIC AREAS FORMED

THE crust, to the folding of which the planet's physiognomy is due, was forming during all the time the Earth took to cool on its surface from the temperature of the fusion-point of gneiss to the boiling-point of water, or from about 2000° F. down to 212° F. In some places it gathered thicker than in others; and inasmuch as it floated, stood up higher, to which height crumpling contributed. Up to the time when its liquefaction-point was reached water existed only in the form of steam, but on the fall of temperature to 212° F. the steam fell with it, condensing into water. Into the troughs already there the water, as soon as it formed, proceeded to run. Thus the oceans came into being.

THEIR DISTRIBUTION DETERMINED

THE fashioning cause of the depressions that gave rise to the distribution of what

we know as continents and seas is of great interest, for it seems to have been determined in a general way by cosmic considerations. If we scan a map of the globe, we shall mark a significant fact: that in all the continents a certain apexing to the south is discernible. Witness North and South America, Greenland, Africa, and India. Blunt-based to the north, they all terminate in a tip southward. Australia is the only one of the great continental masses that fails to show the peculiarity at first glance. But a bathymetric chart reveals the fact that the platform on which it stands does indeed do so, Tasmania being really a part of it and making the detached tip.

TRUE MARTIAN MESSAGE

NOR is this our only evidence, for Mars has a word to say on the subject. On casting one's eye over a map of that planet, one is struck by the triangular projections of the dark areas into the northern hemisphere. The Syrtis Major is the most conspicuous instance; but the Margaritifer Sinus, the Sabæus Sinus, and the Trivium Charontis exhibit a similar propensity. Now, when we reflect that the dark regions take the place of seas on Mars, this apexing of them to the north stands as the negative aspect of the positive picture presented by the Earth. Reverse the relative ratio of depressions to plateaus in order to get the seas and continents in their earthly proportions, with the oceans preponderant, as on Earth, instead of, as on Mars, in abeyance, and the two distributions are seen to typify the same action.

THEIR RELATIVE SIZE ON DIFFERENT PLANETS

THE amount of surface the oceans covered on any particular planet was again a consequence of the particular planet's size. If the material forming the planetary bodies was of the same general character throughout the fields they severally swept clear, which, to a certain extent, is probable, and the more so as the planets stand neighborly near, the amount of

VIEW OF THE MOON AT THE FULL, SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF DARK (SO-CALLED "SEAS") AND LIGHT AREAS

Only the darkest patches are thought to be sea-bottoms.

water each possessed would be as its mass, and when it collected into seas, these, if equally deep, would cover more of the surface in the larger planet, since it has less cuticle for its contents. We have seen, however, that this cuticle would be more crinkled and of greater accentuation in the larger body, owing to a greater contraction in the kernel within; the folding being inversely proportionate, roughly, to the radius of the globe. The larger body would, therefore, begin life with larger oceans, even if it were born with but its share of water; but, as a fact, it would have more than its share because of being better able to hold on to its gaseous elements, and thus retain more of what was to condense to water when the time arrived.

Now the three bodies, the Earth, Mars, and the Moon, have, or had, in all probability, judging from their present look, oceans in this order of size, the Earth having the most in amount, Mars the next, and the Moon the least.

EARTH'S OCEANIC BASINS UNCHANGED

On all three planets their primeval topography has proved persistent. On both the Moon and Mars the dark areas are apparently the lowest portions of the surface, while their character points to their having held seas once upon a time. With Mars it is their present occupancy, though by something other than water, that tells the tale; with the Moon the fact that rays and rills run athwart them discloses it, bespeaking their age.

Turning to the Earth, according to the best evidence we possess, the great ocean basins have remained unchanged in place from the time they were laid down. Not that the areas marked out as land and water at any epoch have not greatly altered since the beginning of geologic time; but the abyssal depths on the one hand, and the continental platforms on the other, have not substantially varied during all these ages. If we examine a bathymetric chart of our several oceans, giving their body by registering their depth, instead of a superficial one which marks simply where the water laps the land, and consider the one hundred-fathom line, the ocean bottoms and the continental plateaus stand well differentiated from each other. It is then seen that each continent is set on a shelf wider in some places than in others, but at its edge falling abruptly to the marine abysses, which, though themselves uneven, stand, with the exception of a few islands, projecting and submarine, at a generally much lower level. This indicates that they have always held such attitude.

THEIR FLOORING ATTESTS IT

But the character of these ocean bottoms furnishes the best testimony that they have not changed during geologic time. Their flooring is organic ooze or inorganic clay, globigerina, radiolarian, or diatom ooze, according to locality and depth, and red clay formed of the decomposition of volcanic stuff. In this ooze and clay, spherules of metallic iron, identified as similar in substance to that of falling stars, are still recognizable, and as they must accumulate with exceeding slowness, their patent presence asserts the absence there of sedimentary silt from any shore. These abysses, then, have always been abysses from the start. That astronomy should tell us this is strikingly suggestive, while of peculiar planetologic interest is it that meteors again should be our informants of the fact.

Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE, XVIII:

DAVID BISPHAM. PAINTED BY WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY

LIL'S OLD MAN

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

Author of "Cecelia's Corner"

FROM Lil's open window wafted the savory fragrance of red herring frying in oil. The incense hung like a cloud over Little Tavistock street, and feminine neighbors sniffed the air, nudging one another with jocular allusions to the "young bride."

Lil, the charwoman, was cooking her wedding breakfast. The hem of her purple wedding-skirt was caught round her substantial waist; the purple plumes in her purple-plush hat nodded over the frying fish as she sang shrilly that she liked society; "'igh socoiety," she warbled insistently:

"An' I would ride 'orses with great long tails,
If I was the dorter of the Prince o' Wales."

Lil had taken unto herself a second husband, one Mr. Harry Harvey, excabman.

Mr. Harvey had retired from active service that he might with undivided attention woo Lil; now that she was won, he had assumed parental responsibilities, and snatched the first few moments of his honeymoon to go in search of employment for Lil's only child, Amelia.

The child, crouched in sullen ingratitude upon the curb, in the spring sunshine, cast furtive glances toward the corner of the street.

"'Melly!" presently called Lil from her window. Amelia looked up at the beplumed head of her mother.

"Do you see *'im* about?" asked Lil.

Amelia shook her head sullenly. Something dropped in her lap. Swift investigation revealed, snuggled in folds of newspaper, a warm, sweet-smelling herring. The hard little face softened. With the deft application of a hair-pin, the herring was divided in half, the bone thrown out, and Amelia feasted.

"Look 'ere, me gal." A slender cane tapped three times upon the top of Amelia's head. She dodged angrily, and sprang to her feet, confronting the small, thin, bead-eyed person of her newly acquired father.

"Now, then, not so 'asty," he commanded. Amelia glared from under her red bang.

"A nice little bit o' work I 've found yer," said Mr. Harvey—"five bob a week to carry garments for pressin' from shop to tailor—'oo is a friend o' mine."

"I 'm a-goin' to sell flowers," muttered the girl.

"Flowers! Sell flowers!" cried Mr. Harvey; "*'oo* d' yer think 's goin' to set yer out in flowers?" He stepped nearer to Amelia, thrusting his face down to hers. "Yer 'll do 's I s'y—yer 'll work and pay yer share. Lil 's did all she 's goin' to do fer yer." He turned away.

"She 's you to do fer now," the girl retorted.

The man whirled round, raising his stick, which Amelia skilfully evaded, laughing jeeringly.

"I 'm yer *guv*'nor now," said Mr. Harvey; "*call* me guv'nor, too."

"Certainly, guv'nor," replied Amelia, throwing a kiss. "Ho, wot a 'appy morn' is this—'appy morn'." With a wild whoop she sped up the block.

It was Saturday night. With birdlike hops Amelia advanced up the street, pausing opposite her mother's windows. They were dark, but shirt-sleeves and frequent sparks from a pipe gleamed there. Turning to slip away, Amelia started as a commanding voice reached her.

"Ho, you, 'Meliar, I see you; come up 'ere at onct."

"I 'm goin' to fetch mar, guv'nor,"

returned Amelia, politely; "she said to call fer 'er at eight."

"She 's 'ere, 'Melly; yer mar 's 'ome in the back room, cookin' supper," cooed Mr. Harvey.

Amelia flitted across the street and up the stairs. The back room was dark. She passed into the next. Her stepfather was lighting a candle.

"Mar ain't 'ere," she said.

"Well, an' if she ain't," was the retort, " 'and over your five bob."

"I did n't git paid yet, guv'nor," said Amelia.

"Come, now, 'Melly," wheedled the governor, "that ain't truthful. A little gal o' fifteen—you 're too young to be so hartful." He moved closer, and the girl backed away, laughing.

"If I 'm old enough to hearn it, I 'm old enough to keep it."

"Now, then, no himpidence," cried Mr. Harvey. "I 'll gi' yer su'think; 'and over that money."

Amelia shook back her short, unruly locks, and stood regarding him sidewise like a pert, saucy bird. "Mar Lil can char all day an' give yer 'er money; there 's su'think bootiful she sees in yer wot *I* can't."

With an oath the exasperated Harvey sprang forward, but Amelia unexpectedly stood her ground, chin uplifted and eyes blazing.

Mr. Harvey turned aside with a snarl. "Wait, my gal; we 'll see."

Amelia gurgled impishly, and was moving away, when a quick blow sent her reeling to the floor. The man stooped, swiftly extracted some silver from her pocket, and dragged her up to a chair. Her eyes opened upon him.

"I s'y, 'Melly, I did n't mean to 'urt yer, ye know, but *I will* be hobeyed."

"Ha," murmured the girl, "won't you p'y for that blow—p'y, *p'y*, p'y—!"

"I loike socoiety, '*igh* socoiety,"

sang the shrill voice of Lil on the stairs. She burst into the room.

"Now, then, wot 's doin'?" she demanded.

"Keep a little quiet," replied her husband, irritably. "I 've 'ad a bad spell this arternoon—'ere alone, too. 'Meliar comes, an' when I arsk 'er fer a little money fer a drop o' brandy, she 's himpident, an' I 'it 'er."

" 'Melly!" cried Lil, reproachfully. She turned to her husband solicitously. "Poor 'Arry!"

He sank into a chair, replying hysterically: "I can't be worrit this way: I thort yer loved me, Lil, but yer let that gal—"

" 'Meliar," ordered Lil, " 'and over all but a shillin'."

" 'E 's got the whole bally lot," said Amelia; " 'e can allus 'ave my money if 'e goes the right way to get it."

"Why should n't I 'ave it?" demanded Mr. Harvey. "I 'm guv'nor 'ere."

"Right yer are," chirped Amelia; "you 'll do."

"Will I, now!" cried the enraged Harvey. "I *am* guv'nor 'ere. D' ye 'ear that, Mrs. 'Arvey?" He shook a threatening fist under the nose of Lil.

"G' on," she cried, pushing him playfully aside; " 'Meliar, if I 'ear any more himpidence o' yours, I 'll—Gawd 'elp yer, that 's all."

Amelia seized upon the first opportunity to slip down to the street. With quick backward glances she tripped along in and out of the shadows to the music of a distant barrel-organ, which she presently came to, surrounded by a group of dancing girls. She paused momentarily in joyous contemplation. A young man stopped close, very close beside her. She tipped her saucy head and gazed up at him. His kindly, smiling regard of her stayed the order to "Move along," that rose to her lips.

"Live near here?" he questioned politely. Amelia nodded.

"Wot 's yer name? Mine 's Bert."

She told him, giggling foolishly and displaying her pretty little teeth. Bert laughed, too.

"Let 's walk a bit, Amelia," he said, offering his arm.

Amelia retreated a step, her eyes brimming mirthful approval; "Blimy," she cried ecstatically, "you 'd make six like mar's old man." She caught the proffered arm and danced merrily away up the lighted street.

It was evening, the close of a warm, glorious bank-holiday. Lil lay across the foot of her bed, face downward; snatches

of song and ribald laughter ascended from the street. Presently light, quick steps sounded on the stairs, and Amelia, happy and disheveled, burst into the room. Lil groaned.

"Mar," cried the girl, "wot 's 'appened?"

Lil rolled over, revealing a bruised countenance.

" 'E beat me," she wailed.

"You let yer old man beat yer?" shrilled Amelia.

" 'E 'it me when I was n't lookin'," explained Lil.

" 'E 's a gentleman," said Amelia.

"Gone with my last sixpenny piece to the pub!" sobbed Lil. " 'E 's a bounder; but when 'e comes back 'eaven 'elp 'im."

"I 'd wait till I was a little stronger, mar," advised Amelia, softly. She tiptoed round the disordered room and back to the bed.

"Mar!" whispered Amelia.

Lil grunted.

"I 've been to Hepping Forest all d'y."

"Lummy!" murmured Lil.

"Mar, I 'ave a young man."

Lil sat up, and Amelia hopped to the door.

"I won't 'it yer, duckie," cooed Lil; "tell mar about 'im."

Amelia slipped down beside her mother on the bed and told glowingly of Bertie —the meeting by the barrel-organ and the happy evenings since.

" 'E gits a raise in the autumn, mar, an' I 'm sixteen, an' we 're goin' to be married,—eh, mar?"

"Right yer are, luvvy," said Lil; "an' there 's my purple 'at—feathers an' all—yer can 'ave." Mar Lil clasped her daughter in a fond embrace.

"I 'll bathe your pore eye, mar," said Amelia; "an' make a cup o' tea."

THE next evening Amelia sped eagerly home to join her mother in breaking the news to her old man. She found a little knot of neighbors gathered at the bottom of the stairs, and at the top sat Lil, wailing dismally.

"Now wot?" inquired Amelia.

" 'E 's in there with a strap, duckie," informed Lil; "can't git inside the door. 'E 's blind, stony blind; must 'a' put in the table-cover, for 'e had no money."

"I wanted to do me 'air an' change me ribbon," complained Amelia.

"Run away," said Lil; "presently 'e 'll go out, an' mind yer keep out o' his way."

Amelia disappeared up the street, while Lil accepted the friendly shelter of a neighbor's room.

Darkness and quiet descended upon Little Tavistock street. Presently Mr. Harry Harvey, flourishing a slender stick, emerged and walked uncertainly downstairs. His pockets bulged noticeably, and he carried on a profane conversation with himself.

At the corner a young man emerged from a shadow, greeting him pleasantly: " 'Ow are yer?"

"Wot the—" demanded the high-strung Harvey.

"Now, then, be a bit civil," said the young fellow. "As a matter of form, I wish to mention I 'm a-goin' to marry Ameliar,—that 's wot I stopped yer for, —pass on, me lord."

Mr. Harvey fought for breath. "You bloomin' hunder'anded—" The suddenness with which he found himself spinning in the air closed his speech. Spoons and candlesticks rained from his pockets. His stick was wrested from his feeble grasp, and lashed smartingly upon his wretched body. Again he was spinning dizzily in the air, round and round, to and fro, *bang!* He landed upon his feet, and being released from a firm grasp, toppled over into the gutter.

"With the compliments of Ameliar's Bertie," chirped a voice from the shadows.

Later—it was midnight—there climbed the stairs to Lil's room a sadder, wiser man than had previously descended. The ascension was a painful effort. He cautiously opened the door and hastily withdrew.

"Come on; come along," invited merry voices, and before he could escape he was drawn into the room by Lil, playful and spry again.

At a table sat Amelia and a square-shouldered young man.

" 'Arry," whispered Lil, giddily, "it 's 'Meliar's young man."

Mr. Harvey clung to his wife affectionately. The young man advanced with outstretched hand. " 'Ow are ye, guv?" he said cordially. " 'Ope to see yer frequent."

Mr. Harvey gazed fascinated into the smiling face above him. "Thank y', sir," he murmured.

THE QUEST OF EDITH

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

A CLOUDED moon was on the Field of Blood,
And dew was falling down upon the dead,
When to the high pavilion of the Duke,
Who on the battle-ridge did eat and drink,
Two women, hooded and slow-stepping, stole.
On to the dark-browed Conqueror they came,
And she, the elder, kneeling, touched his hand.
Then said he, "Who art thou?" She answered him:
"Knew'st thou not by my touch I am his mother?
Sir, I have come unto thee for my son
Harold, the King; to beg of thee his body
That I may bury it with solemn rite.
Five sons I had, and all to-night are dead;
My wild Sweyn over-seas; and Tostig next
Fell with Hardrada on the Northern moor;
Now Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin at once
All slain: a little thing I ask of thee,
Now all those boys I loved lie without breath,
To take my dearest up into my arms,
And carefully to lay him in the earth."
She ended, and bowed her o'er that dreadful hand;
But he, the humming battle in his ear,
And in his eyes the blood, thus answered her:
"Untombed let lie the accursèd of the Church,
And on his flesh the raven glut her young!"

THEN she, the taller, she of the swan-neck,
Edith the fair, the blown lily of England,
Flung back her hood and on the conqueror flamed
A sudden angel in the banquet lights,
In rolling glory of disheveled hair.
Her beauty made a darkness in the place.
The blood-bespattered knights forgetting wine,
None stirred; but all men wondered and sighed once.
Outspoke that virgin with the widowed eyes,
Collecting in herself a people's grief:
"Norman, thou durst not so demean the brave,
Who England loved, and Edith, and England first;
Who tarried not by fierce Hardrada's corse,

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"AT LAST THE WOMAN LEANED ABOVE THE MAN,
AND KISSED HIM FULL UPON THE LIPS"

Nor lingered while ye plundered his dear land,
But from the North in anger came on you,
And stood up with his battle-ax and clove
The gathered chivalry of many realms;
The arrow and no army overcame him."
Then was the conqueror troubled by her words,
And swelling breast, where Harold's head had lain,
His captains all about him murmuring praise,
And he, repenting of unworthy speech,
Said: "Who art thou that spakest without fear?"
She answered: "I am she whom Harold loved,
And who loved Harold; now I do but ask
That I may have his body to bury it."
Then to the woman spoke the moved Duke:
"Lady, depart; take with thee whom thou wilt,
And find thy dead out from among the dead,
And bury him with music and with rite
Duly." And those two, passing out, beheld
The lifeless armies under cloudy moon.
And no man to another spoke a word.
Two priests, who had loved Harold, through the dark
The burning women with pale torches lit.
How many a night so dark had Edith once
Tarried for him to whom she hurried now!
So she went swiftly on before those three;
And as a lady through her garden goes
Ruined around her by a night of storm,
To save a single flower that she had loved,
Brushing the other blooms that drip in the sun,
So went she wistful over the bowed field,
Looking through all those faces for a face.
But thou, to save thy rose, art come too late.
And here a fixed eye regarding her,
Or at her feet a dead youth with bright hair,
Surprised her, seeming young in such a place,
Or suddenly illumed on the dark hill
A motionless horse, an old and cloven head.
The silence, too, that followed on such sound
Appalled her—silence closer to the soul
Than hush of Arctic field in wrapping snow,
Or supreme Himalaya in sunrise;
A silence that had heard, as of some sea
A hoar and haunted surge whither are blown
Under the stars wild sails of long ago.
Now following Edith other ladies came,
Hoping to find some husband or some son,—
One led a little child about the field,—
Wives that a moonbeam might to widows change,
And mothers whom the passing of a cloud
Might instantly bereave forevermore.
But those they sought for had disguised them well,
Piled indiscoverable in their blood,
Ensanguined, scarred, distorted, trampled, strewn.
So rough the work of war that scarcely she,
Who with her lord had lain for many a year,
Sat with him at his board, and in his hall,
And watched his face in silence out of shadow,

And learned him in the gathering twilight well;
Scarce she who had borne unto him many children,
She even, might find him out in such a field.
There, not that mother who in prayer had fallen
Beside the starry beds of dreaming babes
Had hovered o'er their youth, and hived their words,
And seen with twitching mouth their earliest rage,
Might lightly know those children of her sighs;
A sister might her brother see and pass him.
And yet at times from the still field arose
A far-off moan, or a shrill single cry;
Even a name, uttered, and then no more.
But now the three lacked Edith in the night,
Waving their torches hither and thither: she
Had stolen off upon a secret trail,
Lured by her wounded darling through the dark,
Or called by the dead man in silent voice
Across the field: no use for torch had she,
Her own eyes lit the woman to her love,
And her own heart guided her certain feet.
They groping doubtful, ever hesitating,
Stumbling beneath the glimmer over the slain,
At last perceived her busy and alone;
With difficulty lifting armèd limbs;
Corse after corse she moves, but never him.
Suddenly with a cry deferring dawn
She flew upon a form that none might know
Save she; those priests, with torches leaning close,
And well remembering their beloved king,
Knew not that shape from recognition hewn,
Harold by Senlac altered so: even she
Who bore him looked on him and knew him not.
But Edith doubted not. Ah, by what sign,
And holy between undivided hearts,
Grew she so certain of that marrèd face,
And the mown beauty of tall manhood? Yet
She chose it out for all the stains and blows,
Not any scar did trouble her true soul.
And as she streamed above him in her hair,
And with her long hair wiped away the blood,
Using those yellow tresses he had loved,
Over her now stood full the autumn moon.
Even the moon, so used to mortal woe,
To gazing on death-bed and battle-field,
Herself the brilliant candle of our sorrow,
Was troubled by the woman in mid-sky:
But Edith held that to her which was Harold,
Nor was aware of those two standing priests,
Nor mother in a paler grief retired,
Nor of those ladies with their burdens, who,
As laden women from the harvest-field
Returning, pass beside one busy still,
Past her returned; nor now was she aware
Of moon or dew; the sting, the sword was here,
The cup, the burning crown, the robe of blood,
And the great Earth a shadow, while she lay
In dreadful bliss of sad possession wrapt.

But those three now in gentle dread withdrew
Out of the solemn sorrow; yet they watched
Until the holy night had faded off,
And a breeze fluttered, and the world grew cold,
All those uplifted faces glimmering.
At last the woman leaned above the man,
And kissed him full upon the lips; and day
Dawned; in the light her heart broke, and she died.

In one grave were they buried by the sea,
Coming together, though in dust at last;
And when the tide has turned, steadily flows
Over and over them the English foam,
The Sea permitting what the Church forbade.

AUTOMOBILE PROBLEMS

SOME OF THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE HORSELESS VEHICLE

BY HENRY B. ANDERSON

THAT an automobile is a vehicle in the sense that it is a conveyance entitled to use roads was long ago settled by legal decision. According to the accepted judicial view, it cannot be ruled off the roads on the score of novelty, or because it is likely to frighten horses and cause accidents. In the language of the bench: "When the highway is not restricted in its dedication to some particular mode of use, it is open to all suitable methods, and it cannot be assumed that these will be the same from age to age or that new means of making the way useful must be excluded merely because their introduction may tend to the inconvenience or even the injury of those who continue to use the road after the same manner as formerly. A highway established for the general benefit of passage and traffic must admit of new methods of use whenever it is found that the general benefit requires them."

Still, an automobile, no less than a wheelbarrow or a horse-drawn vehicle, must be used with proper regard for the safety, comfort, and convenience of others. The manner of use is the important consideration, and it is plain that there is a nice balance to adjust between the rights of those endeavoring to benefit by this new means of transportation and those who are unwilling or unable to do so.

Also, the courts have made a pertinent distinction between the legitimate uses of a road in urban and in country districts, holding that what may be within such uses in the one would not be in the other. Electric-light poles, underground conduits, subways, and sewers, have been held not to be additional burdens upon the proper service of a highway when roads have grown into urban streets, while in the case of country roads they are sometimes still so regarded, which shows the underlying principle to be that roads must adapt and increase the measure of their use to the measure of the traffic, to the needs and growth of the community, and to the ability of inventive genius to supply more efficient means of transportation.

Then as the right to use the road is a common one,—a right to be encouraged in all,—as little restriction should be im-

posed upon any class in its use as may be; and whatever is done in the way of regulation should encourage the most efficient methods of transportation.

Speed is necessarily a large factor in efficiency. A vehicle which can accomplish a given amount of transportation in much less time than previously required, and also one which can in a given time enable its user to traverse a greatly increased area, makes for greater efficiency. There are many callings in which one's earning capacity—efficiency—has been substantially measured by the capacity of a horse. The number is larger even in such parts of the country as are easily available for the automobile than one would imagine without investigation. To these the automobile comes as a direct increase of power and resource.

Increase of efficiency, however, always indicates that there has been increase of power and a proportionate increase of danger. Some of the danger is inherent, and is the price humanity pays for increased efficiency. Some of it, however, is unnecessary, as it is the result of careless use; and this it is that all right-thinking people wish to limit and as far as possible to abolish.

Almost all efforts by regulation to reduce the danger inherent in automobiles have had in view the identification of the car and the chauffeur and the imposition of a limitation upon speed.

As a rule, three classifications enter into the limitation of speed: ten miles an hour being the general rule for congested city districts, fifteen miles for ordinary settled localities, and twenty miles for the open country. Such limitations are very crude, for in each class the speed is habitually exceeded by skilful and careful drivers without accident or even danger; and, on the other hand, in each class, careless drivers may keep strictly within them, and yet continually expose other users of the road to risk of injury. This defect in the speed-limit regulations is recognized in automobile laws, which usually declare that the mere observance of the limits of speed does not free the driver from liability in case of accident, if actual carelessness is proved. In other words, the principle is established that at all times the driver must adapt his speed to the conditions on the road, and that these may, and do frequently, require a substantial modification of the speed gradations as fixed by law. This latter matter of dangerous driving as apart from exceeding the arbitrarily fixed speed-limit is habitually disregarded in all attempts to enforce the law.

To illustrate how technical speed violation may differ from driving, to the public danger, we may take the common case of a broad asphalt avenue, made up of long, straight stretches, with trolley tracks in the center, and a good space between these tracks and the curb. Any one competent to drive a machine should be able to traverse such a highway at twenty miles an hour with perfect safety when no trolley-car is near and there is no congestion of vehicles or foot-passengers—a condition which would exist frequently during most of the time taken to traverse it. And yet at points where a congestion of vehicles or foot-passengers develops, or when overtaking and passing a trolley-car which has stopped or is on the point of stopping to take passengers on or off, the speed should be so reduced as to bring the machine under absolute control, so that it can be stopped instantly without any violent use of the brake, and this would mean a reduction of speed to a few miles an hour. As commonly laid down, the statutory or permissive limit in such a case would run from ten to fifteen miles an hour, and if technically observed, would accomplish nothing for safety.

An officer, under the present practice, arrests for violation of the speed-limit, and, because he wishes to make proof satisfactory to the court, selects a portion of the avenue where he can time the car for some little distance. Thus the measuring stretch is likely to be where there is not much congestion of traffic and the way is fairly straight. Here the officer may arrest the driver who speeds with skill and judgment and yet pay no attention whatever to another who drives recklessly past a trolley-car if the speed were clearly below the limit and nobody was injured. But it is evident that to exceed the speed-limit by five or six miles in the one case would bring no danger, and yet to decrease it three or four in the other would by no means meet the requirements of the situation.

Another very common cause for censure is the reckless manner in which crowded cross streets are traversed and corners turned; and yet in these cases officers will observe a driver carefully only to see that he does not exceed the speed-limit on an avenue, and, if he turns into a side street, to be sure that he does not increase his speed after turning, but will make no account of such an actual offense against the public safety as going through a crowd assembled at a crossing without sounding a warning or checking his speed.

In the country vicious driving consists for the most part in the reckless passing of vehicles, particularly where several are met, and in the thoughtless manner in which turns are rounded, cross-roads are passed, and town and village streets are traversed. And yet constables confine their attention to arrests for violation of the speed-limit over measured distances chosen where the roads are straight and open. It is highly probable that if along the same line—the subordination of the idea of technical infringements—magistrates and judges were at considerable pains to examine the records of those arrested and the circumstances surrounding the act charged, whether the driver was on an open road, or the violation occurred under conditions where any one was placed in danger or in a reckless trial of speed, whether the driver was entitled to drive the car, what his record and habits were, and generally made it the practice to expose and bear heavily upon carelessness, recklessness, and flagrant disregard of the rights of others, it would bring greater respect for the law and give greater dignity and weight to the sentence in such cases. The present method of executing the law results in arrests for violations of the speed-limit without regard to danger, and is too hard on the careful driver and too easy on the reckless one. It operates also to prevent a prudent reduction of speed at points of real danger, for the motorist who feels free to recoup himself for loss of time where he may reasonably make use of the efficiency of his machine, will not begrudge the time lost in observing caution.

These points are thoroughly discussed in the report of the Royal Commission of 1905, appointed to consider the working of the English motor-car acts. Its finding on the subject of speed-limits is virtually comprised in the terse statement that "the object of the law should be not to punish speed because it is speed, but because, and where, it is dangerous or otherwise injurious to the public," and they advocate the removal of the speed-limit as such.[1]

It is worthy of consideration, also, that a wrong impression exists as to the relative danger of high-powered and of light-powered cars, and the relative temptation afforded by them for unsafe and inconsiderate driving. A high-powered car is usually pictured as a species of speeding Juggernaut; but the real fact is that the high-powered car is much less dangerous of the two. Its speed is likely to be considerably less in places where high speed would be dangerous, for the reason that it excels the low-powered car in its ability to regain its speed after checking down, and to maintain its speed on up-grades. The driver of a high-powered car is much more ready to check down whenever occasion requires, for he knows that he will lose little time by so doing, and may quickly and without strain to his car regain his normal speed. He is also much more willing to hold his car in safe control on down-grades. When a driver can do so, he will always make speed on an up-grade and take his time on a down-grade. In this, more than in its ability to make high speed, lies the great advantage of the high-powered car.

All engineers of stationary engines and marine engines are required to take out licenses, and in cases of injury resulting from their proved negligence these licenses are suspended, and in repeated and gross violations they are revoked; yet in the case of automobiles only professional

[1] Since this article was written, and at the last session of the Connecticut legislature, a law was passed and is now in force in that State, in which a beginning is made along the lines referred to. The speed-limit is abolished, except that to drive for one eighth of a mile at a rate of speed exceeding twenty-five miles an hour is declared to be presumptive evidence of reckless driving. Also a personal license must be taken out before one can drive a machine, and provision is made for indorsing convictions for reckless driving upon the license and its revocation in the case of repeated convictions. This act substantially follows the recommendation of the Royal Commission referred to.

chauffeurs are required to take out licenses, and there is no power to suspend them. An inexperienced man may buy a car and at once go forth to experiment upon the public. It would seem a wise and wholly reasonable provision that a board should be created to examine and license drivers of cars, and that no one should be permitted to drive a car unless so licensed, and that the board, entirely independent of any court proceedings for violation of the law, should, in cases of accident, where negligence can be proved, have power to suspend or revoke licenses. Some half-hearted provisions designed to accomplish this have been introduced into the laws of a few States, but so far the attempt has not seemed to meet with popular approval.

An element not of danger but of great discomfort pertains to the clouds of dust which follow a rapidly moving automobile, and in this matter probably there is no legal redress either for the abutting owner or others using the road if the car is driven in a proper and legal manner. For example, a drover cannot be debarred the road because his herd of cattle raise the dust. The chief annoyance from dust, after all, is due more to the frequency with which cars pass and the dust is raised than from the mere passing of a single car.

Another abundant source of irritation is in the matter of overtaking and passing vehicles on the road. It often happens that the road, being narrow, is soft on the wings, or rough, or too sharply crowned, and that neither the motor-driver nor the vehicle driver wishes to yield the legal one half. In such cases practical fairness would suggest that the smaller and lighter conveyance ought to yield as much as possible to the heavier one. Yet only too frequently the lighter vehicle is the carriage or buggy and clings to the center of the road. On the other hand, the motorist who insists on overtaking and passing vehicles at high speed, is an inexcusable offender, in the same class with those who rush at crossings and turn corners so fast that they must keep to the wrong side of the road to avoid skidding into the ditch.

However, these various but really minor evils of automobiling are awakening the whole country to an interest in the improvement of the roads, because such improvement will eventually do away with them to a very great extent and such improvement also means increased intercommunication, increase in the number of people coming and going, and, very frequently, increased taxable value of real estate. A very important development in this direction is the motor boulevard down the length of Long Island, to be built by private capital, and it will not be many years, perhaps, before we shall see trunk roads of this character connecting all principal routes and localities. The benefit will not be wholly to those who motor for pleasure or transport, for ultimately will come a local cheap and rapid distribution of goods and produce which may render communities in many respects independent of rail transportation.

Madame Brema-Gianoli
als "Brangäne" in "Tristan und Isolde"

MME. BRESSLER-GIANOLI

BY RICHARD ALDRICH

THE most notable achievement, on the whole, of Oscar Hammerstein's season of opera, in his new Manhattan Opera House last winter, was the performance of Bizet's "Carmen," and of this the distinguishing feature was the impersonation of the heroine by Mme. Chlotilde Bressler-Gianoli. Her first appearance in this part, on December 14, was, to all intents and purposes, the first disclosure to the New York public of the remarkable talents of this remarkable artist, although it was not her first appearance in New York.

In the spring of 1903 a forlorn traveling opera-company gave a few performances in New York. It was from the French Opera in New Orleans, an institution which, on paper at least, has made a certain record in the operatic annals of this country. But this company of French singers, when they appeared at the Casino theater for a week, showed almost every sort of crudity and feebleness; and as there is no market for these wares in New York, the company naturally soon came to shipwreck and distress. But one of the performances of that week had been of "Carmen"; and in it, though her surroundings were of the most primitive and even squalid kind, Mme. Bressler-Gianoli gave an impersonation of the heroine that deeply struck the few listeners of experience and judgment who were present. Those who follow the doings of musicians abroad heard of her thereafter at Brussels, and these were not unprepared for interesting experiences when she reappeared in "Carmen" at the Manhattan Opera House. The success of this "Carmen," we are fain to believe, was due primarily to its singular combination of excellences: to its vividness, its coherency, its faithfulness to the spirit of Bizet's creation, and its representation of that spirit in a direct and poignant manner; to its musical excellence as well as its dramatic truth, without sophistication and without undue emphasis upon the personality of any one of the admirable artists who were concerned in it.

It was of the artistry of Mme. Bressler-Gianoli's acting that her portrait of Bizet's wayward heroine kept its place so perfectly within the whole picture. Its qualities were by no means sensational. They were not such as to rouse a furor among the populace. There was no suggestion of the advisability of calling in the police, as was the case with a certain famous *Carmen's* first representation some years ago in New York. But to the discerning eye of the critical spectator there was a dramatic impersonation that embodied an original and subtly composed portrait—a portrait that set forth the essential traits of *Carmen* through the medium of a strongly dramatic and compelling temperament. It was not pretty or graceful, or waywardly capricious. Its note throughout was of artistic restraint. Mme. Bressler-Gianoli's *Carmen* emerges with the rest of the factory girls upon the square of Seville undistinguishable from them at first either in garb or in bearing. She is a gipsy of the soil. It is not a demonstratively sensuous characterization; its beguilement is through a certain hardness of wickedness, a baleful potency of selfish desire that is illumined with little glamour of gaiety or light-heartedness. These traits are developed with a subtle skill and logic that grip the spectator close. Vocally Mme. Bressler-Gianoli is not affluently gifted by nature; but she has an ample voice—a mezzo-soprano of full body; such a voice as is peculiarly capable of strong effects in "Carmen." She

uses it with a keen sense of musical values and an unceasing command of dramatic color. Her singing, in a word, is that of a musician, of a dramatic artist.

It turned out that Mme. Bressler-Gianoli was heard in New York in only one part besides that of *Carmen*. There were a few performances of Thomas's "Mignon," in which she took the title-rôle. She appeared in it to rather less advantage than in "Carmen." Neither the dramatic quality of this piece nor the kind of music she has to sing in it fits her strongest points. The character is uninteresting, and the opera makes little appeal to most listeners outside of the French opera-houses, where it maintains a vitality that is denied it elsewhere. "La Favorita" was projected for performance at the Manhattan with Mme. Bressler-Gianoli in the part of *Leonora;* but it was not given. Mr. Hammerstein was feeling his way toward an understanding of the likes and indifferences of his patrons, and found that this performance of "Carmen" was the one of all his repertory that attracted the greatest public attention. From this resulted a dozen or more representations of it, with Mme. Bressler-Gianoli as *Carmen,* before the arrival of Mme. Calvé at about the end of March; whereupon *Carmen* was appropriated to her use.

Mme. Bressler-Gianoli's art is not at all so circumscribed as the operatic record of last winter in New York would seem to indicate. She has had a large experience in the lesser and the greater French opera-houses, where the requirements as to repertory are most exacting, and she has had a training of a specifically musical character broader than that which falls to the lot of many singing women. She was born in Geneva, of Italian parents, and, like most who have won distinction in music, she showed talent for it at a very early age. She was four years old when she began to study the pianoforte, and she was so far an "infant phenomenon" as to play in public at the age of seven. But the development of a contralto voice pushed the pianoforte into the background, and she was sent to study at the Milan Conservatory. At the age of nineteen she made her operatic début in her native town, Geneva, in Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila." Two years there and a season at La Scala in Milan preceded her first engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, where she made her first appearance as *Carmen* in 1895. A season at Bordeaux and three at Lyons followed, and in 1900 she was engaged at the Opéra Comique in Paris, where her *Carmen* made a deep impression. In 1903 she came to America for the first time as a member of that unstable New Orleans company after its season at home. For the last two seasons she has been at the famous opera-house of Brussels, whence Mr. Hammerstein summoned her to his new establishment in New York. The probabilities are that she would have been heard here in English, if not in French; for when Mr. Hammerstein engaged her, she was in negotiation with Colonel Savage to take the heroine's part in his English production of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

This is a brief, but an uncommonly active and diligent career. To say nothing of the lesser operatic establishments to which she has belonged, the repertory at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels is exceptionally varied and inclusive, especially as to modern works; and one of the glories of this theater, indeed, is to have led the way in the production of many modern operas, both French and others, that only afterward, or not at all, have arrived at performance in Paris. It has resulted that Mme. Bressler-Gianoli is an enthusiastic admirer and student of Wagner. She has sung *Fricka* in "Die Walküre," *Ortrud* in "Tannhäuser," *Brangäne* in "Tristan und Isolde." She has made one of her signal successes in Gluck's "Orphée," and another in Massenet's "Werther." Another result of her experience at Brussels has been her participation in operas of some of the younger Belgian composers who are hardly known outside of Belgium. She has a special liking for the title-part of Paul Gilson's "Princesse Rougon de Soleil," which she created at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. She has sung also in De Coquel's "Yokel," F. Rasse's "Deidamia," Garnier's "La Vendéenne," and in Saint-Saëns's recent production, "Les Barbares." Few prima-donnas among those who are heard year after year in New York have had so wide an experience in music of contemporaneous composers.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XLV *(Continued)*

JENNY BUTTLE would have believed that her ladyship's rich American sister could do anything she chose, open any door, command any presence, sweep aside any obstacle with a wave of her hand; but, of the two, Jenny Buttle's path would have lain straighter before her. If she had had "a young man" who had fallen ill, she would have been free, if his mother had cherished no objection to their "walking out," to spend all her spare hours in his cottage making gruel and poultices, crying until her nose and eyes were red, and pouring forth her hopes and fears to any neighbor who came in or out or hung over the dividing garden hedge. If the patient died, the deeper her mourning and the louder her sobs at his funeral the more respectable and deserving of sympathy and admiration would Jenny Buttle have been counted. Her ladyship's rich American sister had no "young man"; she had not at any time been asked to "walk out." Even in the dark days of the fever, each of which had carried thought and action of hers to the scene of trouble, there had reigned unbroken silence except for the vicar's notes of warm and appreciative gratitude.

"You are very obstinate, Fergus," Mr. Penzance had said.

And Mount Dunstan had shaken his head and answered:

"Don't speak to me about it. Only obstinacy will save me from behaving like —other blackguards."

Mr. Penzance, carefully polishing his eye-glasses as he watched him, was not sparing in his comment.

"That is pure folly," he said—"pure bull-necked, stubborn folly, charging with its head down. Before it has done with you, it will have made you suffer quite enough."

"Be sure of that," Mount Dunstan had said.

Mr. Penzance quietly, speculatively looked him over, and reflected aloud, or so it sounded.

"It is a big-boned and big-muscled characteristic, but there are things which are stronger. Some one minute will arrive—just *one minute*—which will be stronger—one of those moments when the mysteries of the universe are at work."

"Don't speak to me like that, I tell you!" Mount Dunstan said, springing up and marching out of the room.

MISS VANDERPOEL did not go to Mrs. Welden's cottage at once, but walked past the door down the lane, where there were no more cottages, but only hedges and fields on each side of her. "Not well enough to make his rounds" might mean much or little. There was nothing to *do*. She could write a mere note of inquiry to Mr. Penzance, but that was all. She could only walk up and down the lanes and think—whether he lay dying or not. She could do nothing, even if a day came when she knew that a pit had been dug in the clay, and he had been lowered into it with creaking ropes and the clods shoveled back upon him where he lay still, he never having told her that he was glad that her being had turned to him and her heart cried aloud his name. She recalled with curious distinctness, the effect of the steady toll of the church bell—the "passing bell." She could hear it as she had heard it the first time it fell upon her ear, and she had inquired what it meant. Why did they call it the "passing bell?"

All had passed before it began to toll—all had *passed*. If it tolled at Dunstan, and the pit was dug in the churchyard, before her father came, would he see, the moment they met, that something had befallen her—that the Betty he had known was changed—gone? Yes, he would see. Affection such as his always saw. Then he would sit alone with her in some room and talk to her, and she would tell him the strange thing that had happened.

She stopped abruptly in her walk and stood still. The hand holding her package was quite cold. This is what one must not allow oneself. But how the thoughts had raced through her brain! She turned and hastened her steps toward Mrs. Welden's cottage.

In Mrs. Welden's tiny back yard there stood a "coal lodge," suited to the size of the domicile, and already stacked with a full winter supply of coal. Therefore the well-polished and cleanly little grate in the living-room was bright with fire. Old Doby, who had tottered round the corner to pay his fellow-gossip a visit, was sitting by it, and old Mrs. Welden, clean as to cap and apron and small, purple shoulder-shawl, had evidently been allaying his natural anxiety as to the conduct of foreign sovereigns by reading in a loud voice the "print" under the pictures in an illustrated paper.

This occupation had, however, been interrupted a few moments before Miss Vanderpoel's arrival. Mrs. Bester, the neighbor in the next cottage, had stepped in with her youngest on her hip and was talking breathlessly. She paused to drop her curtsey as Betty entered, and old Doby stood up and made his salute with a trembling hand.

"She 'll know," he said. "Gentry knows the ins an' outs of gentry fust. She 'll know the rights."

"What has happened?"

"He 's down, Miss," Mrs. Bester said. "He 's down with it crool bad. There 'll be no savin' of him—none."

Betty laid her package of sewing cotton and knitting wool quietly on the blue-and-white checked table-cloth.

"Who—is he?" she asked.

"His lordship. And him just saved all Dunstan parish from death—to go like this!"

"It 's Tom as brought it in," she said. "He 's my brother, Miss, an' he 's one of the ringers. He heard it from Jem Wesgate, an' he heard it at Toomy's Farm. They 've been keepin' it hid at the Mount because the people that 's ill hangs on his lordship so that the doctors dare n't let them know the truth. They 've been told he had to go to London, an' may come back any day. What Tom was sayin', Miss, was that we 'd all know when it was over, for we 'd hear the church bell toll here, same as it 'u'd toll at Dunstan, because the ringers have talked it over, an' they 're goin' to talk it over to-day with the other parishes—Yangford an' Meltham an' Dunholm an' them. Tom says Stornham ringers met just now at the Clock, an' said that for a man that 's stood by laboring folks like he has, toll they will, an' so ought the other parishes, same as if he was royalty, for he 's made himself nearer. They 'll toll the minute they hear it, Miss. Lord help us!" she cried with an outburst of crying. "It don't seem like it 's fair as it should be. When we hear the bell toll, Miss,—"

"Don't!" said Betty suddenly. "Please don't say it again!"

She sat down by the table, and resting her elbows on the blue-and-white checked cloth, covered her face with her hands. She did not speak at all. In this tiny room, with these old souls who loved her, she need not explain. She sat quite still, and Mrs. Welden, after looking at her for a few seconds, gently sidled Mrs. Bester and her youngest into the little kitchen, where the copper was.

"Her helpin' him like she did, makes it come near," she whispered. "I daresay it seems as if he was a'most like a relation."

Old Doby sat and looked at his goddess. In his slowly moving old brain stirred far-off memories, like long dead things striving to come to life. He did not know what they were, but they wakened his dim eyes to their new seeing of the slim young shape leaning a little forward, the soft cloud of hair, the fair beauty of the cheek. He had not seen anything like it in his youth, but it was Youth itself, and so was that which the ringers were so soon to toll for; and for some remote and unformed reason, to his scores of years it was pitiful and should be cheered. He bent forward himself,

and put out his ancient, knotted, gnarled, and trembling hand to touch timorously the arm of her he worshiped and adored.

"God bless ye!" he said, his high, cracked voice even more shrill and thin than usual. "God bless ye!" And as she let her hands slip down, and turning gently looked at him, he nodded to her speakingly, because, out of the dimness of his being, some part of Nature's working had strangely answered and understood.

XLVI

LISTENING

ON her way back to the Court her eyes saw only the white road before her feet. She did not lift them until she found herself passing the lych-gate at the entrance to the churchyard. Then suddenly she looked up at the square, gray, stone tower where the bells hung, and from which they called the village to church, or chimed for weddings, or gave slowly forth to the silent air one heavy regular stroke after another. She looked and shuddered, and spoke aloud with a curious, passionate imploring like a child's.

"Oh! don't toll! Don't toll! You must not! You cannot!" Terror had sprung upon her, and her heart was being torn in two in her breast. That was surely what it seemed like—this agonizing ache of fear. Now from hour to hour she would be waiting and listening to each sound borne on the air.

Before the entrance of the Court she saw, as she approached it, the vicarage pony-carriage standing as it had stood on the day she returned from her walk on the marshes.

Mrs. Brent was in the drawing-room with Rosalie, and was full of her subject and the emotion suitable to the occasion.

"Betty," her sister exclaimed, and got up and went toward her, "I believe you have heard."

"In the village I heard something—yes," Betty answered, and after giving greeting to Mrs. Brent she led Rosalie back to her chair and sat near her.

In the presence of these who knew nothing she must bear herself as if there was nothing to be known.

"We must remember that we have only excited rumor to depend upon," she said. "Lord Mount Dunstan has kept his village under almost military law. He has put it into quarantine. No one is allowed to leave it, so there can be no direct source of information. One cannot be sure of the entire truth of what one hears."

Mrs. Brent looked at her admiringly, it being her fixed habit to admire Miss Vanderpoel and all such as Providence had set above her.

"Oh, how wise you are, Miss Vanderpoel!" she exclaimed even devoutly. "It is so wise of you to be calm and logical when everybody else is so upset. I was so touched."

"The ringers"—faltered Lady Anstruthers.

"The leader came to the vicar to tell him they wanted permission to toll, if they heard tolling at Dunstan. Weaver's family lives within hearing of Dunstan church bells, and one of his boys is to run across the fields and bring the news to Stornham. And it was most touching, Miss Vanderpoel. They feel in their rustic way that Lord Mount Dunstan has not been treated fairly in the past. And now he seems to them a hero and a martyr—or like a great soldier who has died fighting."

"Who *may* die fighting," broke from Miss Vanderpoel sharply.

"Who—who may," Mrs. Brent corrected herself. "Though Heaven grant he will not. But it was the ringers who made me feel all was really over. Thank you, Miss Vanderpoel, thank you for being so practical and—and cool."

"It *was* touching," said Lady Anstruthers, her eyes brimming over. "And what the villagers feel is true. It goes to one's heart," she added in a little outburst. "People have been unkind to him. And he has been lonely in that great, empty place; he has been lonely. And if he is dying to-day, he is lonely even as he dies."

Betty drew a deep breath. For one moment there seemed to rise before her a vision of a huge room, the stately size of which made its bareness a more desolate thing. And Mr. Penzance bent low over the bed. She tore her thought away from it.

"No! no!" she cried out in low, passionate protest. "There will be love and

yearning all about him everywhere. The villagers who are waiting, the poor things he has worked for, the very ringers themselves, are all pouring forth the same thoughts. He will feel even ours—ours, too! His soul cannot be lonely."

A few minutes earlier Mrs. Brent had been saying to herself inwardly, "She has not much heart, after all, you know." Now she looked at her in amazement.

The bluebells were under water in truth—drenched and drowned. And yet as the girl stood up before her she looked taller—more the magnificent Miss Vanderpoel than ever, though she expressed a new meaning.

"There is one thing the villagers can do for him," Betty said. "One thing we can all do. The bell has not tolled yet. There is a service for those who are in peril. If the vicar will call the people to the church, we can all kneel down there—and ask to be heard. The vicar will do that, I am sure—and the people will join him with all their hearts."

Mrs. Brent was overwhelmed.

"Dear—dear Miss Vanderpoel!" she exclaimed. "*That* is touching; indeed, it is; and so right, and so proper. I will drive back to the village at once. The vicar's distress is as great as mine. You think of everything. The service for the sick and dying—how right—how right!"

With a sense of an increase of value in herself, the vicar, and the vicarage, she hastened back to the pony-carriage, but in the hall she seized Betty's hand emotionally.

"I cannot tell you how much I am moved by this," she murmured. "I did not know that you were—were a religious girl, Miss Vanderpoel."

"In the agony of pain or trouble, I think every one is religious—a little," Betty answered with polite gravity,—"if 'religious' is the right word."

THERE was no ringing of the ordinary call to service. In less than an hour's time people began to come out of their cottages and make their way toward the church. No one had put on his or her Sunday clothes. The women had hastily rolled down their sleeves, thrown off their aprons, and donned every-day bonnets and shawls. The men were in their corduroys, as they had come in from the fields, and the children wore their pinafores. As if by magic the news had flown from house to house, and each one who had heard it had left his or her work without a moment's hesitation. They said but little as they made their way to the church. Betty, walking with her sister, was struck by the fact that there were more of them than formed the usual Sunday morning congregation. They were doing no perfunctory duty. The men's faces were heavily moved, most of the women wiped their eyes at intervals, and the children looked awed. There was a suggestion of hurried movement in the step of each, as if no time must be lost—that they must begin their appeal at once. Betty saw old Doby tottering along stiffly with his granddaughter and Mrs. Welden on each side of him. Marlow, on his two sticks, was to be seen moving slowly but steadily.

Within the ancient stone walls stiff old knees bent themselves with care, and faces were covered devoutly by work-hardened hands. As she passed through the churchyard Betty knew that eyes followed her affectionately, and that the touching of foreheads and dropping of curtseys expressed a special sympathy. In each mind she was connected with the man they came to pray for—with the work he had done, with the danger he was in. It was vaguely felt that if his life ended, a bereavement would fall upon her. This the girl knew.

The vicar lifted his bowed head and began the service. Every man, woman, and child before him responded aloud and with a curious fervor; not in decorous fear of seeming to thrust themselves before the throne, making too much of their petitions in the presence of the gentry. Here and there sobs were to be heard. Lady Anstruthers followed the service timorously and with tears. But Betty, kneeling at her side by the round table in the center of the great, square, Stornham pew, which was like a room, bowed her head upon her folded arms and prayed her own intense, insistent prayer.

"God in heaven!" was her inward cry; "God of all the worlds, do not let him die! 'If ye ask anything in My name, that I will do.' Christ said it. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, do not let him die! All the worlds are Thine,

all the power—listen to us—listen to us! Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief. If this terror robs me of faith and I pray madly, forgive—forgive me! Do not count it against me as sin! Thou madest him. He has suffered and been alone. It is not time—it is not time yet for him to go. He has known no joy and no bright thing. Do not let him go out of the warm world like a blind man! Do not let him die! Perhaps this is not prayer, but raging. Forgive—forgive! All power is gone from me. I cannot—I cannot. God of the worlds and the great winds and the myriad stars, do not let him die!"

She knew her thoughts were wild, but their torrent bore her with them into a strange, great silence. She did not hear the vicar's words or the responses of the people. She was not within the gray, stone walls. She had been drawn away as into the darkness and stillness of the night, and no soul but her own seemed near. Through the stillness and the dark her praying seemed to call and echo, clamoring again and again. It must reach something—it must be heard because she cried so loud, though, to the human beings about her, she seemed kneeling in silence. She went on and on repeating her words, changing them, ending and beginning again, pouring forth a flood of appeal. She thought later that the flood must have been at its highest tide when singularly it was stemmed. Without warning a wave of awe passed over her which strangely silenced her, and left her bowed and kneeling, but crying out no more. The darkness had become still, even as it had not been still before. Suddenly she cowered as she knelt and held her breath. Something had drawn a little near. No thoughts, no words, no cries, were needed as the great stillness grew and spread and folded her being within it. She waited—only waited. She did not know how long a time passed before she felt herself drawn back from the silent and shadowy places—awakening, as it were, to the sounds in the church.

"Our Father," she began to say as simply as a child—"Our Father, who art in heaven—Hallowed be Thy name."

There was a stirring among the congregation, and sounds of feet as the people began to move down the aisle in reverent slowness. She caught again the occasional sound of a subdued sob. Rosalie gently touched her, and she rose, following her out of the big pew and passing down the aisle after the villagers.

Outside the entrance the people waited as if they wanted to see her again. Foreheads were touched as before, and eyes followed her. She was to the general mind the center of the drama and "the A'mighty" would do well to hear her. She had been doing His work for Him "same as his lordship." They did not expect her to smile at such a time when she returned their greetings, and she did not, but they said afterward in their cottages that "trouble or not, she was a wonder for looks, that she was—Miss Vanderpoel."

Rosalie slipped a hand through her arm and they walked home together very close to each other. Now and then there was a questioning in Rosy's look; but neither of them spoke once.

On an oak table in the hall was lying a letter from Mr. Penzance. It was brief, hurried, and anxious. The rumor that Mount Dunstan had been ailing was true, and that they had felt they must conceal the matter from the villagers was also true. For some baffling reason the fever had not absolutely declared itself, but the young doctors were beset by grave forebodings. In such cases the most serious symptoms might suddenly develop. One never knew. Mr. Penzance was evidently torn by fears which he desperately strove to suppress. But Betty could see the anguish on his fine, old face, and between the lines she read dread and warning not put into words. She believed that, fearing the worst, he felt he must prepare her mind.

"He has lived under a great strain for months," he ended. "It began long before the outbreak of the fever. I am not strong under my sense of the cruelty of things—and I have never loved him as I love him to-day."

Betty took the letter to her room and read it two or three times. Because she had asked intelligent questions of the medical authority she had consulted on her visit to London, she knew something of the fever and its habits.

"I must not think. I must do some-

thing. It may prevent my listening," she said aloud to the silence of her room.

She cast her eyes about her as if in search. Upon her desk lay a note-book. She took it up and opened it. It contained lists of plants, of flower-seeds, bulbs, and shrubs. Each list was headed with an explanatory note.

"Yes, this will do," she said. "I will go and talk to Kedgers."

Kedgers and every man under him had been at the service, but they had returned to their respective duties. Kedgers, giving directions to some under-gardeners who were clearing flower-beds and preparing them for their winter rest, turned to meet her as she approached. They walked from one bed to another, stood before clumps of shrubs, and studied bits of wall. Here a mass of blue might grow, here low things of white and pale yellow. A quickly climbing rose would hang sheets of bloom over this dead tree. This sheltered wall would hold warmth for a Maréchal Niel.

"You must take care of it all—even if I am not here next year," Miss Vanderpoel said, and Kedgers's absorbed face changed.

"Not here, Miss!" he exclaimed. "You not here! Things would n't grow, Miss." He checked himself, his weather-toughened skin reddening because he was afraid he had perhaps taken a liberty. And then moving his hat uneasily on his head, he took another. "But it 's true enough," he added, looking down on the gravel walk; "we—we could n't expect to keep you."

She spent an hour or two with him, and together they planned for the changing seasons of the year to come. How she could keep her mind on a thing, and what a head she had for planning, and what an eye for color! But, yes, there was something a bit wrong somehow. Now and then she would stop and stand still for a moment, and suddenly it struck Kedgers that she looked as if she were listening.

"Did you think you heard something, Miss?" he asked her once when she paused and wore this look.

"No," she answered, "no," and drew him on quickly, almost as if she did not want to hear what she had seemed listening for.

When she left him and went back to the house, all the loveliness of spring, summer, and autumn had been thought out and provided for. Kedgers stood on the path and looked after her until she passed through the terrace door. He chewed his lip uneasily. Then he remembered something, and felt a bit relieved. It was the service he remembered.

"Ah, it 's that upset her; and it 's natural, seeing how she 's helped him and Dunstan village. It 's only natural." He chewed his lip again and nodded his head in odd reflection. "Ay, ay," he summed her up; "she 's a great lady that—she 's a great lady—same as if she 'd been born in a civilized land."

During the rest of the day the look of question in Rosalie's eyes changed in its nature. When her sister was near her she found herself glancing at her with a new feeling. Betty presented to her the aspect of one withdrawn into some remote space. She was not living this day as her days were usually lived. She did not sit still or stroll about the gardens quietly. The consecutiveness of her action seemed broken. She did one thing after another, as if she must fill each moment. This was not her Betty. Lady Anstruthers watched and thought until in the end a new pained fear began to creep slowly into her mind and made her feel as if she were slightly trembling, though her hands did not shake. She did not dare to allow herself to think the thing she knew she was on the brink of thinking. She thrust it away from her, and tried not to think at all. Her Betty—her splendid Betty whom nothing could hurt—who could not be touched by any awful thing —her dear Betty!

In the afternoon she saw her write notes steadily for an hour, then she went out into the stables and visited the horses, talked to the coachman and to her own groom. She was very kind to a village boy who had been recently taken on as an additional assistant in the stable, and who was rather frightened and shy. She knew his mother, who had a large family, and she had indeed given the boy his place that he might be trained under the great Mr. Buckham, who was coachman and head of the stables. She said encouraging things, which cheered him, and she spoke privately to Mr. Buckham about

him. Then she walked in the park a little, but not for long. When she came back Rosalie was waiting for her.

"I want to take a long drive," she said. "I feel restless. Will you come with me, Betty?"

Yes, she would go with her; so Buckham brought the landau, with its pair of big horses, and they rolled down the avenue and on to the smooth, white highroad. He took them far—past the great marshes, between miles of bared hedges, past farms and scattered cottages. Sometimes he turned into lanes where the hedges were closer to each other and where here and there they caught sight of new points of view between trees. Betty was glad to feel Rosy's slim body near her side, and she was aware that it gradually seemed to draw closer and closer. Then Rosy's hand slipped into hers and held it softly on her lap.

When they drove together in this way they were usually rather silent and quiet, but now Rosalie spoke of many things—of Ughtred, of Nigel, of the Dunholms, of New York, and their father and mother.

"I want to talk, because I 'm nervous, I think," she said, half-apologetically. "I do not want to sit still and think too much of father's coming. You don't mind my talking, do you, Betty?"

"No," Betty answered. "It is good for you and for me." And she met the pressure of Rosy's hand half-way.

But Rosy was talking not because she did not want to sit still and think, but because she did not want Betty to do so. And all the time she was trying to thrust away the thought growing in her mind.

They spent the evening together in the library, and Betty read aloud. She read a long time, until quite late. She wished to tire herself as well as to force herself to stop listening.

When they said good-night to each other, Rosy clung to her as desperately as she had clung on the night of her arrival. She kissed her again and again, and then hung her head and excused herself.

"Forgive me for being—nervous. I 'm ashamed of myself," said Rosy. "Perhaps in time I shall get over being a coward." But she said nothing of the fact that she was not a coward for herself, but through a slowly formulating and struggled-against fear which chilled her very heart and which she could best cover by a pretense of being a poltroon.

When she went to bed she could not sleep. The night seemed crowded with strange, terrified thoughts. They were all of Betty, though sometimes she thought of her father's coming, of her mother in New York, and of Betty's steady working throughout the day. Sometimes she cried, twisting her hands together, and sometimes she dropped into a feverish sleep and dreamed that she was watching Betty's face, yet was afraid to look at it.

She awakened suddenly from one of these dreams, and sat upright in bed, to find the dawn breaking. She rose and threw on a dressing-gown, and went to her sister's room because she could not bear to stay away.

The door was not locked, and she pushed it open gently. One of the windows had its blind drawn up and looked like a patch of dull gray. Betty was standing upright near it. She was in her nightgown, and a long, black plait of hair hung over one shoulder heavily. She looked all black and white in strong contrast. The gray light set her forth as a tall ghost.

Lady Anstruthers slid forward, feeling a tightness in her chest.

"The dawn wakened me, too," she said.

"I have been waiting to see it come," answered Betty. "It is going to be a dull, dreary day."

XLVII

"I HAVE NO WORD OR LOOK TO REMEMBER"

It was a dull and dreary day, as Betty had foreseen it would be. Heavy rain clouds hung and threatened, and the atmosphere was damp and chill. It was one of those days of the English autumn which speak only of the end of things, bereaving one of the power to remember next year's spring and summer, which, after all, must surely come. Sky is gray, trees are gray, dead leaves lie damp beneath the feet, sunlight and birds seem forgotten things. All that has been sad and to be regretted

or feared hangs heavy in the air and sways all thought. In the passing of these hours there is no hope anywhere.

Betty appeared at breakfast in short dress and close hat. She wore thick little boots, as if for walking.

"I am going to make visits in the village," she said. "I want a basket of good things to take with me. Stourton's children need feeding after their measles. They looked very thin when I saw them playing in the road yesterday."

"Yes, dear," Rosalie answered. "Mrs. Noakes shall prepare the basket—good chicken broth and jelly and nourishing things. Jennings," she said to the butler, "you know the kind of basket Miss Vanderpoel wants. Speak to Mrs. Noakes, please."

"Yes, my lady." Jennings knew the kind of basket, and so did Mrs. Noakes. Below-stairs a strong sympathy with Miss Vanderpoel's movements had developed. No one resented the preparation of baskets. Somehow they were always managed, even if asked for at untimely hours.

Betty was sitting silent, looking out into the grayness of the autumn-smitten park.

"Are—are you listening for anything, Betty?" Lady Anstruthers asked rather falteringly. "You have a sort of listening look in your eyes."

Betty came back to the room, as it were.

"Have I?" she said. "Yes, I think I was listening for—something."

And Rosalie did not ask her what she listened for. She was afraid she knew.

It was not only the Stourtons that Betty visited that morning. She passed from one cottage to another—to see old women and old men, as well as young ones, who for one reason or another needed help and encouragement. By one bedside she read aloud, by another she sat and told cheerful stories; she listened to talk in little kitchens, and in one house welcomed a new-born thing. As she walked steadily over gray road and down gray lanes, damp mist rose and hung about her. And she did not walk alone. Fear walked with her, and anguish, a gray ghost, by her side. Once she found herself standing quite still on a side path covering her face with her hands. She filled every moment of the morning, and walked until she was tired. Before she went home she called at the post-office, and Mr. Tewson greeted her with a solemn face. He did not wait to be questioned.

"There 's been no news to-day, Miss, so far," he said. "And that seems as if they might be so given up to hard work at a dreadful time that there 's been no chance for anything to get out. When people 's hanging over a man's bed at the end, it 's as if everything stopped but that that 's stopping for all time."

After luncheon the rain began to fall softly, slowly, and with a suggestion of endlessness. It was a sort of mist itself, and became a damp shadow among the bare branches of trees, which soon began to drip.

"You have been walking about all morning, and you are tired, dear," Lady Anstruthers said. "Won't you go to your room and rest, Betty?"

Yes, she would go to her room. Some new books had arrived from London that morning and she would look over them. She talked a little about her visits before she went, and when, as she talked, Ughtred came and stood close to her side, holding her hand and stroking it, she smiled at him sweetly—the smile he adored. He stroked the hand and softly patted it, watching her wistfully. Suddenly he lifted it to his lips and kissed it again and again, with a sort of passion.

"I love you so much, Aunt Betty," he cried. "We both love you so much. Something makes me love you to-day more than ever I did before. It almost makes me cry, I love you so."

She stooped swiftly, and drew him into her arms, and kissed him close and hard. He held his head back a little, and looked into the blue under her lashes.

"I love your eyes," he said. "Any one would love your eyes, Aunt Betty. But what is the matter with them? You are not crying at all, but—oh, what is the matter?"

"No; I am not crying at all," she said, and smiled, almost laughed.

But after she had kissed him again, she took her books and went up-stairs.

When she was alone in her room she did not lie down and she did not read. She drew a low chair before the window and watched the slow falling of the rain.

There is nothing like it—that slow weeping of the rain on an English autumn day. Soft and light though it was, the park began to look sodden. The bare trees held out their branches like imploring arms, the brown garden beds were neat and bare. The same rain was drip-dripping at Mount Dunstan, upon the desolate great house, upon the village, upon the mounds and ancient stone tombs in the churchyard, sinking into the earth—sinking deep, sucked in by the clay beneath—the cold, damp clay. She shook herself shudderingly. Why should the thought come to her—the cold, damp clay? She would not listen to it; she would think of New York, of its roaring streets and crash of sound, of the rush of fierce life there, of her father and mother. She tried to force herself to call up pictures of Broadway swarming with crowds of black things which, seen from the windows of its monstrous buildings, seemed like swarms of ants burst out of ant-hills—out of a thousand ant-hills. She tried to remember shop windows, the things in them, the throngs going by, and the throngs passing in and out of great, swinging glass doors. She dragged up before her a vision of Rosalie driving with her mother and herself, looking about her at the new buildings and changed streets, flushed and made radiant by the accelerated pace and excitement of her beloved New York. But, oh, the slow, penetrating rain-fall and the cold, damp clay!

She rose, making an involuntary sound which was half a moan. The long mirror set between two windows showed her momentarily an awful young figure throwing up its arms. Was that Betty Vanderpoel—that?

"What does one do," she said, "when the world comes to an end? What does one do?"

All her days she had done things—there had always been something to *do*. Now there was nothing. She went suddenly to her bell and rang for her maid. The woman answered the summons at once.

"Send word to the stables that I want Childe Harold. I do not want Mason. I shall ride alone," she said.

"Yes, Miss," Ambleton answered without any exterior sign of emotion. She was too well-trained a person to express any shade of her internal amazement. After she had transmitted the order to the proper messenger, she returned and changed her mistress's costume.

She had completed her task and was standing behind Miss Vanderpoel's chair putting the last touch to her veil when she became aware of a slight stiffening of the neck which held so well the handsome head; then the head slowly turned toward the window giving upon the front park. Miss Vanderpoel was listening to something—listening so intently that Ambleton felt that for a few moments she did not seem to breathe. The maid's hands fell from the veil, and she began to listen also. She had been at the service the day before. Miss Vanderpoel rose from her chair slowly, and took a step forward. Then she stood still and listened again.

"Open that window, if you please," she commanded. "As if a stone image was speaking," Ambleton said later. The window was thrown open, and for a few seconds they both stood still again. When Miss Vanderpoel spoke it was as if she had forgotten where she was, or as if she were in a dream.

"It is the ringers," she said. "They are tolling the passing bell."

The serving-woman was soft of heart and had her feminine emotions. There had been much talk of this thing in the servants' hall. She turned upon Betty, and forgot all rules and training.

"Oh, Miss," she cried, "he 's gone—he 's gone! That good man—out of this hard world! Oh, Miss, excuse me—do!" And as she burst into wild tears she ran out of the room.

ROSALIE had been sitting in the morning-room. She also had striven to occupy herself with work. She had written to her mother, she had read, she had embroidered, and then read again. What was Betty doing, what was she thinking now? She laid her book down in her lap, and covering her face with her hands, breathed a desperate little prayer. That life should be pain and emptiness to herself seemed somehow natural since she had married Nigel, but pain and emptiness for Betty, no! no! no! Not for Betty! Piteous sorrow poured upon her

like a flood. She did not know how the time passed. With hidden face she sat huddled together in her chair. She could not bear to look at the rain and ghost mist out of doors. Oh, if her mother were only here, and she might speak to her! And as her loving tears broke forth afresh she heard the door open.

"If you please, my lady—I beg your pardon, my lady," said a voice as she started and uncovered her face.

"What is it, Jennings?"

The figure at the door was that of the serious elderly butler and he wore a respectfully grave air.

"As your ladyship is sitting in this room, we thought it likely you would not hear, the windows being closed, and we felt sure, my lady, that you would wish to know."

Lady Anstruthers' hands shook as they clung to the arms of her chair.

"To know—" she faltered. "Hear what?"

"The passing bell is tolling, my lady. It has just begun. It is for Lord Mount Dunstan. There 's not a dry eye downstairs, your ladyship—not one."

He opened the windows, and she stood up. Jennings quietly left the room. The slow, heavy knell struck ponderously on the damp air, and she stood and shivered.

A moment or two later she turned because it seemed as if she must.

Betty, in her riding-habit, was standing motionless against the door, her wonderful eyes as still as death, gazing at her, gazing in an awful silence.

Oh, what was the use of being afraid to speak at such a time as this! In one moment Rosy was kneeling at her feet, clinging about her knees, kissing her hands, the very cloth of her habit, and sobbing aloud:

"Oh, my darling—my love—my own Betty! I don't know—and I won't ask—but speak to me—speak just a word—my dearest dear!"

Betty raised her up and drew her within the room, closing the door behind them.

"Rosy," she said, "I came to speak—because we two love each other. You need not ask; I will tell you. That bell is tolling for the man who taught me to *know*. He never spoke to me of love. I have not one word or look to remember. And now—oh, listen—listen! I have been listening since the morning of yesterday." It was an awful thing—her white face, with all the flame of life swept out of it.

"Don't listen—darling—darling!" Rosy cried out in anguish. "Shut your ears! shut your ears!" And she tried to throw her arms around the high, black head and stifle all sound with her embrace.

"I don't want to shut them," was the answer. "All the unkindness and misery is over for him, and I ought to thank God—but I don't. I shall hear—oh, Rosy, listen!—I shall hear that to the end of my days."

Rosy held her tight and rocked and sobbed.

"My Betty!" she kept saying; "my Betty!" and she could say no more. What more was there to say? At last Betty withdrew herself from her arms, and then Rosalie noticed for the first time that she wore the habit.

"Dearest," she whispered, "what were you going to do?"

"I was going to ride, and I am going to do it still. I must do something. I shall ride a long, long way—and ride hard. You won't try to keep me, Rosy. You will understand."

"Yes," replied Rosy, biting her lip and looking at her with large, awed eyes as she patted her arm with a hand that trembled. "I would not hold you back, Betty, from anything in the world you chose to do."

And with another long, clinging clasp of her she let her go.

Mason was standing by Childe Harold when she went down the broad steps. He also wore a look of repressed emotion, and stood with bared head bent, his eyes fixed on the gravel of the drive, listening to the heavy strokes of the bell in the church tower, rather as if he were taking part in some solemn ceremony.

He silently assisted her to mount, and after he had given her the bridle, looked up, and spoke in a somewhat husky voice:

"The order was that you did not want me, Miss? Was that correct?"

"Yes; I wish to ride alone."

"Yes, Miss. Thank you, Miss."

Childe Harold was in good spirits. He

held up his head, and blew the breath through his delicate, dilated red nostrils as he set out with his favorite sidling, dancing steps. Mason watching him down the avenue, saw the lodge-keeper come out to open the gate and curtsey as her ladyship's sister passed through it. After that he went slowly back to the stables and sat in the harness-room a long time, staring at the floor as the bell struck ponderously on his ear.

The woman who had opened the gate for her, Betty saw, had red eyes. She knew why.

"A year ago they all thought of him as an outcast. They would have believed any evil they had heard connected with his name. Now in every cottage there is weeping—weeping. And he lies deaf and dumb," was her thought.

She did not wish to pass through the village, and turned down a side road which would lead her to where she could cross the marshes and come upon lonely places. The more lonely the better. Every few moments she caught her breath with a hard, short gasp. The slow rain fell upon her; big, round crystal drops hung on the hedgerows, and dripped upon the grass banks below them; the trees, wreathed with mist, were like waiting ghosts as she passed them by, Childe Harold's hoofs upon the road made a hollow, lonely sound.

A thought began to fill her brain and make insistent pressure upon it. She tried no more to thrust thought away. Those who lay deaf and dumb, those for whom people wept, where were they when the weeping seemed to sound through all the world? How far had they gone? Was it far? Could they hear and could they see? If one pleaded with them aloud, could they draw near to listen? Did they begin a long, long journey as soon as they had slipped away? The "wonder of the world," she had said, watching life swelling and bursting the seeds in Kedgers's hothouses! But this was a greater wonder still, because of its awesomeness. This man had been, and who dare say he was not, even now? The strength of his great body, the look in his red-brown eyes, the sound of his deep voice, the struggle, the meaning of him—where were they? She heard herself followed by the hollow echo of Childe Harold's hoofs as she rode past copse and hedge and wet, spreading fields; she was this hour as he had been a month ago. If with some strange suddenness, this which was Betty Vanderpoel slipped from its body! She put a hand up to her forehead. It was unthinkable that there would be no more. Where was he now? Where was he now?

This was the thought which filled her brain-cells to the exclusion of all others, over the road, down through by-lanes, out on the marshes. Where was he? Where was he—where? Childe Harold's hoofs began to beat it out as a refrain. She heard nothing else. She did not know where she was going, and did not ask herself. She went down any road or lane which looked empty of life; she took strange turnings without caring; she did not know how far she was afield.

Where was he now, this hour, this moment? Where was he now? Did he know the rain, the grayness, the desolation of the world?

Once she stopped her horse on the loneliness of the marshland and looked up at the low clouds, about her at the creeping mist, the dank grass. It seemed a place in which a newly released soul might wander, because it did not yet know its way.

"If you should be near and come to me, you will understand," her clear voice said gravely between the caught breaths. "What I gave you was nothing to you; but you took it with you. Perhaps you know without my telling you. I want you to know. When a man is dead, everything melts away. I loved you. I wish you had loved me."

XLVIII

THE MOMENT

In the unnatural unbearableness of her anguish she lost sight of objects as she passed them and forgot all she did. She did not know how long she had been out or how far she had ridden. When the thought of time or distance vaguely flitted across her mind it seemed that she had been riding for hours and might have crossed one county and entered another. She had long left familiar places behind. Riding through and inclosed by the mist, she herself might have been a wandering

ghost lost in unknown places. Where was he now? Where was he now?

Afterward she could not tell how or when it was that she first found herself becoming aware of the evidences that her horse had been ridden too long and hard and that he was worn out with fatigue. She did not know that she had ridden round and round over the marshes and had passed several times through the same lanes. Childe Harold, the sure of foot, actually stumbled out of sheer weariness of limb. Perhaps it was this which brought her back to earth and led her to look around her with eyes which saw material objects with comprehension. She had reached the lonely places indeed, and the evening was drawing on. She was at the edge of the marsh, and the land about her was strange to her and desolate. At the side of a steep lane, overgrown with grass and seeming a mere cart-path, stood a deserted-looking black-and-white timbered cottage which was half a ruin. Close to it was a dripping spinney, its trees forming a darkling background to the tumbled-down house, the thatch of which was rotting into holes and its walls sagging forward perilously. The bit of garden about it was neglected and untidy; here and there windows were broken, and stuffed with pieces of ragged garments. Altogether it was a sinister and repellent place enough.

She looked at it with heavy eyes. Where was he now? Where was he now? repeating itself in the far chambers of her brain. Her sight seemed dimmed not only by the mist, but by a sinking faintness, which possessed her. She did not remember how little food she had eaten during more than twenty-four hours. Her habit was heavy with moisture and clung to her body; she was aware of a hot tremor passing over her, and saw that her hands shook as they held the bridle on which they had lost their grip. She had never fainted in her life, and she was not going to faint now, —women did not faint in these days,— but she must reach the cottage and dismount, to rest under shelter for a short time. No smoke was rising from the chimney, but surely some one was living in the place and could tell her where she was and give her at least water for herself and her horse. Poor beast! How wickedly she must have been riding him in her utter absorption in her thoughts. He was wet not alone with rain, but with sweat. He snorted out hot, smoking breaths.

She spoke to him, and he moved forward at her command. He, too, was trembling. Not more than two hundred yards, and she turned him into the lane; but it was wet and slippery, and strewn with stones. His trembling and her uncertain hold on the bridle combined to produce disaster. He set his foot upon a stone, which slid beneath it; he stumbled, and she could not help him to recover, so he fell, and only by Heaven's mercy *not* upon her, with his crushing, big-boned weight, and she was able to drag herself free of him before he began to kick in his humiliated efforts to rise. But he could not rise, because he was hurt,—and when she herself got up, she staggered and caught at the broken gate, because in her wrenching leap for safety she had twisted her ankle and for the moment was in cruel pain.

When she recovered from her shock sufficiently to be able to look at the cottage, she saw that it was more of a ruin than it had seemed even at a short distance. Its door hung open on broken hinges; no smoke rose from the chimney, because there was no one within its walls to light a fire. It was quite empty. Everything about the place lay in dead and utter silence. In a normal mood she would have liked the mystery of the situation and would have set about planning her way out of her difficulty; but now her mind made no effort, because normal interest in things had fallen away from her. She might be twenty miles from Stornham, but the possible fact did not at the moment seem to concern her. *Where is he now? Where is he now?* Childe Harold was trying to rise, despite his hurt, and his evident determination touched her. He was too proud to lie in the mire. She limped to him, and tried to steady him by his bridle. He was not badly injured, though plainly in pain.

"Poor boy! It was my fault," she said to him as he at last struggled to his feet. "I did not know I was doing it. Poor boy!"

He turned a velvet, dark eye upon her, and nosed her forgivingly with a warm

velvet muzzle, but it was unmistakable that for the time he was done for. They both moved haltingly to the broken gate, and Betty fastened him to a thorn-tree near it, where he stood on three feet, his fine head drooping.

She pushed the gate open and went into the house through the door which hung on its hinges. Once inside, she stood still and looked about her. If there was silence and desolateness outside, there was within the deserted place a stillness like the unresponse of death. It had been long since any one had lived in the cottage, but tramps or gipsies had evidently at times passed through it. Dead, blackened embers lay on the hearth; a bundle of dried grass which had been slept on was piled in the corner; an empty nail-keg and a wooden box had been drawn before the big chimney-place for some wanderer to sit on when the black embers had been hot and red.

Betty gave one glance about her and sat down upon the box standing on the bare hearth, her head sinking forward, her hands falling clasped between her knees, her eyes on the brick floor.

"Where is he now?" broke from her in a loud whisper, the sound of which was mechanical and hollow. "Where is he now?"

And she sat there without moving, while the gray mist from the marshes crept close about the door and through it and stole about her feet. So she sat long in a heavy, far-off dream.

ALONG the road a man was riding with a lowering, fretted face. He had come across country on horseback because to travel by train meant wearisome stops and changes, and endlessly slow journeying annoying beyond endurance to those who have not patience to spare. His ride would have been pleasant enough but for the slow, mist-like rain. Also he had taken a wrong turning, because he did not know the roads he traveled. The last sign-post he had passed, however, had given him his cue again, and he began to feel something of security. Confound the rain! The best road was slippery with it, and the haze of it made a man's mind feel befogged, and lowered his spirits horribly, discouraged him; would worry him into an ill humor even if he had reason to be in a good one. As for him, he had no reason for cheerfulness. He never had, for the matter of that, and just now—! What was the matter with his horse? He was lifting his head and sniffing the damp air restlessly as if he scented or saw something. Beasts often seemed to have a sort of second sight, horses particularly. What ailed him that he should prick up his ears and snort after his sniffing the mist? Did he hear anything? Yes, he did, it seemed. He gave forth suddenly a loud shrill whinny, turning his head toward a rough lane they were approaching, and immediately from the vicinity of a deserted-looking cottage behind a hedge came a sharp, but mournful-sounding, neigh in answer.

"What horse is that?" said Nigel Anstruthers, drawing in at the entrance to the lane, and looking down it. "There is a fine brute with a side saddle on," he added sharply. "He is waiting for some one. What is a woman doing there at this time? Is it a rendezvous? A good place—"

He broke off short and rode forward. "I 'm hanged if it is not Childe Harold!" he broke out, and he had no sooner assured himself of the fact than he threw himself from his saddle, tethered his horse, and strode up the path to the broken-hinged door.

He stood on the threshold and stared. What a hole it was—what a hole! And there she sat, alone, eighteen miles from home, on a turned-up box near the black embers, her hands clasped loosely between her knees, her face rather awful, her eyes staring at the floor as if she did not see it.

"Where is he now?" he heard her whisper to herself, with soft weirdness. "Where is he now?"

Sir Nigel stepped into the place and stood before her. He had smiled unpleasantly when he had heard her evidently unconscious words.

"My good girl," he said aloud, "I am sure I do not know where he is; but it is very evident he ought to be here, since you have amiably put yourself to such trouble. It is fortunate for you, perhaps, that I am here before him. What does this mean?" The final words were not mere question, but loud and abrupt demand, breaking from him with savage au-

thority. He had dragged her back to earth. She sat upright and recognized him with a hideous sense of shock; but he did not give her time to speak. His instinct of male fury leaped within him.

"*You!*" he cried out. "It takes a woman like you to come and hide yourself in a place of this sort like a trolloping gipsy wench! It takes a New York millionairess or a Roman empress or one of Charles the Second's duchesses to plunge as deep as this. You with your golden pedestal, you with your ostentatious airs and graces, you with your condescending to give a man a chance to repent his sins and turn over a new leaf! Damn it!" he cried, rising to a sort of frenzy, "what are you doing waiting in a hole like this —in this weather—at this hour—you—you!"

The fool's flame leaped high enough to make him start forward as if to seize her by the shoulder and shake her.

But she rose and stepped back to lean against the side of the chimney—to brace herself against it so that she could stand in spite of her lame foot. Every drop of blood had been swept from her face, and her eyes looked immense. His coming was a good thing for her, though she did not know it. It brought her back from unearthly places. All her child hatred woke and blazed in her. Never had she hated a thing so and the mere fire of her loathing set her slow, cold blood running like something molten.

"Hold your tongue!" she said in a clear, awful young voice of warning, "and take care not to touch me. If you do,—I have my whip here,—I shall lash you across the mouth!"

A certain sudden thought, which had cut into him like a knife thrust into flesh, drove him on.

"Do!" he cried. "I should like to carry your mark back to Stornham—and tell people why it was given. I know whom you are here for; only such fellows ask such things of women. But he was determined to be safe, if you hid in a ditch. You are here for Mount Dunstan —and he has failed you!"

But she only stood and stared at him, holding her whip behind her, knowing that at any moment he might snatch it from her hand. And she knew how poor a weapon it was. To strike out with it would only infuriate him and make him a wild beast, and it was becoming an agony to stand upon her foot. And even if it had not been so, if she had been strong enough to make a leap and dash past him, her horse stood outside, disabled.

Nigel Anstruthers' eyes ran over her from head to foot, down the side of her mud-stained habit, while a curious light dawned in them.

"You have had a fall from your horse," he exclaimed. "You are lame!" Then quickly: "So is he. That was why he was trembling and standing on three feet! By Jove!"

Then he sat down on the nail-keg and began to laugh. He laughed for a full minute, but she saw he did not take his eyes from her.

"You are in as unpleasant a situation as a young woman can well be," he said when he stopped. "You came to a dirty hole to be alone with a man who felt it safest not to keep his appointment. Your horse stumbled, and disabled himself and you. You are twenty miles from home, in a deserted cottage, in a lane no one passes down even in good weather. You are frightened to death, and you have given me even a better story to play with than your sister gave me. By Jove!"

His face was an unholy thing to look upon. The situation and her powerlessness were exciting him.

"No," she answered, keeping her eyes on his as she might have kept them on some wild animal; "I am not frightened to death."

His ugly, dark flush rose.

"Well, if you are not," he said, "don't tell me so. That kind of defiance is not your best line just now. You have been disdaining me from magnificent New York heights for some time. Do you think that I am not enjoying this?"

"I cannot imagine any one else who would enjoy it so much." And she knew the answer was daring, but would have made it if he had held a knife's point at her throat.

He got up, and walking to the door, drew it back on its crazy hinges, and managed to shut it close. There was a big wooden bolt inside, and he forced it into its socket.

"Presently I shall go and put the

horses into the cow-shed," he said. "If I leave them standing outside, they will attract attention. I do not intend to be disturbed by any gipsy tramp who wants shelter. I have never had you quite to myself before."

He sat down again, and nursed his knee gracefully. "And I have never seen you look so attractive," he added, biting his under lip in cynical enjoyment. "To-day's adventure has roused your emotions and actually beautified you—which was not necessary. I dare say you have been furious, and have cried. Your eyes do not look like mere eyes, but like splendid blue pools of tears. Perhaps *I* shall make you cry some time, my dear Betty."

"No, you will not," she said, without moving her steadfast eyes.

"Don't tempt me. Women always cry when men annoy them. They rage, but they cry as well."

"I shall not."

"It 's true that most women would have begun to cry before this: that is what stimulates me. You will swagger to the end. You put the devil into me. Half an hour ago I was jogging along the road, languid and bored to extinction. And now!" He laughed outright again, in actual exultation. "By Jove!" he cried. "Things like this don't happen to a man in these dull days! There 's no such luck going about. We 've gone back five hundred years, and we 've taken New York with us." His laugh shut off in the middle, and he got up to thrust his heavy, congested face close to hers. "Here you are as safe as if you were in a feudal castle, and here is your ancient enemy given his chance—given his chance! Do you think, by the Lord, he is going to give it up? No. To quote your own words, 'you may place entire confidence in that.' "

Exaggerated as it all was, somehow the melodrama dropped away from it, and left the bare, simple, hideous fact for her to confront. The evil in him had risen rampant and intoxicated him. He might see his senseless folly to-morrow, and know he must pay for it; but he would not see it to-day. The place was not a feudal castle, but what he said was insurmountable truth—a ruined cottage on the edge of miles of marshland, a seldom trodden road, and night upon them! A wind was rising on the marshes now, and making low, steady moan. Horrible things had happened to women before; one heard of them with shudders when they were recorded in the newspapers. Only two days ago she had remembered that sometimes there seemed blunderings in the great scheme of things. Was all this real, or was she dreaming that she stood here at bay, her back against the chimney wall, and this degenerate exulting over her, while Rosy was waiting for her at Stornham, and at this very hour her father was planning his journey across the Atlantic?

(To be concluded)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"BLIND MOUTHS"

LITERATURE is full of trenchant expressions of the recklessness of greed, such as "After us, the deluge!" "Devil-may-care" and "Out of sight, out of mind"—but none of them compares with the lightning-like revelation of selfishness made by these two words of Milton's. Conveying, as they do, the sense of an all-consuming appetite, the very maw of darkness, they would seem to have come from the poet's vituperative prose rather than from the flowing elegy of the gentle Lycidas.

"What has posterity ever done for us that we should do anything for posterity?" is a saying as striking for the falsity of its suggestion as for the edge of its wit. The most obvious material and natural reasons impel us to work for posterity. Our happiness consists largely in procuring the happiness of our children and our grandchildren, whose happiness in turn will consist in the happiness of *their* children and grandchildren. However attenuated this altruistic sentiment may become with further extension, it is enough for practical purposes if it shall reach forward four generations. We bless our ancestors for the building of roads and the planting of trees, and it is what posterity will do for us in the way of benediction that rightly animates any one above the beasts. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that civilization itself lies in the fact—and to the extent—that "out of sight" is *not* "out of mind."

We are moved to these reflections by the result of the Interstate Land Convention held at Denver in June—a body of men evidently called together to protest against President Roosevelt's policy for the administration of the national forests and the national range—a policy which in the light of the "Use Book" of the Forest Service it would be easier to prove too liberal toward the settler than too harsh. While this convention was in session, it would have been a fiction to have called it a deliberative body, but the amount of thinking that its members have since done will do them credit, as it does credit to the thought-awakening letter of the President and to the brave and patriotic speeches of Secretary Garfield and Mr. Pinchot, Forester of the Agricultural Department, who turned the tide of criticism with their good-natured and persuasive reasonableness.

It is with the conservation of the forests that we are here concerned, for without them there would be much less range to administer. Until 1890 our land policy was all steam and no brake. Under a false individualism, due to consideration for the bona-fide settler and the Civil War veteran, the larger interests of the region, which included their interests, were forgotten. Recklessness and waste were rampant. By false entries, bribery, and local terrorism millions of acres were acquired and held by individuals and corporations, and what was intended for the home-maker fell into the grasp of commercial exploiters, whose operations have not only left trails of devastation, but have poisoned the politics of many States.

During Mr. Harrison's administration, through the activity of his Secretary of the Interior, the Honorable John W. Noble, came a new policy. By a legislative provision, passed March 3, 1891 (drafted, be it remembered to his honor, by Edward A. Bowers, formerly of the Land Office), the President was authorized to withdraw from public entry and set apart and reserve in any State or Territory such portions of the public lands as might in his opinion be desirable for the preservation of the forests and waters. Then began a campaign of education throughout the country so continuous that

he must be ignorant indeed who does not know the impressive reasons why the upland forests must be preserved. The lingering tragedies of those Mediterranean countries—Greece, Italy, France, Spain, and the African coast—which permitted wholesale destruction of their forests have been rehearsed for our warning

> Till old Experience do attain
> To something of prophetic strain,

while the success of the present far-sighted policies of Germany, France, and other countries have been cited for our encouragement. To this effort to arouse the people to support conservative measures THE CENTURY, moved by a deep conviction of the peril, was an early, as it has been a frequent, contributor.

What Mr. Harrison so fortunately began, Mr. Cleveland greatly augmented, adopting the recommendations of the Sargent Forestry Commission and, in the face of great opposition, displaying characteristic firmness in establishing many reserves. Mr. McKinley added conspicuously to the areas saved from the peril of commercial exploitation. And now Mr. Roosevelt, guided by his intimate knowledge of the West and his sympathy with its needs, has not only carried on the policy of his predecessors geographically, but with the efficient aid of Mr. Pinchot and others has worked out the difficult problems of the defense and administration of the national forests, with the beneficent purpose of conserving the resources of wood and water for all time to come—a policy in the interest of the settler with an ax to grind, but not of the predatory syndicate with sawmills to build.

That what has been gained must be vigilantly and vigorously defended is evident from the scheme to draw the future water supply of San Francisco from the region of the Sierra. This was inevitable, and against the general idea there can be no argument. The objectionableness of the plan suggested is that, with a large choice of streams for the supply, the source selected has been the wonderful Tuolumne river, both the upper reaches near the beautiful Meadows and the lower stretches in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which in impressiveness is second only to the Yosemite itself. The fact that the same waters farther down or other waters to the north are available for the purpose implies some disingenuous aspect of this wanton invasion of the great Yosemite National Park. It is much to be hoped that the Administration will not consent to this needless diversion of the Park from its proper objects,—a project which, by the way, is strongly opposed by no less practical an authority on the Sierra than California's great naturalist, John Muir. Once let commercialism into the Park, and there is no knowing what ravages it will commit in the holy name of Franchise.

The same problems and perils are already confronting the East. Here, too, are "blind mouths." The walnut and white pine of the Lake States are virtually exhausted; the Leather Trust is everywhere decimating the hemlock for tanbark, while the soft woods, saplings as well as larger growth, are being indiscriminately devoured by the pulp mills. Meanwhile the senseless tariff on lumber tempts the rich companies to further depletion of our resources, rather than permit the builder to buy in the cheaper and inexhaustible market of Canada. Could folly further go?

What is to be done? We have already proposed in these pages that a systematic effort should be made to procure coöperation among the Eastern States looking toward a *reservation of the higher altitudes of the whole Appalachian range,* such as has been made by Executive order in the Sierra. The President, whose public service in this cause entitles him to the gratitude of the whole country and particularly of the West, might well take the initiative in such a movement by inviting a conference of the governors of the States concerned. We believe that at least one—Governor Hughes of New York—could be relied upon to forward the plan, and we believe all would respond favorably. The time for such action is before it has become the interest of large combinations to prevent salutary legislation. Unless something is done quickly, the ravages which are going on in New Hampshire and West Virginia will become the rule—to the vast injury of the West as well as of the East.

Reversing the witticism, let us ask,—What has posterity ever done to us that we should do such things to posterity?

MARS

THE recent extraordinary opportunity for the observation and study of Mars has reawakened the popular and scientific interest in this provocative planet. In June, 1902, THE CENTURY published an illustrated paper by Prof. William H. Pickering on the "Canals in the Moon," in which were given, also, pictures of "Canals in the Planet Mars." Professor Pickering in that paper stated that while "the observations may have their disappointing side, still it must be remembered that they do not disprove that intelligent life may exist either on Mars or elsewhere in the Universe. They merely weaken the strongest argument hitherto found for the existence of highly intelligent life upon Mars."

Dr. Percival Lowell, the American astronomer most closely identified with the theory of "intelligent life" on Mars, begins in this number of THE CENTURY an important and fascinating exposition of his observations, theories, and arguments. It is, of course, not to be taken for granted that every theory of cosmogony put forth by the writer in this summary is the generally accepted opinion; it may be that, or it may be the individual conclusion of a brilliant mind, after the study of other authorities, coupled with original investigation. In any case, the series will be found of intense interest, and is sure to excite no little discussion and controversy.

FREE ART GAINING GROUND

REPRESENTATIVE McCALL in his paper in the October CENTURY on "The Outlook for Tariff Reform" said trenchantly:

> The tax upon works of art should be absolutely done away with. It would be as enlightened to impose a duty upon sunshine. Instead of setting up obstacles in the way of works of art, the Government should rather put a premium upon their importation.

This is encouraging, but it is not the only reason for thinking that free art will be a feature of the next revision of the tariff. Men of very great influence among the powers that be in such legislation have confessed that this tax is indefensible on any theory of Protection, and that it would have been repealed, except that "to attempt to do so would be to open the door prematurely to a general tariff revision." Now that revision has been determined on, the blunder of taxing art should be retrieved at once.

We commend to members of Congress the remark of a French merchant who recently visited a large factory of American textile fabrics and being asked what he thought of the foreign prospects of this branch of our trade, replied, "You will never be formidable in the markets of Europe until you cease to copy French designs and this you will never do till you have free art."

America as a "world-power" trying to keep herself provincial would be a sight for gods and men!

OPEN LETTERS

Madame Vigée Lebrun

MADAME LEBRUN was born in Paris in 1755 and died there in 1842, and was educated in art by her father, who was a painter, and later by Briard, Doyen, and Joseph Vernet. She very early achieved success in portraiture, and became so popular that her salon was one of the most celebrated in Paris. After the Revolution, she was received in other countries with great distinction.

Her genius lay in the direction of portraiture, and the style of her art is based on the Italian school. She frequently painted herself, but our engraved example is undoubtedly her happiest achievement, a very picture of love. This is in the Louvre of Paris, in the Hall of Portraits, and there is another of the same subject, also in the Louvre in the Hall of French Masters, but different in tone and composition and not so good, as it is cold in color and hard in treatment. This one being warm and rich in effect. It is life-size, and painted on canvas.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Song of the Motorist

OH, I am an Auto-mobil-ist,
And I sail the bounding pike.
I give my high-geared wheels a twist
And go wherever I like.
I bound along o'er the country roads,
Past fresh green fields and farms,
And with what joy my heart explodes
As I breast the thank-you-marms!

I strew the ways with butter and eggs
When I hit a grocer's cart,
And once in a while the grocer's legs
And the grocer come apart.
To smash bang into a load of hay,
And scatter it left and right,
With a Yeave-ho-ho, and Tara-di-ay,
Is a source of sheer delight.

No cares have I of the sort that chills
The man who is soon to "bust."
Whenever I note my unpaid bills,
I go out and raise the dust.
I raise it here and I raise it there
Till it reaches the spreading skies,
And I find enough, and plenty to spare,
To throw in my creditors' eyes.

So its Ho for my trusty Automobile,
And Hi for the bounding pike!
Let others rave over the horse and wheel—
The tame and the arduous bike.
Let others rave over the brigantine
That ploughs through the realm of the conch,
It 's I for the car of gasolene
With its glorious Honk-honk-honk!

John Kendrick Bangs.

An Elusive Charm

I 'M perfectly daft about Nancy;
She 's graceful and dainty and fair:
But the charm that most catches my fancy,
Is her little pre-occupied air.

I agree that she 's awfully pretty,
Has sweet eyes and beautiful hair;
She 's clever and gracious and witty:
But—that little pre-occupied air!

It 's enchanting, the way she looks at you,
With a gentle but unseeing stare;
Like a lovely and vivified statue,
With that little pre-occupied air.

She heeds not a word you are saying,
She seems not to know you are there;
You perceive her attention is straying
By that little pre-occupied air—

A glance that 's unconsciously tender,
An interest that seems not to care.
When you see her, you 'll surely surrender
To that little pre-occupied air.

Carolyn Wells.

AN INVESTIGATION

LITTLE GIRL: You comed to meet me, did n't you, mama?
MAMA: Yes, dear; I came to meet you.
LITTLE GIRL: An' you meeted me, did n't you?
MAMA: Yes, darling.
LITTLE GIRL: But you could n't have meeted me 'less I 'd meeted you, could you, mama?

Drawn by Mark Fenderson

INTERESTED

"I wish they 'd hurry up an' start that wireless telegraph."

An Oriental Legend

OH, the Ballyhoo of Ringadoo
All day he sat on a Persian mat
With his toes turned in and his bearded chin
Pointing to sacred Alkalin;
And the tall Emirs and the Grand Viziers
And the little black Hoots with the painted ears
All bent the knee when they came to see
The Ballyhoo on his dignitee,
And they cried, "Boukhara! please observe
The pious cut of his classic nerve!"
But merely, "Who
In blazes are you?
Likewise, Pooh-pooh!"
Said the Ballyhoo
Of Ringadoo.

To the Ballyhoo of Ringadoo
There came one day a prophet gray,
A cynical freak of a worn-out sheik,
Who made so bold as to up and speak.
"O Mighty Boze, I like the pose
Of your turned-in toes and your turned-up nose;
But tell me why do the people cry
'Allah is good!' when they simply spy
You sitting flat on your Persian mat
Like a philosophical Thomas cat?"
But merely, "Who
In blazes are you?
Likewise, Pooh-pooh!"
Quoth the Ballyhoo
Of Ringadoo.

So the Ballyhoo of Ringadoo
He growled, "Good day!" to the prophet gray,
Whose brow was bent as he onward went
With a look of quizzical puzzlement.
And he said: "Dear, dear! something 's wrong, I fear.
I have striven for fame full seventy year,
But I do not see why this man should be
Placed on a rug and his dignitee
Because of the pose of his turned-in toes
And the tip-top point of his haughty nose."
But merely, "Who
In blazes are you?
Likewise, Pooh-pooh!"
Quoth the Ballyhoo
Of Ringadoo.

Wallace Irwin.

Invocation to the Muse of the 18th Century

HAIL, dainty deity of fop and beau,
The genius slight of flounce and furbelow,
Of rouge and powder, patches and perfumes,
Of dim bosquet and taper-lighted rooms,
Of ornate boudoirs where gilt *bois sculpté*
Frames the delightful panels of Lancret;
Queen of all amours, ardors, billets-doux,
(Where love is false and affectation true),
Whose powerful scepter is a fragile fan,
And whose dominion is the heart of man!
Unto my eyes the subtle colors show
That glowed upon the canvas of Watteau;
People again the landscape with the fair,
Starting upon a voyage *au Cythère*,
Or proud Marquise disguised as shepherdess,
Woo'd by young Colin in fantastic dress,
Veiling the delicate flattery of her eye
With fashion's gay, eternal butterfly;
Her fan, by Martin, with a slight amour,
Or with the smiling face of Pompadour.
Before your shrine I offer, up to you,
Oh, slender goddess fashioned by Pajou,
All the faint incense of their amorous sighs,
And all the fires of their now closèd eyes!

Lucretia Le Bourgeois.

An Injustice to Cupid

THEY say that little Love is blind—
An imputation most unkind.
Some folks there are he will not touch,
Because, forsooth, he sees too much.

Thomas L. Masson.

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"HE AND THE WIND WERE ALONE ON THE ROAD." (SEE "THE JUGGLER OF TOURAINE")

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A VISIT TO THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE

BY ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

A STEP from the Boulevard Montmartre and the neighboring theaters is the Conservatoire, at the end of a crowded, tumultuous street, where the paving-stones are irregular and noisy. This Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière is not of yesterday. Despite the transforming touch of trade and industry, almost every one of its ancient façades merits an epitaph. At No. 13 was once the Hôtel de Sénac de Meilhan; Cherubini died at No. 19; while No. 30, a vast building with pillared peristyle and court choked with push-carts and cases of seltzer, was formerly the home of Marshal Ney. The Conservatoire, at No. 15, also has had its history. On its site Louis XVI founded the Royal Academy of Music, so charmingly named the "Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs" of his Majesty. Before him the Comte de Charolais had established here his bachelor quarters, where, in the language of the day, he came for his recreation. To-day there remains only a huge monument, white, unified, and square, the monotony of which has no power to recall the memory of departed gallantries.

Such at first view is the Conservatoire, still very living, into which for over a century has flowed an ardent current of youth, cherishing imaginary adventures and dreaming of the apotheosis of the stage.

Though many at the autumn examinations find the door closed, and few depart at the year's end with the coveted diploma, and very, very few succeed in realizing their dreams; yet at the Conservatoire who is not certain of his first prize and convinced that later he will rank among the virtuosos of the capital? For the presence of these very actors, their daily intercourse, and the constant echoes of their triumphs, are present to stir up in the young candidate every imaginable illusion.

The reign of this fine confidence greets one at the very gateway, in the groups of bearded singers who arrive trying their voices and humming masterfully their airs of the opera; in the adolescents, girls in short skirts, artists of the piano, the flute, and the violin, who bustle in, cases in hand, or music-rolls pinched under their arms.

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In the courtyard, filled with the sighs of violins, the cascades of difficult chords, and the trills of distracted voices, still other groups begin to form—young men with smooth faces, many of boyish look (for the Conservatoire may be entered at fifteen), who often have transplanted their families to Paris that they may dare the perils of an adventurous career. Styles long lost to favor, and clothes in which the shades begin to be uncertain, testify beyond the need of words that with this class existence is not always easy. Yet they take life lightly, chattering and joking, boy and girl together. With the young women there is the same frugality in dress; indeed, the same little hardships. Though vivacious in face, hardly one could be called beautiful. One can not imagine in these slender maidens the future illustrious coquettes, the future *Célimènes* of Molière, who some day will call all Paris to their feet.

Occasionally the hum of voices flattens and the groups open as Mme. Rose Caron crosses the court, or M. Widor, professor of composition, or M. Taffanel, the leader of the orchestra at the opera, goes into a class-room. At length comes a summons: "The class of M. Silvain!"

The illustrious interpreter of classic tragedy at the Comédie Française appears; hair brushed back under the large brim of his hat, which towers above all those who quickly surround him. He distributes his hand-shakes paternally, and his fine countenance, cut like a proconsul's, beams with the pleasure he feels in the midst of familiar faces until, like an apostle leading his disciples, he plunges into the nearest passage, followed by his flock.

Another quarter of an hour and another summons: "The class of M. Le Bargy!"

In the distance appears an elegant profile. Glancing hurriedly at the bundle of letters just received, M. Le Bargy answers all salutations with an inclination of his head, slight, but friendly, for he keeps his pupils at a distance. He in turn disappears, penetrating to one of the halls reserved for the course in declamation, of which there are many, usually rather primitive. At the back is a sort of provisional stage, without wings or curtain. The pit is bare and empty save for a few scattered benches, while on each side, forgotten in the shadow, is a row of small boxes. The green walls are faded, gray, and dusty, while the whole hall, lighted from above, recalls those abandoned silent little theaters, such as one may happen upon in certain old castles of Germany, where formerly noble ladies amused themselves by reciting the tragedies of Voltaire.

Meanwhile the class has ranged itself on the benches, the sexes apart. The boxes are given over to the mothers, who occupy a distinct position at the Conservatoire. In appearance, they offer a unique type, midway between the dealer in second-hand gowns and the veteran actress whose record is not one of successes. As to their duties, these naturally consist in never for a second quitting their daughters. Of course it is not always conclusively established that they are the mothers of the young ladies they protect.

M. Le Bargy, serious and dignified, establishes himself at his table in the center of the orchestra and asks:

"Gentlemen, who is ready with his part?"

A young man quits the bench. The scene is to be from Racine, in "Britannicus," the dialogue between *Nero* and *Narcissus*. The student who has selected the latter rôle mounts the stage, accompanied by a comrade, book in hand, who is to give him the replies. The class is opened. Sunk in his arm-chair, M. Le Bargy listens, without comment, while through the silence resounds the classic line:

> Seigneur, j'ai tout prévu pour une mort
> si juste:
> Le poison est tout prêt. . . .

M. Le Bargy continuing impassive, the young tragedian declaims with growing fervor, more and more animated as he warms to his subject, until he flings forth his gestures at last with real fury. On and on he goes, intoxicated by the cadence of the verse, in full gallop, when suddenly the voice of the master pulls him up with a jerk at the precise moment when he imagines the palpitating audience hanging on his lips.

"That 's not it—not at all!" The tragedian opens his eyes wide with astonishment. "You are reciting nothing but verses. You are not declaiming. You are

not acting." The student, who thought so confidently to hold his audience, remains gaping. "Put yourself in his position," continues the professor. "Do you comprehend his situation? Instead of keeping to conventional gestures, try a little to imagine what is *Narcissus*—a freed slave, the favorite of the emperor, the creature of *Nero*. Think what trickery, tact, adroitness, and understanding he must have had to have succeeded. You may be sure, to dominate the spirit of his master, he uses an insinuating tone and discreet gestures that are quite the opposite of yours."

Line by line, M. Le Bargy takes up the scene, emphasizing the significant passages, varying the intonations, indicating the appropriate pose, interpreting thus minutely his part as he reconstructs it piece by piece. Ten times he repeats the same phrase until he succeeds in giving his pupil the exact accent.

"There—not bad," he concludes ironically. "Still a bit vague, a little hesitating, but not bad." Then, turning to one side, "Now for the young ladies."

There climbs hurriedly upon the stage a young girl with ardent eyes, black hair, and features a little heavy, a strongly marked type of the South. Still another tragedy! This time it is a scene from "Denise," tragic and poignant. At once a torrent of cries and tears and heartrending attitudes. The professor tries in vain to calm this terrible despair, calling out:

"Too much noise, mademoiselle! More calm, more simplicity! Keep your tears until later. You do nothing but weep!"

Vain protests. The young Southron is off and is not to be stopped so soon. M. Le Bargy, with a shake of his head, lifts his shoulders in despair.

Next comes a small young woman, barely sixteen, with the countenance of an ingénue and the figure of a Cinderella. Immediately we are in the realm of comedy. She has selected that fascinating scene of Alfred de Musset, where *Cécile*, at the beginning of the night, steals away from her mother and goes to meet, in the depths of the garden, *Valentin*, the mischievous rascal. It is a scene of exquisite fancy and incomparable charm. No wonder that she shows audacity in attacking a dialogue of such light grace and elusive shades. Immediately the professor begins to protest. "Oh, what tones, mademoiselle, and what a voice! Impossible —absolutely impossible! You are simpering; you 're flirting; you are playing it like a little minx."

The ingénue protests vigorously.

"My dear young lady, I regret to say it; I am in despair at having to say it, but I repeat—like a little minx. Why, my poor child, *Cécile* is a song-bird, a little song-bird; nothing more nor less! Get that well into your head. As for you, sir," he adds, turning to the young man who gives her the cues, "don't forget, either, that you are *Valentin*, a swell of the '30's—a dandy."

This advice reaches a husky fellow with short legs and fat neck, who, in physique at least, suggests very little of the hero of Alfred de Musset.

"Now, then, you sit beside mademoiselle, very close. From time to time, at the right moment, slip your arm about her waist." The husky fellow adopts the suggestion without a second urging. "Bravo! splendid! But, tut, tut, mademoiselle, don't be so easy as that! You 're a young girl who has been carefully brought up, indeed, the best brought up in France. When *Valentin* squeezes you too closely, you must give a little shiver. There, like that—ouf!"

The room bursts into laughter, M. Le Bargy leading all. "Now, then, mademoiselle, now 's the time for the shiver—ouf!"

Abandoning his serious attitude, the professor, erect and agile, begins to promenade. Despite his forty-five years, M. Le Bargy retains that easy carriage and distinguished step which has won for him among the ladies such fervent admirers when he plays "L'Ami des Femmes" or "Le Gendre de M. Poirier." In relaxation, as on the stage, he makes use of his irresistible charm; so while he conducts his class, he manages to pass from pupil to pupil, whispering a bit of flattery or making them laugh by a witticism. Mlle. F—— drops her handkerchief. M. Le Bargy pounces on it and bears it away. Mlle. F—— demands it. M. Le Bargy smiles graciously, but shakes his head. Mlle. F—— begins to insist. But the professor, returning to his duties and the stage, cries:

"Eh, there, *M. Valentin,* clasp her—clasp her! There, enough! Halt! On my word, who ever saw anything like that!"

And in such manner the lesson goes on its way.

Such is the usual tone of M. Le Bargy's classes. Yet, despite his accustomed good humor, he has the reputation of being a most disconcerting master, often giving way to the temptation of intimidating his pupils.

But to form a complete impression of the instruction in declamation at the Conservatoire, one would have to knock at every door. There are six classes, each of distinct character; six professors, all members of the Comédie Française, each with his method, his routine, and his mannerisms: M. Silvain, friendly, indulgent, and paternal; M. Leloir, who gives to his courses the erudition of a professor of the Sorbonne; M. Paul Mounet, usually an hour behind, who breaks in, like a clap of wind, necktie afloat, slamming all doors behind him, and waking the corridors with the rumble of his "Well, children, are we all here? Begin, then." As soon as the first verses strike his ear, he is all admiration and unrestrained enthusiasm. "Amazing, children! Is n't it amazing, that strophe! Pure gold—absolutely pure gold!"

Instinctively, he begins to recite the part to himself, matching the gestures of his pupil, until the moment when, restraining himself no longer, he springs on the stage and starts to declaim at the top of his lungs. The boards tremble beneath his tread; the windows seem to shiver, while the tumult rolls through the whole Conservatoire.

Yet to be absolutely satisfied, M. Paul Mounet must have at his side a friend whom he has dragged to a seat, where at every moment he may be appealed to for his commendation.

"What do you think of this one?" he will ask proudly. "There 's talent for you, great talent. And this one? Just listen to this. What a voice, eh? Oh, he 'll go far. Remember what I tell you."

No wonder that M. Paul Mounet is adored by his pupils, despite certain occasional displays of temper, which at times become positively terrifying. One day, a young tragedian, in order to bind together two scenes of "Polyeucte," determined unluckily to interpolate some verses of his own. So long as he confined himself to the text of the great Corneille everything went for the best. Serious, thoughtful, and attentive, the master listened.

"Pure gold," he was heard to murmur—"positively pure gold!"

But at the first words of the improvisation, brusquely he bounded up, shouting indignantly: "Great Heavens! What 's that! That 's not Corneille—never in the world! Who has dared to tack on these platitudes!"

The pupil began to stammer without coherence.

"You—you did! Ah, that 's too much!" and with a bound, he bolted from the hall. Firmly resolved to have the unworthy student immediately expelled, he rushed to the office of M. Théodore Dubois, then the director of the Conservatoire. M. Dubois was out.

"Very well; I 'll wait," he murmured, preparing to patrol until the director's return.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, a half hour. M. Dubois did not appear, and the rage of M. Paul Mounet gradually subsided. Indeed, very soon, to kill time, he began to make puns with the attendant on duty, until, tiring of this means of diversion, he forsook the antechamber and departed on a new errand.

But, on his way, whom should he meet but the very pupil whom an hour ago he had so vigorously assailed.

"Ah, it 's thou, is it?" (M. Paul Mounet calls every one thou; besides, it is traditional at the Conservatoire.) "What 's the time? Let 's go to lunch, then." A step farther they meet another pupil. "Thou also; thou must come with us."

In brief, once clear of the Conservatoire, M. Paul Mounet suddenly finds that he has invited his entire class to luncheon. That does not astonish him, and so, without delay, they all betake themselves to Rougemont's near-by, who has as his daily patrons the entire staff of the Conservatoire. There is a bountiful repast, with general hilarity and spasmodic discussion.

Naturally, the theme is always of the theater, above all, of the nearing competition, which, according to old cus-

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chumack

COURTYARD OF THE CONSERVATOIRE: EXIT THE PROFESSOR

tom, is held toward the end of July. The pupils must pass three examinations yearly, of which the last alone, if the marks are satisfactory, gives them the right to compete. The jury is always of the same complexion, formed of celebrated actors, critics of standing, and those dramatists who are most in view.

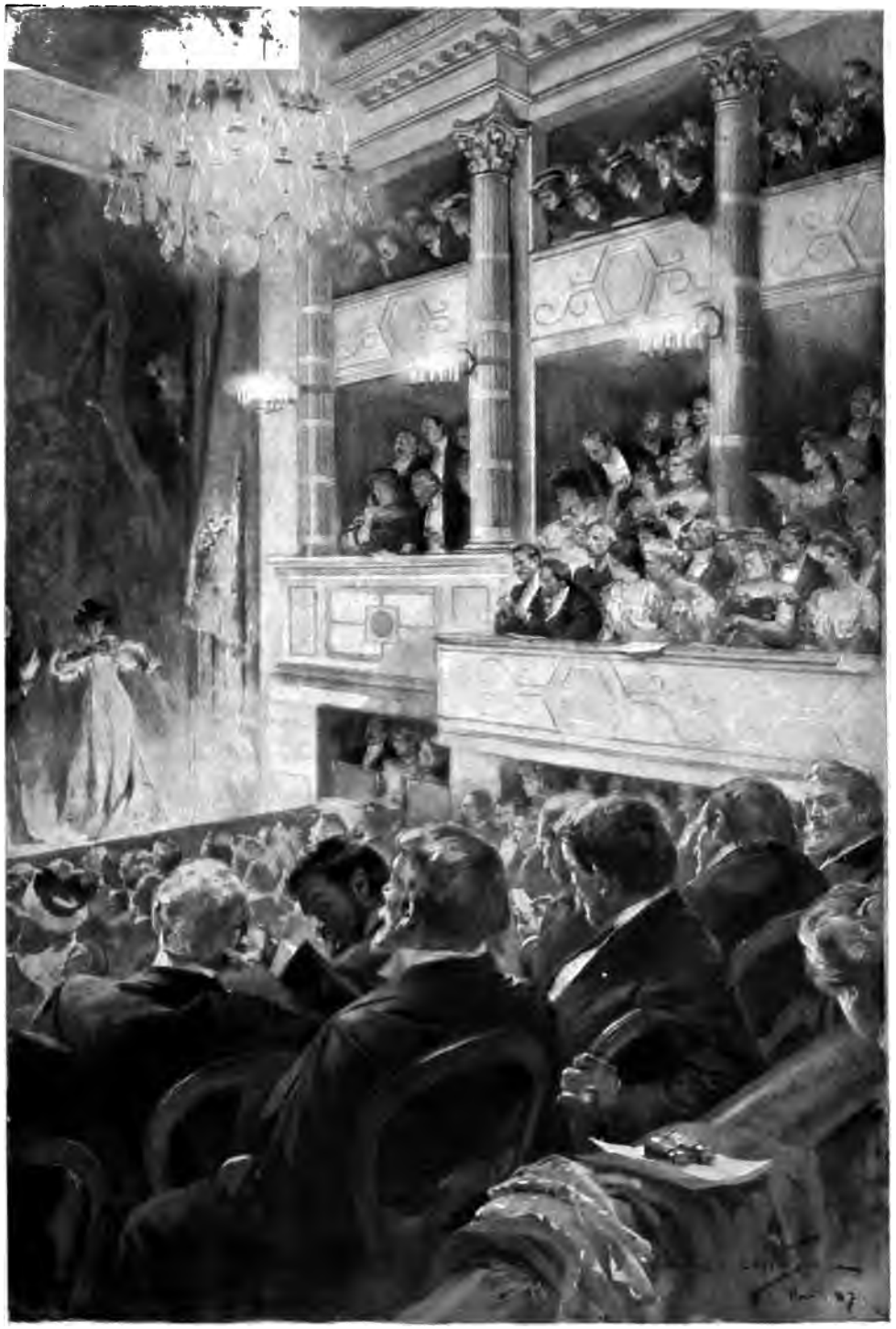
Each pupil has successively to compete in tragedy and comedy, with freedom to choose such scenes or passages as best fit his natural gifts. Yet the choice gives rise to grave complications. In spite of the great resources which at first thought one would imagine are offered by French literature, it always happens that every one is suddenly possessed with a desire to interpret the same passage. If among the men the debate usually keeps a certain restraint, with the ladies it is bound to develop into acrid personalities, which soon yield to thundering threats. Invariably the quarrel closes in tears, hysterics, and spells of fainting. Heaven knows whether in ordinary life such methods of persuasion are used. Certainly nothing approaches the abuse of them which occurs at the Conservatoire, where the habit of playing tragedy and comedy naturally excites a desire to put into every-day practice the lesson learned.

Meanwhile the papers have begun to quicken the public interest in the approaching dramatic solemnity. In every issue there is a word slipped in, or a paragraph in passing, on these candidates, still unknown to the public, with, of course, much supporting commendation. The fact is these prophecies match as a rule the secret opinions of the persons designated. In the memory of man, since there has been a Conservatoire and a competition, there has never appeared a candidate who was not certain of his first prize and perfectly calm, too, in that conviction. Yet, though the jury can, at its wish, distribute two and even three firsts, it is not at all unusual for it to judge all candidates below the standard and to award only second prizes and sometimes nothing beyond honorable mentions.

This traditional assemblage is an event. By half-past nine in the morning the little theater of the Conservatoire, which, despite its small size, is kept for public exhibitions on account of its exceptional acoustic properties, is choked from the floor to the ceiling with celebrities, familiar faces of the fashionable world, actors, and journalists, all who attend such gatherings, a first-night audience, where, of course, the note of the theater is emphasized. In the orchestra is an ant-hill of heads, unequally revealed, erect, aslant, turning, always curious. Above in the boxes a profusion of multicolored toilettes. M. and Mme. Willy are present. Mlle. Polaire is next discovered. Near by is Mme. Baretta, a former member of the Comédie Française; farther on, Mme. Brandès of the Renaissance; M. Catulle Mendès, the critic, giving Mme. Réjane a flattering opinion on her latest creation at the Vaudeville. Finally, hidden in the obscurity of a box, or posted at the mouth of a corridor, Sem, the caricaturist, pencil in hand, is sketching the series of peoples which tomorrow will appear on the front page of the "Gil Blas" or the "Figaro." As a rule, the heat is torrid, but on such a day every one is resolved to smother in silence, even if forced to camp two on a seat. So while the audience awaits the lifting of the curtain, it fans itself, chattering, observing, and criticizing with good humor.

The roomy box reserved for the jury is meanwhile slowly filling up. One by one appear M. Porto Riche and M. Lavedan; M. Claretie, the director of the Français, M. Capus, beaming as usual; M. Paul Hervieu, more melancholy than ever. Next the thin visage of M. Sardou is recognized, and the superb profile of M. Mounet-Sully, brother of Paul Mounet. This distinguished company does not in the least share the anxiety of the audience. They have assisted, indeed, at many competitions and witnessed many processions of candidates. So each arrives, already blasé, slightly fatigued, and, with dropped brows, lounges into his chair, assuming the serious demeanor and impassive haughtiness of the judge whom nothing can corrupt.

All at once three knocks are heard. The hum of conversation flattens, the tardy arrivals rush to their seats, the curtain rises, and the first candidate, in black coat and white cravat, makes his appearance. This costume is obligatory, though doubtless somewhat awkward



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A PRIZE COMPETITION AT THE CONSERVATOIRE
(THE JURY IN THE FOREGROUND)

when it becomes necessary to assume the majestic attitudes of a Grecian king or an emperor of Rome. This may be the secret opinion of the candidate who has undertaken the part of *Achilles,* and is mains serious, impenetrable, and slightly bored. Yet, throughout the spectacle, at every moment, the anxious faces of parent and friend instinctively turn to this redoubtable and silent box. Quickly some

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

PAUL MOUNET AND HIS PUPILS AT THE RESTAURANT ROUGEMONT

perceptibly embarrassed by the shocking incongruity of his costume. Gradually, however, his gestures gain ease, his voice takes on assurance, and the speech terminates in the midst of a storm of bravos. With one movement, every lorgnette is trained on the jury. But the jury re- one detects a frown or a smile on the face of this judge or that.

"Did you see Sardou? Watch Sardou! M. Sardou is laughing!"

The spectator who, when his favorite was on the stage, saw the thin lips of M. Sardou contract, circulates everywhere,

distributing the news and amplifying it, according to his desire.

"Sardou is delighted with him. Sardou is pleased—a good sign. All goes well."

Curiously enough, nine times out of ten, at that precise moment M. Sardou was paying no attention to the stage, but was laughing over a witticism which his neighbor, M. Capus, had whispered to him.

Meanwhile the candidates continue to come forward, and the echoes of the Conservatoire start to the cries of: "My lord, you change countenance!" "Villain, you lie!" "You turn pale, colonel." "You did not expect me, Madame la Comtesse!"

The audience continues to applaud, though with perceptibly less enthusiasm than at the opening. The approach of the dining hour begins to be felt. As the performance adjourns on the stroke of noon, every one elbows out of the hall with even greater precipitation than he showed on entering. The spectators depart with a sigh of relief to gain a corner at the nearest restaurant.

Half an hour later the crowd is back in the courtyard of the Conservatoire, more tumultuous and more seething than ever. A group forms about a young actress, who, with powdered cheek and eye still accentuated with charcoal, seems at a loss how best to answer the chorus of praise that assails her from all sides. Farther on, M. Silvain takes aside his favorite pupil, promenading arm in arm.

"Be calm! Keep calm, won't you?" the professor murmurs. "At least don't lose your head!" Then, until the hour of reëntering, they run over the passage that is to be given.

As a rule, the competition ends the same evening, and is followed immediately by the distribution of prizes—a critical and painful moment. After a slight deliberation behind closed doors, the jury returns to its box. The candidates, men and women, reappear on the stage. The director of the Conservatoire rises and in the midst of a cathedral silence announces:

"Competition in tragedy: Mlle. F——, the jury decrees to you a first prize."

Applause, frantic, palpitating, cut by enthusiastic cries. Pale, her breathing interrupted, the laureate carries her hand to her heart to restrain the emotion which overpowers her. This is the gesture of tradition.

"Second prize: Mlle. R——," continues the director. There is a shriek. Mlle. R——, who counted on a first, totters and becomes faint—also according to custom. Indeed, this is so expected, that a comrade is always at hand to receive into his arms the unfortunate girl and transport her behind the scenes to her weeping mother. For on this day the mother has a privileged position and shows a disconcerting boldness in crying fraud, inciting the audience, and assailing the judges with importuning protests. Seldom does a competition of the Conservatoire end without some disturbance, protestation, or incident, from that unfortunate time when M. Dubois mixed up the awards, giving a first to the young girl who deserved only a second and *vice versa*. A new distribution was necessary, and, needless to say, on that day there were two attacks of hysterics instead of one.

As tragedy and comedy each give rise to two distinct competitions, men and women being judged separately, the jury, if it chooses, may distribute four firsts and as many seconds, not to speak of the honorable mentions. Beyond the satisfaction of winning a first or second, the pupil who leaves the Conservatoire well placed finds at once an engagement somewhere.

Yet it is a mistake to expect too much of these laureates of the Conservatoire. Too often in the sequel they fail to respond to expectation. Just as in the Prix de Rome at the Beaux Arts, too many, intoxicated by precocious success, or incapable of seriously developing their gifts, remain content with their triumph of a day, until, forgotten little by little, they will vegetate all their lives in obscurity. So fragile, indeed, is talent and so elusive!

"VISIT OF NICODEMUS TO CHRIST"
BY JOHN LA FARGE

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'TITE SAUVAGE

BY ELIZABETH SHAW OLIVER

"MONSEIGNEUR LE FERRIÈRE will be glad to see the hills of St. Fidèle, think you not so, Justinian?" Edgar Simard pushed back his old felt hat and looked expectantly up the winding road.

Lifting a young spruce in his knotted hands, Justinian drove its sharpened base into the ground on the road's edge. "But without doubt," he said.

"It is good, perhaps, to be a bishop," he continued, shaking his head sagely, "but to have to live in Trois Rivières! Mon Dieu, it makes me sad!"

"The young curé tells me that Monseigneur le Ferrière has asked to carry the Blessed Sacrament in the procession to-morrow," resumed Simard.

"I suppose," mused Justinian as he stepped back to survey the double row of spruces and balsams which bordered the dusty main street of the little French-Canadian village, "that there is nothing like this in Trois Rivières. It must be dull down there." He jerked a thumb in the direction of the despised town. "Here, as Monseigneur knows, it is always gay, and, *ma foi,* I think he will find that we have even profited in these two years of his absence. Monsieur le Curé is young, perhaps, but it is a man of talent. Look now at the many flags at the windows; it was the idea of Monsieur; and the knots of red and white above the door, *c'est fin, ça.*" Justinian, overcome by the originality of the village decoration, relapsed into eloquent silence.

Simard, loyal to the old régime, exhibited no enthusiasm. He remembered the Fête Dieu of former years, when Monseigneur le Ferrière and his scattered parishioners had worshiped at a plain green-boughed altar. He remembered the tenacity with which the old man had clung to the order of simplicity, though the growing village had urged a more elaborate ceremonial.

"I hope Monseigneur le Ferrière will be pleased," he said doubtfully.

"But, *mon cher,* I am certain of it," interrupted the irrepressible Justinian. "Ten *beaux garçons* on horses, and a *planche* well decorated to meet him at the Baie! Two altars! twelve of our prettiest children for angels! Flags, banners, decorations! *Il n'est pas fou, Monseigneur.*"

"No," assented Simard, thoughtfully rubbing the back of his neck, "*il n'est pas fou.*"

"Ulysse Tremblay and Bébé Villeneuve have gone up the hill," continued Justinian; "at the first sight of the returning procession they will descend quickly and give us warning. The beadle is to ring the new chimes. The weather, too, is good, the sun sets well, and the wind is *franc sudouest.* We are *b'en chanceux. Sapristi,*" he exclaimed suddenly, with great excitement, one gnarled finger outstretched, "Monseigneur le Ferrière will be here in an hour, and see, opposite Lapointe's store, that balsam is quite out of place. It is Joseph Desbiens who has charge of those trees; but bah! he is never *de confiance.*" Justinian Lavoie, indignation in every feature, picked up his ax and strode in the direction of the offending evergreen.

Simard shrugged his shoulders and mutely followed in the train of the excited Justinian. He helped to right the misplaced tree and then joined a group of men lounging before the village store. He found enthusiasm rife among them. Like Justinian they were immeasurably elated by the preparations for the June festival; they were eager to welcome their former curé, but civic pride some-

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HER BON DIEU WAS INCARNATE BEFORE HER"

what overtopped their interest in his return. Simard felt that his fears, if expressed, would fall on deaf ears. Half-ashamed, he stifled all doubts and abandoned himself to the excitement of the moment.

For weeks the inhabitants of St. Fidèle, under the supervision of their young priest, had prepared for a double event of unparalleled importance—the return of Monseigneur le Ferrière in his new rôle of bishop and a glorified celebration of the Fête Dieu. There had been pessimists in plenty, but now, in the thrill of achievement, men like Simard were carried along on the wave of general enthusiasm. Gaiety and self-congratulation swayed the village; every one was content, every one was happy.

No, not every one. There was a little figure perched on a snake-fence at the top of the hill which overlooked St. Fidèle whose attitude and bearing were eloquent of despair—a black-eyed, shock-haired girl, barefoot, ragged, and dirty. Her brown face was scratched, and streaked with recent tears. In one hand she clasped a bunch of deep-wood orchids and ferns, and in the other a torn straw hat.

"I care not what the mother superior says; I care not for what Louise she tells me," she announced to the swaying trees and grasses. "The bishop was my mother's friend; I will speak with him."

A look of sullen determination settled on the child's pathetic face. She shook back her black, straight hair and peered eagerly up the empty, dusty road. Her watchfulness was at last rewarded; two men hurried past her on their way to the village, shouting to each other in loud, excited voices that the bishop and his escort had been sighted on the summit of the farther hill. She slipped off the fence unnoticed, and placed herself in the middle of the road. She heard the clatter of iron hoofs and the rattle of wheels as the cavalcade topped the hill in a cloud of dust, but in spite of the angry cries of warning she refused to move.

The planche and its outriders were brought to an abrupt halt. One of the foremost men, a dull-looking giant in homespun, reached down from his horse and tried to seize the small offender. With the sinuous agility of an eel the child slipped from his grasp, and darted among the open-mouthed rustic cavalry.

"*Maudite 'tite sauvage*," growled the man as he pushed back his hat and scratched his head.

The bishop, in his decorated planche, turned to his companion. "Why do we stop, *mon cher?*" he said.

The young curé leaned out of the vehicle and caught a glimpse of the dodging, ragged child. His brow puckered with anger. This was the first hitch in his elaborate arrangements. "It 's Toinette Dufour," he exclaimed. "She 's the naughtiest child in the village. I will get out and speak to her."

"The naughtiest child in the village," repeated the old man, as he fingered the cross on his breast, a mischievous smile playing about his expressive mouth. "Surely this is a case for a bishop—"

"She is a half-breed, a child of shame," interrupted the young man, impetuously, "like mother, like child."

"*Aïe! aïe! mon fils.*" said the bishop, "I see thou hast many years to live."

The very gentleness of the reproof made it cut like a knife. The younger man drew himself up. "Does Monseigneur realize that Marie Dufour's behavior was an open scandal in the village?" he exclaimed. "When she returned last autumn in a dying condition with her half-breed, fatherless child, no one would speak to her. If it had not been for the mother superior, who sheltered both, they might have starved. The woman was repentant at the last, but though the good mother superior and I have striven and prayed, we have been able to do nothing with the child. She has wild Indian blood and is unregenerate."

"Poor, pretty Marie!" murmured the bishop, his eyes full of pain. "So this is the child. I will speak with her, *mon fils.*"

Toinette had slipped from one outstretched hand to another. Her eyes, beneath her flying black mane, were aflame with the glory of the untrapped animal. She moved in and out among her pursuers with wild grace, laughing elfishly at each escape. One man caught her by her streaming hair as she glided under his horse's nose. With a snarl of rage she turned and bit the retaining hand, and

shook her head mockingly as her captor released her with a cry of pain. So she made her way unharmed, unrestrained, to the steps of the bishop's carriage. As she drew her childish figure to the full height and peered at the two ecclesiastics, she caught the bishop's last words. Leaning forward, she touched the old man's arm half-timidly, and as he turned in her direction, held out her bunch of wc ıland blossoms. "I am Toinette Dufour," she said. There was a touch of defiance in her tone. Then hurriedly, beseechingly, "Oh! Monseigneur, let me be an angel." The black eyes were brimming with tears, and large with the wistfulness of childhood.

The curé made a motion forward, but the bishop laid a restraining hand on the young man's knee.

There was something in the old man's face that was akin to the sunset lights and the encircling hills. "My little Toinette," he said, as he took the flowers from her thin, brown hand, "what troubles thee?"

The child sprang into the carriage with a cry of happy confidence. "Oh! Monseigneur," she murmured, "I knew you would help me." She sank down at his feet with a sigh of content, and looked up into the kind, old face. "It is this, Monseigneur," she explained, utterly ignoring the angry looks of the young priest. "The mother superior promised me if I would be good, and not run in the woods, or tear my clothes, but study, and sew, and say all my prayers, that she would let me be an angel; and until today I have been good, but this morning the mother says she has changed her mind. Louise Duchesne tells me it is because her father finds me an 'unregenerate.' Monseigneur, is it bad that, to be an 'unregenerate'? Why may I not be an angel?"

The bishop put his hand on the child's head. "Why not?" he said. "*Mon cher,*" he added, turning to the curé, his face bright with a smile of confidence, "thou wilt help me to lighten the troubles of childhood; one is so helpless in later life. I know not of what the little one speaks, this being an angel, but thou must know."

The curé was annoyed. Before the curtain had gone up on his long-planned drama, his best scenic effects had been discovered. "It is the mother superior's idea," he explained shortly. "She has chosen twelve little girls to kneel as angels on the steps of the altars."

"A pretty thought," said the bishop, relinquishing with a sigh his hope of the simple ceremony of former years. "But why not Toinette? She would make a charming angel." He put his hand under the child's chin, and lifted her face till the black, passionate eyes met his own. "A charming angel," he repeated gently.

"The mother superior will give you her own reasons," answered the curé. "Let us drive to the convent." He leaned out of the planche. "*Au couvent,*" he commanded.

The mounted habitants formed themselves into a ragged column, and trotted down the road, but the glory of the moment had been dimmed by the interruption. They all felt an angry dislike for the 'tite sauvage. Toinette, unaware of the sentiment she inspired, or perhaps quite indifferent to it, nestled against the bishop's knee in quiet content. In her short, miserable life she had never touched such heights of happiness.

The white spire of the parish church reared itself proudly above the roofs of St. Fidèle and gleamed in the golden evening light. As the procession wound down the road, its bells rang out a chime of welcome.

The doors of the houses flew open, and old and young, man, woman, and child, swarmed into the road to give Monseigneur le Ferrière a fitting reception. The cavalcade passed between the double line of gray and black figures, and as it advanced the people fell upon their knees in the dusty highway.

The bishop, one hand upon Toinette's shoulder, leaned out of the carriage to bless his people. "*Vive Monseigneur l'évêque!*" cried one enthusiastic young man, fresh from the logging-camp, but his voice rang harsh on the soft evening air. The silent welcome of reverence and love was triumphant. The cavalcade swept by the *presbytère* amid its budding garden, past the stone church, and came to a standstill before the somber, ugly convent.

The sisters, who had been clustered on the steps of their building to see the

bishop's arrival, fluttered down the gravel path to their garden gate like a flock of brown and black sparrows. They had not expected this honor, and, as Monseigneur stepped from his carriage, there was a bird-like twitter of excitement among them.

The bishop, leading Toinette by the hand, opened the gate. In his purple robes, he seemed like some tropical bird in a somber group of Northern songsters. As each nun kneeled to kiss his ring, he made the sign of the cross above her head. When the little ceremony was at an end, a gleam of fun came into his faded, blue eyes.

"I have come, *mes sœurs,*" he said, "to plead for an unregenerate who longs to be an angel." He tried to push the ragged child forward, but she clung desperately to his robes and together they walked between the white statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, set among the flowers, up the steep stairway into the bare hall.

The mother superior, after a hurried consultation with the young curé, followed them into the building and drew them into a small room on the right of the hall, a painfully ugly room with horsehair sofa and hard, wooden chairs. She beckoned Toinette to her and whispered something in her ear. The child glanced quickly from the bishop to the nun, then stole softly from the room.

"Monseigneur," said the little woman, as the door closed behind the 'tite sauvage, "I am most unhappy that you should have been annoyed." A little furrow of anxiety appeared between her sparse brows. "Toinette is not really a bad child, but *terriblement farouche.* We have all done our best to wean her from her wild ways, but we can only keep her a few weeks at her books, then she escapes, sometimes from under our very eyes, takes off her shoes and runs to the woods. It is, I think, the bad blood of her father; besides, the poor child had no early training. I have tried all sorts of punishments and said many beads for her, but the Bon Dieu has not seen fit to quicken her soul."

The bishop looked kindly at the worried, earnest nun. "Is it then so wicked to love God's woods?" he said. A look of intense yearning came into his lined, furrowed face. "Oh! *mon enfant,* if thou couldst know how these last two years I have dreamed of them, longed for them! To run without shoes among the ferns and flowers, to hear the birds singing fearlessly among the green branches, to see the flicker of lights and shadows on the green mosses, surely it is the birthright of man! If Toinette's sin is no greater, despise her not, lest, perhaps, thou mistakest for evil a gift of the good God."

The mother superior looked wonderingly at the old man. "Monseigneur is wiser than I," she said submissively. "Perhaps I have been too hard on the child."

There was a moment's silence, then she resumed her explanation. "To give you pleasure on your return, Monseigneur, we have made great preparation. I, on my part, promised the curé to select twelve little girls from our school and to dress them as angels. They are to kneel on the steps of the altars. I had thought in choosing the little Toinette for such service that her heart might be touched." The little nun moved noiselessly to a corner wardrobe, and flinging back both doors revealed a row of gold-trimmed white dresses, paper wings, and golden crowns.

"My poor Toinette," sighed the bishop, sympathetically.

"But," continued the mother superior, a little nervously, "Dr. Duchesne, one of the most influential men in the parish, whose daughter was to kneel opposite Toinette, came to see me yesterday, and said that he would withdraw Louise from the school if she should kneel at the same altar with an illegitimate half-breed." The mother superior uttered the last words with a little shiver. "I suggested putting her at the second altar," continued the nun, "but he said he considered that as bad. What could I do, Monseigneur? I did not wish to offend him. I told Toinette this morning that I had decided not to let her be an angel. She flew into a passion and flung her books into the garden. I shut her in a room to meditate on her uncontrolled temper, but she climbed out of the window, and ran away."

The bishop, during the recital of the nun's troubles, was ominously quiet. The

little woman was half-frightened as she glanced into his angry eyes.

"I insist that Toinette be an angel," he said, after a little pause, quickly and firmly. "I wish her to kneel nearest the altar on my right hand. You may tell the village apothecary that I have demanded it."

There was a fine scorn in his tone when he spoke of the "village apothecary." The nun suddenly remembered that Monseigneur's family still owned one of the Louis XIV seigniories. The old man rose from his wooden chair and took the mother superior's hands in his own. He was once more the curé of St. Fidèle. "*Mon enfant,*" he said, "thou art too gentle. Trust me and send for ma 'tite sauvage."

The little woman hurried from the room, while the bishop, with his hands behind his back, paced the bare, painted floors and peered at the sacred pictures.

There was the sound of scuffling footsteps in the hall, the door was thrown open, and the mother superior reappeared, leading a transformed Toinette. The child's brown face was still shining with soap and water, the black hair was tightly plaited, her dress was spotless, and rough, little shoes and woolen stockings covered her truant feet. She walked timidly across the room, and kneeling before the bishop, kissed his ring.

The old man sighed. "My little wood-nymph in civilization," he murmured regretfully.

"I have pleaded with the good mother, Toinette," he said as he placed his hand on the shining black head; "she has promised that thou mayst wear a white dress to-morrow and kneel at God's altar, but wilt thou promise never again to grieve thy friends, the good sisters?"

The loss of her rough clothes seemed to have robbed Toinette of much of her buoyant spirit, much of her wild grace. The bishop almost wondered if the same child stood before him; but as she raised her eyes to his, eloquent and adoring, and whispered a low "I promise," he was transfixed with a glance so sweet, so untamed, that his mind's eye saw once more the ragged little figure of the roadside in the setting of waving trees, with the glory of the setting sun shining on the upturned face.

THE morning of the Fête Dieu dawned fair and warm. There was not a cloud in the blue sky; the river flowed as quietly, as unruffled as the Seigniory mill stream, and the wooded hills about the village sparkled and shone in the clear sunshine. The people of St. Fidèle were early astir, for as every house was to shelter some friend or relative from the outlying parts of the parish, an extra supply of food must be prepared. Just after sunrise, the dusty planches and calashes began to arrive, first singly and in pairs, then in groups of five or six, and finally in a continuous procession. There were cries of greeting and pleasure on every side. All was bustle and excitement.

The bishop looked from his bedroom window in the *prcsbytère,* across the budding lilacs to the swarming village street, with its borders of evergreens; then he looked at the near hills, and far in the distance his eyes traveled to a blue range of distant mountains. He sighed a little as he gazed. "The shoes," he said, "how hard it is to wear them!" Picking up his breviary, he turned his back resolutely on the open window.

Little Toinette, within the convent walls, was in an ecstasy of excitement. With unheard-of meekness, she submitted to an elaborate scrubbing and hair-brushing. Patiently, she allowed herself to be buttoned, to be pulled, to be admired. She was lifted above common things, above her white dress, with its scattered gold-paper stars, above the swaying wings of tissue-paper. The little group of fellow-angels, Louise Duchesne among them, produced only a momentary impression on her exalted mind. Even the high mass in the parish church, which preceded the outdoor ceremony, was dim and far away. Of her walk to the altar she remembered nothing. Her first recollection of this day of days was a sharp reprimand from one of the sisters. Glancing furtively about, as if awakened from a dream, she assumed the forgotten angelic position, hands palm to palm, head slightly raised. She found herself kneeling on a bright-carpeted step. Just above her gleamed the linen and plate of the improvised altar in its setting of green boughs. Myriads of tiny flags, and a glittering picture of the Sacred Heart

hanging above the tabernacle, completed the rustic reredos. As she turned her head cautiously, her sensitive ears caught the far-off chanting of shrill, unmodulated voices:

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, laudate eum omnes populi. Quoniam conformata est super nos misericordia, jus et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Looking between the scattered houses, Toinette saw the long procession with its glittering banners slowly advancing between green trees amid the ringing of church bells.

At its head marched a group of convent girls bearing a gold-lettered standard. Their dresses were white and long, and flowing veils fell below their knees. Behind them fluttered the little flock of brown and black nuns, surrounded by their pupils. Next came the women of the parish in well-brushed black; the Member's wife walked with the wife of a wood-cutter, each mopping her forehead and devoutly telling her beads. Then came the crucifer with forty acolytes, the priests of the parish school and the man choristers, chanting in nasal Latin.

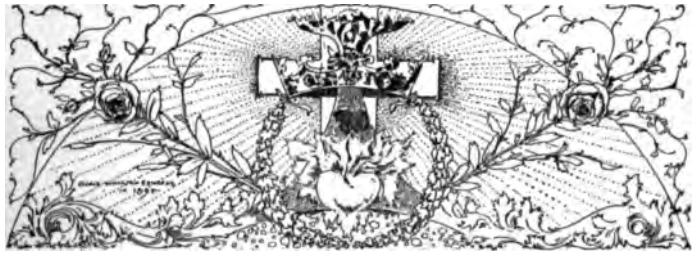
Toinette's little body quivered with emotion as she caught sight of the mitered, gold-robed bishop beneath the embroidered canopy, bearing the rayed monstrance in outstretched hands. She hardly noticed the throng of bareheaded men walking silently and reverently behind the Blessed Sacrament; her whole heart and mind were fixed on the gentle old man, who, surrounded with clouds of incense, moved silently toward her.

Without a sound, the worshipers ranged themselves on both sides of the outdoor altar, falling on their knees as the bishop passed between them. He mounted the bright-carpeted steps and paused before the sweet-smelling green altar, only a few feet from the kneeling child.

It seemed to Toinette's excited fancy that Monseigneur must hear the beatings of her heart. In her whole life, whether during those first dreary years on the edge of the wilderness or while in the good nuns' care, no one had understood the wild little nature, which vibrated now to every touch like some delicately tuned instrument.

"O Salutaris Hostia," sang the people as the bishop swung the censer before the tabernacle. He turned toward the people and held the Host above his head. A great hush fell on the kneeling crowd. They bowed their heads in reverent adoration, and the more devout crossed themselves, muttering hurried aves and paternosters.

But Toinette looked up at the bishop's rapt face. Her *bon Dieu* was incarnate before her. A great sob rose in her throat, her bosom heaved. She stretched out a little brown hand and gently lifted the edge of the blessed veil to her lips.



THE MIRACLE DREAMS

BY SUSIE M. BEST

THAT night when in Judean skies
The mystic Star dispensed its light,
A blind man stirred him in his sleep,
And dreamed him he had sight.

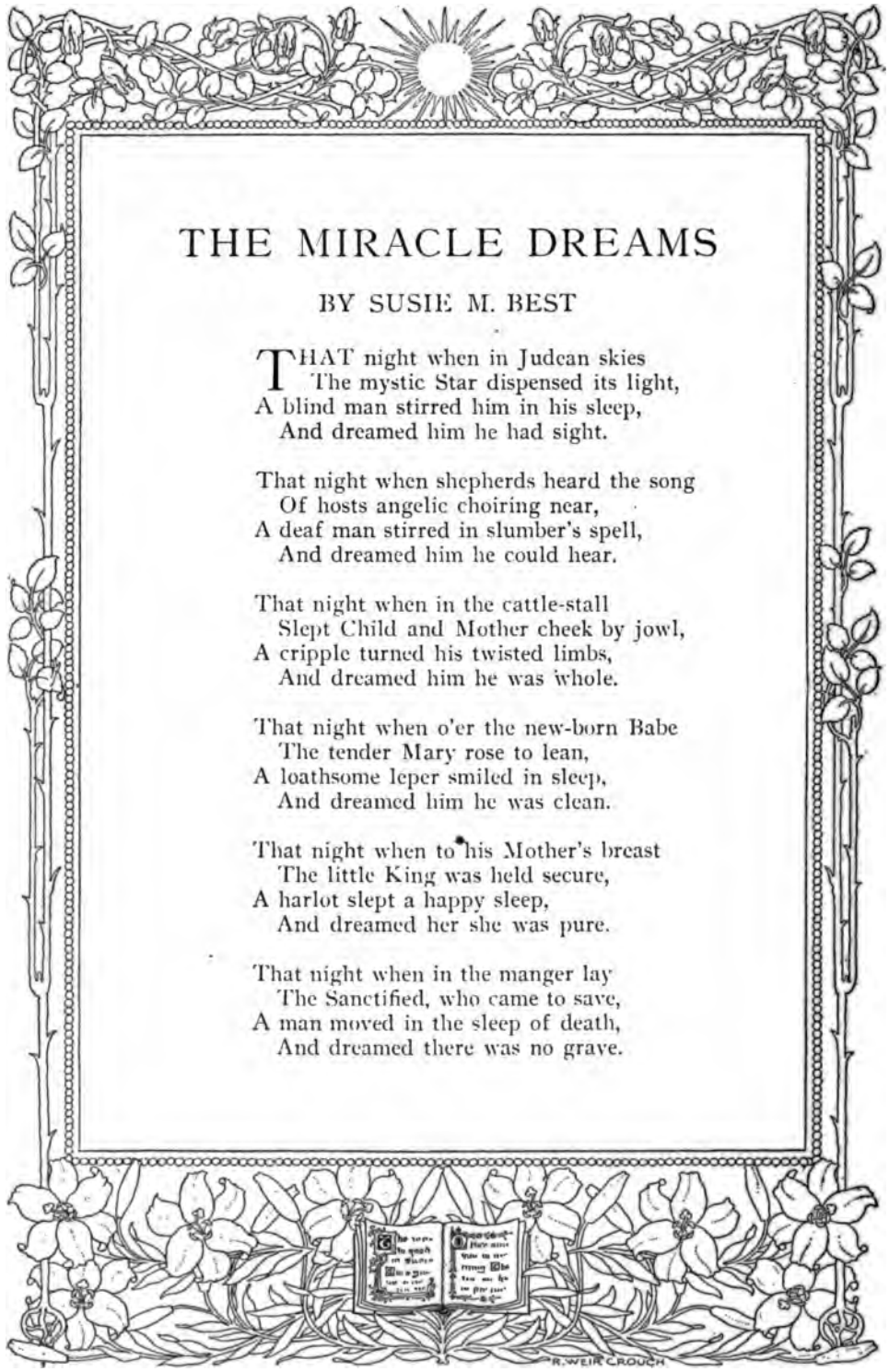
That night when shepherds heard the song
Of hosts angelic choiring near,
A deaf man stirred in slumber's spell,
And dreamed him he could hear.

That night when in the cattle-stall
Slept Child and Mother cheek by jowl,
A cripple turned his twisted limbs,
And dreamed him he was whole.

That night when o'er the new-born Babe
The tender Mary rose to lean,
A loathsome leper smiled in sleep,
And dreamed him he was clean.

That night when to his Mother's breast
The little King was held secure,
A harlot slept a happy sleep,
And dreamed her she was pure.

That night when in the manger lay
The Sanctified, who came to save,
A man moved in the sleep of death,
And dreamed there was no grave.



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HOSTS ANGELIC CHOIRING NEAR"

KATE GREENAWAY, FRIEND OF CHILDREN

BY OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON

WITH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS BY MISS GREENAWAY

SOMETIMES, when weary of drawing-room company, there floats back to me the memory of nebulous nursery-days spent in a fairer, simpler society—a society of little people, pink and plump with infant health, rigged out for wintry days in baby muffs and furs, and in summer-time clad for harvest walks in the meadows. It is true they never lived, but were content to look from gilded wooden frames; yet to me they are ever alive. And the reality of existence that these little people suggest constitutes Miss Greenaway's great charm. Their attitudes may be constrained, the fashioning of each somewhat too similar, yet every one of them has an individuality of its own.

Unquestionably the secret of this charm lies in the nature of the artist herself. Emerson, in one of his essays, tells us "that nobody can draw a child by studying the outlines of its form merely —but, by watching for a time his motions and play, the painter enters into his nature, and can then draw him at will in every attitude." The child-painter must therefore know the child nature, and who better able to possess this knowledge than he or she who never has quitted the world of infancy? Miss Greenaway was ever a child in spirit; and so she is mistress of her art. It was not that certain aspects of her constitution resembled the subjects of her pencil; it was that in all points she was as these little ones. In this wonderful endowment, it seems to me, she transcends all other child-interpreters.

My acquaintance with Miss Greenaway began at the age of two, and I cannot recollect a time when she was not a member of the home-circle. She visited us once or twice a year, both at Cromer and at Rowfant, Sussex. Owing to such regular visits, I came to know her in mind as in manners, and the more our intimacy grew, the more manifest to me became her childlike spirit, which, since it dominated every other attribute of her nature, influenced all she thought and said and did. This influence I would therefore seek to establish in these brief recollections.

To one whose intention is not to criticize Miss Greenaway the artist, but to try to tell of Miss Greenaway the woman, a great difficulty presents itself in the simple quiet of her life. Readers of an article of recollections ferret for amusing stories, queer incidents, absurd adventures, and what not else, but Miss Greenaway's life was so normal, her daily task so uniform, that to answer the readers' expectation I should have to draw on my fund of fiction. "But at least," insists one who is disappointed, "she must have had peculiarities. She was an artist, and must have grown her hair long—or short, or said funny, freakish things." But, no; the reader is at fault: such was not Miss Greenaway. The unexpected did not court her through life, and in her habits she was as others are; nor did she, as a lady I once met supposed, resemble those slim, fairy damsels of her painting.

She was a dark, quiet little woman, with a profusion of black hair curled up simply at the back, and allowed to grow in a long fringe at the front. Short sight, instead of rendering her awkward, rather heightened her charm, causing her to look up wonderingly at those with whom she spoke. In face she was neither pretty nor ugly, with rather a turned-up nose, brown eyes, and a small mouth, which would screw up while she drew.

She talked in a low voice with a sort of lisp, which turned her "robin" into "wobin." This failing, if failing it can be called, occasioned us children intense amusement, and we would insist on her pareled for a walk in a rather short skirt, with a plain little cape gathered about her shoulders, and a wide-brimmed felt hat on her head: she looked something like a gnome, one of those benevolent wonder-

"MARCHING ONWARDS TO PRETORIA TO FIGHT FOR QUEEN VICTORIA"

pronouncing words bristling with the hostile consonant. Her laugh, which was simply delightful, never rising above a certain pitch, but rippling along like a brook, was set going at small provocation. As for her dress, it was simple and usually somber. I can see her now, ap-

workers in our mythology. In manner she was unobtrusive and shy.

The greater part of her time was spent at Hampstead, where all her painting was done; and though work was by no means foreign to her nature, yet the fact that she must work to live grew irk-

some to her, and she enjoyed changing the scene of her labors for quiet country visits.

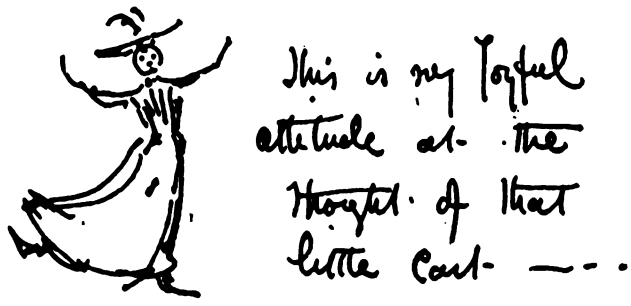
The unaffected grace of her presence greatly enhanced her power of *camaraderie* with young people. We children always felt that she at least was never bored with us, that to her, if to no one else, we were not "tiresome limbs"; for she joined us at all times and in all places and in a way unlike any one else. Other folk's intercourse was invariably from a height, always an act of condescension; her friendship was ever the friendship of an equal. She adapted herself to us with none of the woman-of-the-world polish, but with childlike artlessness. We were not infant pygmies walking on sufferance with a kindly giant, but we lived as miniature men and women on even terms with a fellow-creature. We did not, could not, realize that she was not a child like ourselves, when she played with us, helped build our castles in the air, drank in and drew forth our whispered infant confidences. We were children comparing notes with a child, who lacked the spirit of rivalry common to our usual colleagues, and never desired aught contrary to our wishes. And as we grew, she grew, too; she put on the same inches of knowledge and world-wisdom that we did; she kept pace with us in everything: whatever we were, she was. There was only one time when we knew her to be an older person, a being of more importance and greater influence than we were, and that was when we misbehaved and had to be punished. Then she was a protector, a mediator, and, fearful of the consequence of our iniquities, we clung to her motherly skirts. But, to our delight, it was not for long, and soon imperceptibly she glided back into childhood again.

The company of young people was ever dear to her heart, for she loved all merrymaking. There is a letter to my sister from Hampstead in which she says:

Write me a few words as soon as you have time; it feels so dreadfully silent here. I 'd give so much for some of the "nice noise."

Noise at least she was certain to get where high animal spirits ruled the day, and wonderful it was to see her take her part. There are so few grown-ups of whom young people can make a friend, and, unlike many child-lovers, Miss Greenaway had no gallery play, but lived for the child to whom she spoke. No trouble was ever too great for her, and I recollect that once, when my sister was ill and in quarantine, Miss Greenaway daily wrote her letters, though staying in the house at the time.

I 'm so sorry. Your mother does not wish me to come and see you. But in a little while I shall. Can I do anything for your animals, your rabbit—get him some leaves?



"THIS IS MY JOYFUL ATTITUDE AT THE THOUGHT OF THAT LITTLE CART"

At Cromer our walks were usually along the cliffs or sea-shore, and, above all, in the evening, when the great sun sank to rest in the sea. Sometimes Miss Greenaway would sketch the cliffs, but usually we walked and talked. During morning strolls her chief pleasure consisted in watching baby boys and girls, mere bundles of tucked-up clothes paddling in the sea; and when such were absent, commenting on the absurd flounderings of plump old gentlemen bathing. Then out would come a pencil at our request, and there would result a sketch. Weird trippers and sand-folk were also a source of interest, and I have some impressionist drawings by her of their wild gambols on the shore. When the tide was far out, we would get her to draw fancy portraits with her umbrella on the hard, dry sand, with many regrets that the sea was soon to come up and wash them away.

At times we would run up against some

little being, and Miss Greenaway would enter into conversation. She did not precipitate herself upon the first child she met, and deliberately set herself to divert it; she would shyly accost some wondering infant, and make him tell of himself. There is still fresh in my memory the scene of her listening with amused rapture to some baby boy's loud declamations on life in general and the intentions of his small existence in particular. All poor people were a source of interest, and especially her models, who were ofttimes taken from the gutter.

One young lady named Isa, who sat as a girl for Miss Greenaway, interested her much. She was of lowly origin, rather vulgar, yet pretty and attractive, and her heart burned with love for a being whom she called "Gus." Of him she used to rhapsodize to the all-interested Miss Greenaway. Everything was faithfully handed on to us, and mention is even made of her in some letters to my sister.

Isa called to see me the other day. She brought me a present of two dreadful wool things to hang up—but it was so nice of her. She was full of Augustus,—it sounds less vulgar to write him thus,—but I had not long to talk. She is coming to tea one day; then I shall hear a good deal. She had got very grown-up, and asked me if I liked it. I was sorry to say I did n't. I want to glean more for her story; then you shall hear it.

A subsequent letter says:

I shall remember to bring the story of Isa when I come. There is a darling little model comes now. She is five years old and her name is Ruby. She shewed me her stockings with great pride yesterday—she used to wear socks—and said, "I wear Esther's now." Then she looked up with her great dark eyes and added—"so does my mother." She is a darling.

Seldom did Miss Greenaway draw anything else but children. Graceful damsels, it is true,—"girlies" Ruskin calls them,—at times found their way into her pictures; but it was merely to bear the little ones company.

The letters Miss Greenaway wrote are chiefly remarkable for their unadorned artlessness, standing in singular contrast to the high-flown strain of most artists' epistles. Lacking in what is generally known as "news," and devoid of a gabble of Baedeker-like facts, they content themselves with giving the author's impressions, and the author in places might have been a child.

Let me transcribe a letter written to my sister, and eminently characteristic in its racy, native abandon. Miss Greenaway would take the dogs for a run, and suffer terrible anxiety, owing to the vagaries of one named Six, a small, black Schipperke. The letter is headed by a drawing of the author out for a walk, with this dog hanging to her skirt, and underneath is written, "The Fascinating Six."

MY DEAREST MAUD:

Six—feeling low in his mind—lurks about and joins my walk. I say shh—shh. Six dances round eluding my grasp. Then he walks on like such a good dog, demure, proper. Then—Maud, then—when he has decoyed me away past all human help, he seizes hold of the very hindermost part of the tail of my frock—and tears swiftly round. Naturally I have to follow, making vain snatches and vain attempts to tear it from his grasp.

Ah! Six is a deluding and very artful little dog. There are other little diversions of his. He dances off to the wood and the more I call the further he goes—then, then—a poor innocent swan basking in the bulrushes—a swish, a rush, Six is after it. Ah! Six.

Dearest love to you,
K. G.

The envelop to this letter is freckled with sketches of Six.

Miss Greenaway's love of animals was so strong that in many letters inquiries were made after our birds and beasts:

How is poor Ruby?[1] Yes, I saw Puck[2] was going to be a clever little dog. Dear Rover[3] is as usual. You would have laughed last night to have seen and heard him howling at an organ. Such sounds he emitted!

And in a subsequent letter:

Have you still got Puck—and poor Ruby? Is her hair longer? Dear Rover is too clever. You ought to see him rub his feet on the mat when he comes in—you would appreciate it I know.

And later:

Still it rains. Even Rover goes to the door, looks out—wags his tail and comes in again. He is not very well, I fear he has eaten too much.

[1] A poodle. [2] Another Schipperke. [3] A collie of Miss Greenaway's.

39, FROGNAL,

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

The Fascinating Six.

My Dear Maud

Sit - Feeling low.

Half tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"THE FASCINATING SIX"

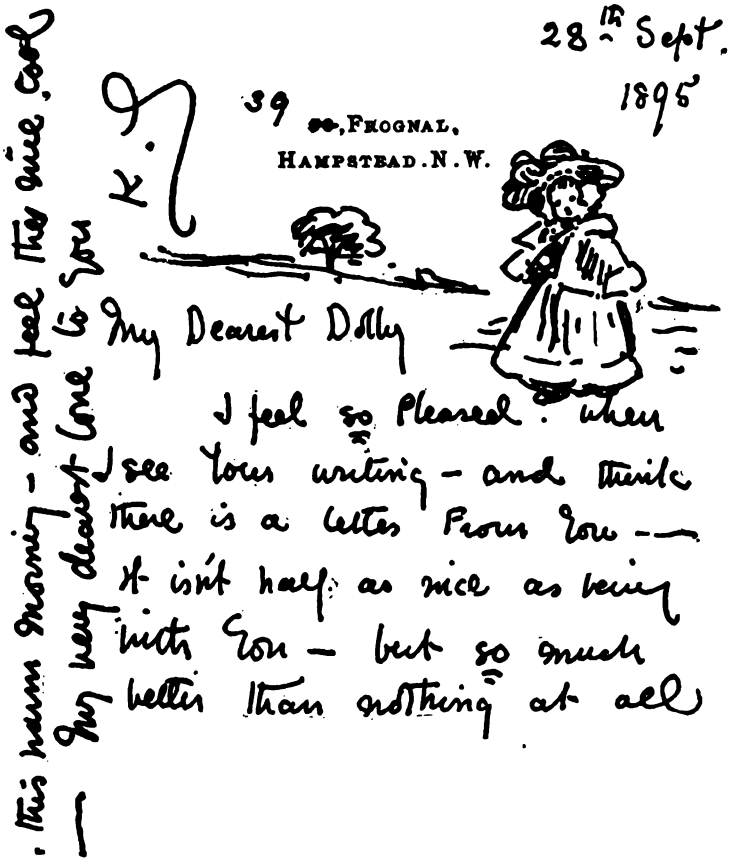
Simplicity, the most manifest quality in Miss Greenaway's nature, colored her thoughts and feelings to such an extent that she accepted life just as it came. She seldom criticized. But poverty of critical power does not imply lack of personal conviction, and no one could have been firmer or more sincere in likes and dislikes than Miss Greenaway. Once an opinion was built up, nothing could batter it down, and no subtlety of argument could make wrong right in her eyes. If blame fell on some one else when she was the culprit, no stone remained unturned till the chidden one was proved innocent, and in awkward positions responsibility was never shirked. I recollect a striking instance.

We have at Cromer, besides our house, about ten acres of garden, upon the extreme side of which abuts a flaring-red convalescent home. One Sunday after-

Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AN EARLY DRAWING IN WATER COLORS

noon, when most of us were in church, a member of the family suggested croquet to Miss Greenaway, aware that the game must be surreptitious, because contrary to the Puritan views of our parents. Miss Greenaway, who was ignorant of this state of affairs, and whose religious views, moreover, did not disallow of Sunday croquet, consented to a game, which was


28th Sept.
1895
39 ,FROGNAL,
HAMPSTEAD.N.W.
K.
My Dearest Dolly
I feel so Pleased when
I see Your writing - and think
there is a letter From You —
it isn't half as nice as being
with You — but so much
better than nothing at all
This morning - and feel the nice cool
Joy very dearest Love to You
—

accordingly played. Next day came a note from the matron of the convalescent home addressed to my mother. The epistle began with a brief summary of the matron's interpretation of the Fourth Commandment, continued in a lengthy regret that the shaky morals of her patients should have been endangered by a flagrant breach of the Sabbath, and ended by declaring that all those inmates of the hospital who could crawl out that afternoon had witnessed the croquet match on our lawn.

Our parents were dumfounded. Inquiries were made, culprits discovered, and meanwhile a fitting letter of apology was sent to the matron. But this did not satisfy Miss Greenaway. She felt an injustice had been done my parents in that the matron of necessity would look upon the owner of the lawn as responsible for the crime. Forth she sallied, therefore, to the convalescent home, unbeknown to us all, and explained that the game had taken place without my mother's sanction or knowledge, and that all blame should fall upon the players.

Stevenson, in his Vailima letters, says: "As for wars and rumors of wars, you surely know enough of me to be aware that I like that also a thousand times better than decrepid peace in Middlesex." Miss Greenaway undoubtedly preferred "decrepid peace in Middlesex." Law-abiding by instinct and fearful of all friction, she shunned publicity, disliking the stifling vulgarity that follows in its train, and aware of the unpleasant rivalry it never fails to breed. Her art

Half tone plate engraved by C W Chadwick

GIRLS WITH GARLANDS (WATER COLOR)

was never used as a vehicle for the exhibition of her talent, but out of love came into being the shapely creatures of her pencil. Nevertheless, fame singled her out, with its attendant host of admirers, whose importunate demands for hair and autographs ever supplied a source of amusement. Some devotees even claimed relationship. There is a letter on the subject, illustrative, moreover, of her humor, and sharp perception of incongruities.

I have just had a card with the photograph of a house on it, which belongs to some people of the same name as mine and who wish to be relations. The man who writes has written so often, I really begin to feel he must be one. One thing he said in trying to prove his identity was that the Greenaways had always had large noses. He identifies me with his family. He sent me a paper with the account of his brother's wedding. It is so funny I 've never seen him.

Does this amuse or bore you? I 'm so sorry I 've not kept all the letters I 've had from people of my name.

Miss Greenaway had the rare faculty of amusement at her own shortcomings, even at her fear of ghosts; for she harbored all a child's horror of uncanny visitations, with all its secret, shy delight in what is gruesome. I remember well her shuddering at some of Mr. Augustus Hare's vividly told ghost-stories, and going up to bed afterward in a tremor of

anticipation. Like Voltaire's lady, her attitude toward the supernatural might well be summed up in the confession, "Je n'y crois pas, mais j'en ai peur."

When I was a boy at my private school she would bribe me to write stories, with the promise of freely illustrating all of them, and I still have drawings by her depicting bloodthirsty episodes in these juvenile tales. While I edited the Cambridge periodical "The Granta," she sent me two drawings for a grand number, nor did she ever pay us a visit and fail to commemorate it by some exquisite painting in the "Visitors' Book." Each member of the family had also a bookplate designed by her, though all this was done while other work lay heavy on her hands and when she could ill afford to spare us her time.

Only on rare occasions did she speak of her talent, looking upon it as a gift of God for which all praise to her was unseemly. It has been said that "the best artist is not the man who fixes his eye on posterity, but the one who loves the practice of his art." Miss Greenaway ignored posterity. All personal publicity, all spirit of rivalry, were at variance with her instincts. She wished to move along in darkness, and revolted at the shameless "scramble and lottery for fame of the present day," soliciting only the modest esteem of her friends. She had no desire to buttonhole the world or confide in the public, but was content to take the arm of a chosen few for a while. I once asked her if she was ever interviewed. "No," she replied; "I hate interviewing. If the papers must talk about me, let them do so when I am dead."

Many are the letters testifying to Miss Greenaway's love of nature. There is no

Half tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"DOROTHY FROM K. G., 1894"

straining after effect, no groping after subtleties ferreted for by others, no mean mannerisms, such as hundreds practise. The simple, noble charms of outdoor-life alone receive notice, producing a fairer, truer whole. She sees no startling combinations of color and form, and knows no opulence of imagery. For once we see nature in mufti. The artist seeks to "domesticate, not dazzle" us.

Judge by this extract written me at Eton:

We shall, I hope, meet again at Cromer, where we shall, I also hope, have many conversations and much fun. When I feel tired I always think of Cromer—somehow it comes with its wide grey sea, and sands with shining pools—and the crash of the waves coming in—don't you love the sound as the waves break?

From a photograph, copyright 1881, by Elliott & Fry. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF KATE GREENAWAY

And in a subsequent letter:

Such a lovely day here: blue sky and white clouds. I came back from Coniston[1]

[1] Near Brantwood, Ruskin's place in north England.

last week; it was lovely there, the orange trees against the blue and purple mountains: the mountain distances are always so beautiful.

During her visits to us, she would continually ask for charades, or small impromptu plays, to which she acted as audience, laughing and reveling in the fun with the most heartening zest.

Nor did her interest stop at fellow-creatures. The dumb forlornness of birds and beasts won her heart, as did the helpless frailty of children, and many were the faithful friends she counted in the animal world. Some pets are mentioned in an impromptu poem written to my sister during an illness of the latter:

Dear Maud, we' ve lamented the whole of the day
This sad thing[1] that 's happened, and all of us say
How sorry we are, and how dismal we feel,
And if you were here we 'd give a good deal.
For where is your laughter and where is your fun?
The meals are so silent, so soon they are done.
There is n't no giggling—there is n't no Six,
And there is n't no Ruby[2] to shew off his tricks.
We 're quite low and mournful: so mind by to-morrow
You arise from your bed and relieve us of sorrow.
Then the siskin, the rabbit, and all of us here
Will stand in a row and give a great cheer.

There follows a drawing representing each individual cheering, handkerchief in paw.

She was very fond of music, yet being of a simple and unfastidious mind, did not necessarily prefer what was classical, but found pleasure in anything easy of appreciation and tuneful. The old English and Irish ballads were special favorites.

In a letter to me she says:

I am so glad that you are going on with your music. It is so much for any one to like beautiful things—music—pictures—books. I don't know what people do, who don't care to have any of these in their lives—but I know they miss the greatest of joys.

Her taste in literature resembled that in music. All that came to hand was read. She lacked that latter-day adroitness of critical perception, which refuses to admire anything but what is strictly artistic, and, in spite of her distaste for horrors, indulged a youthful pleasure in the perusal of weird, fantastic stories like Stevenson's "Dynamiter," "Thrawn Janet," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," works she had read and reread several times. In all, the reasons for liking and disliking could never be formulated. She was merely aware of the fact that a book had repelled or attracted her and that certain passages charmed her above the rest. Fairy-stories ever found favor in her sight, and she enjoyed reading French, though she could never speak it, and understood, as she once told me, only the French of an Englishman.

As she believed in the innocence of children, so she found it hard to realize that intentional wickedness existed in the world. She preferred to think that mankind's failings were attributable not to deliberate backsliding, but to the irony of fate; that the defaulter's delinquencies were concordant to his moral code, ill though they might tally with the views of others. This guileless faith in the probity of human nature nurtured her reliance on the honesty of all men, a belief which went far to injure her business affairs. Unscrupulous dealers drove "smart" bargains, to her loss, so that she was never well off, or able to retire from work. In spite of this, she was the most ungrasping person I ever knew.

Perhaps the most singular trait in her character was the view she took of religious matters. "I leave religion," said Napoleon, "to women and priests," and religion seems essentially the domain of the gentler sex, at least of those members of it who possess a temperament like Miss Greenaway's. Her affectionate tenderness, her sympathy, her love of children and animals, her horror of causing anything or any one pain, her law-abiding morality—all heralded firm views on religion. But to outward appearances they lay dormant. She disliked attending church, because the service tired and the heat oppressed her; she disliked discussing religious subjects, and she disliked other people's opinion on them.

[1] My sister's illness.

[2] Another dog, which performed.

In childlike naïveté lay the magic of Miss Greenaway's being. Manifold in her experience and interests, she was by nature uniform, in all things a child and so by far the best children's evangelist. The fairy-land she created "lies not," as Ruskin says, "beyond the sky nor beneath the sea, but near as at our very doors." And that is why we forget her wonderful

BOOK-PLATE DESIGNED BY KATE GREENAWAY

vogue, indirect often and sometimes severed from her name, yet marvelous in its influence. Hear Mr. Spielmann on this score: "She revolutionized one form of book illustration and—what no artist has ever done before—she dressed the children of two countries. Her name was known all over the world. She was a *tête d'école*."

Alas! that toward the evening of her days she may have outlived her fame! The fickle public ever seeks new favorites. One day after a lady and her small boy were introduced to Miss Greenaway, the boy was heard to exclaim: "That Miss Greenaway! Why, mummy, she 's so famous, I thought she was dead." But if her fame waned, not so her personal charm or the charm of her infant creations. None of those who as children knew her pictures can ever lose the effect they produced. For myself, however old I may grow, on looking back to my childhood, those dainty drawings of hers will mix with the past familiar scenes. I shall see them hanging on the nursery walls, the lads with their pouting baby mouths, the girls with their smiling, rosy lips. All will come back to me, and yet more: Miss Greenaway will be there. What a boon to have known her! She cannot be forgotten. The memory of that small, dark figure, with the wide-brimmed felt hat, the kindly face, and the wondering smile, can never fade: in fancy, as in reality, it will mingle with the child-life of those careless, bygone days. She was ever the same to her friends, ever the same to children—the "children's champion" and the truest friend.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE PATH TO THE VILLAGE" BY J. FRANCIS MURPHY

(AFTER THE PAINTING IN THE EVANS COLLECTION IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON)

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XLVIII (*Continued*)

"WHY did you not behave yourself?" demanded Anstruthers, shaking her by the shoulder. "Why did you not realize that I should get even with you one day, as sure as you were woman and I was man?"

Betty did not shrink back, though the pupils of her eyes dilated. Was it the wildest thing in the world which happened to her, or was it not? Without warning, the sudden rush of a thought, immense and strange, swept over her body and soul and possessed her—so possessed her that it changed her pallor to white flame. It was actually Anstruthers who shrank back a shade because for the moment she looked so near unearthly.

"I am not afraid of you," she said in a clear, unshaken voice; "I am not afraid. Something is near me which will stand between us—something which *died* to-day."

He almost gasped before the strangeness of it, but caught back his breath and recovered himself.

"Died to-day! That 's recent enough," he jeered. "Let us hear about it. Who was it?"

"It was Mount Dunstan," she flung at him. "The church bells were tolling for him when I rode away. I could not stay to hear them. It killed me. I loved him. You were right when you said it. I loved him, though he never knew. I shall always love him, though he never knew. He knows now. Those who die cannot go away when *that* is holding them. They must stay. Because I loved him he may be in this place. I call on him—" raising her clear voice—"I call on him to stand between us."

He backed away from her, staring an evil, enraptured stare.

"What! There is that much temperament in you?" he said. "That was what I half-suspected when I saw you first. But you have hidden it well. Now it bursts forth in spite of you. Good Lord! what luck—what luck!"

He moved to the door, and opened it.

"I am a very modern man, and I enjoy this to the utmost," he said. "What I like best is the melodrama of it—in connection with Fifth Avenue. I am perfectly aware that you will not discuss this incident in the future. You are a clever enough young woman to know that it will be more to your interest than to mine that it shall be kept exceedingly quiet."

The white fire had not died out of her, and she stood straight.

"What I have called on will be near me and will stand between us," she said.

Old though it was, the door was massive and heavy to lift. To open it cost him some muscular effort.

"I am going to the horses now," he explained before he dragged it back into its frame and shut her in. "It is safe enough to leave you here. You will stay where you are."

He felt himself secure in leaving her, because he believed she could not move, and because his arrogance made it impossible for him to count on strength and endurance greater than his own. Of endurance he knew nothing, and in his keen and cynical exultance his devil made a fool of him.

As she heard him walk down the path to the gate Betty stood amazed at his lack of comprehension of her.

"He thinks I will stay here. He absolutely thinks I will wait until he comes

back," she whispered to the emptiness of the bare room.

Before he had arrived, she had loosened her boot, and now she stooped and touched her foot.

"If I were safe at home, I should think I could not walk; but I can walk now—I can—I can—because I will bear the pain."

In such cottages there was always a door opening outside from the little bricked kitchen where the copper was. She would reach that, and passing through, would close it behind her. After that something would tell her what to do —something would lead her.

She put her lame foot upon the floor, and rested some of her weight upon it, but not all. A jagged pain shot up from it through her whole side, it seemed, and for an instant she swayed, and ground her teeth.

"That is because it is the first step," she said. "But if I am to be killed I will die in the open—I will die in the open."

The second and third steps brought cold sweat out upon her, but she told herself that the fourth was not quite so unbearable, and she stiffened her whole body and muttered some words while she took a fifth and sixth, which carried her into the tiny back kitchen.

"Father," she said—"father, think of me now—think of me! Rosy, love me—love me and pray that I may come home! You—you who have died, stand very near!"

If her father ever held her safe in his arms again, if she ever woke from this nightmare, it would be a thing never to let one's mind hark back to again—to shut out of memory with iron doors.

The pain had shot up and down, and her forehead was wet by the time she had reached the small back door. Was it locked or bolted—was it? She put her hand gently upon the latch, and lifted it without making any sound. Thank God Almighty! it was neither bolted nor locked; the latch lifted, the door opened, and she slid through it into the shadow of the gray, which was already almost the darkness of night. Thank God for that, too!

She flattened herself against the outside wall, and listened. He was having difficulty in managing Childe Harold, who snorted and pulled back, offended and made rebellious by his savagely impatient hand. Good Childe Harold! good boy! She could see the massed outline of the trees of the spinney. If she could bear this long enough to get there, even if she crawled part of the way! Then it darted through her mind that he would guess that she would be sure to make for its cover, and that he would go there first to search.

"Father, think for me—you were so quick to think!" her brain cried out for her as if she were speaking to one who could physically hear.

She almost feared she had spoken aloud, and the thought which flashed upon her like lightning seemed to be an answer given. He would be convinced that she would at once try to get away from the house. If she kept near it, somewhere quite close, and let him search the spinney, she might get away to its cover after he gave up the search and came back. The jagged pain had settled into a sort of impossible anguish, and once or twice she felt sick. But she would die in the open, and she knew Rosalie was frightened by her absence and was praying for her. Prayers counted. And yet they had all prayed yesterday.

"If I were not very strong, I should faint," she thought; "but I have been strong all my life. That great French doctor—I have forgotten his name—said that I had a physique to endure anything."

She said these things that she might gain steadiness and convince herself that she was not merely living through a nightmare. Twice she moved her foot suddenly because she found herself, in a momentary respite from pain, beginning to believe that the thing was a nightmare, that nothing mattered, because she would wake up presently, so she need not try to hide.

"But in a nightmare one has no pain. It is real, and I must go somewhere," she said, after the foot was moved. Where could she go? She had not looked at the place as she rode up. She had only half-consciously seen the spinney. Nigel was swearing at the horses. Having got Childe Harold into the shed, there seemed to be nothing to fasten his bridle to. And he had yet to bring his

own horse in and secure him. She must get away somewhere before the delay was over.

How dark it was growing! Thank God for that again! What was the rather high, dark object she could trace in the dimness near the hedge? It was sharply pointed, as if it were a narrow tent. Her heart began to beat like a drum as she recalled something. It was the shape of a sort of wigwam structure made of hop-poles, after they were taken from the fields. If there was space between it and the hedge,—even a narrow space,—and she could crouch there! Nigel was furious because Childe Harold was backing, plunging, and snorting dangerously. She moved forward, shutting her teeth in her terrible pain. She could scarcely see, and did not recognize that near the wigwam was a pile of hop-poles laid on top of one another horizontally. It was not quite as high as the hedge, the dark background of which prevented its being seen. Only a few steps more. No, she was awake; in a nightmare one felt only terror, not pain.

"You who died to-day," she murmured.

She saw the horizontal poles too late. One of them had rolled from its place and lay on the ground, and she trod on it, was thrown forward against the heap, and in her blind effort to recover herself, slipped, and fell into a narrow, grassed hollow behind it, clutching at the hedge. The great French doctor had not been quite right. For the first time in her life she felt herself sinking into bottomless darkness, which was what happened to people when they fainted.

WHEN she opened her eyes she could see nothing, because on one side of her rose the low mass of the hop-poles, and on the other was the long-untrimmed hedge, which had thrown out a thick, sheltering growth and curved above her like a pent-house. Was she awakening, after all? No; because the pain was awakening with her, and she could hear what seemed at first to be loud sounds. She could not have been unconscious long, for she almost immediately recognized that they were the echo of a man's hurried footsteps upon the bare wooden stairway leading to the bedrooms in the empty house. Having secured the horses, Nigel had returned to the cottage, and finding her gone, had rushed to the upper floor in search of her. He was calling her name angrily, his voice resounding in the emptiness of the rooms.

"Betty! Don't play the fool with me."

She cautiously drew herself farther under cover, making sure that no end of her habit remained in sight. The overgrowth of the hedge was her salvation. If she herself had seen the spot by daylight, she would not have thought it a possible place of concealment.

Once she had read an account of a woman's frantic flight from a murderer who was hunting her to her death, while she slipped from one poor hiding-place to another, sometimes crouching behind walls or bushes, sometimes lying flat in long grass, once wading waist-deep through a stream, and at last finding a miserable little fastness where she hid shivering for hours, until her enemy gave up his search. One never felt the reality of such histories, but there was actually a sort of parallel in this. Mad and crude things were let loose, and the world of ordinary life seemed thousands of miles away.

She held her breath, for he was leaving the house by the front door. She heard his footsteps on the bricked path, and then in the lane. He went to the road, and the sound of his feet died away for a few moments. Then she heard them returning: he was back in the lane, on the brick path, and stood listening or perhaps reflecting. He muttered something exclamatory, and she heard a match struck, and shortly afterward he moved across the garden patch toward the little spinney. He had thought of it, as she had believed he would. He would not think of this retreat, and in the end he might get tired or awaken to a sense of his lurid folly, and realize that it would be safer for him to go back to Stornham with some clever lie, trusting to his belief that there existed no girl that would not shrink from telling such a story in connection with a man who would brazenly deny it with contemptuous dramatic detail. If he would but decide on this she would be safe; and it would be so like him that she dared to hope. But if he did not, she would lie close, even if she must wait until morning, when some la-

borer's cart would surely pass, and she would hear it jolting, and drag herself out, and call aloud in such a way that no man could fail to hear. There was more room under her hedge than she had thought, and she found that she could sit up by clasping her knees and bending her head, while she listened to every sound, even to the rustle of the grass in the wind sweeping across the marsh.

She moved very gradually and slowly, and had just settled into utter motionlessness when she realized that he was coming back through the garden; the straggling currant and gooseberry bushes were being trampled through.

"Betty, go home!" Rosalie had pleaded. "Go home! go home!" And she had refused because she could not desert her.

She held her breath and pressed her hand against her side because her heart beat, as it seemed to her, with an actual sound. He moved with unsteady steps from one point to another; more than once he stumbled, and his angry oath reached her; at last he was so near her hiding-place that his short, hard breathing was a distinct sound. A moment later he spoke, raising his voice, which fact brought to her a rush of relief through its signifying that he had not even guessed her nearness.

"My dear Betty," he said, "you have the pluck of the devil, but circumstances are too much for you. You are not on the road, and I have been through the spinney. Mere logic convinces me that you cannot be far away. You may as well give the thing up. It will be better for you."

"You who died to-day—do not leave me!" was Betty's inward cry, and she dropped her face on her knees.

"I am not a pleasant-tempered fellow, as you know, and I am losing my hold on myself. The wind is blowing the mist away, and there will be a moon. I shall find you, my good girl, in half an hour's time—and then we shall be jolly well even."

She had not dropped her whip, and she held it tight. When the moonlight revealed the pile of hop-poles to him, if he suspected, and sprang at them to tear them away, she would be given strength to make one spring even in her agony, and she would strike at his eyes; without one touch of compunction, she would strike.

There was a brief silence, and then a match was struck again, and almost immediately she inhaled the fragrance of an excellent cigar.

"I am going to have a comfortable smoke and stroll about, always within sight and hearing. I dare say you are watching me and wondering what will happen when I discover you. I can tell you what will happen. You are not a hysterical girl, but you will go into hysterics—and no one will hear you."

All the power of her body and soul—in one leap on him, and then a lash that would cut to the bone! And it was not a nightmare—and Rosy was at Stornham, and her father was looking over steamer-lists and choosing his state-rooms.

He walked about slowly, the scent of his cigar floating behind him. She noticed, as she had done more than once before, that he seemed slightly to drag one foot, and she wondered why. The wind was blowing the mist away, and there was a faint growing of light. The moon would make a perilous difference. But the upper part of the hedge grew thick and close to the heap of wood, and but for her fall she would never have dreamed of the refuge.

She could only guess at his movements, but his footsteps gave some clue. He was examining the ground in as far as the darkness would allow. He went into the shed and round about it; he opened the door of the tiny coal-lodge, and looked again into the small back kitchen. He came near—nearer—so near once that, bending sidewise, she could have put out a hand and touched him. He stood quite still, then made a step or so away, stood still again, and burst into a laugh once more.

"Oh! you are here, are you?" he said. "You are a fine, big girl to be able to crowd yourself into a place like that!"

Hot and cold dew stood out on her forehead and made her hair damp as she held her whip hard.

"Come out, my dear!" he said alluringly. "It is not too soon. Or do you prefer that I should assist you?"

Her heart stood quite still. He was standing by the wigwam of hop-poles,

and suddenly she realized that he thought she had hidden herself inside it. Her place under the hedge he had not even glanced at.

She knew he bent down and thrust his arm into the wigwam, for his fury at the result expressed itself plainly enough. That he had made a fool of himself was worse to him than all else. He actually wheeled about and strode away to the house.

Because minutes seemed hours, she thought he was gone long, but he was not away for twenty minutes. He had in fact gone into the bare front room again, and sitting upon the box near the hearth, let his head drop in his hands, and remained in this position, thinking. In the end he got up and went out to the shed where he had left the horses. Betty was feeling that before long she might find herself making that strange swoop into the darkness of space again, and that it did not matter much, as one apparently lay quite still when one was unconscious, when she heard that one horse was being led out into the lane. What did that mean? Had he got tired of the chase, as the other man did, and was he going away because discomfort and fatigue had cooled and disgusted him, perhaps even made him feel that he was playing the part of a sensational idiot who was laying himself open to derision? That would be like him, too.

Presently she heard his footsteps once more, but he did not come as near her as before; in fact, he stood at a distance of some yards when he stopped and spoke in quite a new manner.

"Betty," he said, and his tone was even cynically cool, "I shall stalk you no more. The chase is at an end. I think I have taken all out of you I intended to. Perhaps it was a bad joke and was carried too far. I wanted to prove to you that there were circumstances which might be too much even for a young woman from New York. I have done it. Do you suppose I am such a fool as to bring myself within reach of the law? I am going away, and will send assistance to you from the next house I pass. I have left some matches and a few broken sticks on the hearth in the cottage. Be a sensible girl. Limp in there and build yourself a fire as soon as you hear me gallop away. You must be chilled through. Now I am going."

He tramped across the bit of garden, down the brick path, mounted his horse, and put it to a gallop at once. *Clack, clack, clack, clacking* fainter and fainter into the distance; and he was gone.

When she realized that the thing was true, the effect upon her of her sense of relief was that the growing likelihood of a second swoop into darkness died away; but one fierce sob lifted her chest as she leaned back against the rough growth behind her. As she changed her position for a better one she felt the jagged pain again, and knew that in the tenseness of her terror she had actually for some time felt next to nothing of her hurt. She had not even been cold, for the hedge behind and over her, and the barricade before, had protected her from both wind and rain. The grass beneath her was not damp, for the same reason. The weary thought rose in her mind that she might even lie down and sleep. But she pulled herself together and told herself that this was like the temptation of believing in the nightmare. He was gone, and she had a respite; but was it to be anything more? She did not make any attempt to leave her place of concealment; she remembered the strange things she had learned in watching him, and the strange terror in which Rosalie lived.

"One never knows what he will do next," Rosy had wailed.

"I will not stir," Betty said through her teeth. "No, I will not stir from here."

And she did not, but sat still, while the pain came back to her body and the anguish to her heart, and sometimes such heaviness that her head dropped forward upon her knees again and she fell into a stupefied half-doze.

From one such doze she awakened with a start, hearing a slight click of the gate. After it there were several seconds of dead silence. It was the slightness of the click which was startling, for if it had not been caused by the wind, it had been caused by some one's having cautiously moved it, and this some one, wishing to make a soundless approach, had immediately stood still, and was waiting. There was only one person who would do that. By this time the mist being partly blown

away, the light of the moon began to make a faint clearness. She lifted her hand and delicately held aside a few twigs that she might look out.

She had been quite right in deciding not to move. Anstruthers had come back, and after his pause, turned, and avoiding the brick path, stole over the grass to the cottage door. His going had merely been an inspiration to trap her, and the wood and matches had been intended to make a beacon-light for him. That was like him as well. His horse he had left down the road.

But the relief of his absence had been good for her, and she was able to check the shuddering fit which threatened her for a moment. The next her ears awoke to a new sound. Something was stumbling heavily about the patch of garden—some animal. A cropping of grass, a snorting breath, and more stumbling hoofs, and she knew that Childe Harold had managed to loosen his bridle and limp out of the shed. The mere sense of his nearness seemed a sort of protection.

He had limped and stumbled to the front part of the garden before Nigel recognized what had happened. When he heard him he came out of the house in the humor of a man the inflaming of whose mood has been cumulative. Childe Harold's temper also was not to be trifled with. He threw up his head, swinging the bridle out of reach; he snorted, and even reared, with an ugly lashing of his forefeet.

"Good boy!" whispered Betty. "Do not let him take you! Do not!"

If he remained where he was, he would attract attention if any one passed by. "Fight, Childe Harold! Be as vicious as you choose! do not allow yourself to be dragged back!"

And fight he did with an ugliness of temper he had never shown before, with snortings, and tossed head, and lashed-out heels, as if he knew he was fighting to gain time and with a purpose.

But in the midst of the struggle Nigel stopped suddenly. He had stumbled again himself, and had risen, raging, from the damp earth. Now he stood still panting for breath—as still as he had stood after the click of the gate. Was he listening? What was he listening to? Had she moved in her excitement, and was it possible he had caught the sound? No; he was listening to something else. Far up the road it echoed, but coming nearer every moment, and very fast. Another horse, a big one, galloping hard. Whosoever it was, would pass this place; it could only be a man. God grant that he would not go by so quickly that his attention would not be arrested by a shriek! Cry out she must; and if he did not hear, and went galloping on his way, she would have betrayed herself and be lost.

She stifled a groan by biting her lip.

"You who died to-day—now—now!"

Nearer and nearer. No human creature could pass by a thing like this; it would not be possible. And Childe Harold, backing and fighting, scented the other horse, and neighed fiercely and high. The rider was slackening his pace; he was near the lane. He had turned into it and stopped. Now for her one frantic cry! But before she could gather power to give it forth, the man who had stopped, had flung himself from his saddle, and was inside the garden and speaking loudly—a big voice and a clear one, with a ringing tone of authority.

"What are you doing here, and what is the matter with Miss Vanderpoel's horse?" he called out.

Now there was danger of the swoop into the darkness—great danger, though she clutched at the hedge that she might feel its thorns and hold herself to the earth.

"You!" Anstruthers cried out. "You!" and he flung forth a shout of laughter.

"Where is she?" the other called fiercely. "Lady Anstruthers is terrified. We have been searching for hours. Only just now I heard on the marsh that she had been seen to ride this way. Where is she, I say?"

A strong, angry, earthly voice, not part of the melodrama, not part of a dream, but a voice she knew and whose sound caused her heart to leap to her throat as she trembled from head to foot, while a light, cold dampness broke forth on her skin. Something had been a dream—her wild, desolate ride, the slow tolling; for the voice which commanded with such human fierceness was that of the man for whom the heavy bell had struck forth from the church tower!

Sir Nigel recovered himself brilliantly. Not that he did not recognize that he had been a fool again and was in a nasty place; but it was not for the first time in his life, and he had learned how to brazen himself out of nasty places.

"My dear Mount Dunstan," he answered with tolerant irritation, "I have been having a devil of a time with female hysterics. She heard the bell toll, and ran away with the idea that it was for you, and paid you the compliment of losing her head. I came on her here when she had ridden her horse half to death and they had both come a cropper. Confound women's hysterics! I could do nothing with her. When I left her for a moment she ran away and hid herself. She is concealed somewhere on the place now or has limped off to the marsh. I wish some New York millionairess would work herself into hysteria on my humble account."

"Those are lies," Mount Dunstan answered—"every damned one of them!"

Almost at the same instant, he wheeled around to look about him, attracted by a sound, and in the clearing moonlight, saw a figure approaching which might have risen from the earth so far as he could guess where it had come from. He strode over to it, and it was Betty Vanderpoel, holding her whip in a clenched hand and showing to his eagerness such hunted face and eyes as were barely human. He caught her unsteadiness to support it and felt her fingers clutch at the tweed of his coat-sleeve and move there as if the mere feeling of its rough texture brought heavenly comfort to her and gave her strength.

"Yes, they are lies, Lord Mount Dunstan," she panted. "He said that he meant to get what he called 'even' with me. He told me I could not get away from him, and that no one would hear me if I cried out for help. I have hidden like a hunted animal." Her shaking voice broke, and she held the cloth of his sleeve tightly. "You are alive—alive!" —with a sudden sweet wildness,—"but it is true the bell tolled! While I was crouching in the dark I called to you—who died to-day—to stand between us!"

The man absolutely shuddered from head to foot.

"I was alive, and you see I heard you and came," he answered hoarsely.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her into the cottage. Her cheek felt the enrapturing roughness of his tweed shoulder as he did it. He laid her down on the couch of hay, and turned away.

"Don't move," he said; "I will come back. You are safe."

If there had been more light she would have seen that his jaw was set like a bull-dog's and there was a red spark in his eyes—a fearsome one. But though she did not clearly see, she knew, and the nearness of the last hours swept away all relenting.

Anstruthers, having discreetly waited until the two had passed into the house, and feeling that a man would be an idiot who did not remove himself from an atmosphere so highly charged, was making his way toward the lane, and was, indeed, half-way through the gate when heavy feet were behind him, and a grip of ugly strength wrenched him backward.

"Your horse is cropping the grass where you left him, but you are not going to him," said a singularly meaning voice. "You are coming with me."

Anstruthers endeavored to convince himself that he did not at that moment turn deadly sick, and that the brute would not make an ass of himself.

"Don't be a bally fool!" he cried out, trying to tear himself free.

The muscular hand on his shoulder, being reinforced by another which clutched his collar, dragged him back, stumbling ignominiously through the gooseberry-bushes toward the cart-shed. Betty, lying upon her bed of hay, heard the scuffling, mingled with raging and gasping curses. Childe Harold, lifting his head from his cropping of the grass, looked after the violently jerking figures and snorted slightly, snuffing with dilated red nostrils. As a war-horse scenting blood and battle, he was excited.

When Mount Dunstan got his captive into the shed, the blood which had surged in Red Godwyn's veins was up and leaping. Anstruthers, his collar held by a hand with fingers of iron, writhed about and turned a livid, ghastly face upon his captor.

"You have twice my strength, and half my age, you beast and devil," he foamed

in a half-shriek, and poured forth frightful blasphemies.

"That counts between man and man, but not between vermin and executioner," gave back Mount Dunstan.

The heavy whip, flung upward, whistled down through the air, cutting through cloth and linen, as though it would cut through flesh to bone.

"My God!" shrieked the writhing thing he held, leaping like a man who has been shot. "Don't do that again! *Damn you!*" for the burning thing cut down on bone again—again.

What followed would not be good to describe. Betty, through the open door, heard wild and awful things, and more than once a sound as if a dog were howling.

WHEN the thing was over, one of the two men, his clothes cut to ribbons, his torn, white linen exposed, lay a writhing, huddled worm, hiccoughing frenzied sobs upon the earth in a corner of the cart-shed. The other man stood over him, breathless and white, but singularly exalted.

"You won't want your horse to-night, because you can't use him," he said. "I shall put Miss Vanderpoel's saddle upon him and ride with her back to Stornham. You think you are cut to pieces, but you are not, and you 'll get over it. I 'll ask you to mark, however, that if you open your foul mouth to insinuate lies concerning either Lady Anstruthers or her sister, I will do this thing again in public, —some day on the steps of your club,— and do it more thoroughly."

He walked into the cottage soon afterward, looking, to Betty Vanderpoel's eyes, pale and exceptionally big, and also more a man than it is often given even to the most virile male creature to look, and he walked to the side of her resting-place and stood there, looking down.

"I thought I heard a dog howl," she said.

"You did hear a dog howl," he answered.

He said no other word, and she asked no further question. She knew what he had done, and he was well aware that she knew it.

There was a long, curious silence. She made at first no effort to rise, but lay still in the growing moonlight and looked at him from under splendid, lifted lashes, while his own gaze fell into the depth of hers like a plummet into a deep pool. This continued for almost a full minute, when he turned quickly away and walked to the hearth, drawing in a heavy breath.

He could not endure that which beset him; it was unbearable, because her eyes had maddeningly seemed to ask him some wistful question. Why did she let her loveliness so call to him? She was not a trifler who could play with meanings. Perhaps she did not know what her power was. Sometimes he could believe that beautiful women did not.

In a few moments, almost before he could reach her, she was rising, and when she got up, she supported herself against the open door, standing in the faint light. If he was pale, she was pale also, and her large eyes would not move from his face, so drawing him that he could not keep away from her.

"Listen," he broke out suddenly. "Penzance told me—warned me—that some time a moment would come which would be stronger than all else in a man —than all else in the world. It has come now. Let me take you home."

"Than what else?" she said slowly, and became even paler than before.

He strove to release himself from the possession of the moment and in his struggle answered with a sort of savagery.

"Than scruple—than power—even than a man's determination and decent pride."

"Are you proud?" she half-whispered quite brokenly. "I am not—since I waited for the ringing of the church bell, since I heard it toll. After that the world was empty—and it was as empty of decent pride as of everything else. There was nothing left. I was the humblest broken thing on earth."

"You!" he gasped. "Do you know I think I shall go mad directly—perhaps it is happening now. *You* were humble and broken—*your* world was empty! Because—"

"Look at me, Lord Mount Dunstan." The sweetest voice in the world was a tender, wild, little cry to him. "Oh! *look* at me!"

He caught her out-thrown hands, and

looked down into the passionate, strong soul of her. The moment had come, and the tidal wave, rising to its height, swept all the common earth away when, with a savage sob, he caught and held her close and hard against that which thudded racing in his breast.

And they stood and swayed together, folded in each other's arms, while the wind from the marshes lifted its voice like an exulting human thing as it swept about them.

XLIX

AT STORNHAM AND AT BROADMOORLANDS

THE exulting wind had swept the clouds away, and the moon rode in a dark-blue sea of sky, making the night light purely clear, when they drew a little apart that they might better see the wonderfulness in each other's faces. It was so mysteriously great a thing that they felt curiously near to awe.

"I fought too long. I wore out my body's endurance, and now I am quaking like a boy. Red Godwyn did not begin his wooing like this. Forgive me," Mount Dunstan said at last.

"Do you know," she replied, with lovely, trembling lips and voice, "that for long—long—you have been unkind to me?"

It was merely human that he should swiftly enfold her again, and answer with his lips against her cheek.

"Unkind! Unkind! Oh, the heavenly woman's sweetness of your telling me so—the heavenly sweetness of it!" he exclaimed passionately. "And I was one of those who are 'by the roadside everywhere,' an unkempt, raging beggar who might not decently ask you for a crust."

"It was all wrong—wrong!" she whispered back to him, and he poured forth the tenderest fierce words of confession and prayer, and she listened, drinking them in, with now and then a soft sob pressed against the roughness of the enrapturing tweed. For a space they had both forgotten her hurt, because there are other things than terror which hypnotize pain. Mount Dunstan was to be praised for remembering it first. He must take her back to Stornham and her sister without further delay.

"I will put your saddle on Anstruthers's horse or mine, and lift you to your seat. There is a farm-house about two miles away where I will take you first for food and warmth. Perhaps it would be well for you to stay there to rest for an hour or so, and I will send a message to Lady Anstruthers."

"I will go to the place and eat and drink what you advise," she answered, "but I beg you to take me back to Rosalie without delay. I feel that I must see her."

"I feel that I must see her, too," he said. "But for her—God bless her!" he added, after his sudden pause.

Betty knew that the exclamation meant strong feeling and that somehow in the past hours Rosalie had awakened it. But it was only when, after their refreshment at the farm, they had taken horse again, and were riding homeward together, that she heard from him what had passed between them.

"All that has led to this may seem the merest chance," he said; "but surely a strange thing has come about. I know that without understanding it." He leaned over and touched her hand. "You who are Life—without understanding—I ride here beside you, believing that you brought me back from death."

"I tried, I tried. With all my strength I tried."

"After I had seen your sister to-day, I guessed—I knew. But not at first. I was not ill of the fever, as excited rumor had it; but I was ill, and the doctors and the vicar were alarmed. I had fought too long, and I was giving up as I have seen the poor fellows in the ball-room give up. If they were not dragged back, they slipped out of one's hands. If the fever had developed, all would have been over quickly. I knew the doctors feared that, and I am ashamed to say I was glad of it. But yesterday, in the morning, when I was letting myself go, with a morbid pleasure in the luxurious relief of it, something reached me—some slow rising call to effort and life."

She turned toward him in her saddle, listening, her lips parted.

"I did not even ask myself what was happening; but I began to be aware of being drawn back, and to long intensely to see you again. I was gradually filled with a restless feeling that you were near me, and that, though I could not

physically hear your voice, you were surely calling to me. It was the thing which could not be; but it *was*—and because of it I could not let myself drift."

"I did call you. I was on my knees in the church, asking to be forgiven if I prayed mad prayers, but praying the same thing over and over. The villagers were kneeling there, too. They crowded in, leaving everything else. You are their hero, and they were in deep earnest."

His look was gravely pondering. His life had not made a mystic of him,—it was Penzance who was the mystic,—but he felt himself perplexed by mysteriously suggestive thought.

"I was brought back—I was brought back," he said. "In the afternoon I fell asleep and slept profoundly until the morning. When I awoke, I realized that I was a remade man. The doctors were almost awed when I first spoke to them. Old Doctor Fenwick died later, and, after I had heard about it, the church bell was tolled. It was heard at Weaver's farmhouse, and as everybody had been excitedly waiting for the sound, it conveyed but one idea to them—and the boy was sent racing across the fields to Stornham village. Dearest! Dearest!" he exclaimed.

She had bowed her head, and burst into passionate sobbing. Because she was not of the women who wept, her moment's passion was strong and bitter.

"It need not have been!" she shuddered. "One cannot bear it—because it need not have been!"

"Stop your horse a moment," he said, reining in his own, while with burning eyes and swelling throat he held and steadied her. But he did not know that neither her sister nor her father had ever seen her in such mood, and that she had never so seen herself.

"You shall not remember it," he said to her.

"I will not," she answered, recovering herself; "but for one moment all the awful hours rushed back. Tell me the rest."

"We did not know that the blunder had been made until a messenger from Dole rode over to inquire and bring messages of condolence. Then we understood what had occurred, and I own a sort of frenzy seized me. I knew I must see you, and though the doctors were horribly nervous, they dare not hold me back. The day before it would not have been believed that I could leave my room. You were crying out to me, and though I did not know it was so, I was answering body and soul. Penzance knew I must have my way when I spoke to him, mad as it seemed. When I rode through Stornham village, more than one woman screamed at sight of me. I shall not be able to blot out of my mind your sister's face. She will tell you what we said to each other. I rode away from the Court quite half-mad,—" his voice became very gentle,—"because of something she had told me in the first wild moments."

LADY ANSTRUTHERS had spent the night moving restlessly from one room to another, and had not been to bed when they rode side by side up the avenue in the early morning sunlight. An underkeeper, crossing the park a few hundred yards above them, after one glance, dashed across the sward to the court-yard and the servants' hall. The news flashed electrically through the house, and Rosalie, like a small ghost, came out upon the steps as they reined in. Though her lips moved, she could not speak aloud as she watched Mount Dunstan lift her sister from her horse.

"Childe Harold stumbled, and I hurt my foot," said Betty, trying to be calm.

"I knew he would find you," Rosalie answered quite faintly. "I knew you would," turning to Mount Dunstan, adoring him with all the meaning of her small pale face.

She would have been afraid of her memory of what she had said in the strange scene which had taken place between them a few hours ago, but almost before either of the two spoke she knew that a great gulf had been crossed in some one inevitable, though unforeseen, leap. How it had been taken, when or where, did not in the least matter when she clung to Betty and Betty clung to her.

After a few moments of moved and reverent waiting, the admirable Jennings stepped forward and addressed her in lowered voice.

"There 's been little sleep in the village this night, my lady," he murmured earnestly. "I promised they should have

a sign, with your permission. If the flag was run up,— they 're all looking out,— and they 'd know."

"Run it up, Jennings," Lady Anstruthers answered. "At once."

When it ran up the staff on the tower, and fluttered out in gay answering to the morning breeze, children in the village began to run about shouting, men and women appeared at cottage doors, and more than one cap was thrown up in the air. But old Doby and Mrs. Welden, who had been waiting for hours, standing by Mrs. Welden's gate, caught each other's dry, trembling old hands and began to cry.

THE Broadmoorlands divorce scandal, having made conversation during a season quite forty years before Miss Vanderpoel appeared at Stornham Court, had been laid upon the lower shelf and buried beneath other stories quite long enough to be forgotten. Only one person had not forgotten it, and he was the Duke of Broadmoorlands himself, in whose mind it remained hideously clear. He had been a young man honestly and much in love when it first revealed itself to him, and for a few months he had even thought it might end by being his death, notwithstanding that he was strong and in first-rate physical condition. He had been a fine, hearty young man of clean and rather dignified life, though he was not understood to be brilliant of mind. Privately he had ideals connected with his rank and name which he was not fluent enough clearly to express. After he had realized that he should not die of the public humiliation and disgrace which seemed to point him out as having been the kind of gullible fool it is scarcely possible to avoid laughing at,—as it seemed to him in his heart-seared frenzy, —he thought it not improbable that he should go mad. He was harried so by memories of lovely little soft ways of Edith's (his wife's name was Edith), of the pretty sound of her laugh, and of her innocent, girlish habit of kneeling down by her bedside every night and morning to say her prayers. This had so touched him that he had sometimes knelt down beside her, saying to her, with slight, awkward boyishness, that a fellow who had a sort of angel for his wife ought to do his best to believe in the things she believed in.

"And all the time—" A devil who laughed used to snigger in his ear over and over again until it was almost like the ticking of a clock during the worst months, when it did not seem probable that a man could feel his brain whirling like a catharine-wheel night and day, and still manage to hold on and not reach the point of howling and shrieking, and dashing his skull against walls and furniture.

But that passed in time, and he told himself that he passed with it. Since then he had lived chiefly at Broadmoorlands Castle, and was spoken of as a man who had become religious, which was not true; but having reached the decision that religion was good for most people, he paid a good deal of attention to his church and schools, and was rigorous in the matter of curates.

He had passed seventy now, and was somewhat despotic and haughty, because a man who is a duke and does not go out into the world to rub against men of his own class and others, thus being forced into finding his level, but lives altogether on a great and splendid estate, saluted by every creature he meets, and obeyed and courted before all else, is not unlikely to forget that he is an ordinary human being, and not a sort of monarch.

He had done his best to forget Edith, who had soon died of being a shady curate's wife in Australia, but he had not been able to encompass it. He used occasionally to dream she was kneeling by the bed in her childish nightgown, saying her prayers aloud, and he would waken crying, as he had cried in those awful young days. Against social immorality or village light-mindedness he was relentlessly savage. He allowed for no palliating or exonerating facts. He began to see red when he heard or saw lightness in a married woman, and those who knew of him were frequently told that this characteristic bordered on monomania.

Nigel Anstruthers, having met him once or twice, had at first been much amused by him, and had even, by giving him an adroitly careful lead, managed to guide him into an expression of opinion. The Duke, who had heard men of his

class discussed, did not in the least like him, notwithstanding his sympathetic suavity of manner and his air of being intelligently impressed by what he heard. Not long afterward, however, it happened that, the aged rector of Broadmoorlands having died, the living had been given to Ffolliott; and hearing it, Sir Nigel was not slow to conjecture that quite decently utilizable tools would lie ready to his hands if circumstances pressed; this point of view it will be seen, being not illogical. A man who had not been a sort of hermit would have heard enough of him to be put on his guard, and one who was a man of the world, looking normally on existence, would have reasoned coolly, and declined to concern himself with what was not his affair. But a parallel might be drawn between Broadmoorlands and some old lion, wounded sorely in his youth, and left to drag his unhealed torment through the years to age. On one subject he had no point of view but his own, and could be roused to fury almost senseless by wholly inadequately supported facts. He presented exactly the material required, and that in mass.

About the time the flag was run up on the tower at Stornham Court, a carter, driving whistling on the road near the deserted cottage, was hailed by a man who was walking slowly a few yards ahead of him. Binns, the carter, thought that he was a tramp, as his clothes were plainly in bad case, which seeing, the rustic's answer was an unceremonious grunt, and it certainly did not occur to him to touch his forehead. A minute later, however, he "got a start," as he related afterward. The tramp was a gentleman whose riding-costume was torn and muddied, and who looked "gashly," though he spoke with the manner and authority which Binns recognized as that of one of the "gentry" addressing a day laborer.

"How far is it from here to Medham?" he inquired.

"Medham be about four miles, sir," was the answer. "I be carryin' these 'taters there to market."

"I want to get there. I have met with an accident. My horse took fright at a pheasant starting up, rocketting under his nose. He threw me into a hedge and bolted. I 'm badly enough bruised to want to reach a town and see a doctor. Can you give me a lift?"

"That I will, sir, ready enough," the carter replied, making room on the seat beside him. "You be bruised bad, sir," he said sympathetically as his passenger climbed to his place, with a twisted face and uttering blasphemies under his breath.

"Damned badly," he answered. "No bones broken, however."

"That cut on your cheek and neck 'll need plasterin', sir."

"That 's a scratch. Thorn bush," was the curt reply.

Sympathy was plainly not welcome. In fact, Binns was soon of the opinion that here was an ugly customer, gentleman or no gentleman. A jolting cart was, however, not the best place for a man who seemed sore from head to foot, and done for out and out. He sat and ground his teeth as he clung to the rough seat in the attempt to steady himself. He became more and more "gashly," and a certain awful light in his eyes alarmed the carter by leaping up at every jolt. Binns was glad when he left him at Medham Arms, and felt he had earned the half-sovereign handed to him.

Four days Anstruthers lay in bed in a room at the inn. No one saw him but the man who brought him food. He did not send for a doctor, because he did not wish to see one. He sent for such remedies as were needed by a man who had been bruised by a fall from his horse. He made no remark which could be considered explanatory, after he had said irritably that a man was a fool to go loitering along on a nervous brute who needed watching. Whatsoever had happened was his own damned fault.

Through hours of day and night he lay staring at the white-washed beams or the blue roses on the wall-paper. They were long hours, and filled with things not pleasant enough to dwell on in detail. Physical misery, which made a man writhe at times, was not the worst part of them. There were a thousand things less endurable. More than once he foamed at the mouth and recognized that he gibbered like a madman.

There was only one memory which saved him from feeling that this was the very end of things. That was the mem-

ory of Broadmoorlands. While a man had a weapon left, even though it could not save him, he might pay up with it—get almost even. The whole Vanderpoel lot could be plunged neck-deep in a morass, which would leave mud enough sticking to them even if their money helped them to prevent its entirely closing over their heads. He could attend to that, and after he had set it well going, he could get out. There were India, South Africa, Australia—a dozen places that would do. And then he would remember Betty Vanderpoel, and curse horribly under the bed-clothes. It was the memory of Betty which outdid all others in its power to torment.

On the morning of the fifth day the Duke of Broadmoorlands received a note which he read with somewhat annoyed curiosity. A certain Sir Nigel Anstruthers, whom it appeared he ought to be able to recall, was in the neighborhood and wished to see him on a parochial matter of interest. "Parochial matter" was vague, and so was the Duke's recollection of the man who addressed him. If his memory served him right, he had met him in a country house in Somersetshire, and had heard that he was the acquaintance of the disreputable eldest son. What could a person of that sort have to say of parochial matters? The Duke considered, and then in obedience to a rigorous conscience decided that one ought perhaps to give him half an hour.

There was that in the visitor's aspect, when he arrived in the afternoon, which produced somewhat the effect of shock. In the first place, a man in his unconcealable physical condition had no right to be out of his bed. Though he plainly refused to admit the fact, his manner of bearing himself erect and even with a certain touch of cool swagger was, it was evident, achieved only by determined effort. He looked like a man who had not yet recovered from some evil fever. Since the meeting in Somersetshire, he had aged more than the year warranted. Despite his obstinate fight with himself, he was horribly shaky. A disagreeable scratch or cut running from cheek to neck did not improve his personal appearance.

He pleased his host no more than he had pleased him at their first encounter; he in fact repelled him strongly by suggesting a degree of abnormality of mood which was smoothed over by an attempt at entire normality of manner. The Duke did not present an approachable front as, after Anstruthers had taken a chair, he sat and examined him with bright blue old eyes set deep on each side of a dominant nose, and framed over by white eyebrows. No, Nigel Anstruthers summed him up, it would not be easy to open the matter with the old fool. He held himself magnificently aloof, with that lack of modernity in his sense of place which even at this late day sometimes expressed itself here and there in the manner of the feudal survival.

"I am afraid you have been ill," the Duke said with rigid civility.

"A man feels rather an outsider in confessing he has let his horse throw him into a hedge. It was my own fault entirely. I allowed myself to forget that I was riding a dangerously nervous brute. I was thinking of a painful and absorbing subject. I was badly bruised and scratched, but that was all."

"What did your doctor say?"

"That I was in luck not to have broken my neck."

"You had better have a glass of wine," said the Duke, touching a bell. "You do not look equal to any exertion."

In gathering himself together, Sir Nigel felt he was forced to use enormous effort. It had cost him enormous effort to drive over to Broadmoorlands, though it was only a few miles from Medham. There had been something unnatural in the exertion necessary to sit upright and keep his mind decently clear. That was the worst of it. The fever and raging hours of the past days and nights had so shaken him that he had become exhausted and his brain was not alert. He was not thinking rapidly, and several times he had lost sight of a point it was important to remember. He grew hot and cold, and knew his hands and voice shook as he answered. But perhaps signs of emotion were not bad.

"I am not quite equal to exertion," he began slowly; "but a man cannot lie on his bed while some things are undone—a *man* cannot."

As the old Duke sat upright, the blue eyes under his bent brows were startled as well as curious. Was the man going

out of his mind about something? He looked rather like it, with the dampness starting out on his haggard face and the ugly look suddenly stamped there. The fact was the insensate fury which had possessed and torn Anstruthers as he had writhed in his inn bedroom had sprung up on him again in full force, and his weakness could not control it, though it would have been wiser to hold it in check. He also felt frightfully ill, which filled him with despair, and through this fact he lost sight of the effect he produced as he stood up, shaking all over.

"I come to you because you are the one man who can most easily understand the thing I have been concealing for a good many years."

The Duke was irritated. Confound the objectionable idiot! What did he mean by taking that intimate tone with a man who was not prepared to concern himself in his affairs?

"Excuse me," he said, holding up an authoritative hand. "Are you going to make a confession? I don't like such things. I prefer to be excused. Personal confidences are not parochial matters."

"This one is." And Sir Nigel was sickeningly aware that he was putting the statement rashly while at the same time all better words escaped him. "It is as much a parochial matter," losing all hold on his wits, and stammering, "as was—as was—the affair of—your wife."

It was the Duke who stood up now, scarlet with anger. He sprang from his chair as if he had been a young man in whom some insult had struck blazing fire.

"You—you dare!" he shouted. "You insolent blackguard! You force your way in here, and dare—dare—" And he clenched his fist, wildly shaking it.

Nigel Anstruthers, staggering on his uncertain feet, would have shouted also, but could not, though he tried, and he heard his own voice come forth brokenly.

"Yes, I dare. I—your wife—my own —my—"

Swaying and tottering, he swung round to the chair he had left, and fell into it, even while the old Duke, who stood raging before him, started back in outraged amazement. What was the fellow doing? Was he making faces at him? The drawn, malignant mouth and muscles suggested it. Was he a lunatic, indeed? But the sense of disgusted outrage changed all at once to horror as with a countenance still more hideously livid and twisted his visitor slid helplessly from his seat, and lay a huddled heap of clothes on the floor.

L

THE PRIMEVAL THING

When Mr. Vanderpoel landed in England, his wife was with him. This quiet-faced woman, who was known to be on her way to join her daughter in England, was much discussed, envied, and glanced at when she promenaded the deck with her husband or sat in her chair, softly wrapped in wonderful furs. Gradually, during the past months, she had been told certain modified truths connected with her elder daughter's marriage. They had been painful truths, but had been so softened and expurgated of their worst features that it had been possible to bear them when one realized that they did not at least mean that Rosy had forgotten or ceased to love her mother and father or wish to visit her home. The steady clearness of foresight and readiness of resource which were often spoken of as being specially characteristic of Reuben S. Vanderpoel were all required and employed with great tenderness in the management of this situation. As little as it was possible that his wife should know, was the utmost she must hear and be hurt by. Unless ensuing events compelled, the rest of it should be kept from her. As further protection, her husband had frankly asked her to content herself with a degree of limited information.

"I have meant all our lives, Milly, to keep from you the unpleasant things a woman need not be troubled with," he had said. "I promised myself I would when you were a girl. I knew you would face things if I needed your help, but you were a gentle little soul, like Rosy, and I never intended that you should bear what was useless. Anstruthers was a blackguard, and girls of all nations have married blackguards before. When you have Rosy safe at home, and know nothing can hurt her again, you both may feel you would like to talk it over. Till then we won't go into detail. You trust me,

I know, when I tell you that you shall hold Rosy in your arms very soon. We may have something of a fight, but there can be only one end to it in a country as decent as England. Anstruthers is n't exactly what I should call an Englishman. Men rather like him are to be found in two or three places." His good-looking, shrewd, elderly face lighted with a fine smile. "My handsome Betty has saved us a good deal by carrying out her fifteen-year-old plan of going to find her sister," he ended.

Before they landed they had decided that Mrs. Vanderpoel should be comfortably established in a hotel in London, and that, after this was arranged, her husband should go to Stornham Court alone. If Sir Nigel could be induced to listen to logic, Rosalie, her child, and Betty should come at once to town.

"And if he won't listen to logic," added Mr. Vanderpoel, with a dry composure, "they shall come just the same, my dear." And his wife put her arms round his neck and kissed him because she knew that what he said was quite true, and she admired him, as she had always done, greatly.

But when the pilot came on board, and there began to stir in the ship the agreeable and exciting bustle of the delivery of letters and welcoming telegrams, among Mr. Vanderpoel's many yellow envelopes he opened one the contents of which caused him to stand still for some moments—so still, indeed, that some of the bystanders began to touch one another's elbows and whisper. He certainly read the message two or three times before he folded it up, returned it to its receptacle, and walked gravely to his wife's sitting-room.

"Reuben," she exclaimed, after her first look at him, "have you had bad news? Oh, I hope not!"

He came and sat down quietly beside her, taking her hand.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," he answered. "I have been reminded of a verse in the Bible—about vengeance not belonging to mere human beings. Nigel Anstruthers has had a stroke of paralysis, and it is not his first. Apparently even if he lies on his back for some months thinking of harm, he won't be able to do it. He is finished."

WHEN he was carried by the express train through the country, he saw all that Betty had seen, though the summer had passed and there were neither green trees nor hedges. He knew all that the long letters had meant of stirred emotion and affection, and he was strongly moved, though his mind was full of many things. There were the farm-houses, the square-towered churches, the red-pointed hop-oasts, and the village children. How distinctly she had made him see them! His Betty—his splendid Betty! His heart beat at the thought of seeing her high, young, black head, and holding her safe in his arms again. Safe! He resented having used the word, because there was a shock in seeming to admit the possibility that anything in the universe could do wrong to her. Yet one man had been villain enough to mean her harm and to threaten her with it. He slightly shuddered as he thought of how the man was finished.

The train began to puff more loudly as it slackened its pace. It was drawing near to a rustic little station, and, as it passed in, he saw a carriage standing waiting on the road and a footman in a long coat glancing into each window as the train went by. Two or three country people were watching it intently. Miss Vanderpoel's father was coming up from London on it. The station-master rushed to open the carriage door, and the footman hastened forward, but a tall, lovely thing in gray was opposite the step as Mr. Vanderpoel descended to the platform. She did not recognize the presence of any other human being than himself; for the moment she seemed to forget even the broad-shouldered man who had plainly come with her. As Reuben S. Vanderpoel folded her in his arms, she folded him, and kissed him as he was not sure she had ever kissed him before.

"My splendid Betty! My own fine girl!" he said.

And when she cried out "Father! Father!" she bent and kissed the breast of his coat.

He knew who the big young man was before she turned to present him.

"This is Lord Mount Dunstan, father," she said. "Since Nigel was brought home, he has been very good to us."

Reuben S. Vanderpoel looked well into the man's eyes as he shook hands with him warmly, and this was what he said to himself:

"Yes, she 's safe. She is quite safe. He is to be trusted with the whole thing."

NOT many days after her husband's arrival at Stornham Court Mrs. Vanderpoel traveled down from London, and during her journey scarcely saw the wintry hedges and bare trees, because, as she sat in her cushioned corner of the railway carriage she was inwardly offering up gentle, pathetically ardent prayers of gratitude. She was the woman who prays, and the many sad petitions of the past years were being answered at last. She was being allowed to go to Rosy; whatsoever happened, she could never be really parted from her girl again. She asked pardon many times, because she had not been able to be really sorry when she had heard of her son-in-law's desperate condition. She could feel pity for him in his awful case, she told herself, but she could not wish for the thing which perhaps she ought to wish for. She had confided this to her husband with innocent, penitent tears, and he had stroked her cheek, which had always been his comforting way since they had been young things together.

"My dear," he said, "if a tiger with hydrophobia were loose among a lot of decent people,—or indecent ones, for the matter of that,—you would not feel it your duty to be very sorry if in springing on a group of them he impaled himself on an iron fence. Don't reproach yourself too much." And though the realism of the picture he presented was such as to make her exclaim, "No, no!" there were still occasional moments when she breathed a request for pardon if she was hard of heart—this softest of creatures human.

It was arranged by the two who best knew and loved her that her meeting with Rosalie should have no spectators and that their first hour together should be wholly their own.

"You have not seen each other for so long," Betty said, when, on her arrival, she led her at once to the morning-room where Rosy waited pale with joy; but, when the door was opened, though the two figures were swept into each other's arms by one wild, tremulous rush, there were no sounds to be heard, only caught breaths, until the door had closed again.

The talks which took place between Mr. Vanderpoel and Lord Mount Dunstan were many and long and were of absorbing interest to both. Each presented to the other a new world and a type of which his previous knowledge had been but incomplete.

"I wonder," Mr. Vanderpoel said in the course of one of them, "if my world appeals to you as yours appeals to me. Naturally, from your standpoint, it scarcely seems probable. Perhaps the upbuilding of large financial schemes presupposes a certain degree of imagination. I am becoming a romantic New York man of business, and I revel in it. Kedgers, for instance,"—with the smile which somehow suggested Betty,—"Kedgers and the *Lilium giganteum,* Mrs. Welden, and old Doby, threaten to develop into quite necessary factors in the scheme of happiness. What Betty has felt is even more comprehensible than it seemed at first."

They walked and rode together about the country-side; also, when Mount Dunstan itself was swept clean of danger and only a few convalescents lingered to be taken care of in the huge ball-room, they spent many days in going over the estate. The desolate beauty of it appealed to and touched Mr. Vanderpoel as it had appealed to and touched his daughter, and also wakened in him much new and curious delight. But Mount Dunstan, with a touch of his old obstinacy, insisted that he should ignore the beauty and look closely at less admirable things.

"You must see the worst of this," he said; "you must understand that I can put no good face upon things, that I offer nothing because I have nothing to offer."

If he had not been swept through and through by a powerful and rapturous passion he would have detested and abhorred these days of deliberate, proud laying-bare of the nakedness of the land. But in the hours he spent with Betty Vanderpoel the passion gave him knowledge of the things which, being elemental, do not concern themselves with pride and obstinacy and do not recall them. Too

much had ended and too much had begun to leave space or thought for poor things. In their eyes, when they were together and even when they were apart, dwelt a glow which was deeply moving to those who, looking on, were sufficiently profound of thought to understand.

Watching the two walking slowly side by side down the leafless avenue on a crystal winter day, Mr. Vanderpoel conversed with the vicar, whom he greatly liked.

"A young man of the name of Selden," he remarked, "told me more of this than he knew."

"G. Selden," said the vicar, with affectionate smiling. "He is not aware that he was largely concerned in the matter. In fact, without G. Selden I do not know exactly how we should have got on. How is he, nice fellow?"

"Extremely well, and in these days in my employ. He is of the honest, indefatigable stuff which makes its way."

His own smile, as he watched the two tall figures in the distance, settled into an expression of speculative absorption, because he was reflecting upon profoundly interesting matters.

"There is a great primeval thing which sometimes—not often, only sometimes—occurs to two people," he went on. "When it leaps into being, it is well if it is not thwarted or done to death. It has happened to my girl and Mount Dunstan. If they had been two young tinkers by the roadside they would have come together and defied their beggary. As it is, I recognize, as I sit here, that the outcome of what is to be may reach far and open up broad, new ways."

"Yes," said the vicar. "She will live here and fill a strong man's life with wonderful human happiness; her splendid children will be born here, and among them will be those who lead the van and make history."

For some time Nigel Anstruthers lay in his room at Stornham Court surrounded by all of aid and luxury that wealth and exalted medical science could gather about him. Sometimes he lay a livid, unconscious mask, sometimes his nurses and doctors knew that in his hollow eyes there was the light of a raging half-reason, and they saw that he struggled to utter coherent sounds which they might comprehend. This he never accomplished, and one day in the midst of such an effort he was stricken dumb again, and soon afterward sank into stillness, and died.

And the Shuttle in the hand of Fate, through every hour of every day, and through the slow, deep breathing of all the silent nights, weaves to and fro, to and fro, drawing with it the threads of human life and thought which strengthen its web and trace the figures of its yet vague and incomplete design.

THE END

HE KNOWS

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

A TANGLED snarl of penciled lines, it lies—
Her letter for the father's loving eyes.
"What shall I write his little maid has said?"
"He knows! he knows!" she flashed in pained surprise.

Ah, God, this tangled snarl our hands have made
To meet the Father's eyes, life's letter shows
On life's white page—He knows!

THE WORLD-CONQUEROR

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

GEORGE stood at his bedroom window, rested his hot, flushed face upon one chubby fist, and gazed obliquely into the outer darkness. Shame and humiliation burned deep in his boy's soul. Parental tyranny had made its masterpiece. It had been a day of exhausting labor—of grass-cutting and wood-carrying, with only six brief hours of play. Then, when he had climbed into his grateful bed, tired and toil-worn, when the world of juvenile unhappiness was fading from his mind, a despotic mother had called him forth to ablution. Here was a shining example of adult reasoning: just because he had gone barefoot all day it was argued that therefore his feet must be dirty at night; but he had risen from his comfortable bed and groped his way down to the cold rain-barrel, stubbing, as he went, an already incapacitated toe. To this injury was added the insult of a rigid and humiliating personal inspection, after which he was allowed to return to his room, while the powers devised new atrocities.

The first bitter pangs over, there came to George in the quiet darkness a great, calm resolution. Stealthily he crossed the room, and breathlessly he listened at the keyhole. When at last he had convinced himself that peace had settled down upon the Warren household he lighted his little oil lamp and tiptoed to his old ink-stained desk. He took from it a rough school tablet and wrote laboriously, with vigorous erasing and with incessant moistening of pencil. They were big-lettered, uneven words, and they scrambled riotously toward the top of the page, and this was their message:

MR. JOHN WARREN.

Dear Sir: When you read this I will be far away makeing my way in the world. I coodent stand it any longer. I will write you some times. I forgive you and mama.

Yours respectfully,
George Warren.

He erased the word "mama" and wrote in its place the more dignified "mother." In all his extensive reading no young man of promise had ever said "mama." He gazed thoughtfully at the letter, and then added:

P.S. Please give my sled to Willie Stoner. He hasn't none.

The first step had been taken, the irrevocable letter had been written, and now George could devote a few moments to the all-important survey of his hitherto unhappy life. For eleven long years he had suffered the tyranny of these two adult members of his household. True, the earlier of these years were rather indistinct in his memory, but doubtless even his tenderest infancy had been spent in carrying incredible quantities of wood and water. So it had gone on ever since. In the winter he was released from his autocratic home for a part of each day only to be ruled even more tyrannically by a school-teacher who expected of him impossible achievements, and cast aspersions upon his spotless character. Now, when he thought of it, he was surprised at his own forbearance. No self-respecting hero of fiction would have stood it so long. Fearless Jack Tyler, whose life had been discussed in executive session in Stoner's barn, had run off to sea under far less serious provocation. Intrepid Henry Thurston, it is true, had possessed a drunken father who threw furniture at him, but even such discourtesy is preferable to the monotonous daily round of degrading tasks. The elder Thurston's inebrious periods occurred only once a

week, and seldom lasted more than two or three days.

George reverently took down a dog's-eared volume, and respectfully laid it on the bed. Though he took nothing else, he must not leave this precious book behind. Henry Thurston's experiences would guide his feet. It was disquieting to recollect that when Henry left home he shook his father manfully by the hand, kissed his mother good-by, and forgave them both in person. In fact, that seemed to be the established custom among young heroes starting out to conquer the world. But George would be off early, and if his parents were not up, they would simply have to get along without these demonstrations. On top of "Henry Thurston," George carefully placed the Testament his mother had given him one Christmas in lieu of the target-rifle which Santa Claus had failed to produce. How neat and clean he had kept this Testament! In taking it along he was following the fashion decreed by the most approved home-leavers and those who afterward became Presidents and judges and missionaries. Besides, as every one knows, a drummer boy was once saved from death by the Testament in his breast pocket.

Down from its closet hook came his Sunday-school coat, for out in the world they wear their best clothes every day—and shoes. It did seem absurd to wear shoes in the summer-time, especially when one has a sore toe. Suddenly he remembered that it is always ragged, barefoot boys who stop runaway horses dragging carriages containing bankers' daughters, and who afterward become partners in banks and marry these self-same daughters. This inspiration settled the perplexing question of the shoes, and he left them by his bedside, where his mother could easily come and weep over them with inconsistent grief.

A thoughtful gaze about the room, high and low, revealed nothing else that was absolutely needed; so he rolled his possessions into a lumpy bundle and secured it with a skate strap. Then he got out his little iron savings-bank, and shook it softly and carefully until the entire dollar and forty-one cents lay in a glittering pile on the bed. This treasure was secreted in the lining of his cap, because he knew that travelers are invariably attacked on forest roads and robbed of all their wealth.

After a few final preparations he blew out his light, and climbed into bed for his last night's sleep in the old homestead. But thoughts of the morrow kept crowding in upon him, and he could not sleep. Never had he lain awake so long except, of course, on Christmas Eve. At last, he rolled and tossed himself into a troubled doze, from which he awoke at frequent intervals with the disappointed sense that he had not slept long enough to dream any of the things which are customary under the circumstances.

The first faint sign of dawn saw him up and dressed in a blue gingham shirt, and that comprehensive garment he called "my pants," the component material of which had come to him by direct descent in the male line. His farewell note sounded heroic even in the gray daylight, and it found a resting-place under his pillow, where it would not be discovered prematurely. Then he fastened his bundle on his plump shoulders, put on his cap, and stepped to the window. The rain-water spout invited him to a speedy and easy descent. How often he had used that method of exit in blissful anticipation of the time when the stairway would be cut off by roaring flames, and he would have to convey his entire family to safety by that route!

The proper time had come for his farewell look at the old room which he had loved so well. This passion, by the way, was of recent discovery. Heretofore this cozy little bedroom had served as a dungeon into which they consigned him when he was not sleepy, and from which they dragged him when he could hardly open his eyes. Now, turning with a muffled sigh of regret, he slid noiselessly down the pipe into the wet grass. How cold it was on summer mornings, and how clamorous the birds were at such an early hour! Stealthily he tiptoed around the house in the soft grass; noiselessly he opened the side gate and hurried down the short lane to the road and turned his face westward. It is an indisputable fact that prodigious fortunes are always found in the West, in the glorious inland West, far from the sea and the constant temptation to piracy. There was no looking back until he reached the inevitable

turn in the road, the first skirmish-place of every well regulated world-conquest.

Now for a last look at the old homestead where he had spent the entire eleven years of his life. These years, after all, had not been entirely unhappy. There had been rare, brief periods when his father and mother had not conspired to deprive him of the right to have a little fun. But this was all past now. He wiped away a manly tear and thought of the uncertain future. What changes would take place in the old homestead before he would see it again? Would the gate be off its hinges when he returned, and the whitewashed stones be gray, and would there be weeds in the sweet-william? Ah, yes, there would be a sad face at the window, and his mother would wonder who this erect, stately gentleman with the mustache and silk hat could possibly be. Then he would go in and kiss his mother and lift the mortgage.

But one cannot stand forever looking at one's old homestead with a world impatiently waiting to be conquered. George resolutely turned, and abandoned the white farm-house to the ravages of time and the incompetence of his father. His heart was heavy for a while, but thoughts of the rose-tinted future banished his morbid regrets. He walked rapidly, borne on by exalted youthful fancies, in which the jingle of his wealth-laden cap attracted an imaginary highway robber with whom George grappled and then pursued madly to the red bridge and to an ignominious death.

As he stalked along heroically he made a discovery. He had a companion—a long, dim shadow straight in front of him. What a tall, slender shadow it was, in marked contrast with the dumpy little one he had seen only yesterday noon! Probably he would be almost as tall as this shadow some day. After this he walked in a more sedate fashion, as becomes one who is the object of such slavish imitation.

This pleasant diversion might have occupied George for some time, had it not been for the startling conduct of the road on which he was traveling. This highway, hitherto so pleasant and open in its behavior, and so free from eccentricities, was now headed blindly and irrevocably for a large forest. Moreover, as George approached the woods, the road within seemed exceedingly dark—so dark, indeed, that it might easily be regarded as an ideal hiding-place for robbers. He wondered just what course he should pursue in case eight or nine of these desperate characters assailed him at once. The usual expedient of wholesale decapitation seemed impracticable at this time, because he had thoughtlessly left home without a sword. His own trusty blade of keen-edged building-lath had been broken in that last victorious charge upon the milkweed in the back pasture.

But upon closer examination the edge of the woods did not seem so dark, and world-conquerors are not afraid to go through woods. He plunged in bravely, and even cheerfully, as is shown conclusively by the fact that he whistled short selections from lively patriotic airs. He did, however, regret the loss of his companionable shadow, which, like an inconstant friend, had fled just when it would have been most welcome. As George hurried on, the woods seemed to be fairly free from robbers, and entirely devoid of red Indians; but just as he had almost reached the edge he saw plainly on the white, glistening road ahead—a man! The man was approaching.

It is in just such times of sudden danger that real character shows itself. The coward would have fled in mortal terror, the fool would have rushed out blindly to his own destruction. Not so a world-conqueror. Like the wily detective, always careful to cover his tracks; like the experienced Indian-fighter, ever mindful of ambuscades, George ran quickly to a convenient clump of bushes which afforded him a view of the road, but kept him in concealment. There he awaited developments. The man came and passed without looking to the right or to the left, but George saw that his precaution had not been vain. The man was undoubtedly a desperate criminal fairly well disguised as an ordinary farmer.

George did not show reckless haste, but after a decent lapse of time emerged from his lair, and soon was out in the bright sunlight. With a sad smile of disillusionment he saw that his shadow once more lengthened and shortened its

ungainly legs before him. How bright and warm and cheerful it was now, and how the great world beckoned him on to conquest, to freedom from parents who repress the individuality and cramp the soul! He glanced back into the woods he had just left, and smiled with scorn to think how some people would have acted under similar trying circumstances. Billy McArter, for example, a recent fistic antagonist of George's, would undoubtedly have been grievously frightened. As for himself, he only regretted that the villain had conducted himself so decorously that there had been no excuse for physical violence.

George's defiant toss of the head dislodged his cap, which fell with a clinking sound. After assuring himself of the safety of his money, he restored the cap to its proper place, where it made a comforting weight. What foolish things he would have done with that money in the old days! Boylike, he would have spent it at some circus—possibly the very circus that was coming to Salem on the fourteenth. He smiled indulgently at the follies of youth. Nevertheless, he conceded that circuses were good things for the young, and resolved that his attainment to affluence would be marked by the purchase of large quantities of circus tickets for poor boys. In the Utopian world over which he was going to rule, no boy would be compelled to go home after the unsatisfactory free street parade. If necessary, he would go with these boys in person to see that they got their rights.

At this point a large woolly worm attracted his attention, and supplanted the precarious subject of circuses. It was an innocent-looking reptile, but George was not deceived. He saw immediately that this was the kind of worm that would grow up to be a fire-breathing dragon, an incendiary, and a public nuisance generally. George regretted again that he had no sword, but he hastily got a stone and crushed this potential monster with an effectiveness which would have done credit to George's ancient namesake. Then he spat reflectively on the ground and proceeded on his way. What wonderful adventures he was having! He had put a robber to flight, and had attacked and killed a large ferocious creature which had presumptuously barred his path.

But even dragon-killers are human, and George realized that the sun was getting very warm on his back and that his legs were just the least bit tired. At the same time he vaguely wished that he had brought Willie Stoner along in the capacity of beast of burden, for the shoulder-strap was beginning to hurt. He shifted his bundle to his head after the fashion depicted in his geography in the "Scene in Baluchistan." Once in his recollection, he had employed that method in carrying a pitcher of water, but he had met with indifferent success. In fact, his mother had thereupon restricted him to the use of an indestructible tin pail and more Occidental methods. In this case the expedient proved no more successful than before, and the train of recollections brought only on a violent thirst, which occupied George's attention exclusively up to the very gate of a white farm-house. While he was debating whether or not to go in after a drink of water, he caught sight of an able-bodied dog, which crystallized his feeling that such a trip might lead to embarrassing questions, and he turned reluctantly away. The smoke curling from the kitchen chimney suggested a new want, and gave rise to the philosophical reflection that homes are not so bad, after all, if properly conducted.

So hunger was added to George's discomforts, and as he went on, the sun shone hotter on his back and the weariness in his chubby legs increased. Even his shadow, which had stalked boldly on straight before him, had acquired the habit of leaning a little to the north, and did not seem so tall and majestic as before. What an extremely long way it was to the world! Then George saw with joy a flat stone by the roadside—just such a stone as had been the resting-place of poor Dick Whittington, who afterward became Lord Mayor of London. There was a soft, inviting stretch of shady grass back by the fence, but George would not endanger his whole political future by sitting anywhere but upon that stone. On that stone he sat and nursed one tired brown leg and then the other, and gazed into the troubled and hungry future.

His thoughts revolted and ran riotously back home, and found his father grave and thoughtful and his mother sitting tearfully at the window. There was something in George's throat which he found it exceedingly difficult to swallow because of his thirst. A large drop, probably perspiration, splashed on the stone. Perhaps, after all, he had been a little severe with his parents. He was their only son, and consequently they had had little practice in bringing up boys. And yet he had gone off a-conquering without a word of warning. He looked on westward, and the great world seemed just as far away as ever, like the rainbow the boy once tried to find. Instead of the world, George saw an old, deserted blacksmith shop, its side flaming red and white. Deep down in his soul something told him that Robinson Brothers would be in Salem on the fourteenth, and that there would be five combined menageries. Beyond the glorified building was a cloud of dust and a two-horse wagon and a man. It was coming toward him and might even be going as far as the old homestead.

Yes, he would give them another chance. He was sure they would profit by the lesson. His father would begin to be harsh with him some day, and then he would suddenly remember and would take him on his knee and give him fifteen cents. Every morning his mother would look into his room to see if he really was there, and would then tiptoe quietly away for fear of waking him. His teacher, too, would hear about it and would thenceforth be considerate and respectful.

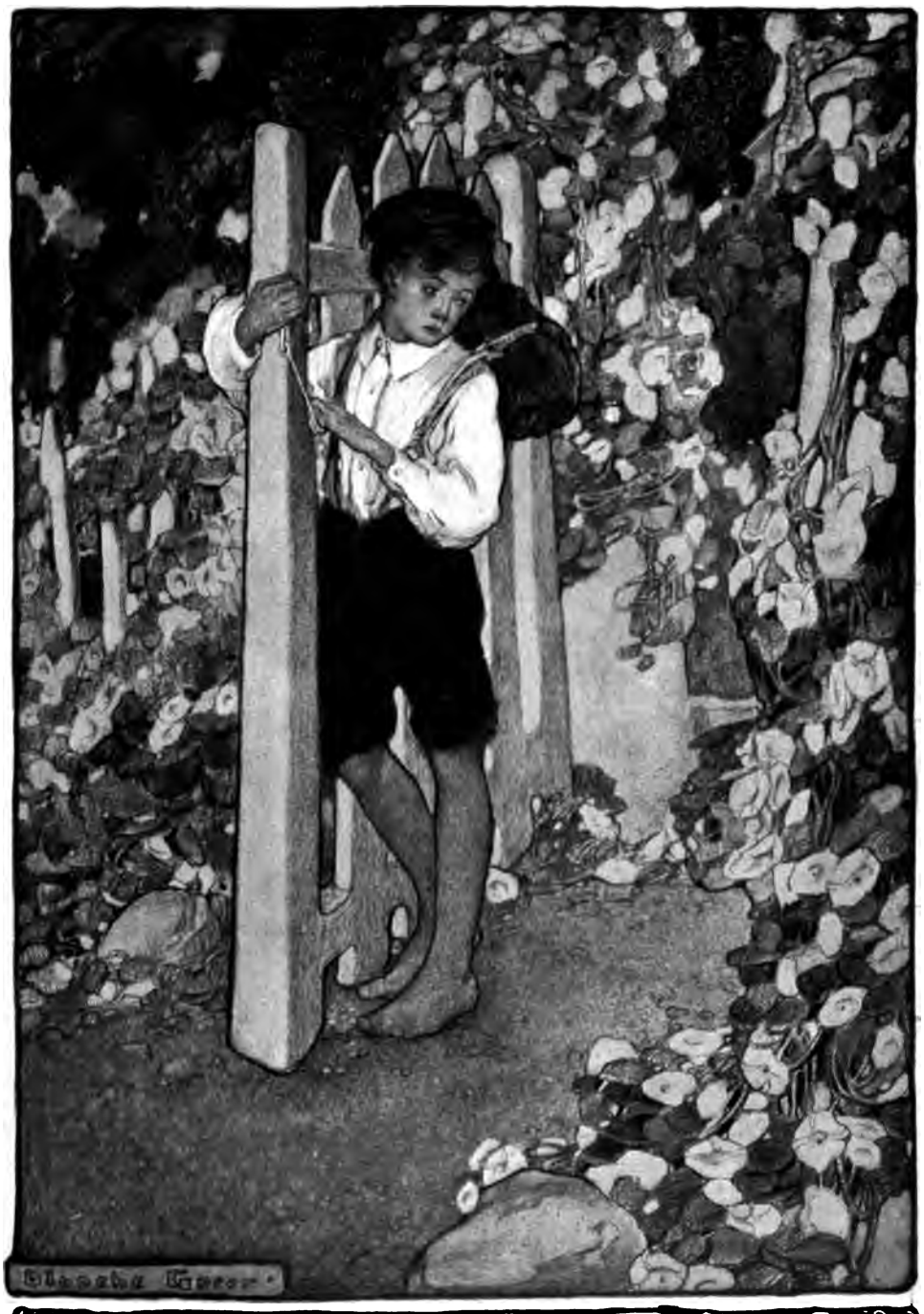
The wagon came up, and the pleasant-faced farmer drew up his horses and asked:

"Which way are you goin', sonny?"

George indicated the old homestead, using a more common appellation, "John Warren's place," and soon he was in the big, roomy seat beside the man, and they were rattling off with their backs toward the great, unconquered world. It was surprising how soon they were back in the shady forest road, and how pleasant the little wood was, and how Billy McArter could possibly be afraid to go through woods. Hardly had he started to prepare his home-coming address when he found himself alighting at his own house. As he said good-by to the pleasant-faced farmer, George had a vague sense of disappointment that his father was not in the road publicly displaying paternal anxiety. As George went up the lane, he hoped that they had not shown unseemly haste in the matter of the sled which he had bequeathed to Willie Stoner. As he entered the gate he noticed that the front window-shades were down and that his mother did not seem to be wringing her hands at all conspicuously. He went around the house, his heart beating violently. The kitchen door was open: at least they had not deserted the old homestead in their grief. At the threshold he stopped and looked in. There she was at the stove with her back toward the door. A delicious odor of ham and eggs filled the room. These articles of food, as George remembered it, were once customary at breakfast, but perhaps the poor woman in her sorrow hardly knew what she was doing. His mother left the stove and bustled around the room. Once he thought she actually looked at him. He prepared himself for a passionate embrace, but it did not come. The silence was growing embarrassing. This particular manner of reception had not entered into George's calculations. Clearly it was incumbent upon him to make the advance. He shifted his weight noisily from one tired leg to the other, and looked nervously about the room.

His mother turned with a look of mild surprise. A smile lighted up her face. They were coming now—the kisses, the tears, the reconciliation. But again they did not come. The smile was a joyless, cynical smile, and these were the mother's words of welcome:

"What are *you* doin' up so early?"



Noiselessly he opened the side gate . .

Drawn by Blanche Greer. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

After the painting by George Inness. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"SUNDOWN"

(IN THE EVANS COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON)

I

ONCE in the time of Louis the King
Happened a smiling and holy thing.
'T was all in the out-door days of old,
Days that fancy has warmed with gold,
Days that are gone with the leaves, alas!
When the light-legged juggler Barnabas
From city to wondering city went,
Sprinkling the world with his merriment.

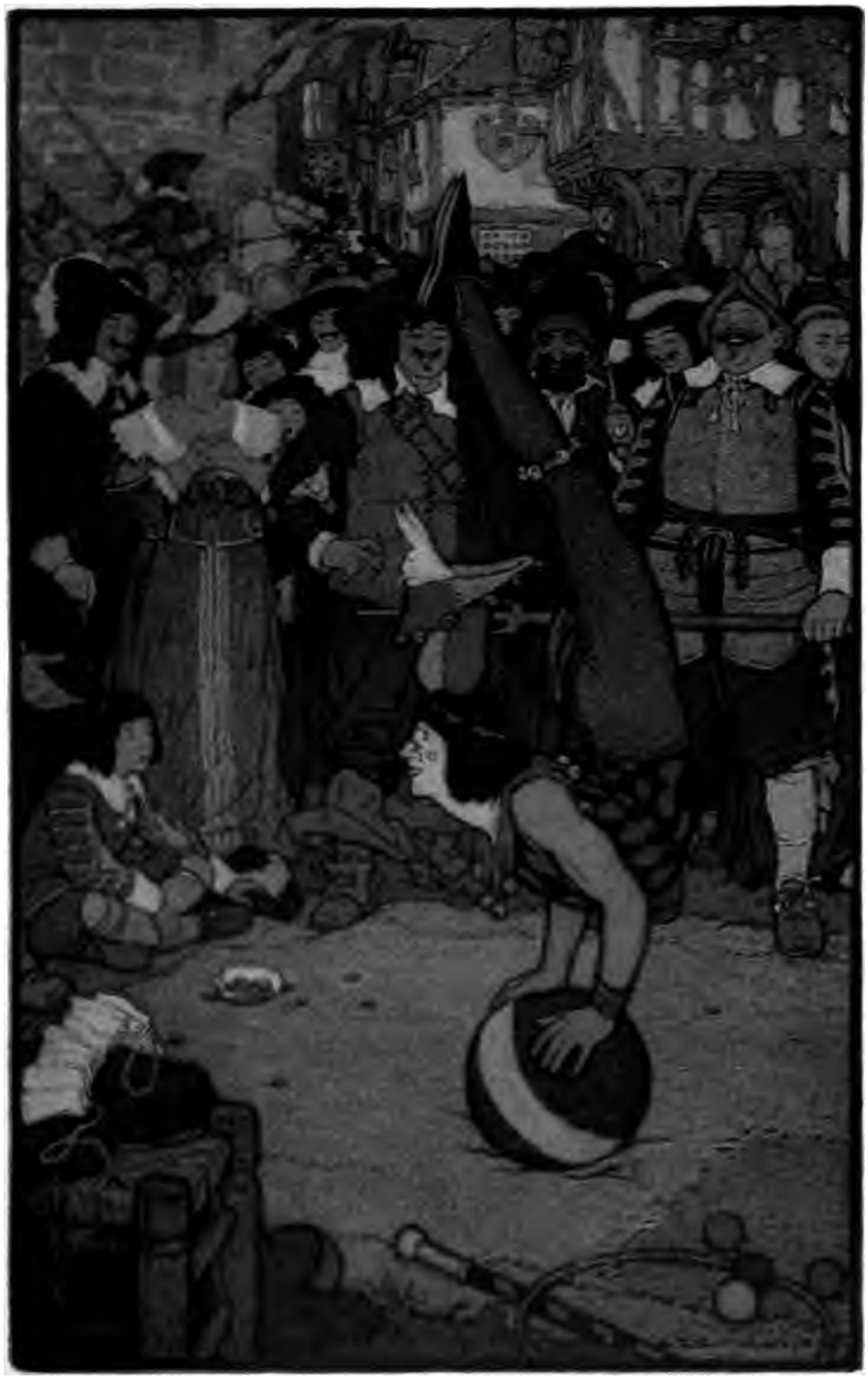
He would startle the Square on festival-days,
When all the town was a sudden blaze,
A clamor of tongues, and a clack of feet,
A flurry of thousands filling the street—
Princes with plumes and gartered knees;
Sailors back from the Indian seas;
Mayors and marshals viewing the town,
Horsed, and robed in the violet gown;
Thieves alert for the thoughtless purse,
And ever free with the easy curse;
Shepherds leading their April flocks;
Damsels driving their turkey-cocks;
Beggars droning their practised whine;
Troopers red from the tavern wine;
Ladies in feathers and flaring hoops;
Monks with relics and pious stoops;
Bullies with long mustachio twirls

Teasing the fops with the scented curls;
Quacks with doses for all the ills—
Coughs and colics, and gripes and chills;
Brigands home from their sorry trade,
And marked to dance with the hempen maid;
Hucksters bragging across the din;
Gaffers agaze with shaking chin;
Gamesters, too, with the shifty eye
And the conical hat an arm's-length high,
Clackering loud their lottery dice,
Shouting the winning numbers thrice,
Giving to all their wild advice.

In through it all, like a straddling ape,
The juggler strode, with the town agape;
A punchinello on tipsy stilts,
Wading his way with leaps and lilts.
A peakèd hat on his bobbing head
Was half of yellow and half of red.
On his powdered face was the unicorn,
One cheek for the tail and one for the horn.
His gown, puffed out over belly and back,
Was sprinkled with signs of the Zodiac.
His sleeves, blown up like young balloons,
Were floating skies stuck full of moons.
And his quips and cranks seemed never to fail
To draw the crowd like a comet's tail!

Why, even duennas on way to Mass
Would follow the train with their maids, alas;
And the First Epistle be reached and read,
While they were held by a feather-head!
For he stretched a carpet along the grass,
Where the murmurs mix and the laughters pass;
And ripping the skies from arms and back,
He stood trim-trig as a tumbling jack.
Like a blowing bough was his whimsy grace;
Like a rising moon was his fresh young face.
Now he poised on hands on a rolling sphere,
And cracked his heels at the Marshal's ear.
Now he scattered nine balls to the morning air,
And kept them a-shine and a-weaving there;
For they flew to their places, one by one,
As planets tethered about the sun.
With toes to head, in a spangling round,
He ran as a light wheel over the ground.
He swallowed the Notary's signet-ring,
And down in your pocket you found the thing!
On, on he went till the crowd was full
Of tarradiddle and cock-and-bull;
And a shower of coins on the carpet fell,
Like a rain of leaves on an autumn well.

Oh, blithe is the trade of Pantaloon,
Light as the flight of an April moon;
Blithe are the travels of Harlequin,
Till the leaves turn red and the frosts begin.



"SPRINKLING THE WORLD WITH HIS MERRIMENT"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY LEON GUIPON

And light went the days of Barnabas—
Light as the dews on a blade of grass,
Till the first faint frost at Michaelmas.
He and the cricket went chirruping by
Till the delicate snows began to fly.
Then all things crept to a snug abode—
Squirrel and lizard and lumbering toad—
And he and the wind were alone on the road.
For his purse was lean, his friends were few,
And the lodge for the night he never knew.
But whether the hours dropt good or ill,
He only smiled on the old world still,
Sharing his heart with the sun's wide will.

And he kept him clear of the deadly sins,
Nor bragged and brawled in the noisy inns,
Where unfrocked abbés and tipsy churls
Made light-hour love to the loveless girls.
Through all the ways that went so wild,
He kept the heart of a little child.
And he never failed at a wayside shrine
With the bended knee and the holy sign,
And a candle, tipt with a tender flame,
Lighted in praise of Our Lady's name.
And he never failed of his parting prayer:
"Mother of Jesus, Queen of the skies,
Shine on the ways my feet may fare;
And when God pleases to shut my eyes,
Take me home to your paradise!"

One eve, on the edge of a lonely town,
As the clouds drove by and the rain shot down,
Poor Barnabas, hugging his knives and balls,
And seeking a bed in the cattle stalls,
Fell in with a friar from the cloistral halls—
A cheery friar, with a wind of words
And a head crooked out like a long-necked bird's.
"How is it, son," said the beaming friar,
"That a grasshopper green is your winter tire?
Are you trigged for the clown in a mystery play?
Are you out as a droll till the break o' day?"
"Father," said Barnabas, "this that you see,
This is the kill-care Barnabas, he
Who has lighted with laughter a hundred towns,
Driving before him the phlegms and frowns—
Lord of the revels; but now, ah, now,
Blown in the wind as a leafless bough.
Oh, the juggler's trade would the sweetest be
Of all in the world, if bread were free!"

"Beware," said the friar, "beware, my son:
The cloistral trade is the sweetest one.
For the friars keep orison day and night,
And join the song of the souls in light,
And the Seven Throne Angels burning white."—
"Father, my tongue ran loose and long:
Your trade is the sweetest: I did God wrong.

It is much to dance with a feather thin
Or a crooked sword on the upturned chin,
And to get the laugh and the *rat-tat-tat,*
When I pull the hen out of Gaston's hat.
But little are these to the cloistral ways,
Where long hours go to Our Lady's praise;
Where the pale friars pass with feet unshod,
And the bread is changed to the body of God.
Oh, would that I might the great hours know,
Where the Sanctus sounds and the gray monks go,
And the candles burn in a saintly row!"

So simply told was the wistful tale
That the word of the juggler had avail.
"Come," said the friar, "to the cloistral rest;
For the God who gives to the bird a nest,
And guides the worm on its lampless quest,
Has sent me out on the edge of night
To lead your soul to the place of light."
Sweet as the sound of a sudden stream
That cools the heat of a traveler's dream,
So sweet was the sound of the friendly word
The weary heart of the juggler heard.
That night he entered the convent door,
That night he slept on the frater's floor.
He had found a home for his heart at last,
And the piteous chance of the road was past.

II

Lightly and still went the busy days
Where each one toiled in Our Lady's praise.
The Almoner lauded in lovely words
That went to the heart like a flight of birds:
She was the Lily, the Tower of Gold,
Gate of Ivory, Roof of the Fold,
The Rock of Vision, the Well that Flows,
The Star of the Sea, the Mystic Rose.
And ever the good Friar Estevan,
A little mysterious thread of a man,
Lauded her grace in Virgilian verse,
In numbers majestical, tender and terse.
Friar Glorian copied the stately chants
With all of his scholarly curves and slants,
Prinking the pages in rainbow dyes,
Strewing them over with butterflies,
Winding the border with loop and lock
Of the fleur-de-lis and the hollyhock.—
Bonaccord, Basil, and Théophile
Praised her in music, as others kneel;
Blowing silver and touching string,
Till hearts were struck by the mystic wing.
Bonaccord's love in the 'cello sang;
Théophile's praise in the hautboy rang
Or tenderly cried in the violin.
Basil, puffing his horn, came in,
Bladdering wide his jovial cheeks,
Till his eyes went out into little streaks.

"NOTHING OF THESE COULD HE DO, ALAS!"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY LEON GUIPON

Friar Julian painted her pictures; one
The throne of the great King Solomon,
With lions at corners, awake, aware,
And Our Lady bowed in her beauty there.
Two souls at her feet cried not in vain
For the grace that whitens the mortal stain.
Around her head, in a haloed light,
Were seven doves whirled in a silver flight,
The seven great gifts of the Holy Breath—
Devotion that saveth the soul from death,
Strength that steadies us, Awe that stills,
Science that measures the seas and hills,
Wisdom, Intelligence, Good Advice
That balks the throw of the devil's dice.—
And ever the stout Friar Palemone
Chiseled and hammered the patient stone,
Carving her beauty the whole day long,
Edging the time with a quiet song.
Like bearded rye were his bristling brows,
And white with the dust, as bended boughs
Are white with the sift of the early snow,
When dead leaves stir and begin to go.

But to laud in marble, to praise in brass,
To honor in color, poor Barnabas,
Nothing of these could he do, alas!
As leaves on a desert his learning was scant:
He knew neither litany, credo, nor chant;
Nor Pater, nor Ave—not even a prayer,
Like a sheep of the field, like a hawk of the air.
One day, when his heart was nigh to fail,
The Prior to comfort him told a tale—
Told of a friar from a Southern isle,
His face all lit with a heavenly smile,
So lean in learning he could recite
Only an ave—and that half right!
Yet beautiful tremblings went over his soul,
As stars go over a hidden shoal.
He died, and out of his bosom sprang
Four doves that flew to a wood and sang.
The four white doves that so lightly came
Were the four white letters of Mary's name!

But the Prior's story was little relief
To Barnabas, bearing his daily grief.
So morning by morning the young friar slipped
Through doors and halls to a secret crypt,
And kneeling low at the altar cried:
"O Madam and Mother, O Virgin Bride,
Here am I only a tethered ox,
Eating the grass of the useful flocks!
The choir can sing, and the deacons read
The Gospel to scatter the living seed.
Others can praise where the censers swing,
And the white smoke circles, ring on ring.
And the learnèd can laud you with art and craft,
In the Latin chant and the marble shaft.

But I, poor Barnabas, nothing can I,
But drone in the sun as a drowsy fly."

So the year crept on till a white dawn came
When a thought flashed over his soul like flame;
And he leaped from his cell all legs and arms,
Filling the cloister with looks and alarms,
As he shot his way to the chapel dim,
Running for joy in the heart of him.
And when he came out of the hidden place,
A light as of stars was over his face.
Now day after day to the secret crypt,
He sped light-foot as the old earth dipped
Softly and still in the fire of dawn;
For the restless pain of his heart was gone.

The friars were a-flutter that this should be,
Till at last the Prior with two or three—
Elders and fraters of high degree—
Followed the juggler on tipping toe,
Their breath held mightily, hoping to know.
And they heard him cry at Our Lady's shrine:
"All that I am, Madam, all is thine!
Again I am come with spangle and ball
To lay at your altar my little, my all.
The friars know all of the saints—what they do;
But of all up in Heaven, I know only you!
Of holy St. Francis a little I 've heard,
But not of St. Plato or Peter a word.
I know not Quintilian—nothing he said
Of the Three and the One, and the Wine and the Bread.
Ah, nothing know I of the holy books,
And nothing of paints to put beautiful looks
Of your eyes on the wall, nor the blowing of brass
To make sound of my love—ah, nothing, alas,
But the trade of the wandering Barnabas.
Yet, Lady and Queen, if my heart would live,
I must give the gift that I have to give."

And then the eyes of the elders shone,
As they peered from the shade of a pillared stone;
For laying his friar's robe tenderly by,
He flickers as light as a dragon-fly.
Then whirls into many a whimsical shape,
As once he had whirled with the crowd agape.
And softly he cried as his breath came quick:
"Look down, for, O Madam, this is the trick
I did at Toulon, when I took the eye
Of the King himself as he galloped by. . . .
This trick drew a duchess at Chateauroux. . . .
But this is the one I have made for you!"
So flinging his feet in the air, he stands,
Or goes and comes on his nimble hands,
Or tosses the balls up to twinkle and run
Like planets that circle about a sun.
"Lady," he cries again, "look, I entreat:
I worship with fingers and body and feet!"

"LIGHTLY DOWN FROM THE DARK DESCENDS THE LADY OF BEAUTY"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY LEON GUIPON

At this all the elders mutter and chide:
"Nothing like this do the rules provide!
This is a scandal, this is a shame,
This madcap prank in Our Lady's name.
Out of the doors with him; back to the street:
He has no place at Our Lady's feet!"
But why do the elders suddenly quake,
Their eyes a-stare and their knees a-shake?
Down from the rafters arching high,
Her blowing mantle blue with the sky—
Lightly down from the dark descends
The Lady of Beauty, and lightly bends
Where Barnabas lies in the altar place,
And wipes the dew from his shining face;
Then touching his hair with a look of light,
Passes again from the mortal sight.
An odor of lilies hallows the air;
And sounds as of harpings are everywhere.

"Ah," cry the elders, beating the breast,
"So the lowly deed is a lofty test!
And whatever is done from the heart to Him
Is done from the height of the Seraphim!"

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

(SECOND PAPER)

ENGLISH SOCIAL TRAITS—LIFE AT BLENHEIM

IMMEDIATELY after my marriage in April, 1874, I settled in London, to enjoy my first season with all the vigor and unjaded appetite of youth. After the comparatively quiet life of Paris, we seemed to live in a whirl of gaieties and excitement. Many were the delightful balls I went to, which, unlike those of the present day, invariably lasted till five o'clock in the morning. Masked balls were much the vogue. Holland House, with its wonderful historical associations and beautiful garden, was a fitting frame for such entertainments, and I remember enjoying myself immensely at one given there. Disguised in a painted mask and a yellow wig, I "took in" every one. My sister who was staying with us, had been walking in the garden with young Lord A——, who was a *parti* and much run after by designing mothers with marriageable daughters. Introducing him to me, she pretended I was her mother. Later in the evening I attacked him, saying that my daughter had just confided to me that he had proposed to her, and that she had promised to tell me. To this day I can see his face of horror and bewilderment. Vehemently he assured me that it was not so. But I kept up the farce, declaring that my husband would call on him next day and reveal our identity, and that meanwhile I should consider him engaged to my charming daughter. Being conceited and not overburdened with brains, he could not take the joke and left the house a miserable man.

Photograph by W. Kurtz

MRS. LEONARD JEROME, MOTHER OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

(See page 11 of the November CENTURY)

Generally speaking, there is no doubt that Eng-

lish people are dull-witted at a masked ball, and do not understand or enter intc the spirit of the thing. I heard a man who was with two masked ladies indignantly rebuke another man for speaking to them, declaring that they were not acquainted. The spirit of intrigue, which is all-important on such an occasion, is altogether lacking. Some women refuse to say anything but "Yes" and "No" in a falsetto voice, and think they have had a glorious time as long as their identity is not discovered. "You don't know me. You don't know me," was the parrot cry of one lady. "And I don't want to," said Lord Charles Beresford, fleeing from her, "if you 've nothing else to say."

MISS JENNIE JEROME IN TYROLEAN COSTUME

That year another masked ball was given by M. and Mme. de Santurce, the head of the Murietta family. They had a charming house in Kensington, like many others long since closed. Mme. de Santurce, a beautiful woman of the Spanish type, was very popular, and they entertained lavishly at Wadhurst, their country place in Kent. Some years later, being there with Randolph, an amusing incident occurred at which we all laughed heartily. Thought-reading was the fashionable amusement of the moment, and one evening Lady de Clifford, a very pretty and attractive woman, insisted on making Randolph, who was reading peacefully in a corner, join in the game. Having duly blindfolded him, she led him into the middle of the room and made

various passes with her hands, saying, "Don't resist any thought which comes into your head; do exactly what you feel like doing. *I* am willing you." Without a moment's hesitation Randolph threw his arms around the lady and embraced her before the whole company. To her cries and indignant remonstrances he merely replied, "You told me to do what I felt like doing—so I did."

The London season of thirty years ago was far more prolonged and its glories more apparent than they are now. It was looked upon as a very serious matter which no self-respecting persons who considered themselves "in society" would forego, nor of which a votary of fashion would willingly miss a week or a day. Religiously on the first of May, Belgravia —the Belgravia described by Lord Beaconsfield—would open the doors of its freshly painted and flower-bedecked mansions. Dinners, balls, and parties succeeded one another without intermission till the end of July, the only respite being at the Whitsuntide recess. A few of the racing people might go to Newmarket for a week, but the fashionable world flocked only to the classic races—the Derby, Ascot, and Goodwood.

Parties were arranged for Hurlingham to see the pigeon-shooting, or for the fashionable flower-shows then held at the Botanical Gardens, or again to Wimbledon to see the shooting for the Elcho Shield, which in those days was a feature of the London season. To be Commandant of the Camp was a coveted post, and I remember Lord and Lady Wharncliffe living in large tents and entertaining for a whole fortnight in the most sumptuous manner. We used to drive down on coaches in Ascot frocks and smart-featured hats, and stay to dinner, driving back by moonlight.

Chiswick House, which was let at that time by the late Duke of Devonshire to the Prince and Princess of Wales, was the scene of many garden-parties and dinners. One night we dined there to meet two Russian Grand Dukes. My elder sister, who had just arrived from Paris and was staying with us, was also invited, and we were made to play waltzes by Waldteufel, whose lovely music was quite unknown in England at that time, although he had been bandmaster at the Tuileries. When the royalties were departing, the company stood on both sides of the hall, the Prince and Princess of Wales gracefully bowing, and saying a few words to each guest, as was their wont. The Russian Grand Dukes, on the other hand, marched out without so much as a look or a bow to the curtseying ladies. I remember this being very much commented on and murmurs of "Cossacks!" and "Grattez le Russe," were heard on all sides.

I think the sight which impressed me the most was Rotten Row, the glories of which are, alas! a thing of the past.[1] In 1874, between the hours of twelve and two, the park was the most frequented place in London, the fashionable world congregating there to ride, drive, or walk. It was a brilliant and animated scene which filled the foreigner with admiration and envy, no capital in Europe being able to compete with it.

The claim to the finest horsemanship in the world has with justice been awarded to English men and women. Mounted on thoroughbred hacks, the ladies wore close-fitting braided habits, which showed off their slim figures to advantage. The men, irreproachably attired in frock-coats, pearl-gray trousers, and varnished boots, wore the inevitable tall hat, a great contrast to the negligée Rough Rider appearance of the present day, when all elegance is proscribed in favor of comfort. For two hours a smartly dressed crowd jostled one an-

[1] It may not be generally known that what is now called Rotten Row was in old days termed "The King's Old Road" and "The King's New Road," Rotten Row being probably derived from "Route du Roi." For more than two centuries Hyde Park has been a rendezvous for exercise and social intercourse. Pepys says in his gossipy diary: "April 30th, 1661. I am sorry that I am not at London, to be at Hide-Parke to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be fine." And again: "April 16th, 1664. To Hide-Parke, where I had not been since last year; where I saw the King with his periwigs, but not altered at all; and my Lady Castlemaine in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on; and many brave persons. And myself being in a hackney and full of people, was ashamed to be seen by the world, many of them knowing me." And again: "March 19th, 1665. Mr. Povy and I in his coach to Hide-Parke, being the first day of the tour there. Where many brave ladies, among others, Castlemaine, lay impudently upon her back, in her coach, asleep, with her mouth open."

From an engraving of the picture painted at Blenheim in 1777 by Sir Joshua Reynolds

GEORGE, FOURTH DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, AND HIS FAMILY

In his volume "Sir Joshua Reynolds," Mr. William B. Boulton says: "There are many interesting stories told about this picture. When Sir Joshua went down to Blenheim to paint in the younger members of the group, the little Lady Anne Churchill, a child of four, on being brought into the room, drew back, caught hold of the dress of her nurse, and cried, 'I won't be painted!' The watchful painter immediately transferred a note of the natural attitude of the child to the canvas, where we see her clutching the dress of her eldest sister, just as he had done with the obstreperous young Russell in the Bedford group. To account for this attitude, he placed her next eldest sister with a mask before her face, as if frightening the younger child. This incident is borrowed from an antique gem, but it is as good an illustration as another of Reynolds's facility and resource.

"It is said, too, that while he was painting the picture at Blenheim he dropped his snuff about, and the duchess, anxious for her carpet, sent a footman to sweep it up. 'Go away,' said the painter, with a proper sense of his dignity, 'the dust you make will do more harm to my picture than my snuff to the carpet.'"

other, walking slowly up and down on each side of the Row. Well-appointed vehicles of all kinds made the park look gay, from four-in-hand coach and pony-carriage to the now obsolete buggy, with its tiny groom clinging like a limpet behind. In the afternoon the stately barouche made its appearance, with high-stepping horses, bewigged coachmen, and powdered footmen in gorgeous

livery. A few of these still survive, but formerly they were the rule rather than the exception. One day much excitement was caused by the sight of a man galloping furiously up and down in pursuit, so it seemed, of the Heir Apparent. It was found out afterward that he had no nefarious intentions, but only wanted to be noticed. Unfortunately he went a little too close, and cannoning against the royal personage, knocked him over. This incident gave rise to an amusing popular song called "The Galloping Snob of Rotten Row."

Up to 1834 carriages were allowed in the Row, but now its tanned roadway is kept entirely for riders. The Duke of St. Albans, hereditary Grand Falconer, however, has the privilege of driving through the Row if he chooses. This reminds me of a story told of Lord Charles Beresford, who accepted the wagers of some friends that he would drive up the Row without being molested by the police. But on the day fixed for the experiment, the friends, who had repaired *en masse* to the Row, looked in vain for him until in the much-abused driver of a water-cart, which was careering up and down splashing every one, they spied the laughing countenance of the triumphant Lord Charles.

Having been brought up in France, I was accustomed to the restrictions and chaperonage to which young girls had to submit, but I confess to thinking that as a married woman I should be able to emancipate myself entirely. In matters of propriety, however, London was much more strict and conventional than it is now. A lady never traveled alone without taking her maid with her in the railway carriage. To go by oneself in a hansom was thought very fast—not to speak of walking, which could be permitted only in quiet squares or streets. As for young girls driving anywhere by themselves, such a thing was unheard of.

Etiquette and the amenities of social life were thought much more of than they are now. The writing of ceremonious notes, the leaving of cards, not to speak of *visites de digestion,* which even young men were supposed to pay, took up most afternoons. Life, however, seemed to be as full as it is now, although people did not try to press into one day the duties and pleasures of a week, finishing none and enjoying none. The motor and the telephone were unknown, and the receipt of the shilling telegram was still unusual enough to cause feelings of apprehension. There was none of the easy tolerance and familiarity which undoubtedly is fostered by the daily, not to say hourly, touch and communication of modern society.

The strict observance of Sunday filled me with awe and amazement. I had lived most of my life in Paris, where everything gay and bright was reserved for that day, and could not understand the voluntary, nay, deliberate, gloom and depression in which every one indulged. There was then no Queen's Hall to while away a wet afternoon and improve one's knowledge of good music. The fashion of going to the country for the week-end was not known, and it was not until well on in the eighties that people began to give dinner parties on Sundays. Very few people had out their carriages, and, as Randolph objected to the practice, our modest brougham was replaced by the common cab. On one occasion we dined at Marlborough House. As it was a very hot night in July, and the party a small one, the Prince of Wales accompanied his departing guests to the door. At that moment a footman in stentorian tones announced, "Lady Randolph Churchill's carriage stops the way," whereupon a decrepit Rosinante, dragging the most dilapidated of four-wheelers, well filled with straw, crawled up to the door. As I prepared to get in, our royal host chaffingly remarked that my conscience was better than my carriage. Not to be outdone, I retorted: "Is it not, Sir, the Queen's carriage? How can I have a better?"[1]

At that time there were very few Americans in London. Miss Consuelo Yznaga, afterward Duchess of Manches-

[1] Public conveyances were dubbed the Queen's carriages.

Speaking of cabs, reminds me of being told that the late Lord and Lady Salisbury, who were not given an adequate allowance in the early years of their marriage, and who, as every one knows, increased their income by the work of their pens, went about habitually in four-wheelers. Lady Salisbury, it is added, used even to stick straws in her ball-dress, to draw attention to the parsimony with which they were treated.

SARAH JENNINGS FIRST DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

ter; Miss Stevens, now Lady Paget; and Mrs. William Carrington, were among those I knew.

Great was the ignorance about America in English society. San Francisco, Chicago, and New York were spoken of as though they were neighboring counties. All Americans were grouped in the same category, no distinction being ever made. Having formed my opinion by what I had heard abroad, I fancied that they generally wore a muslin and a sealskin—and perhaps I was not far wrong; but the genial climate of England, with its variation of from fifteen to twenty degrees in a day, might be offered as an excuse.

What would now be thought proper

GATEWAY AT BLENHEIM

"Of course" they were all "of low origin," the women dangerous, not to say fast, their manners impossible, their only redeeming points being their dollars, with which all were credited, and, perhaps, their good looks. Our clothes, too, were a subject of curiosity and interest, for in those days Parisian fashions made their appearance in London about two years after they were the mode in Paris. In the matter of dress Englishwomen have so improved of late years that it is difficult to realize how badly and inappropriately they used to attire themselves. only for a dinner could then be worn at Ascot. I remember appearing on the Cup Day in my wedding-dress of white satin and point lace, with roses in my bonnet. On the other hand, black was alone thought possible for a lady to wear at the play, and once when I appeared in pale blue, Randolph implored me before starting to change it, as it was "so conspicuous."

The late Lord Dudley, like Napoleon I, disliked black and dark colors, and never allowed any member of his family to wear them. Not knowing this, I went to

a ball at Dudley House in what I thought a particularly attractive costume—dark blue and crimson roses. To my discomfiture my host came up to me and nearly reduced me to tears by asking why I came to his ball in such a "monstrous dress." An otherwise most kind and attentive host, he certainly was an autocrat in his own house respecting dress. In Scotland, before going out stalking in the famous Forest of Blackmount, he would come to breakfast in a velvet coat, and insisted on his guests wearing shoes and morning coats instead of the hobnailed boots and rough and often weather-beaten tweeds donned by the sportsmen of to-day.

Drawn by A. F. Jaccaci, from a photograph

BLENHEIM PALACE

There is no doubt that even in sporting pursuits elegance in dress was thought more of than comfort. In looking at the old prints of the Prince Consort, it seemed strange that he could stalk in the costume he is invariably represented as wearing—tight-fitting trousers and a long cutaway coat, not to mention a flyaway felt hat, and a plaid on his shoulders by way of cape.

Before leaving the subject of dress, it is only fair to recognize that Englishwomen have set the fashion to all the world in country clothes. There they are at their best, and their practical and sensible dresses, now so widely adopted by all, were a revelation to me, with my Louis XV heels and feathered hats. When I first came to England and was taken for walks in the country, I had many bitter experiences with my long gowns and thin paper-like shoes before realizing the advantage of short skirts and "beetle-crushers."

But even Englishwomen have had to wait for the evolution of fashion in that respect. A granddaughter of Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, a Scotchman of the old régime, told me once how shocked and horrified he was the first time he saw her in an ulster. He dubbed it "fast and mannish," only one remove from bloomers, and declared that no grandchild of his, or even lady-guest, who wore one should be allowed to enter his house. "Mr. Punch," who at that time caricatured women smoking cigarettes in short tailor-made dresses and hard pot hats as something improbable, nay, impossible, little knew what a prophet he was.

When one sees the number of restaurants there are at the present day, crowded with well-dressed and often well-known people, it seems incredible that thirty years ago none existed. Sometimes Randolph and I would be passing through London in August, and our house being closed, we were sorely put to it to know where to dine. The only possible place was the St. James's Hotel, now the Berkeley. There, if necessity took you, you could get, in a small, dingy dining-room lighted with gas, an apology for a dinner. Smoking was never allowed, and two people of opposite sex dining together were looked at very much askance. Later the Bachelors' Club and the New Club at Covent Garden became the fashionable places at which to dine, although to dine anywhere but in a private house was thought quite "emancipated."

Small dances were given at the New Club, to which, I remember, came on one

occasion, the Prince of Wales, the King of Greece, the present King of Portugal, then Duke of Braganza, and the ill-fated Archduke Rudolph of Austria. It was most animated, and we danced till the early hours of the morning to the music of the Tzigane, then a new importation. An American young lady who was noted for her original and smart sayings was so carried away with the excitement of the moment that she was heard calling the King of Greece, with whom she had been dancing, a "bully King"—much to his amusement.

Twenty-five years ago it would have been absolutely impossible for ladies to appear in public places in full dress. Now people dine at restaurants attired as for a ball, with jewels and tiaras. Once at the Carlton Hotel I saw a large party of well-known people having supper in the public room, who, from their costumes, had evidently been performing in tableaux vivants. It was a comical, if not very edifying, sight to see Boadicea, with her shield and spear, her hair hanging to the ground, sitting beside a youth travestied as a cherub, with a wreath of roses on his foolish head, while Madame de Pompadour in powder and patches faced them with Julius Cæsar! Another night it was a wedding party which held high revels in the same place. The young, well-born, and handsome couple were to be married the next day, and had chosen this form of public amusement to celebrate their last hours of "single blessedness." Each sat at a long table decorated with bridal flowers, the prospective bride with her girl friends, the bridegroom with his boon companions. As the dinner progressed and the fun increased, the throwing of notes and flowers to one another occasioned shrieks of laughter, which startled and amused the general company, not to speak of the waiters, who were having provided for them a show for which they were not asked to pay.

One custom which has changed very much is the short interval thought necessary nowadays before a married couple can appear after their "honeymoon." Two or three days at the outside is all that is now required after the wedding. But in the old days it was supposed to be quite extraordinary, if not actually improper and embarrassing, to mix with your fellow-creatures for at least a month. Shortly after my marriage, I was presented to the Czar, Alexander II, at a ball given in his honor at Stafford House. On being told that I had been married only a few weeks, he exclaimed, fixing his cold gray eyes on me with a look of censure, "*Et ici déjà!*"

ANOTHER VIEW OF BLENHEIM PALACE

I had many new experiences in those early years, not the least being my attempt at housekeeping, which was very erratic, owing to the ignorance I often had cause to bemoan. At the first dinner party we ever gave the chef we had brought from Paris became "excited," and, to my consternation, I saw the entrée, in the shape of patties, floating in the

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic & Photographic Co.

Randolph S. Churchill

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

soup, whereas the poached eggs intended for it appeared in solitary grandeur. These are things never to be forgotten by a young housewife.

Although Randolph did not trouble the House of Commons very much at that time, being satisfied with a perfunctory attendance, he was very fond of the society of politicians and of men older than himself. Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, sometimes dined with us. He was always very kind and talked to me at length, which occasioned much chaff among my friends, who invariably asked me what office I had got for Randolph. He was very fond of dragging in French words, a language he spoke with a weird accent. I remember once his say-

ing to me, speaking of a prominent politician of the day, Sir — —, a great friend of ours: "I think him very gross, like an episcer" (*épicier*), at which pronunciation I could hardly keep from laughing. Sometimes he was rather cross, and if bored or vexed, did not hesitate to let people know it. On one occasion when Lady Lonsdale (now Lady de Grey) gave an evening party at Carlton House Terrace, a lady whose antics were generally a source of amusement ambled up to Lord Beaconsfield, and tapping him archly with her fan, made some foolish remark. Turning a stony stare on her, he said in an audible voice to his neighbor, "Who is that little ape?"

My first visit to Blenheim was on a beautiful spring day in May, 1874. Some of the Duke's tenants and Randolph's constituents met us at the station to give us a welcome, and taking the horses out of the carriage, insisted on dragging us through the town to the house. The place could not have looked more glorious, and as I drove through the entrance archway, and the lovely scenery burst upon me, Randolph said with pardonable pride, "This is the finest view in England." Looking at the lake, the bridge, the miles of magnificent park studded with old oaks, I found no adequate words to express my admiration, and when we reached the huge and stately palace, where I was to find hospitality for so many years, I confess that I felt awed. But my American pride forbade the admission, and, to Randolph's annoyance, I asked him if Pope's lines were a true description of the inside:

"See, sir, here 's the grand approach;
This way is for his grace's coach:
There lies the bridge, and here 's the clock;
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well design'd
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery 's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state."
"Thanks, sir," cried I, "'t is very fine,
But where d' ye sleep, or where d' ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 't is a home, but not a dwelling."

How strange life in a big country-house seemed to me, who until then had been accustomed only to towns! The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough lived in a most dignified, and, indeed, somewhat formal style. Everything was conducted in what

THE ENTRANCE HALL, BLENHEIM

would now be considered a very old-fashioned manner. At luncheon, rows of entrée dishes adorned the table, joints beneath massive silver covers were placed before the Duke and Duchess, who each carved for the whole company, and as this included governesses, tutors, and children, it was no sinecure.

Before leaving the dining-room, the children would fill with food small baskets kept for the purpose for poor cottagers or any one who might be sick or sorry in Woodstock. These dinners they would take with them in the course of their afternoon walks.

If the house was full for a shooting party, even breakfast was made a ceremonious meal, and no one dreamed of beginning until all had assembled. The ladies would be dressed in long velvet or silk trains, and I remember one morning laughing immoderately when Lady Wilton, the second wife of the "wicked" Earl, as he was called, appeared in an electric blue velvet, and on being asked who made it, said with conscious pride, "It 's a Stratton," [1] as who would say, "It 's a Vandyck." On the other hand, luncheon for the shooters was not in those days the glorified affair it is at present. People were quite content with something cold, eaten in haste, often not under cover, instead of the carpeted tent and elaborate feast provided nowadays, hot, from the soup to the coffee.

When the family were alone, everything went on with the regularity of clockwork. So assiduously did I practise my piano, or read, or paint, I began to imagine myself back in the schoolroom. In the morning an hour or more was devoted to the reading of newspapers, which I soon found was a necessity, if one wanted to show an intelligent interest in the questions of the day, for at dinner conversation invariably turned on politics. In the afternoon a drive to pay a visit to some neighbor, or a walk in the gardens, would help to while away some part of the day. After dinner, which was a rather solemn full-dress affair, we all repaired to what was called in those days the Vandyck room. There one might read one's book, or play for love a mild

After a drawing made by George Scharf (later, director of the National Portrait Gallery) at Blenheim, February, 1864

FRANCES ANNE, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, IN HER SITTING-ROOM AT BLENHEIM

[1] Mrs. Stratton was one of the fashionable dressmakers of the day.

game of whist. Many a glance would be cast at the clock, which sometimes would be surreptitiously advanced a quarter of an hour by some sleepy member of the family. No one dared suggest bed until the sacred hour of eleven had struck. Then we would all troop out into a small anteroom, and lighting our candles, each in turn would kiss the Duke and Duchess and depart to our own rooms.

The Duke was extremely kind, and had the most courteous and *grand seigneur* appearance and manner; his wife, Frances Anne, Duchess of Marlborough, my mother-in-law, was a very remarkable and intelligent woman, with a warm heart, particularly for members of her family, which made up for any overmasterfulness of which she might have been accused. She ruled Blenheim and nearly all those in it with a firm hand. At the rustle of her silk dress the household trembled. An amusing instance occurs to me of the way in which her opinion was consulted even by distant members of the family. Jane, Duchess of Marlborough, who was the third wife of the sixth Duke, a simple and amiable woman, asked the Duchess what redress she could get for not being invited to Court balls, although she attended the drawing-rooms. The Duchess advised her to write to the Lord Chamberlain on the subject. A few days later she received a gushing letter from Jane, Duchess, thanking her for her advice, which had been most efficacious. "I am told it was a clerical error," she added, "although I cannot see what the clergy have to do with it."

Owing to the admirable taste and knowledge of the present Duke, people who visit Blenheim to-day and see its pictures, tapestries, and art treasures, can scarcely believe that it has been shorn of many of its glories. When I first went there the far-famed Sunderland Library was still in existence. Its beautiful old leather bindings decorated as nothing else can the immense, long gallery with its white, carved book-cases and vaulted ceiling. Cabinets of Limoges enamels gave the Old-World look and Renaissance coloring to the Duchess's sitting-room. There, too, were the "Marlborough gems," besides rooms full of priceless Oriental, Sèvres, and Saxe china. But what of the four hundred and fifty pictures all recklessly sold regardless of the remonstrances and prayers of the family and without a thought of future generations! Little did Lord Cairns think when he made his act affecting the sale of heirlooms that it could be stretched to such a point. No doubt a certain number could have been spared, such as Rubens's "Progress of Silenus," "Lot and his Daughters," and a few others which, though works of art, were startling, to say the least, and, oddly enough, hung in the dining-room. If familiarity breeds contempt, it also engenders indifference, and the most prudish of governesses, sitting primly between her charges, never seemed to notice these pictures, nor did any members of the family.

Tourists, with whom most show places in England are infested, abounded at Blenheim and at certain times of the year and for several days in each week for a little privacy one had to take refuge in one's bedroom. Occasionally, for fun, some of us would put on old cloaks and hats, and armed with reticules and Baedekers, would walk around with the tourists to hear their remarks, which were not always flattering to the family. One day we nearly betrayed ourselves with laughter at one of my compatriots exclaiming before a family picture: "My, what poppy eyes these Churchills have got!"

Foreigners visiting Oxford would often come over to see Blenheim. The famous tapestries, representing the victorious battles of the first Duke, and given to him by various towns, were always an object of great interest. On one occasion a Frenchman, who had been listening in sullen silence to a glowing account of the French defeats, could stand it no longer. Thrusting his stick through a bit of the tapestry representing a *fleur de lis* flag and trophies in the possession of the British, he tried to tear it up, shouting with rage, "*Ce n'est pas vrai! ce n'est pas vrai!*" To this day the long rent can be seen.

This reminds me of my father-in-law's favorite anecdote in respect to Blenheim. I think it was his grandfather who had as his guest the French Ambassador of the day, evidently a man who was somewhat cynical, not to say disagreeable, for he kept asking the Duke most unnecessary

A FAMILY GROUP AT BLENHEIM

Left to right: Lady Rosamond Churchill, now Lady de Ramsey; Lady Fanny Churchill (Lady Tweedmouth), Lady Clementina Churchill, daughter of the sixth Duke, (Marchioness of Camden), George Charles, seventh Duke of Marlborough; Lady Cornelia Churchill, now Lady Wimborne, Frances Anne, Duchess of Marlborough (sitting); Lady Georgiana Churchill (Countess Howe); Lady Anne Churchill, now Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe. Of these, only Lady de Ramsey Lady Wimborne, and the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe are living.

questions as to who had given this and who had given that. "The house, the tapestries, the pictures—were they all given? And the Raphael? What was the gift of the King of Prussia? Was there anything that had *not* been given?" The Duke, slightly annoyed, said at last: "If your Excellency will come with me, I will show you one of the glories of Blenheim which has not been given." Taking his visitor outside, he pointed to the stone trophies and the effigy of Louis XIV which adorn the south front of the house, "These," he said, "were *taken*, not *given*, by John, the Duke of Marlborough, from the gates of Tournai." When the Emperor Frederick, while crown prince, once came to stay at Blenheim, he was delighted with this story. He was a very charming man and during the few days he was there made himself most agreeable. Absolutely simple in his manners and tastes, English life seemed rather luxurious to him. I remember his face of astonishment when he saw at breakfast a gold tea-service which was produced in his honor. "Ach! much too good, much too good," he kept saying, and every morning he spoke of its magnificence.

Among the many new acquaintances I made was that of the Duchess of Cleveland, wife of the third late Duke, one of the *grandes dames* of a former generation. She had a liking for Randolph, and was very kind to me. A most delightful lady, she never shook hands, but curtsied, and with Old-World manner and expressions discussed all the questions of the day. Many stories are told of her and her imperious ways. Her family doctor having written to her "My dear Duchess," she wrote back, "Sir, I am *not* your dear Duchess."

A delightful man who came to stay at

Blenheim, whom I remember was Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England. But he was a dangerous shot. One day out shooting, while I was walking with him from one covert to another, he let his gun go off by accident. Luckily the shot went over my head. "I must be careful," he said placidly. I fled. I once asked him what was the most amusing experience he had ever had in the course of his legal career. He told me of a young barrister who came into court late, having evidently, from his appearance, dined "well, but not too wisely," the night before. Sir Alexander reprimanded him, asking what excuse he could offer. "None," replied the culprit, "unless it is that I had the honor of dining with your lordship last night, and bad wine tells on an empty stomach." This story may not be original, but Sir Alexander Cockburn told it to me as such.

When one night the snipe, for which Blenheim was celebrated, ran short, the Lord Chief Justice, to his annoyance, was given only half of one. On leaving, he wrote in the Visitors' Book some lines which I unfortunately do not remember exactly, but they were to the effect that he would share almost everything in life, but *not* a snipe!

(To be continued)

A BIRTHDAY SONG

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

OUT and away, my song!
The road is long,
The time is short;
For thou by break of day, my song,
Must reach thy port.
Hie through the night;
Catch thee a star-beam for thy steed;
Saddle and curb it to thy need
With diamonded light!
Bind the whole heavens to its feet,
Then leap into thy seat,
And loose it for wide flight!
Joy be thy spur, and love thy whip.
For ere the moon hath bent to lave
Her pallid forehead in the wave;
Ere dawn rose-paints the mountain tip;
Ere light lies liquid on the bay
And palpitant above;
There, where my heart is, must thou be
O song of mine, in lieu of me,
And gently lay
Thy little rhymes, all silver sweet
With tender greetings, at the feet
Of one I love
And shall love long.
Haste thee, oh, haste thee, then, my song!
Near is the day.
Out, and away!

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AUTUMN AT ARKVILLE. BY A. H. WYANT

(AFTER THE PAINTING IN THE EVANS COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON)

THE DAY OF THE GAME

A FOOTBALL REVERIE

BY DANIEL STEELE

PICTURES BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

THE early morning sun and wind of that bygone November day were pouring in through your dormitory window as you awoke from a deep sleep of ten hours. You rolled over, throwing out a great arm that still bore traces of the summer's tan, and with your six feet two tangled and wound in quilt, blanket, and sheet, and stretched from corner to corner diagonally across the big double bed, you lay inert while reality slowly took shape in your mind.

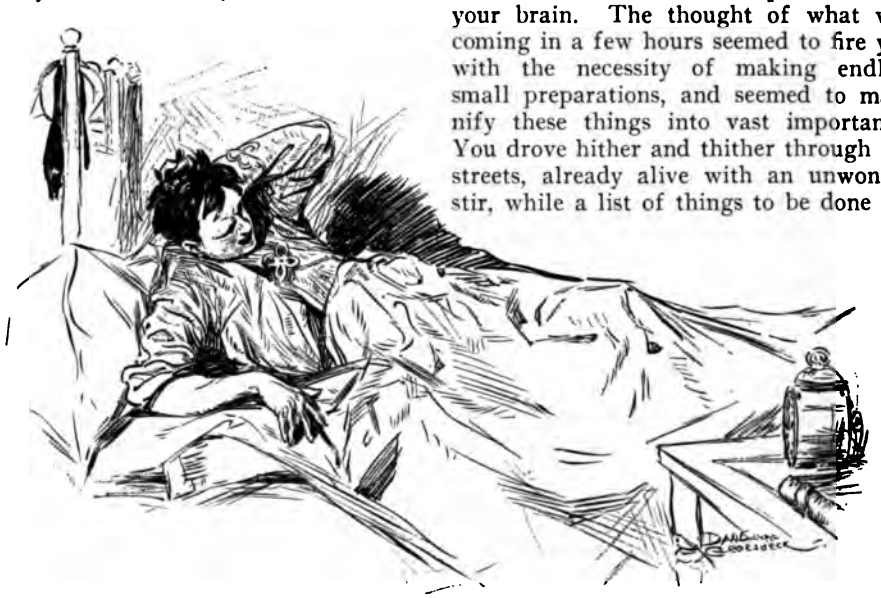
In the multitude of waking impressions two facts claimed attention with painful insistence. It was the day of the game, the last game you were ever to play. Of your four years on the 'varsity team there remained just the one afternoon of this day, containing seventy minutes and no more of actual play. That would end your football career. This fact, dimly realized as the season had worn on, now suddenly confronted your scarcely wakened mind with an indescribable pang, something akin to fear. And secondly came the fact of bodily self-consciousness, consisting of a group of distinctly disagreeable sensations—a tickling in the throat, a cough, an aching shoulder, feet like ice, every movement causing you pain. You must have caught cold during the night. Fool, not to have covered up better! And now your night's rest was ended. Try as you would, you could not drop off to sleep again with that insistent cough. Your opened eyes strayed to the bureau where, ticking away lustily, a dollar alarm-clock, broken as to the alarm but otherwise in commission, pointed to a quarter before twelve. This clock, having been started right in September, had gained a little every day, and at the present date was a small matter of four hours fast. A subconscious process in mental arithmetic acquainted you that it was not yet eight o'clock. But the minutes were being relentlessly measured off. Perhaps you would not be able to get around in shape to play at all. Even if you did enter the game it would be on your nerve, and you knew from past experience what that meant. And so all the season's care had gone for nothing. You were to play your last game a sick man! It was pitiable, but it had to be faced; there was no use staying in bed.

And so you rolled out, unwound the twisted drapery of your couch, and donned, as fast as a lame shoulder would permit, some of your clothes and some of your room-mate's which had strayed from his bedroom into yours and now lay in semi-ordered heaps on chairs, bureau, and window ledge. Awkwardly brushing your hair with the well arm, and finding a handkerchief on the study table under Duruy's "History of the Middle Ages," you picked up a soft gray hat from the window-seat and set forth. A splashing noise and the cheery voice of Karl, your room-mate, greeted you as you passed the bath-room. You shuddered at the idea of cold water. Breakfast first, you decided, and then the doctor.

Outside on the campus the elm branches threw long morning shadows across the narrow, paved walks. It was one of those cold mornings with a harshness in the air which seems to challenge effort. Ordinarily it makes you want to run a race; but on this morning you

moved in a grief-laden, introspective trance unaware of externals. At the hotel you found the team had already breakfasted. Only one remained over the disordered dishes at the long table, and he said, "Hello, old man, you 're looking great." You heard his voice as if from a far distance and heeded it not.

Next you were on your way in a cab to the doctor's. You must keep off your feet the morning of the game,—that was an inflexible rule,—and it worried you to think you had already descended two flights of stairs and walked three hundred yards.



"NOT YET EIGHT O'CLOCK"

The doctor, patient and sympathetic, listened seriously to your story. Since the end of October you had been laid off with a badly bruised shoulder, had only lined up once with the team, and the doctor had been applying electricity. This morning, you told him, it was worse, very much worse: you could scarcely raise your arm; and you went on to relate with much useless repetition all the other ills of the morning. And he very kindly took you into his kitchen and squirted dry powder into the throat while the feet were toasting in the oven. Then the shoulder was limbered up, and, to your great surprise, you came away feeling nearly all right. Behind the quiet smile of the doctor lay perhaps the realization that the weeks of forced inaction following a severe season's training had brought you now, on the day of the game, into pretty fair physical condition. All these aches and pains were just the stored-up energy in nerves and muscles crying out to be used, to be put to the test. You were, in the trainer's language, "up on your toes," though as yet you yourself were only half aware of it.

But now, with the fogs of the early morning's imaginary fears evaporated, the demon of unrest took possession of your brain. The thought of what was coming in a few hours seemed to fire you with the necessity of making endless small preparations, and seemed to magnify these things into vast importance. You drove hither and thither through the streets, already alive with an unwonted stir, while a list of things to be done before luncheon grew in your brain. You mentally discarded half a dozen, including a 10:30 recitation. After much serious thought, accompanied by rubbing of the chin, you decided on a visit to the barber. It was restful, anyway, to lean back at full length for a few minutes and listen to the old darky's pleasant-voiced chat, and to answer monosyllabically his reverently put questions about the coming game. Another errand took you to a drug store. You were glad you had not forgotten that. You knew the value of a small bottle of Jamaica ginger hidden from the trainer's eye by being rolled in the wrist-band of your sweater, to be gulped raw later, between the halves. You knew from experience the reviving power of that fierce burn when for a space during the relaxation, after the

work of the first half, it seems that the body is dead and only the fiercely anxious mind is alive. Yes, you were glad to have remembered that.

The houses lining the streets were gaily decorated, all in one color. Flags flapped in the breeze from window-ledge and pole. Already the sidewalk was crowded by two slowly passing streams of people. The clanging trolleys buzzing noisily up the street under arched elms; the long line of cabs brought from out of town for the day, and disposed around the corners of the green opposite the hotel; the newsboys and boot-blacks playing on the steps of the recitation hall, a happier group than any in a great city, with the care-free college associations of their short lives; the occasional nodding acquaintances passing in the street—it all conspired to blow away the worry at last. You sank back in the cushioned seat and, looking complacently out upon the accustomed scenes, thought with a thrill of pleasure of the great trial to come.

Out of it all emerged a familiar figure. You called to the driver to stop near the curb as there approached a large, thick-set, black-bearded man of fifty, who looked thirty-five, whose brisk walk presented an appearance of tremendous, abounding energy, and whose general look and bearing on this day of all days suggested the idea of a small boy just let out at recess. It was your father.

He accepted your invitation to get in, and suggested that you go to the hotel with him and see the brother and sister. Your mother had not been able to stand the journey, but she had sent her message of good luck, and wanted you to get a bottle of Jamaica ginger. You showed him the recently purchased bottle, smiling at the family conspiracy against the trainer. Then began a series of questions which you somehow dreaded just a little, and which you tried to brush aside with perfunctory answers. Yes, you felt well. You did, really. The shoulder was all right; it would last through the game. Were the rest of the team in good shape? Yes, they were. How about So-and-So's knee? It was n't his knee; it was his ankle, and it was all right. The papers were wrong if they said it was his knee. And so on, until finally you asked him please not to talk about the game. Your father acquiesced, but begged one more question. Would the team win? Yes, you thought we would. But, he said, the newspapers seemed to think we had less chance than for years. The enemy was unusually strong, had a veteran team from the year before, while we had a green team that had struggled through a poor season's record, just escaping defeat in several minor games, and barely achieving a tie in the first championship contest. The captain and yourself were the only old players on the team. The betting, too, as reported under big headlines in a morning extra, issued by a New York daily (showing you a paper), was four to one against us, something unprecedented. Well, you said, the newspapers did n't know anything, and you could never forecast what a green team would do. You agreed, however, that it was going to be a pretty stiff game. Then your father fell back for conversation upon his meeting two old classmates coming up from New York on the train, and became interesting immediately, while you relapsed into relieved silence.

Together you went up-stairs and found that the brother and sister had not as yet put in an appearance. You suddenly remembered signal practice at the gymnasium.

"All right; you 'd better not wait any longer," said your father, "but meet us here after the game."

There followed minute and tiresome directions, the elaboration of where and when. At last, with a hearty hand-shake: "Well, good-by, boy; good luck."

"Good-by, father; and thank you for paying for the cab." You ran down-stairs and proceeded to jostle your way through the crowd that packed the small hotel foyer, dimly aware that you were being stared at from all sides. You found yourself jammed against an old school acquaintance. He wore a chrysanthemum, the badge of the enemy, like a great flaring headlight, on his coat lapel, and you noticed that for the moment you were surrounded by a group of similar headlights. Your acquaintance of former days smiled from ear to ear, partly with the honor of the hand-shake and partly with the sure, delightful confidence that he was on the winning side. Hurrying

on, you left him still enjoying these two delights.

On the street you were met by a graduate coach with the remark: "Say, you ought not to be showing yourself around like this, man. Get over to the 'Gym'."

Without waiting to answer, you turned your steps across the campus. As you walked along the narrow path under the elms, an approaching under-classman, escorting a young girl and her chaperon, said in a low tone, "That 's ——," and the girl's eyes seized you quickly. You quickened your pace until you had passed them, trying to look as though you had not heard. When you reached the little room in the gymnasium, signal practice was already on. The captain asked you no questions. The great hour was at hand, and small things mattered not. Without waiting to throw off your coat, you took your place, as a substitute vacated it, in the line of men in their shirt-sleeves. It was silent and tense in the little room, with its closed doors and sense of confinement, as, for the last time, with a minimum of physical exertion, cumbered with cuff-link, watch-fob, suspenders, vest, all the incongruous, inappropriate paraphernalia and appendages of dress, the eleven walked through some of the forty-odd plays which constituted the repertoire of the offense, with the air of personages taking part in a solemn and tedious ceremony. The quarter-back repeated four numbers in a subdued voice, and bent over. As the ball was passed to him, you of the line all straightened up, facing the wall, took a gentle step forward and crowded a little to one side, carelessly resting your arms on one another, while the backs slid forward over the floor behind you and leaned their faces between your shoulder-blades. In the mind of each one was a clear picture of how the play would form itself on the field. No one spoke save the quarter-back, and he only to repeat the signal for each play, and all remembered the signals easily. There was no confusion and no haste. Finally the captain said, "That will do," and you put on your coats and went out, and the solemn thought came to you that for the last time in your life you had taken part in the old familiar signal practice.

And so the morning passed.

Because of the crowd, the hotel training table was abandoned, and you were directed to repair for luncheon to a boarding-house on a secluded side street. Here the tension was less. Your team-mates greeted you with smiles as you entered and took a seat. They were a group of serious-faced young men of various sizes and descriptions; and yet they all belonged in a way to the same type. They possessed the relaxed, lounging air peculiar to the athlete in training; and their faces, sensitive, fresh, and boyish, the greater number unlined, were molded into a semblance of one another by a certain grim look of power which comes to men, young or old, who do things, suffer, and keep their mouths shut. In a way they possessed a deeper, finer resemblance, hard to describe, as of men who had been held under and molded by influences which made them in looks and bearing typical of your college. And as you remember them, and regard the merged groups of their successors, the type seems to have persisted.

Some of them were making a brave effort to swallow beef-tea. You decided to do the same, and suddenly realized that you had in addition absent-mindedly eaten two great slices of cold roast beef and a baked potato. The conversation was fragmentary, with an undercurrent of real cheerfulness in spite of the atmosphere of apprehensive quietness.

Later, by twos and threes, you all sauntered over to the "Gym." In the old dressing-room down-stairs, the familiar smell of alcohol-and-linament-stained wooden benches greeted your nostrils. In one corner sat a graduate on a trunk, his hat tilted back on his head. He was joking in a clear, happy voice with the trainer, masterfully disguising the sick anxiety that preyed inwardly; trying, perhaps, not to think of the heavy odds that were against the team that day, knowing as he did that, come what would, he was to be chained to the side-lines, powerless to help, because his day was over. And when you thought of the chance that lay before you, you pitied him just a little. All the old familiar details of the room, the associations of four years, were before your eyes: the rubbers, silent and attentive, walking around with bottles of liniment or busily engaged in rubbing out the

bruises on the familiar, lithe, white bodies unconsciously posed on the low wooden benches. The binding on of knee bandages here, or shoulder bandages there; the final attention to some one's bruised and swollen ear; the freshman substitute quarter on the second eleven sitting beside you all dressed and ready to go out, with his new head-gear flung back over his shoulders; and yourself, an accustomed detail in the room, as you got into your years-old patched moleskin, from which all pads had been removed for the sake of lightness, and pulled on your slipper-like shoes, also built for speed, and laced up your ankle braces. A momentary worry flickered across your mind because there was a leather instead of a cloth lace in the left one. Then you stood up, and Jack came over with a bottle of stinging white liniment and rubbed your shoulder for fully five minutes. By night you would not care whether or not you had a whole bone or ligament in your body, if only this afternoon— And then you suddenly caught your breath and tried not to think of it.

Packed tight with the others in the long seat of the old barge, which shook as it jogged over street pavements, you finished with difficulty the lacing of your shoes, adjusted the leather saddle on your bad shoulder, and laced the straps that went across your chest and under your other arm. Then you looked up and found yourself traveling out to the field along a quiet, elm-shaded street lined with little frame houses, an unaccustomed route. A glimpse down a cross street showed you the reason. You caught a momentary picture of a street full of people on foot, in carriages, and overflowing, snail-like trolleys—a cross-section of the great, joyous, expectant, color-flaunting crowd.

Every one in the barge was strangely silent. You leaned forward, elbows on knees and chin in hands, forgetting your surroundings and letting your thoughts run as they would. A haunting line of Theocritus sang itself to you, keeping time to the motion of the barge—

Μή μοι γᾶν Πέλοπος, μή μοι Χρύσεια τάλαντα

Suddenly back to reality you came, to the reality of woolen jersey, canvas, and moleskin—the reality of hurrying figures jostling one another off the rickety step of the barge; the reality of a short, stealthy journey across an unkempt open lot, by a back way through a broken-down fence, across a road, through a gate in a high fence; the reality of an ugly perspective of crossed wooden supports under a huge stand, glimpsed momentarily; the reality of a dark, bare, recently carpentered dressing-room, where two or three stood in the center, holding their fingers over a stove, and the rest sat about on benches and cots, and a rubber went around scraping the last vestige of mud from shoe-cleats. A coach said a few words in a low voice. You scarcely heeded, because something within you was crying out for mercy. All your sensations were united into one. You felt like the condemned in the cart, bound, with the unspoken prayer, "Not yet! not yet!" quivering on his dry lips. The coach stopped speaking. The silence was unbroken save for

"WHILE THE FEET WERE TOASTING IN THE OVEN"

an occasional aimless movement of canvas-armored players in the gloom of the place, waiting for the word to be given.

Half carried along by others, you were launched into the sunny glare of the field and the ringing presence of thousands on the packed stands. The air was full of the electricity of a tempest of welcome, surging, shrieking, roaring, viciously glad. It rolled down like a great tide from the tiers of humanity that stretched away into a diminutive perspective, their frantic-waving flags seeming torn to shreds in the storm. It thundered in great waves against the opposite side of the field, and fell back on itself in increasing volume. And it lasted so long that it seemed to lose its character of sound and change into something vivid and tangible, as though the air were filled with a myriad silver-flashing leaves drifting downward from a vast distance above. A sudden exhilaration like a wind seemed to bear you on its cool surface, and you made the motions of running, although your feet did not seem to touch the ground. Then emerging from universal noise came the familiar roll of organized cheers ending in the ring of a name that meant something to live and die for. You all stood in a circle and gently passed a ball around from one to another. Now they were giving a separate cheer for each member of the team. You heard your own name among the rest.

The preliminary incidents, so familiar to a veteran player, seemed to flit by as in a dream. The substitutes had gone to the side-lines, leaving you and ten others alone out on the white-lined field. And as the name still sang itself from the stands on one side of the vast amphitheater, in unison with the long line of swaying cheer-leaders, you looked about you at your companions, so pitiably few and small in the midst of that big, noise-drowned place, and a strange wonder filled you that the great centuries-old name and the little company of boys should be the same thing. Then you fell to studying the faces of the players on the opposing team as they took their places.

"BECAME IMPERSONAL PIECES, TO BE TRAMPLED DOWN OR SWEPT ASIDE"

Imperceptibly, insignificantly almost, the game had started; you were busy playing it. The packed stands, the warring cheers, the waving gardens of color, all vanished from sight and hearing. Now your mind was in a normal condition, probably for the first time that day. The sweep and rush of the plays; the swift bodily contact with opponents and with the ground, so restful after the nervous strain of the morning; the habitual distance separating man and man; the accustomed territory to cover on defense, between the captain whom you saw out of the corner of your eye on your left, and the burly freshman giant, crouching to spring, on your right; the constant cool watchfulness, like the attention of a

fencer to the motions of his opponent's wrist—all this was to you an every-day, commonplace affair. You had come up from depths of despair, down from the clouds of enthusiasm, and were now on a white-lined terra firma with a horizon of goal and side-lines. You were in a world as natural and habitual to you as the hard bench and rhythmic oar to the galley-slave. It was your world, and you were at home in it. You flung yourself confidently into the torrents that were hurled against you, analyzing with the habit of daily practice their quick moves. In the storm of tossing bodies you continually found yourself in the right place, arriving there, it seemed, by some instinct rather than by definite intention.

Soon, when too insolent in their pride of strength to punt on a third down, the enemy rushed again, and you tore apart their revolving tackle-wedge, the ball changed hands. Then your quarter-back came up, running full speed, joyfully yelling out as he ran the familiar numbers and repeating them again at the top of his lungs so as to be unmistakably heard above the cheering. It was a simple play he signaled for, straight football, familiar to every school-boy, and yet it gained. And still another flashed through the same place in the opposing line, and then you found yourself wading forward with the head and shoulders of a slender half-back tucked under your arm, and as you dragged him along, the bone of contention in a pack of hungry wolves, you half wondered whether his waist muscles would stand the strain and prevent his being pulled in half.

And so it went on. The runner was hardly downed when your quarter-back, leaping out of the tangle, gave the signal for the next play. His personality was in his voice, and you felt its call, like the call of a war-trumpet. Then the low-bent line, and the low-bent group of backs straining forward as though against some invisible barrier; the snap back of the ball from line to backs and, instant with it, a vanishing, a sudden change, a kaleidoscopic dissolution, and reassembly of parts into an apex of two or three men cutting ahead through a wilderness of helpers and destroyers, and subsiding again to the ground, a confused, tangled heap.

During the few pauses when time was taken out for some one who was hurt, you straightened up and looked across into eyes as honest and fearless as your own. There stood your opponent not a yard away, whom you had read about during the autumn, and now saw for the first time, and whom you might never see again, his finely chiseled features and his eagle eyes blazing at you out of a great head set on a bull neck; his huge, unwieldy body that seemed utterly to belie his power of quick motion; beside him a tall, handsome, lithe, yellow-haired boy, as fleet as a deer—you felt a momentary pride that two such men were pitted against you. And as the whistle blew, and you fell again into the familiar work, in which all the players, including yourself, lost individuality and became impersonal pieces, to be trampled down or swept aside in a game the moves of which were a series of short, explosive journeys, or longer, plunging races for half the length of the field (for your opponents were punting now), the love of fighting for a cause took possession of your Anglo-Saxon soul, and you felt the flow and buoyancy of strength in all your body, and rejoiced.

But it was long after this, toward the end of the second half, that the little green team which had found itself so early in the game finally scored and won. A long story, it was told at length, with some inaccuracy, in the newspaper columns of that evening and the next day, and later in the weeklies and monthlies. Its details have long since gone from your memory. You recall the score—six to nothing,—and perhaps a vivid picture here and there; but what your mind chiefly dwells on, in thinking over the game, is the temper of your adversaries of that day, a team drilled to the finest degree, incapable of going to pieces or of being surprised even for a moment, expecting victory at the start, and fighting as hard in the last few minutes of certain defeat as though victory were theirs. It was admirable, this compelling you to pay the last full measure of price for overcoming them.

Somewhat after six o'clock you climbed wearily the stairs to the hotel parlor. Your people were not there yet, and you walked over to a chair facing the window, and let yourself drop into its comfortable

depths. Your gaze wandered out over the crowds in the street below, the green now alive with electric lights flickering through the trees. You tried not to think of the game. You were physically and mentally sick of it. And yet the thought of that horrible last five minutes of play insistently forced itself on you—how you had wished it was over; how you had not cared one way or another who lost or won, you had so wanted the awful work to stop. Every fiber in your body had screamed aloud for you to quit from what you were forcing yourself to undergo. Your breath had come easily, your trained lungs could have kept the pace indefinitely; but you had been conscious of a relentless steady weakening. You had felt your strength leaving you like a tide flowing downward through your thighs away into the ground, so that after every desperate plunge forward you regained your feet with greater difficulty. And during that long five minutes you had glanced at the faces of the men opposed to you, and could see no sign of weakening. But somehow it had all ended. You recalled the walk with trembling knees through the swirling, delirious crowd in the gathering dusk off to the dark little room, where you had dropped limply on a cot and had lain there like a stone image till some one dragged you off; the long, shaken journey back in the barge, during which some one had spoken encouragingly to you; the shower in the gymnasium, with the water stinging every bruise; and the slow painful dressing with the tortured shoulder, still unfinished when the others had left the room deserted; and you had walked alone across the campus to the hotel. You reflected in a dim sort of way that the team were probably even now at dinner, and you wished the folks would hurry up.

"ACCLAIMED YOU WITH DELIGHTFUL EXAGGERATION AS THE GREATEST PLAYER"

With a sudden swish of skirts coming in the door at the farther end of the room, you rose weakly and slowly to your feet, and the little sister's arms were around you. "Oh, brother, is n't it great! Is n't it great!"

Yes, to be sure you had won the game. But the consciousness of victory recurred to you as something which had happened long, long ago, and had somehow lost its savor. You seemed to have lived so long since then, and you were so tired, so dreadfully tired! Your father and brother, and friends with them, crowding

around you, shaking your hand, and all talking at once—why were they so cheerful and bubbling over with gaiety? Your face ached with the wan smile you forced yourself to assume in response.

"Great work, old man," your roommate was saying. "How do you feel, anyway?"

You felt all in, and said so. Whereat they all laughed at you and went on with their gay chatter. The little sister gleefully informed you that they were going over to the country home that evening on the 7:10. Mr. Morris was coming on the early train next morning ("Good for you, Karl!" you said), and would n't you come over, too? Karl gave an amusing account of what your sister had said during the game; your young brother, half-back on his school team, expertly approved of your defensive work in the rush-line; and your father beamed at everybody and everything. But you must go down. You thought the team was already at dinner. Yes, you would be over on the 10:45 to-morrow. And, with a final shower of good-bys, you left.

You made your way down-stairs with one hand on the banisters, slowly, like an old man. You were so weak that you could have burst into tears, for you had given that day all there was in you to give for the glory of a great name; from the start to the finish of the game you had played as you never played before, had cast unreservedly into that fight of seventy minutes all your strength of mind and body, had purchased victory with it, and now the power to think, feel, or do more had gone from you. Football was over now, over for the rest of your life; you had won your last victory; you were neither glad nor sorry. Life seemed to you just then colorless and inadequate, its defeats merciless, its victories barren.

But nature is kind to the trained athlete. She allows him to make a much greater draft upon the capital sum of his vitality than she does the ordinary man; he may call upon his nerves and muscles for a much greater response in proportion to their vitality; and his power of at least partial recovery, mental and physical, is greater also. Nature asserts herself quickly. And so as you stood irresolutely a moment at the foot of the wide staircase in the midst of lights and noise, leaning weakly against the newel-post, and tried to keep your weakness from showing, you felt the black depths of despondency slipping away from you; felt that it was possible to live through the rest of the evening. Then there flashed across your mind the image of your little sister as you had seen her a moment ago, with the look of happiness and pride shining in her face.

You like to think, too, with a smile of indulgence for youthful vanities, of the applause that greeted you as you passed that evening through the dining-room after leaving the people up-stairs. The room was crowded with gaily dressed girls, their mothers, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts. You were recognized. The buzz of conversation stopped, and before you could escape into the farther room your ears tingled with the sound of hand-clapping. But this was not all, for as you hurriedly pulled open the folding-door and entered the room where the team and substitutes, coaches and privileged graduates, were at the banquet, a sudden shout greeted you. You were made to stand on a chair, and not until an old graduate had stood on the table, waved hands for silence, and acclaimed you with delightful exaggeration as the greatest player of your position in the history of the game, and led a cheer for you, were you allowed to seek a place at the festive board among the happy, bunged-up faces of your team-mates. Three glasses of champagne and a plate containing a chicken wing were simultaneously thrust at you. The darky waiters were all off in another corner, craning their necks to listen to an eloquent speech by a member of the class of '63 which your entrance had interrupted. And so the chicken wing was about all of the banquet you got. But you did not care. Some of the speeches were really good, and you revived, and laughed, and drank everybody's health and enjoyed the evening.

Late that night, with Karl sound asleep in the next room, you tossed for hours in bed, listening to the quarter-hour chimes of the chapel clock. The fire on the campus and all the confused noises of celebration had died away; and still you lay and tossed, while every bone in your body ached, and your mind raced feverishly. Toward morning came sleep.

Ballade des Seigneurs du Temps Jadis.
Suyvant le propos précédent.
Qui plus? Où est le tiers Calixte,
Dernier decedé de ce nom,
Qui quatre ans tint le papaulte
Alphonse, le Roy d'Arragon,
Le traictreux duc de Bourbon,
Et Artus, le duc de Bretaigne,
Et Charles le Septiesme, le bon.
Mais où est le preux Charlemaigne!
Semblablement, le Roy Escosse,
Qui deans le face ont de dix on
Vermeille comme une escarlate,
Depuys le front jusqu'au menton?
Le Roy de Chippre, de renom;
Délost le bon Roy d'Espaigne,
Duquel je ne sçays pas le nom?....
Mais où est le preux Charlemaigne!
D'en plus parler, je me déporte;
Ce n'est que toute abusion.
Il n'est qui contre mort resiste,
Ne qui treuve provision.
Encore fais une question:
Lancelot, le roy de Behaigne,
Où est-il? Où est son tayon...?
Mais où est le preux Charlemaigne!
Envoi.
Où est Clisquin? le bon Breton;
Où le comte dauphin d'Auvergne
Et le bon feu Duc d'Alençon...?...
Mais où est le preux Charlemaigne!

Drawn by Ellen Macauley

"QUI PLUS?"

Drawn by Ellen Macauley

"HÉLAS! ET LE BON ROY D'ESPAIGNE"

Ballade of Old-time Lords

by

François Villon

Translation by John Payne

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
That died in the purple whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came?
And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?
The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittaine?
And Charles the Seventh, the Good? Heigho!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folks say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, alas, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Of many more might I ask the same,
That are but dust that the breezes blow;
But I desist, for none may claim
The stand against Death, that lays all low.
Yet one more question before I go:
Where is Lancelot King of Behaine?
And where are his valiant ancestors, trow?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

ENVOI

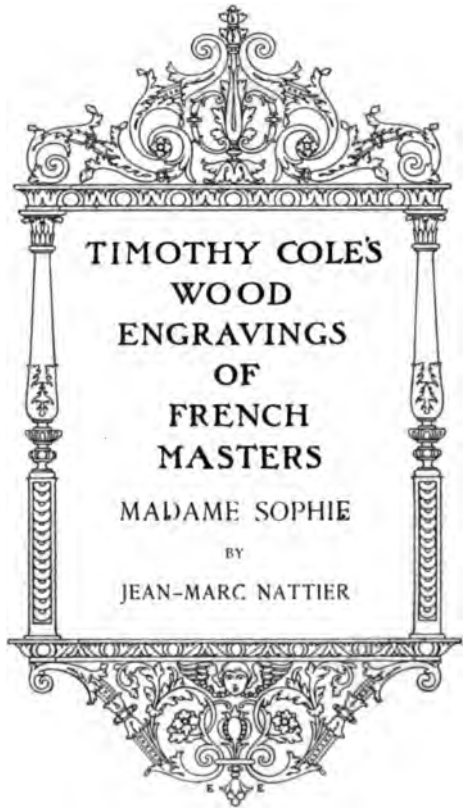
Where is Du Guesclin, the Briton, prow?
Where is the Dauphin of Auvergne lain?
Where is Alençon's good duke? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

[Here reprinted by permission of the translator]

From the original painting in the Versailles museum. See "Open Letters"

MADAME SOPHIE. BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—V)


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF
FRENCH
MASTERS
MADAME SOPHIE
BY
JEAN-MARC NATTIER

OLD MOTHERS

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

I LOVE old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is a something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength;
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

BEHIND THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS

BY MARY BUELL WOOD

"BOYS, do you see that third note in the second bar? If you do, tell me what it is."

"B flat," shouted thirty shrill German-American voices.

"Well, then, will you *please* sing it B flat? You ought to know this carol by heart; you had it last year. Now, Mrs. Harper, once more, please," and Miss Weston, a tall, handsome girl, resumed her impassioned struggles to carry the time, while her friend with all her slender might pounded the keys in an ineffectual attempt to make the tune heard above the shouting of the boys, who were in the most reckless of fine spirits; for was not to-morrow Christmas day, and was not this the beginning of their holidays?

"'Good King Wenceslas looked out,'" they screamed, each for himself, in high good humor.

Miss Weston rapped energetically for silence, which, after much laughter and some horse-play, approximately obtained.

Discipline was not one of Miss Weston's strong points, and the boys adored her.

"Boys," said she, firmly, when she could make herself heard, "if you don't stop playing and pay attention for the rest of this rehearsal, not one of you shall go to the hospital."

This awful threat produced a marked effect. For some reason, presumably correlated with that mysterious region in a boy's heart, entirely inaccessible to pressure, called the "soft spot," one of their greatest treats was the monthly visit to the pauper hospital on Blackwell's Island, there to make the round of the wards, singing their sweetest, and looking, in their little white cottas, to the poor old eyes straining at them from the pillows, like the angels whose character they *temporarily* assumed.

A silence which could be felt ensued, and Miss Weston followed up her advantage:

Drawn by H. S. Pyper. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'AIN'T YOU GOT THEM DOLLS DONE, ROSIE?'"

"Yes, I shall take the little fellows from A and B if I have any more trouble with you. You can all sing these carols if you want to, and sing them you must before you leave this room. Now, once more."

Again, "Good King Wenceslas looked out," this time to the chime of sweet, high voices.

"Oh, excuse me for interrupting you, Miss Weston; but I 've *got* to have eight of your boys for the church choir. There 's a falling-off at the last minute, and I must call on you. They all know the Christmas hymns, and most of them can sing the service; it will go all right, I *hope*. I will take Hugo Engelmann and Rupert Friedli and those other boys in the first row."

"But, Mr. Keller," remonstrated Miss Weston, "I can't make the Sunday-school festival go at all with all those voices out."

"Oh, yes, you can," said the anxious and hurried organist; "and, anyway, there 's nothing else to do. The rector says the music fell off last Christmas, and that it 's got to be up to the mark this year if it takes every boy in every one of the choirs to do it."

"Well, of course, if he *says* so; but this practice might as well come to an end now. I 'm tired to death, and the boys are full of deviltry, and the festival will be a failure, anyway." There were tears in poor Miss Weston's voice.

The boys were in a state of light-hearted gleefulness which only pinchings and punchings were at all adequate to express, and they had taken advantage of this opportune interruption to avail themselves freely of that mode of expression.

"Boys,"—just then broke in a low, quiet voice,—"take your places and go on with this practice at once."

A deathlike hush fell upon the room as the Rev. Mr. Wilmer seated himself beside the piano. Exactly what was the secret of Mr. Wilmer's power over the animal boy no one had ever been able to find out, but at his coming gentle peace invariably scurried ahead, and warfare and confusion scuttled out of the way.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Wilmer," tremulously exclaimed the exhausted volunteer choir-mistress; and at last the carols went through in peaceful succession. "The snow lay on the ground" in unruffled repose; "Sweet Christmas bells" rang out without a jangle, and "Joseph went a-walking so early Christmas Morn" in uninterrupted calm. Even the succession of wild war-whoops which customarily rent the parish house on the dismissal of the junior choir was checked on the lips by a simple gesture of the curate's warning hand.

The two young women drew a long breath of relief, and sank on a bench for a moment's rest, while Mr. Wilmer, who added to his list of marked characteristics that of a dark conviction that every woman who glanced his way had designs upon him, hurriedly withdrew from their presence, now that the necessity for his being there was over, to restore order in the battalion rooms where the Christmas spirit was taking the form of realistic wrestling matches.

"Ah-h!" sighed Miss Weston, "I 'm a complete wreck. Coming down from Eighty-sixth Street for all these extra rehearsals has worn my nerves to a frazzle, and my family say I shall *not* go on with the work next year; but they say that every Christmas. You look worn out too, Ethel. How are your white hangings coming on?"

"All done, I 'm thankful to say. I ought not to have undertaken it so late; but you know the rector said he would like to have them for Christmas, so, of course, I simply worked day and night. I 've put my eyes out. I had to give up all presents,—could n't possibly spare the time,—and then that heavy, white silk fringe costs so much, it took every cent I had, and more too; but I 've been wanting so long to do this, and I had a lovely note from the rector when I sent them down this morning."

"They 'll look sweet with the greens and the red stars. Did you embroider them in lilies?"

"Yes, and with emblems, of course. But I 'm so tired, Maude; I think I 'll go home. Harry says I must *not* do so much church work, what with my twenty families to visit, and the Friendly, and this choir practice, and all. See you in the morning, of course?"

"Oh, of course. But I have to leave the house before six to get down in time. I don't know when I 'll be home now.

I 've got to see about finding some of the little fellows in A and B to fill up with."

Outside, the snow was falling, and the early dusk of a short winter day had lengthened into a stormy, dismal evening. All over the great parish house of St. Pendragon's hummed the sound of many voices. In the Friendly Society's rooms the girls were busily working for the kindergarten children's tree.

"Ain't you got them dolls done, Rosie?" asked a girl with a large, red pompadour which met her eyebrows. "I don't see how I 'm goin' to finish mine at all; we 've bin kep' so late at the store all this week, I was afraid I would n't git here anyways."

"I 'll help you in a minute; but say, Min, ain't it a wonder them women would n't git their shoppin' done up in time, 'stead er leavin' it till the last thing, 'n' us havin' to stay nights, passin' goods out to 'em? They 've a right to git busy weeks ago."

"That 's no lie, either. It 's fierce how late the girls all is t'-night; but I guess we 'll git done in time; most things is ready now." And they fell to work again, some dressing dolls, some filling candy bags, some stringing pop-corn, all with the consolation of chewing gum.

"Say, girls, d' yer git on ter them elber sleeves 'n' that white muslin waist at church Wednesday night?" exclaimed one eager tongue, unable to keep silent.

"Well, I *guess!* Ain't she the peach? Mr. Wallis was just back from San Francisco, 'n' took the service."

" 'N', afterwards, they went up on the parish house roof-garden; Jim Rapp in the elevator seen 'em."

"She 's a right to leave off them deaconess things for fair—sure thing, I guess."

"Betcher life. He goo-goos at her in church till he gits all pie-eyed over the service."

"Well, I hope he gits her; he 's bin awful good to my brother."

"He 's all right," was the general hearty comment, as the dissectors of a timid secret, scarcely as yet admitted to themselves by the principals in the little clerical romance, once more settled down to work.

In the large chapel overhead, the main *school* tree was being trimmed under charge of pretty Deaconess Bryce, whose pale auburn hair, parted above a low forehead, crowned a face which might have served for a pictured saint. The face was pale and tired now, for its owner had been working since noon, and the end was not yet. Young men of the athletic club, mounted on ladders, were hanging the decorations handed up to them by groups of bustling Daughters of the King below. The scene was one of chattering confusion, and wild-eyed Mr. Matthews, the youngest curate, who had not yet become accustomed to being called upon to do six things at once, looked more bewildered every time he found a chance to drop in upon them under the impression that he was helping.

"We *must* stop if we 're going to get any sleep at all," declared the pretty deaconess at last. "It 's after eleven, and all these things to be cleared away, too."

"Just ten minutes more, Deaconess," said one of the athletes, stringing a row of electric bulbs over the topmost bough. "I guess every one 's about ready to knock off work, anyway. Our boss has been cutting out the lunch hour this week, we 've had so much to do."

"I know how overworked you 've all been; but we can always count on our boys and girls at St. Pendragon's for the Christmas spirit; and you know the rector made a special point of the tree—"

"Oh, that 's all right, Deaconess. Dead tired out is all the style Christmas eve. We 're always this way every year."

"How are they getting on over at the church, Mr. Matthews?" asked the deaconess, as the curate's anxious face appeared again in the doorway.

"Very well now, I believe. They did n't get started very early. You know Mrs. Rogers has her own boys and Mrs. Seymour's girls to help her."

A general shout of laughter greeted this remark, Mr. Matthews being the only one present who was not aware that these two large Bible classes had been found by experience to combine most efficaciously on all occasions, and that Mrs. Rogers, in bringing this labor-saving device to bear on her present problem of trimming the church, was following a time-honored and most agreeable precedent.

"Too bad about—" continued the curate, then checked himself, and glanced meaningly at the deaconess, who, with experienced alertness, quietly moved a little apart.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Too bad about Mrs. Harper's white hangings. The rector forgot to tell Mrs. Horton, this afternoon, and her committee had all the greens fastened on the pulpit and reading-desk, and when he brought in the frontals, she just flatly refused to take her work down; said she was tired to death struggling there all the afternoon, and she was n't going to do it all over again."

"Oh, what a pity it happened! What did the rector do? Mrs. Harper has been working herself sick over them for weeks, I know."

"He was just about at the last gasp himself,—a lot of matters had come up to bother him,—and he simply bolted, and told Wilmer to go over and fix things up; but Wilmer could n't move her either. So Mrs. Harper had to be sacrificed."

"I 'm so sorry," said the deaconess, dubiously; "I 'm afraid she 'll be terribly hurt."

"Here, Matthews, where are you? They want you the worst way down in the kindergarten rooms. Some of their helpers have n't come, and they 're all at sixes and sevens over their tree," broke in Mr. Wallis, the present senior curate, who felt his responsibility. "And," he added, turning to the deaconess, "I want to speak to you a moment."

A bright blush sprang to the face of the deaconess, and meaning looks passed among the young men and women around her as Mr. Wallis, with an air of possession, drew her aside, and whispered something which deepened still more the pretty pink color in her cheeks.

"Are you on?" muttered Otto Engel to Amelia Breitweiser.

"Sure, I 'm on. It ain't nothin' new to us girls. We seen what was comin' long ago."

"Fritz Schumacher says Mr. Wallis was n't no good this year at battalion camp. They did n't have no fun at all. Nothin' doin'. All he cared about was goin' to the post-office 'n' writin' letters the rest of the time."

"She was up to camp one day, was n't she?"

"Yes; but Fritz says he took her right off in a boat, 'n' they never come back till just time for her train."

"Guess he was n't goin' to have no rubberin'."

"Here 's the rector!" called some one near the door, and a pleased expectation brightened all the tired faces; for to each and every one of the many organizations, old and young, of St. Pendragon's, a visit from the much-loved head of the parish was a highly prized treat.

But a fleeting glimpse of a tall, broad-shouldered figure, with a harassed look on his face, and tired lines around the eyes, was all they caught; for, shouting "Wilmer! Wilmer! Has any one seen Wilmer?" the overtaxed rector, just back from a long, sad evening with his senior warden, to whose sick-bed he had been hastily summoned, rushed through the room without a glance at them or at their beautiful tree.

At the opposite door he was met by Mr. Wallis and the young deaconess, who was now blushing like a rose.

"Oh, Rector," began the senior curate, excitedly, "would you mind coming into the study a minute? We—"

"Can't stop an instant; too much to do—where 's Frank? You fellows are never around when you 're wanted. Grace, you 're all tired out. Go straight home. Let some of the other deaconesses finish up."

"But, Rector—just listen a moment; it 's a surprise for you."

"Can't help it, my boy; it must keep. Can't listen to a word. Almost twelve now—lot of things to do yet—you go and hunt up Frank and send him over to the rectory on the rush. Something I forgot to tell him."

And with a final "Wilmer!" shouted from far down the elevator shaft, the rector vanished into the night.

Mr. Wallis presently came back into the chapel, and told the disappointed tree-trimmers that the rector was so terribly rushed that he could n't *then* tell them how greatly he appreciated their work, and that Miss Bryce, being too tired to stay up longer, had gone back to the deaconess home to bed.

"But I 'll take hold with you," he said,

trying to make his voice cheerfully encouraging, "and we 'll soon have it done now."

And he did indeed fall to with a will, but the snap seemed to have gone out of his sportive manner, and the finishing touches were put on in a flat silence entirely unrelieved by the laughter and liveliness which were usually the accompaniment of all events participated in by the popular senior curate.

AT the rectory the day had been filled with pitfalls and fractious happenings of all kinds. It had begun with a slashing criticism in one of the morning papers on the last Sunday's sermon, of which a garbled account had filled two columns. A special vestry meeting in the afternoon had not resulted in the expected acquiescence to a particular pet scheme, which the rector had intended to divulge as a Christmas surprise to a delighted congregation on the morrow. One of his cherished plans for getting money for the seaside work had fallen through, and out of two thousand circulars which he had sent out to the neighboring hotels and boarding-houses, inviting them all to attach themselves to St. Pendragon's, there to become enthusiastic adherents of the envelop system, less than fifty replies had been received. Unless he got a large sum at the offertory to-morrow, there would be a deficit which would be distinctly felt.

It was while pondering over these and kindred sources of annoyance and anxiety after the irritating vestry meeting that the large box containing Mrs. Harper's carefully packed and be-tissue-papered hangings caught his eye, and recalled to his absent mind her Christmas offering. Hastily snatching up the box, he had rushed with it into the church, only to go down in battle before Mrs. Horton, one of the many long-time and long-pursed leaders so absolutely necessary to a large parish, and whose check for two hundred dollars had become one of the regular features of the Christmas offertory. In justice to the many hundreds of deserving poor, whose pressing need St. Pendragon's bounty was in some measure able to relieve, he could not offend those who made that bounty possible. Trying to fortify himself with the well-practised St. Pendragon's adage about the greatest good of the greatest number, he finally took his pen and wrote:

DEAR FRIEND: It has been found that your beautiful hangings do not harmonize with the Christmas greens; they will go better with the lilies of Easter. I write that you may not be disappointed when you do not see them to-morrow morning.

Your friend and rector,
T. N. S.

"Here, Wilmer," he called, "just run up with this and smooth the poor little woman down a bit."

"Not I, Rector," replied the experienced Mr. Wilmer. "I can't stand tears, and there 'll be rivers of them here."

"Too bad,"—the rector shook his head regretfully,—"but can't be helped. Well, send one of the battalion boys up with it, then; I 'm tired out myself—done." And the rector, wishing that expediency did not have to be considered in church work, turned with a sigh to a comfortable lounge; but laying aside the temptation, he took up the half-finished notes of his sermon, and buried himself in them, trying to shut his ears to the distracting sounds which floated in from the choir room, where the organist and his boys were lustily practising the Christmas music, reinforced by the cream of the junior choir, which Miss Weston, for all these weeks, had been so carefully training.

" 'Oh, rest beside the weary way, and hear the angels sing,' " caroled the full, sweet voices.

Rest! If he only could! Inspiration, without which he never could preach at all, seemed reluctant to come. Perhaps he was over-tired; certainly he must not let these annoyances worry him so. Dinner found him still musing over his notes, but his thoughts were abruptly recalled to practical duties by a message that the senior warden had been stricken with a seizure of some kind. Hurriedly finishing his coffee, the rector took up his hat and coat, telling his secretary to call a cab, while he looked in at the church to encourage the workers there.

The great church was dimly lighted, all but one end being in darkness; on the chancel step sat Mrs. Rogers, a handsome, ponderous woman, richly dressed,

whose air of authority, not to say domineeringness, had combined with ample and very readily untied purse-strings to raise her to the ranks of the great powers of St. Pendragon's. Around her, in confusion, lay masses of heavy green branches and vines, for which she had at great trouble and expense sent to Georgia, and with which she expected to convert the somewhat bare and plain chancel into a bower the like of which had not been accomplished by any of her predecessors; for this was the first time she had been entrusted with a task of such magnitude and importance. The thirty young men of her Bible class, on whom she depended for her real help, being late home from their work in consequence of the Christmas rush, were correspondingly late in getting out of their working clothes and into their "glads," and the same reasons had delayed the young ladies of the other class, whose obliging presence was intended not alone to lighten the labor, but also to lend an element of social interest to the occasion.

Not without the wisdom of the serpent had St. Pendragon's learned to pursue her soul-catching course.

Outside this belated corps of sixty, Mrs. Rogers had asked only a few personal friends to come in and see her through.

They formed a decidedly inefficient contrast to the great mass of green stuff to be placed in position, and it was upon this inadequate group that the rector's eye unfortunately fell as he entered the vestry door with the fresh worry of the warden's illness upon him. Being accustomed to speak his mind on most occasions, he impetuously did so now, casting expediency aside, and without pausing for explanations. He had only time for a few pungent and to-the-point observations, for his errand of mercy was urgent; but no room for doubt was left as to his meaning. The general drift was that he never ought to have entrusted this work to inexperienced hands, that it could not now be accomplished, that the decorations would be an entire failure.

Men are but men, whatever their calling, and it must be admitted that straws enough to break any one's back had fallen upon the rector's that Christmas eve.

When the whirlwind had passed, the haughty Mrs. Rogers was discovered in one of the pews, prostrate, in a wilted condition, and in floods of tears, which almost equalled in bitterness those in which little Mrs. Harper, who had just then received her note, was hopelessly battling.

Her friends, however, reassured her, and her tired but willing staff of helpers just then appearing, she recovered herself, and the work began in earnest, and with such vigor that by eleven the scheme of decoration so carefully planned was perfectly carried out, and exhausted but still willing hands were bearing away the last vestige of debris.

THROUGH the midwinter darkness of early morning, the lighted windows of St. Pendragon's flashed a Christmas greeting to the hurrying hundreds gathering to it from all quarters of the Greater City.

The early comers found at the door an untroubled and be-Christmassed rector, his harassed nervousness entirely gone, waiting with beaming face and hearty manner to grasp each hand in affectionate personal greeting.

Scattered about at the rear of the church were the curates, also fervently wishing a happy Christmas to every one they saw.

In a momentary lull of the incoming rush the rector cast a smiling glance at them. There was Matthews, his eyes no longer wild, but with "Peace on earth" shining through them. Frank Wilmer, too; "Good-will toward men" had evidently been his Christmas lesson, for he had laid aside his forbidding manner, and was broadly smiling, and warmly shaking hands with the pretty daughters of Mrs. Rogers, who, in their soft furs and with glowing cheeks, had just come in with their father.

"Is n't your mother coming, Helen?" asked the rector, hoping for a minute to retract his last night's mistake.

"I 'm afraid not; she 's very tired." And the girl went on up the aisle.

The rector's face clouded; then, as if recalling something, he called, "Where 's Wallis?" Adding: "What was it you wanted to see me about, Jim?" as the senior curate turned from a whispered word with a slight, black-veiled, long-

cloaked figure entering a rear pew. Something in the attitude of the two released in his memory a Pandora's box of trifles, unnoticed at the time, and the Christmas roses on the girl's sweet face and the unmistakable gleam in the eyes of the man brought a sudden intuition.

"Come over here," he exclaimed, screening them from view behind a great bough of evergreen. "You dear children—and I would n't listen! Well, now, you just come over and take breakfast with me after service—*dears*—and tell me all about it."

And, towering above the young pair, he crushed their hands together between his own, with a look of loving tenderness which obliterated forever his rebuff of their "surprise," and rendered complete their Christmas joy.

"What was the rector saying to you, Jim?" asked his colleagues, while they were putting on their surplices in the vestry, awaiting the first strains of "Oh, come, all ye faithful."

"You 'll know in due time," said the senior curate, beaming.

By seven o'clock the great church was crowded to its utmost capacity, rich and poor filling its pews in neighborly proximity. From the midst of heavy festoons of green shone the great glittering star. Across the chancel arch blazed "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

The white-robed angel band had sung their carols in sweetest accord, and with "It came upon the midnight clear" ringing through the air, the rector mounted the pulpit steps for his Christmas talk.

He looked long and earnestly over the sea of faces before him. What an effort many of them had made to come. The great East-Side congregation, how could they manage it at that hour? The great up-town congregation—perhaps still harder for them. And the individual ones, whose stories, whose troubles, he knew. Every face bright and glowing; Mrs. Rogers had come, after all. How beautiful she had made the church! How hasty he had been! Maude Weston, too, singing away with all her heart, and watching with pride her boys in the chancel; little Mrs. Harper, who had wished him all Christmas happiness as she came in the door, without the slightest trace of her disappointment—all these had sunk their own hurt personal feelings for the sake of the church. The family of the senior warden, not one of them absent, had laid aside their anxiety for this one hour. The hard-working East-Side boys and girls who had given of their exhausted strength to make up this Festival; the generous rich, who made the parish work a possibility; the generous poor, who, out of their poverty, so far outgave their richer neighbors; the disappointing neighborhood population, who had turned such a deaf ear to his own invitation, large numbers of them had made the effort to come; the hard-headed vestry, who had thwarted his plans; the great mass of humanity before him, all forgetting themselves, and reflecting from their beaming, upturned faces the spirit of Christmas.

The hymn ended, and, standing there, tall and straight in his white vestments, and with the look in his face and the tone in his voice which made him loved by every one of his people for the man he was, the rector laid aside the notes he had prepared and spoke out from his heart:

"My dear friends,—this means you, too, my dear boys and girls,—I thank you all for all you have done and for all you have wanted to do to make this Festival beautiful. I know that some of you have had sad and disappointed feelings to lay aside before you could come here this morning, and I know that some of these feelings were caused by myself. I, too, have had my own disappointments to overcome as you have overcome yours. I ask you now to forgive me, every one whom any hasty act or word of mine may have wounded, and let us all have forbearance one with another, remembering 'That by reason of the frailty of our mortal nature we cannot *always* stand upright.' And now, my dear, *dear* people, I beg you, as we enter upon the Christmas Feast, to try and forget with me all our anxieties and worries and crosses that we may sing from our hearts the hymn first sung by the angels nineteen hundred years ago."

And, with a mighty shout which shook the roof of the church, "Hark, the herald angels sing" soared up to the stars which still twinkled in the clear dawn of Christmas morning.

EMMA EAMES AS "AÏDA"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE MOTHER

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Author of "Where Speech Ends"

ALL day her watch had lasted on the plateau above the town. And now the sun slanted low over the dull, blue sheen of the western sea, playing changingly with the angular mountain which rose abruptly from its surge.

The young matron did not heed the magic which was transforming the theater of hills to the north and lingering lovingly at last on the eastern summit. Nor had she any eyes for the changing hue of the ivy-clad cubes of stone that formed the village over which her hungry gaze passed, sweeping the length and breadth of the plain below.

She seemed not much above thirty: tall, erect, and lithe. Her throat, bared to the breeze, was of the purest modeling; her skin of a whiteness unusual in that warm climate. Her head, a little small for her rounded figure, was crowned with a coil of chestnut hair, and her eyes glowed with a look strange to the common light of every day. It was her soul that was scanning that southward country.

From time to time she would fondle something hidden beneath the white folds of her robe. Once she threw her arms out in a passionate gesture toward the plain, and tears overflowed the beautiful eyes. Again she fell on her knees, and the throes of inner prayer found relief at her lips:

"Father, my Father, grant me to see him ere the dusk!"

Once again she sank down, moaning:

"He is in Thine everlasting arms. But Thou, who knowest times and seasons, give him to me on this day of days!"

Under the curve of a shielding hand her vision strained through the clear, pure air,—strained and found at last two specks far out in the plain, and followed them breathlessly as they crept nearer. One traveler was clad in a dark garment, and stopped presently, leaving his light-robed companion to hasten on alone toward the hungry-eyed woman on the plateau.

All at once she gathered her skirt with a joyous cry and ran with lithe, elastic steps down through the village.

They met on a low, rounded hill near the plain.

"My son, my darling!" she cried, catching him passionately to her bosom. "We have searched, and waited, and agonized," she continued after a pause, smiling at him through her happy tears. "But it matters nothing now. I have thee again."

"My mother," said the boy as he caressed her cheek, looking at her dreamily, "I have been with my cousin. Even now he waits below for me. I must bid thee farewell. I must pass from thy face forever."

His lip trembled a little, but he smiled bravely. "For it is the will of God, the Father."

The mother's face went ashen. She tottered and would have fallen but for his slender arm about her.

Her thoughts were whirling in wild confusion, yet she knew that she must decide calmly, wisely, quickly.

Her lips moved, but made no sound.

"Oh, lay Thy wise and gracious hand upon me!" was what she breathed in silence.

Then her voice sounded rich and happy and fresh, as it had always sounded for him.

"His will be done. Thou comest to bid farewell to thy brothers and father?"

"It may not be," he answered. "My

lot henceforth is to flee the touch of the world, the unsympathetic eye, the ribald tongue of those like my brothers—the defilement of common life."

The mother pressed him closer.

"Say all that is in thine heart," she murmured. "We will bide here."

They sank down together on the soft, bright turf, facing the brilliance of the west, she holding her child as of old in the hollow of her arm.

He began to speak.

"For long and long a voice within me said, 'Go and seek thy cousin.' So I sought and found, and we abode together in the woods and fields, and were friends with our dear brothers the beasts, and the fishes, and the birds. And there, day by day, my cousin would tell me of the dream that filled his soul and of the holy men who had put the dream there."

The mother's eyes grew larger with a swift terror, but she held her peace.

"And at the last, when the beauty, the wind, the sun, the rain, and the voice of God, had purified me in some measure, my cousin brought me to visit these holy men."

The clear, boyish voice rose and began to vibrate with enthusiasm.

"Ah, mother, *they* are the chosen ones of God! Sweet and grave and gentle they are, and theirs is the perfect life. They dwell spotless and apart from the world. They own one common purse, and spend their lives working with their hands and pondering and dreaming on purity, goodness, and the commands of the great law."

He sprang up in his excitement from her encircling arm and stood erect and wide-eyed before her.

"Ah, mother, they are so good that they would do nothing on the Sabbath, even to saving the lives of their animals, or their brothers, or their own. They bathe very often in sacred water. They have no wives, and mortify the flesh, and—"

"What is their aim in this?" the mother interrupted gently.

The boy was aflame with his subject.

"Ah, that is it—the great goal toward which they all run," he cried. "They are doing my Father's work, and I must help! Hear, hear what is before me: When a young novice comes to them they give him the symbols of purity: a spade, an apron, and a white robe to wear at the holy meals. In a year he receives a closer fellowship and the baths of purification. After that he enters the state of bodily purity. Then little by little he enters into purity of the spirit, meekness, holiness. He becomes a temple of the Holy Spirit, and prophesies. Ah, think, mother, how sweet it would be to lie entranced there for days and weeks in an earthly paradise, with no rough world to break the spell, while the angels sing softly in one's ears! I, even I, have already tasted of that bliss."

"Say on," she breathed. "What does the holy man do then?"

"Then," the inspired, boyish tones continued—"then he performs miracles, and finally—" he clasped her hand convulsively—"he becomes Elias, the forerunner of the Messiah!"

From far out in the wilderness came a melancholy cry.

"It is John, my cousin," said the boy, radiant, half turning himself at the sound. "I must go to him."

She drew in her breath sharply, and rose to her feet.

"Bear a message to John," she said. "Not pourings of water, nor white robes; not times and seasons, nor feasts in darkness and silence, shall hasten the kingdom of heaven; neither formulas, nor phylacteries, nor madness on the Sabbath. Above all, no selfish, proud isolation shall usher in the glorious reign of the Messiah. These holy men,—these Essenes,—are but stricter, sterner, nobler Pharisees. Tell thy cousin to take all the noble and fine, to reject all the selfish and unmeaning, in their lives. Doctrine is not in heaven. Not by fasts and scourgings, not by vigils and scruples about the law; not by selfishly shutting out the world, but by taking all poor, suffering, erring, striving humanity into his heart will he become the true Elias."

There was a breathless, thrilling moment of perfect silence as the glowing eyes of the mother looked deep into the astonished, questioning eyes of the son.

Then she rested both hands on his shoulders and spoke almost in a whisper.

"As for thee, the time is now come. Does my son know what this day means?"

He looked at her wonderingly and was silent.

Drawn by Charlotte S. Becker. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THEY SANK DOWN TOGETHER ON THE SOFT, BRIGHT TURF"

The mother spoke:

"For many years I have kept these things and pondered them in my heart. Now, *now* the hour is here when thou must know them."

She bent so close that a strand of loosened hair swept his forehead.

"In the time before thou wert born there came as in a dream a wondrous visitor to me straight from the Father. And that pure, ecstatic messenger announced that the power of the Highest would overshadow me, and that my child was to be the son of the Highest, who should save His people from their sins—the Prince of Peace—the Messiah!"

From the wilderness came a long, melancholy cry, but the rapt boy heard not.

The mother continued in the soft, tender voice that began to tremble with her in her ecstasy.

"This day is thy birthday. Twelve years ago this eventide, when thou camest into the world of men, men came to worship and praise God for thee,—the lowliest and the highest,—as a token that thou wert to be not only Son of God but Son of Man as well. Poor, ignorant shepherds crowded about us in that little stable where we lay, and left the sweet savor of their prayers, and tears, and rejoicings. And great, wise kings from another part of the earth came also."

From beneath the folds of her robe she drew forth by a fine-spun chain an intricately chased casket of soft, yellow gold.

The boy took it dreamily into his hands, and as his fingers opened it, there floated forth upon the air of the hills of Nazareth the sacred odor of incense mingled with a perfume indescribably delicate and precious.

"Read!" whispered the mother.

The boy held his breath suddenly.

There, on the lower surface of the lid, graven in rude characters, as if on the inspiration of the moment, stood the single word

LOVE

She flung aside her arms as if to embrace the universe.

"Love! Love! Love!" she cried in her rich mother's voice. "It is the greatest thing in the world! It is the message of the Messiah!"

The heavens over the sea were of molten gold, and a golden glow seemed to radiate from the boyish face that confronted them. In their trance-like ecstasy the wonderful eyes gazed full into the blinding west—gazed on and on until day had passed into night.

One iterant sound alone, as it drew closer, stirred the silence of that evening: it was the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

TO GOD, THE ARCHITECT

BY HARRY H. KEMP

WHO Thou art I know not,
But these things I know:
Thou hast set the Pleiades
In a silver row;
Thou hast sent the trackless winds
Loose upon their way;
Thou hast reared a colored wall
'Twixt the night and day;
Thou hast made the flowers to blow
And the stars to shine,
Hid rare gems and richest ore
In the tunneled mine;
But, chief of all Thy wondrous works,
Supreme of all Thy plan,
Thou hast put an upward reach
In the heart of man.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"CONNECTICUT WOODS." BY HENRY W. RANGER

(AFTER THE PAINTING IN THE EVANS COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON)

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XVIII

WHEN Mrs. Blumpitty found herself being taken below that first evening, she revived sufficiently to protest, and so frustrated the Giant's amiable design of carrying her off to bed. The invalid stayed on deck day and night, and, instead of dying, as the captain and all the passengers confidently expected, she got well and "lived happy ever after" on that voyage upon Miss Mar's supplies, sharing even the fresh eggs which the Giant, by some means, acquired daily from the Nome-bound hens. Hildegarde was sorry she lacked courage to share Mrs. Blumpitty's new quarters. But the "queerness" of sleeping out of your bed —in the public eye, too!—almost the immodesty of it (in the passenger-mind) if unpalliated, as in Mrs. Blumpitty's case, by threatened dissolution—no, it was too daunting.

Mrs. Blumpitty roughed it, but she did not complain. No, poor Mis' Bumble Bee on her pallet of straw in the corner of the deck was, by the side of some other women, an enviable object even in the worst weather, and the statement may stand, although it lack its true significance to that portion of mankind which happened not to be in the North Pacific and the Bering Sea in the first June of the century. Even when the weather was not doing anything spectacular, the dank chill was of the sort that searched the marrow. The fogs penetrated tweed and mackinaw, and even leather, till people's apparel wilted, and, conducing less to warmth than shivering, clung to their figures as clammily as a half-dried bathing-dress. The rugs and "robes" and wraps weighed each a ton; *the very bedclothes* seemed never to be dry. Day and night the fog-horn hooted —or, when the all-enveloping grayness lifted for a little, it was only to loosen the great rains—as if most mighty Jupiter Pluvius, thinking to use the ship for his tub, had pulled the shower-bath string just above it, discharging a waterspout over the *Los Angeles*. And after that sleet, mist, drizzle, and fog again.

Every man on board began to suffer visibly and audibly from the national complaint. In vain they hawked and spat and trumpeted; the Great American Cold had them by the nose, and all they could do in their misery was to reduce companionway and deck to a condition best left undescribed. But it was this more than any other one thing that made the heart of the unhappy Hildegarde to falter and grow faint.

There were moments when, too chilled to sit still, worn out with tramping up and down, wet, and yet more miserable by reason of certain sights and sounds, she, nevertheless, rather than face the greater horror below, would stay on deck all day, wondering a little sometimes that she could suffer so much acute physical misery and yet not rue her coming. For even now the moment she envisaged a possible escape,—a passing yacht that should take her luxuriously home, or any pleasant miracle of rescue,—she discovered that, come what would, she was not only bound to keep on, but as determined to see it through as she had been that night of Louis's return, when, innocent of most that it implied, she had said she would go and bring her father home.

In the carrying out of her resolution there was nothing as yet to be afraid of in the sense she vaguely had supposed her brothers and Louis Cheviot to mean; but of sheer physical wretchedness and soul-

sickness, enough and to spare for the chastening of any spirit.

There had been a good deal of heavy drinking in the last day or two. As for Curlyhead's father, he seemed never to be sober, and yet he had wits enough left, as well as cash, to bear a hand in endless games of poker. At first there had been little card-playing; but now, as people began to grow used to the motion, they crawled out of their berths to look at the world from the upper deck, shiver, and go below. Down there, what was there to do but the one thing? If you played once, you played every day, and all day, and more than half the night. People who could not as yet sit at the table to eat, sat there between meals, breakfasting, dining, supping off "chips" and bits of pasteboard—not missing fleshpots, since always a jackpot graced the board. There were those who grudged the meal hours. Glowering upon the people who used the tables for mere eating, they stood about, impatient till a place was cleared and the real business of poker might begin.

The same thing went on straight through the ship. According to the Giant, they were as hard at it in the second-class as they were in the first, and on down as far as the horrible berths went, wherever men could get a board or a barrel head, there they were with cards in their hands.

Not men only, and not alone the woman with the sealskin jacket and the diamond earrings (did she sleep as well as live in these adornments?); other women, too, sat at the absorbing game.

While the third dinner was being cleared away, Hildegarde looked into the music room. A dilapidated young woman at the dilapidated piano, singing a comic song, and the cross-eyed man accompanying on the flute. A number of people sat about on the few, rickety chairs and the many boxes and bundles, listening in a kind of painful trance, or passing back and forth over the wooden lattice of the raised flooring between which and the boards below escaped bilge-water slopped about with the motion of the ship and too frequently came to the surface.

As Hildegarde turned away from the noisome-smelling place, a hard-featured woman of about forty who had been leaning on the piano (undisturbed, apparently, by the highly abnormal sounds it gave forth) followed Miss Mar to ask: "How 's the sick lady in your room?"

Miss Mar knew her interlocutor to be Miss Xenia Trask, an ex-schoolmistress, but they had not spoken before. "There are two still sick," Hildegarde answered.

"Oh, I mean the one the doctor 's afraid 's got smallpox?"

Miss Mar opened her wide eyes very wide indeed.

"I had meant to be in the room you and she are in," said the schoolmistress. "Pretty satisfied now to be out of it,"—with which she returned to the festive scene.

Even Hildegarde, who was so little nervous, would ordinarily have found her self-possession shaken by the news that she had been sleeping for nearly a week within two feet of so contagious and foul a disease, but she took the information more quietly than can well be credited by any one who has never cut the ties that bind us to resourceful, yet care-filled, civilized life.

Those who have once severed the thousand threads find not only some hardship and heartsoreness, but certain natures find, too, the larger calm that only perfect acquiescence gives. It is not all loss to be unable to run from danger. You gain a curious new sense of the inevitableness that lies at the roots of life—a sense smothered in the cities and forgotten in the towns. And this calm that walks the perilous places of our earth with its front of untroubled dignity and its steadfast eyes—this gain among many losses was not denied the girl faring North for knowledge and for old devotion's sake.

Hildegarde opened the door of her cabin upon a strange and sufficiently horrible spectacle. Stretched full-length upon the floor in her nightgown lay the Dutch woman, speechless, with a face swollen and scarlet. The ship's doctor, standing beside her huge hulk, bent over, and, peering under the heavy eyelid which he had forced back with his thumb, looked into the rolled-up eye. Hildegarde with noiseless lips made the question, "Smallpox?" "Smallpox! No. Lack of self-control." How this worked out, Hildegarde did not wait to inquire. It was too ugly to see that big woman ly-

ing there under such conditions—and the place smelt of alcohol.

But outside it was hardly better. The card-players had gathered like flies settling down upon the remains of a feast, and at the end of the saloon three men were quarreling. Through an atmosphere thick, horrible, rose the angry voices. Was there going to be a fight? One might face death even from smallpox and yet not know quite how to accept life among sights and sounds like these.

Up on deck Hildegarde found a gale blowing. Where was the Giant? The chicken-merchant, joining Miss Mar at the door, held on to his slouch-hat while he inquired significantly after the health of the purser. Miss Mar had not heard he was indisposed. "Oh, yes; you ought to go and see him. It 's nothin' catchin' —calls it bronchitis. Reckon it 's heart trouble," and he cackled like the most elated of his hens. Again she came downstairs, wandering aimlessly about and then stopping by a little knot of lookers-on at the eternal game. In that childish mood that may once in a while fall upon even a reasonable girl, she thought vaguely that if she stood long enough before this spectacle held to be unfit for feminine eyes, the Giant would certainly come again and take her away. But the Giant did nothing of the kind, and presently she forgot him. She usually forgot things when she watched this particular group of players. She had been arrested just here unbeknown to the Giant a couple of nights before on her way to bed. In front of her, Governor Reinhart gave up his seat to an eagerly waiting claimant. "They are beginning to play too high for me," his Excellency had observed affably to Miss Mar.

"Who is winning?"

"That woman over there. She 's a holy terror."

"Not that one with the gentle face and the pointed chin?"

"Yes. Very pleasant and soft-spoken, too. Wife of the man next—playing with the professional gambler gang. They don't tackle *her*. She 's a corker with the cards!"

It was incredible that he should be speaking of that strangely modest and *well-bred*-looking woman who followed the game with eyes that never lifted but once all the while Hildegarde stood there. It was when the last of her husband's shrinking pile of chips was swept from him by the man opposite that the woman, playing her own stiff game, not looking right nor left, must still have been acutely aware of the full extent of the disaster at her side. The loser's only comment was "My deal!" as he picked up the cards afresh. Then it was that she turned the white wedge of her pointed face, laid a hand on the dealer's arm, and said low, "*Don't,* Jim!" as though she hoped to influence him, with her own hand full of cards. Naturally he paid no heed, and each in the death-like silence went on with the game. There was something almost unnerving to the onlooker in the strained quiet of the woman. Was she winning or losing now? No hint of which in the pointed white mask, while she sat a little droop-shouldered, her arms lying on the table as if paralyzed, moving only her long, supple fingers, gathering in or throwing out, unless she dealt, and even then moving about a tenth as much as any one else on either side up or down the long board. After what Governor Reinhart had said, each night on her way to bed Hildegarde had paused a fascinated instant watching this woman; or by a group lower down where Curlyhead's father was, often with his little boy on his knee. While the elders played, the five-year-old would sit as quiet as a mouse, staring wisely at his father's cards, seeing in them his first picture-book, learning them for his earliest lesson.

Hildegarde had watched it all before, but on this particular wet evening the spectacle assailed an unpanoplied spirit. It was horrible. She would never get the picture out of her head. Even when she should be at home again, doing delightful things with dear and happy people, she would remember this, and the light would go out of the day. For it would be going on still. Somewhere there would be people like these, wasting and besmirching the flying, irrecoverable hours. Women, too, *women!* Something choked in her throat. She felt that she must strike the table and cry out: "Listen, listen! You have n't ever heard. Life is beautiful and good, and you 've never

known that—poor, poor people. But I have come to tell you. Stop playing with those pieces of painted paper and listen to my good news!"

But of course they 'd only think she was mad. Oh, why had she come! With a tension as of tears crowding, straining the muscles of her throat, she turned away to face again the wind-driven sleet of the deck. She dragged her heavy steps to the dirty companionway. From the smoking-room above came the Giant's great laugh punctuating some one's story. A passion of loneliness swept over her. As her foot touched the first step, some one came close behind. "Is that you?" said a voice she did not recognize. A touch, a whisky breath blowing foul in her face, and, without lifting her eyes or even uttering a sound, she fled up the stair, meaning to make straight for Mrs. Blumpitty's rain-soaked pallet. Halfway up she saw in the gloom above her the blaze of a match, and there was the Arctic cap, his back turned to her, holding up the lighted match to read the run on the notice board. As Hildegarde's eyes fell in that vivid instant on the square shoulders, something in outline or attitude set her heart to beating so wildly that, still flying on, she stumbled. With a little cry she put out a hand and felt herself steadied as the match fell to darkness. In that turmoil of wonder and wild hope her cheek had brushed the coat sleeve one lightning instant before she recovered firm footing and stood erect, with apology on her lips.

The ship's doctor and the purser came hurriedly out of the smoking-room, but the Arctic cap was turned away when the sudden light streamed out. A banging door, hurrying steps, and Hildegarde was peering in the dark after an indistinguishable face, hoping things she knew both impossible and mad, only to find herself standing there alone with thumping pulses.

XIX

THE Arctic cap had vanished from the ship. Every one else able to be afoot appeared on deck the next morning in the clear and strangely milder weather. Even the purser was abroad, passing by with averted eye, receiving haughtily the homage of the fair who hastened to inquire after his health, thereby further emphasizing Miss Mar's neglect. She sat watchful but silent in the sunshine, drinking in the air that seemed to bring a blessing with it from some golden land that yesterday had been far off, and that to-day was very near. Mrs. Blumpitty had resumed the perpendicular and her most cheerful air. All the Blumpitty "outfit" in the best of spirits. The business woman to the company was exhibiting her vaunted competency in dealing with "men" and "affairs" by industrious prosecution of her flirtation with the oldest dentist. Shifting groups of lawyers, "judges," senators, were cheerfully objurgating the mining laws. The lean beanfeaster who, between meals, was forever chewing gum, paused in his nervous pacing of the deck, though not in his labor of mastication, to assure ex-Governor Reinhart that he was "dead wrong." This seemed, on the face of it, improbable. But Reinhart condescended to remind him: "Nome is n't like any other camp. Wait till you see the state of things *there*."

"Have."

"Been there?"

The beanfeaster had an audience before you could wink, for he had nodded, chewing harder than ever. Then a pause long enough for him to say modestly: "I 'm the man appointed by the Nome miners to go in the commission to Washington and report."

"Why did n't you go?"

"Did. Coming back now."

With immense respect all within earshot listened to the disquisition on Alaskan mining laws, and the beanfeaster's modest assurance that through his exertions they were being amended.

Some one aft in the steerage was playing the fiddle, and a couple of darkies were dancing. The older woman is Mrs. Lanier's cook, and Mrs. Lanier is the Southern lady of fallen fortunes who is going with a store of fine damask and all her family silver to open a high-class boarding-house at Nome. She has read of a woman in the Klondike who by this "simple" means had made a pile.

Mr. Meyer was displaying a small working model of a superfine contrivance, only to discover that every man on the ship had a superfine contrivance of his

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE"

own, which was the grandest thing on earth in the way of gold-saving. Many of the people as they moved from group to group greeted Miss Mar; but to Hildegarde's intent eye all other faces were just merely not the one under the Arctic cap. She turned her head, and her grasp on the railing tightened—that figure outlined against the sky—no use any longer that he turns his collar up above his ears, no efficient mask any more the Arctic cap.

He was standing near the door of the chart-room. As Hildegarde came up the companionway the figure vanished. When she reached the threshold there it was, back turned to the door, cap bent over a map. Incredible to her now that she had not known him all along; but, nevertheless, she stood wavering, seized by something else than mere excitement. A wholly unexpected shyness. Was he, indeed, nursing that old anger against her? Was it conceivable he wanted to avoid her the whole voyage? She half-turned back, telling herself that, at all events, something was the matter with her tongue: it was a physical impossibility for her to speak. Then the next thing was that she heard her own voice saying quite steadily, with even a faint ring of defiance: "It 's no use! I 've found you out." The figure flashed about, and Hildegarde caught the shine in the black-fringed eyes as he pulled off the cap, leaving his hair ruffled. He held out his hand, laughing, but, as it would almost seem, a little shamefaced. "Well, it took you long enough!"

"No wonder!" She felt an imperative need to prevent her gladness from appearing excessive. "You can't ever say again there 's nothing of the actor in you."

"Why can't I?"

"After masquerading all these days?"

"I did n't mean to masquerade."

"Why did you go about in that horrid cap then and never speak to me or—"

"Oh, I never meant to stay incog. I was only waiting—"

"What for?"

"My opportunity. And it never came."

"What opportunity?"

"Well,"—he leaned against the doorpost and he was smiling in that old whimsical way of his,—"I suppose what I was waiting for was your getting into some sort of scrape."

"You were hoping for that!" But while she denounced him, she, too, was smiling.

"Well, I had prophesied it. I suppose a prophet usually has a weakness for seeing his wisdom verified."

She laughed out as light-heartedly as though the journey had been without care or cloud. "And you did n't like your prophecy not to come true. Poor false prophet! No wonder you hid your face."

"Yes, as for pretending—no, it is n't any earthly use. The truth is, I expected that very first evening to step in at some psychological moment."

"Save-my-life sort of thing?"

"Well, save you some anxiety or discomfort at the least. But you were the one passenger on the ship who did n't suffer the one or the other."

Ah, he did n't know! And she was n't going to tell him. Oh, dear, no!

"I go to see about your baggage. It 's checked and on the ship. I curry favor with the captain so as to get you a seat at the first table. You 've got one for yourself—"

"No; *I* did n't—"

"Well, whoever got it, you sit in it. Same thing on deck. While I 'm looking for a sheltered place for your chair, you are established. I bring special provisions to keep you from starvation. You are somehow as well supplied and with as exactly the right things as though you 'd made the trip twenty times."

"It was the Blumpittys," Hildegarde began.

"The whattatys? Never mind. Call it any name you like. *I* could n't have promised you new-laid eggs every morning for breakfast a thousand miles from land. I could only hang about ready to save you from unpleasantness. But God bless me! unpleasantness never comes within a league of you."

"The purser," Hildegarde prompted with a gleam of eye.

But he tossed the suggestion aside with "a little over-pleasantness that you 're able to check for yourself."

"It 's plain I 'm not the stuff romantic heroines are made of."

He did n't contradict that. "You certainly have n't given me much excuse for coming along."

She was glad he was not looking her way at that moment. It was like him to declare his mission so simply, and yet he stood there in the sunshine smiling philosophically as he turned down his collar, saying: "The merest superfluity. That 's what I am. Except," he added more seriously, "that if I had n't come I should never have believed I was so little needed. So it turns out that what I 've come for is my own enlightenment."

"Not only your enlightenment," and her eyes invited him to understanding of a friend's gratefulness to a friend. But he lifted his bare head to the breeze that swept in with the sunshine at the open door as though, having delivered himself of his grievance, he could think of nothing now but the comfort of being free of that all-enveloping cap. His eyes seemed to shine only for joy in the sun as he stood there ruffling still more his short, wavy hair—the hair that did, as Bella said, "fit" him so uncommonly well. And he certainly looked as little sentimental as some sturdy mountain pine.

"Some people," Hildegarde remarked in a detached tone, "would think it was a waste for two old friends—we might have had all these days together."

"Yes. I gave you my word I never meant—" He seemed to intend an apology, as though he assumed the deprivation to be chiefly, if not solely, hers. "The very first time I passed you I thought, of course, you 'd find me out. Then, as you did n't, I kept putting off—Morning, Captain."

"Morning."

"I should think you did keep putting off!"

"I did n't want you to"—he lowered his voice—"I did n't want to take you by surprise before people."

"You thought the joy might be too much for me?" she demanded.

Cheviot looked at her with the swift speculation in his eye of the man who is thinking: "Now is she going to insist on quarreling with me?" "This is the lady I was talking to you about, Captain. Pretty cool of me having her up here without asking you! Miss Mar, Captain Gillies. Now the least I can do is to take her down." And in spite of the captain's gruff civility that was what Cheviot proceeded to do. "Don Quixote 's signaling. Let 's go and see what 's up."

Hildegarde had not perceived that the gaunt old person below was making any unusual demonstration. He was always waving his arms and addressing the multitude. "I 've been rather afraid of that one," she confided.

"Afraid? Then it 's only because you don't know him. He 's the most interesting person on the ship."

"No, my Blumpitty 's the most interesting."

"Well, you show me your Blumpitty and I 'll show you mine. Mine 's got an invention for pumping water for the placers."

"Mine 's got something far more wonderful."

"Don't believe you. Wait till you know about Don Quixote's systems of windmills; they 're the greatest ever. I don't say his windmills will work at the mines. But they 've gone without a let-up straight through the North Pacific and the Bering Sea. Windmills all the morning, windmills every night. You must have heard, as you passed him on the deck—'Windmills!' 'Windmills!' No? Well, come along—"

Rather nice to be "coming along" with Louis once more. It was going to make a difference in this expedition.

Hildegarde got a compliment to her seamanship out of the fantastic old Alabaman. "I 've watched this young lady," he informed Cheviot. "She 's as happy in a 'norther' as one o' my windmills—" and he sent a rattling laugh after them as they went down the swinging deck.

"How different everybody looks today! It 's the sunshine."

"Yes, they do look different." But he did not say it was the sunshine.

"I don't see my Blumpitty." What did it matter? Nothing mattered now. Miss Mar had a distinct sense of repressing a quite foolish sense of radiant content, not to say elation. How this having a friend along lighted up the rude and sordid ship! Not the first time this particular friend had wrought this particular miracle in her sight. The fact that Louis's

eyes rested on things constrained them to reveal an "interestingness" unsuspected before.

"There are my three financiers," she whispered. "They are n't as splendid as your Don Quixote, but they 're very nice to me at table."

"I 'm relieved to hear you 've found some one who contrives to be 'nice' there. I 've wondered how you were getting on," he chuckled.

The temptation to confess was strong upon her. But no. Even Louis would be obliged to say, "I told you so."

"At first," she said, with the detached air of the investigator, "I watched my neighbors because *everything* they did was so surprising. But by and by I got so I could see nice distinctions and fine shades. Some of the roughest-looking have n't by any means the roughest manners."

"Oh, you 've discovered that, have you?"

"Yes. This man here,"—it was necessary to draw close and to whisper again,—"that 's Mr. Simeon Peters from Idaho. He shouted across the table to me at dinner yesterday to pass the butter. He was just plunging his own knife into it as everybody at our table does—"

"As everybody at every table does," Cheviot corrected.

"Well, but wait. You don't know how elegant we are down at our end. Mr. Simeon Peters hesitated, and you could see a misgiving dawning behind his spectacles. He drew back just before he reached the butter-dish, and carefully and very thoroughly he licked his knife the whole length of the blade. Yes! Then he felt quite happy about plunging it in the public butter." She was able to laugh now at what had driven her from the table in that dark yesterday. Louis laughed, too; he even carried his genial good-will the excessive length of joining in the conversation of those same financiers.

"Did you succeed in getting your plant on board?" he asked the nearest of the trio.

"Yes. But we had to pay another fellow to take off half his stuff to make room for ours," said Financier No. 2.

"What process have you got?"

"Oh, the McKeown," said No. 3.

"And it 's the greatest ever?"

"That 's right," said all three together.

But why did he talk to financiers when he might talk to her?

"Them innercents think that about the McKeown," said a grizzled man across Cheviot's shoulder, "only jest becuz they ain't never seen the Dingley workin'."

"You got the Dingley?" Cheviot asked, just as though it mattered.

"No good goin' to Nome 'nless ye *have* got the Dingley." And while Cheviot lingered to hear just why it was the Dingley could lick creation, Hildegarde leaned against the stanchion, watching him with that interest the better-born American woman commonly feels in seeing something of what she has less opportunity for than any member of her sex in Europe: namely, the way her men-folk bear themselves with men. She had the sense that again the American enjoys in its quiddity, of making acquaintance with a new creature, while observing her old friend in this new light. Cheviot was not only at his ease with these people, he put them at ease with him. They were content to reveal themselves; even eager before the task. Was it because he looked "a likely customer?" Or did men commonly turn to him? Now, Mr. Isaiah Joslin and his sourdough friend were pushing in between Hildegarde and the group where Cheviot had been buttonholed. Joslin was scoffing at the Dingley as well as the McKeown. "Yes, *sir!*"—he demanded Cheviot's attention by striking his fist in his palm under that gentleman's nose,—"I 'll do more with a plain rocker that any feller can make for himself out of a store-box and three sticks than all these cheechalkers and their newfangled machines."

"Maybe that 's so," said a broad, squat Ohioan, the man Hildegarde had noticed before going about the ship with a tiny bottle, a little square of sheet copper, and a deal of talk. "Maybe that 's right; but you old sourdoughs lost a terrible lot o' leaf and flour gold whenever you did n't use amalgam plates in your rockers."

" 'T ain't so easy gittin' plates."

" 'T is now," says the Ohioan, producing, as it were, automatically his little square of copper and his bottle of fluid.

"Quicksilver, is n't it?" Hildegarde came nearer Cheviot to ask.

"Quacksilver, I guess." But still he followed the discussion about the McKeown "process" as though Hildegarde had been a hundred miles away.

"Now you just time me," the Ohioan was challenging Cheviot. "I can silver-plate this copper in twenty seconds by the watch." And he did it. The only person there who was not a witness to the triumph was the girl whose clear eyes seemed to follow the process with a look of flattering interest. Should she, after all, tell Louis—not how glad, but just that she was glad of his coming? Had n't he earned that much? Not that he seemed to care greatly about acknowledgments from her. He seemed to have forgotten her existence already, and they had n't been together twenty minutes. All the simpler, then.

"I tell you what,"—the Ohioan had raised his voice and enlarged his sphere of influence,—"I tell you there 's a lot o' poor prospectors would have been rich men to-day if only I 'd discovered sooner how to make amalgam plates this easy and this cheap."

"Cheap, is it?"

"Yes; a damned lot cheaper than losin' half your gold. Cheaper than linin' your rockers—yes, and your sluices, too—with silver dollars, as some fellers did. Now this little piece of copper,"—he produced a new bit,—"a child can turn that into an amalgam plate by my process. Here, let the lady show you." Before Hildegarde knew what was happening, the fragment of metal was in her hand and the owner had tipped the tiny bottle till a drop of the liquid ran out on the copper. "Quick! Rub it all over."

As she did so she saw that Cheviot's attention was now undividedly hers. He did not look as if he altogether approved of her acting as show woman. But not to disappoint the inventor, Hildegarde rubbed the silvered tip of her finger lightly and evenly over the copper. "Why, yes!" she cried out. "Look!" and as she held up the miraculous result, the Ohioan roared with satisfaction: "Ain't I been tellin' you?" The copper was turned into a sheet of silver. "Rub and rub as hard as you like now,"—he passed the object lesson round,—"you can no more budge a particle than you can rub off triple plate. And *that 's* what you want to line your rockers with."

"Looks like that silverin' stuff might be worth somethin'."

"Worth a clean million," said the Ohioan, as he pocketed his bottle of miracle and walked jauntily away in the sunshine.

Hildegarde and Cheviot, exchanging smiles, went on down the deck in his wake. But suddenly the Ohioan stopped and wheeled about in the direction of a voice that had just said: "No, siree, I ain't worrittin' with no Dingley and no nothin' I ain't tried." The inventor of amalgam-plated copper, as though he 'd heard himself called by name, retraced his steps with a precipitation that nearly capsized Miss Mar. The gentleman who had just declined Dingley squared his shoulders and announced to all and sundry: "No, siree! Ye got to *show* me. I 'm from Missoura." Hildegarde caught at Cheviot's arm: "They 've got hold of our saying!"

"Oh, that 's everybody's saying now," he answered. "I 've heard it twenty times since I came on board." She waited, incredulous, listening. "If I got any minin' to do," the man from Missouri went on, "give *me* Swain's Improved Amalgamator every time. D' ye know what they done to test Swain's Improved Amalgamator?"

"Nop."

"Well, lemme tell yer. They took a gold dollar and they pulverized it."

"I 've pulverized many a dollar in my day," said a gloomy and familiar voice. While the deck chuckled with sympathy, Hildegarde whispered: "That 's my Blumpitty."

"Well, sir," the other went on unmoved, "they passed that dollar in gold dust that I 'm tellin' ye 'bout—they passed it through a sixty-mesh sieve and they mixed it good and thorough with a ton—a ton, sir, of gravel and sand. And they run that through Swain's Improved Gold Amalgamator, and what do you think they got?"

"Guess," says Mr. Blumpitty, "they got to know that any feller can pulverize a dollar—"

"Haw! Haw!"

"But it 's the daisy that can pick me up."

"Well, sir, Swain's Improved Amalgamator's just that kind of daisy. It picked up jest exactly ninety-eight cents out of that gold dollar." And every owner of a rival invention roared with derision.

OH, the sun-warmed wind blowing in your face! Oh, this seeing the brave world, with a friend at your side!

"I don't remember you at meals," she said to him.

"I never was at meals."

"Where did you eat?"

"Up in the captain's room."

"Well, you won't any more, will you?"

"I don't know."

"You want us to eat apart!"

"I don't 'want'. But I can't turn anybody out of his seat."

Well, if he were content with this arrangement, it hardly behooved her to protest. "Come and be introduced to my Blumpitty. I can tell from the look on his face exactly what he 's talking about."

"What?"

"Come and listen."

"Ya-as," Blumpitty was saying, ostensibly to Governor Reinhart, but really to a distinguished and rapidly increasing circle—"ya-as, queerest feller ever I see."

"Who was?"

"Why, the feller I found dyin' on the coast up above Cape Polaris. The man that gave me the tip. I can see that feller now. Could n't get his face out o' my head fer months. His eyes—used t' see them eyes in my sleep." Blumpitty paused and seemed to struggle feebly with an incubus. "Never see such eyes in any man's head 'fore nor since." Again he paused an instant to think out something. "Reckon it makes a man look like that."

"What does?" demanded the Governor.

"Knockin' up ag'in' the mother lode."

"Oh, the mother lode!" said Reinhart, slightingly.

"Ya-as, those of us that 's practical miners"—his look weeded out the Governor—"guess we all know that every bit o' gold that found its way to the creek bottoms and the coast—it 's all come from the mother lode off there in the hills to the north."

The breathless respect with which this information was received by the rest was broken in upon by the Governor's roaring a great infidel laugh: "Why, Joslin, here, tells me gold comes out o' the sea!"

"Maybe he believes it," said Blumpitty, sympathetically.

"Believe it!" bellowed Isaiah, sticking his head over Dr. Daly's shoulder. "So 'll you believe it when you get to Nome. The further out you go at low tide the richer you 'll find it."

Blumpitty's pale-eyed pity for his delusion seemed to get on Joslin's nerves.

"Was n't I *there* when Jake Hitz and Tough Nut went 'way out with a wheelbarra'?"

"Any man can go out with a wheelbarra'," said Blumpitty.

"Yes, but it ain't every man can come back and rock out the dirt and get what they did."

Blumpitty just smiled.

"Twenty-two hundred dollars, sir!"

"Guess you were n't watchin' which way they went for their dirt," said one of the capitalists.

"That 's right!" laughed his partner. "Tough Nut must have got that twenty-two hundred out of the tundra."

"Hope that is n't where you fellows count on findin' gold," said Joslin, sympathetically.

"We just about are."

"Why, don't you know the tundra 's froze the year round—"

"That 's why we 're takin' up thawin' machines—$90,000 worth."

"Might as well take up 90,000 pianners and play toons to the tundra."

As though this idea had some special significance for him, a poorly dressed boy detached himself from the group with a cheerful whistling of the eternal Boulanger march.

"There 's a lot o' machinery goin'; I ain't sorry I 'm takin' in chickens myself," observed Hildegarde's table companion.

Cheviot caught the eye of the whistling boy as he went by. "What are *you* taking in?"

The boy held up a banjo. "This!" he laughed, and went briskly back to the dancers in the steerage.

Hildegarde smiled into Cheviot's eyes: "Was n't that nice?" How easily he made people say amusing, revealing

things. "Do you notice how happy everybody looks to-day?"

From face to face his eyes went up and down the deck. "Yes," he admitted. "The *Los Angeles* is a pretty dismal place, but most of these people have been happier on this horrible ship than they 've been for years. Happier, some of them, than they 've ever been."

She did n't quite like him to speak so of the *Los Angeles*. Yesterday she would have agreed; but to-day— "How do you know they 're happier here?" Shame on him if *he* was n't! But it was just as well—oh, much simpler!

"Talk to them, and you 'll see. Everybody on the ship has had the most awful luck you ever heard of. And all through 'circumstances over which' "—his voice made a period with that old trick of assuming a phrase complete when you could finish it for yourself. "Even those that look prosperous like you and me, they 've all failed at the main business of life."

So far as she was concerned in this review she felt only impatience at his going back upon old loss and pain. What if you have been sorry and sad? It was n't the part of a friend to remind you of it. But if Louis must talk of failure, here was a ship-load of it! She told herself this thought was the hag that was riding her happiness down. She looked round her. The world was a pretty terrible place, after all, "for the mass," that Mrs. Locke had taunted her with not caring about. The wind blew out a wisp of straight, fair hair till it played like a golden flame above the brim of her hat of Lincoln-green.

"A whole ship-load of failure!" she said aloud. A sense of the grim business life was "for the mass" pressed leaden, and the scarlet mouth closed pitiful upon the words, "Poor, poor people!" But Cheviot, with his eyes on that beguiling little flame of gold, was ready to reassure her. It did n't matter if every soul on board *had* seen unmerciful disaster follow fast and follow faster up to the hour he set foot upon the ship. Hildegarde need n't waste her pity. Look at their faces, listen to them making incantations with McKeown and Dingley. Anything would do to work the spell. Why? Because the place they were bound for had the immense advantage of being unknown. No one could say of any one of these contrivances, "It 's been tried." "Not a soul on the ship but has his thawing machine, or his banjo, or—"

"Or her black cook."

He nodded. How well they understood each other! "*Some* talisman."

"What 's ours?" said the girl, quickly.

"Our what?"

"Our talisman."

"Oh, I was n't thinking of us."

"Think now."

"I don't know."

"Well, I know mine."

"You won't tell me what it is, I suppose."

"Why not?" She spoke lightly, even a little teasingly. "It 's a sort of rough diamond, my talisman—or"—her sunny look flashed in his face—"perhaps it 's adamant. Which is the most unyielding?" Then, with sudden gravity: "It 's a wonderful thing, the trust you make people feel. Nothing can shake it."

"I thought we were talking about talismans."

"It makes every difficult thing seem easy. And it makes every dangerous thing seem safe."

"Well, it 's the very last effect I intend to produce."

She swept his declaration aside. "Impossible to feel anything can go very wrong now that you 're here."

His face was so unmoved by this handsome tribute that she found herself venturing further: "I don't know why I should pretend I don't appreciate—I 've been so afraid these last days—"

He caught at that. "Afraid, were you?"

"Afraid that one of us would die before I had a chance to tell you." Should she go on? She had meant to write; it was different saying it.

"Tell me what?"

"That I 've got over minding your having opposed me so." If she expected any outburst of joy on his part she was denied the spectacle. "I 've come to understand such a lot of things on board this ship." She waited an instant, but he leaned over the railing quite silent, staring down into the water. "Among other things," she went on, "I see when I look back that you 've always been the one to bring me strength. A feeling that I 'd set my feet upon the rock."

"And it was n't rock, after all, what you set your feet on," he said quietly.

She tightened her hands on the railing, and something like veiled warning crept into the words: "You 've made me feel *safer,* Louis, than any one else in the world. I owe you a great deal for that."

"Well, look here"—he moved his square shoulders uneasily like one in an ill-fitting coat—"look here, if you 're thinking of trying to make a hero out of me, it is n't any earthly—"

"Hero? Nonsense. We were talking about talismans," she said with recovered gaiety. "I have n't brought along a machine of any sort, and I have n't got a black cook—not even a banjo. But I 've got a friend," she triumphed, "so I can't be scared now any more than the rest of the wild adventurers."

XX

FEW people minded the lowering weather the next day, since it brought a sight of land. Yet one had need to be at sea for a week and a half to find comfort in this vision of a dim gray rock rising out of a gray sea to starboard, or on the port side a range of snow-flecked hills with clouds hanging low over the crater of an extinct volcano. How bleak the world up here in the Aleutians! Then suddenly for Hildegarde the chill vision warmed and glowed: "That is the kind of thing John Galbraith is looking at on the other side of the globe."

To every one's huge satisfaction the *Los Angeles,* skirting Ounalaska, showed no sign of pausing. Instead of turning off toward Dutch Harbor to learn if the ice had yielded up yonder and the way was clear, boldly the ship took the short cut through Unimak Pass into the Bering Sea. What splendid time they were making under the convoy of this best of all captains! People went about boasting, "Nome by Sunday!"

"We 'll make the record trip!"

"Make the big fortunes!"

"We 'll beat creation!"

"Splendid fellow, our captain!"

"Never such luck before in this bedeviled course!"

Toward three o'clock the next morning Hildegarde was waked by the noise of hurrying feet above her head and a great hubbub in the saloon.

In the narrow cabin two half-dressed women were agitatedly hunting their belongings, while the dressmaker, Miss Tillie Jump, screamed through the door to know if there was any danger.

"What 's happened?" asked Hildegarde, tumbling down out of her berth.

"We are in the ice."

"Masses all round us high as the ship."

"I 'm very calm," said Miss Mar to herself with a certain admiring surprise. And then her self-esteem fell from her with the realization that in the back of her head she knew there could not possibly be any immediate danger or Cheviot would have made some sign.

On deck, in the gray, milky light, a different picture. No Cheviot and no discernible danger. Plenty of broken, moving ice, but nothing like the towering bergs of saloon rumor. Going forward at low pressure the *Los Angeles* was picking her way among the water-worn shapes that stood dazzling white, each on a pale green base, submerged, yet partly visible. Strange sculpture of the sea, that, like a Rodin statue, gained meaning as you gazed. This rough-hewn mass was a crouching polar bear, that a saurian, antediluvian, vast. Some of the ice-cakes, flat, featureless, were mere lonely white rafts drifting from nowhere, bound nowhither; others manned by dwarf snowmen, misshapen, spectral.

Though so unlike report, there was something here expected, hauntingly familiar, like a single surviving impression out of a vanished life. From a long, long distance O'Gorman's voice recalled her: "What do you think of this for a change?"

Hildegarde was still looking round for Cheviot as she answered: "It 's all much flatter and less tremendous than I expected."

"Three fourths of the ice is under water. I 'm afraid you 'll find it quite tremendous enough."

Here at last was Louis! "What 's going to happen?" Hildegarde hailed him.

He only pulled off his cap for her benefit. It was to O'Gorman he said half-aside: "We 'll have to get out of this."

While the two men stood there looking gravely out, the ship put her nose into the ice-pack, shivered, and drew back.

"What 's happening?"

"They 're reversing engines."

Hildegarde had put her question with a dawning sense of greater forces at work here than she had apprehended, and with that the thought of Galbraith took on a sudden something like its old ineluctable hold on her imagination. These were forces that had fashioned life for him. Yes, and for others, too.

The whole of that raw morning she haunted the upper deck, for the most part alone. Cheviot had struck up a friendship with O'Gorman. They walked about, or sat together in the smoking-room. The feeling of tension that pervaded the *Los Angeles* was manifest even in the Kangaroo Court. No livelier precinct hitherto on the *Los Angeles* than this part of the forecastle where, from the eminence of the judge's bench (a great coil of rope), Mr. Gedge imposed upon his much-diverted public a parody of those forms of legal procedure learned in his experience as a shorthand reporter of "cases," or, as he called himself, a court stenographer. Gedge modeled his style upon those administrators of justice who think because a man has disobeyed one law, his fellow-creatures may with respect to him (or rather without "respect") break all rules governing human intercourse. With the aid of unlimited audacity and a ready tongue, Mr. Matthew Gedge made things lively within the precincts of the Kangaroo Court. And with impunity, for an unwritten law ordains that no one, however great a personage, is safe in defying the authority of the mock court or can with impunity set aside its judgments. Woe betide any one who seriously persists in so unpopular a course! Wherever the case is tried, no bystander, no unwary passer even, but goes in peril of being summoned. If he know himself unable to beat Gedge at the sharp word-game, it behooves the witness to bear himself meekly. If he think to flee, let him expect to hear Gedge roar with grim zest: "Constable, do your duty. Arrest that man!" and sometimes, half-way to cover, the offender is caught and haled back amid a general hilarity, to find himself, however confused, speechless, or unwilling, clapped into the witness-box (a big iron boiler) and kept stewing there while he meets as best he may a fire of merciless questions and the bubbling merriment of the deck.

But to-day the sittings of the court were suspended. The loungers who came to Gedge for diversion or enlightenment got only a grumbled "I pass," or "Guess we 're euchered." And even such popularity as Gedge's was threatened with eclipse for putting into words the silent misgiving of all men. The very sky looked evil. The ragged gray-brown clouds had been racing across the heavens like tatterdemalions hearing of mischief afoot and eager for a share. Now they were massed there in the southwest, a dirty, featureless mob in which the ineffectual units were lost and the whole fused into a vast somber-hued menace.

The faithful Blumpitty sought out Miss Mar. "No—o," he drawled, rolling his eye among the fantastic ice shapes—"no—o, it don't look good to me—this don't." But Blumpitty had news. "That feller who 'd discovered—yes, and was dyin' as hard as he could last fall—well, he 's alive yet."

"How do you know?"

"Joslin says so. He had a letter at Seattle from a man who 'd come down to Nome from Polaris over the ice at Christmas. Not that it matters much. The sick man don't seem to have let on to them others. Anyways, they 's good and plenty in the mother lode. What I don't see is how he managed it."

"Managed what?"

"To hang on. If ever I see death in a man's face! But I always said they was n't like anything I ever seen before."

"What was n't?"

"Them eyes."

"Near Nome, is it, the place where he—"

"No, a good ways north."

"Heavens! north even of Nome?"

"Yes; it 's the farthest north camp they is. Think o' him hangin' on all through the winter in that place!" Blumpitty's pale gaze sought vainly for enlightenment among the moving ice masses.

"People do get through in worse places than that," said his companion.

"They ain't no worse places than Polaris."

"Yes, there 's Franz Josef Land."

"Never heard o' that camp."

"I wish *I* were going as far as Polaris."

"Why, come right along."

She laughed. "I only wish I could, I 'd like to know a man who 'd lived in the farthest north camp of all—the farthest on our side. What 's that?"

"Where?"

"Out there." She pointed to a ghostly something, as faint as smoke against the high light of the ice rim on the horizon.

Blumpitty stared. "Reckon it 's a cloud. They 's two more! And another —no, by gum, it 's ships!"

And ships they were, five of them, the first seen since leaving Vancouver—a sight to stir the chilled blood of watchers on the *Los Angeles*. For these dreamlike apparitions were vessels such as theirs, threatened like them with ice-pack and with storm. Part of the Nome fleet! None came any nearer except the *Ohio* and the little *Charles Nelson*. They spoke and passed, the *Ohio* speedily to vanish; *Charles Nelson* to tack about, hunting an outlet, and then, discouraged, turn south as the bigger *Los Angeles* pushed valiantly through the ice to the north. "Turn back! No use!" *Charles Nelson* warned, and then, quicker than ever you saw in your life, the fog swooped down and wiped everything off the ocean except the nearer ice. The *Los Angeles* turned and tacked about to the tune of the fog-horn, trying to find a way through the heavier floe, only to be headed off by bigger masses looming through the haze, majestic, slow-sailing ice-ships, some like white gondolas, some like sturdy, low-built castles set fantastically on a field of fleece, for the exposed parts of the berg had rotted in the sun, and in the wind been rippled, so that a nearer sight showed the surfaces honeycombed, disintegrate. And again to Hildegarde Mar came that sense of its all being familiar, as though she had been here before. So she had in spirit. With a thrilling sense of recognition she discovered the original of more than one picture in that book of Galbraith's that she and Bella had pored over in their school-days.

When, early in the afternoon, the fog lifted a little, a message came from the captain inviting Miss Mar to the bridge that she might have a better view. By the time she had obeyed the summons the wind had risen. The captain was looking through his glass. With harassed face he called down to Cheviot walking below with O'Gorman. And now Louis stood beside the captain on the bridge, looking to the northeast and talking in an undertone.

She went nearer the two men. The captain was ending: "—and if the ice closes in behind us, we 'll be trapped."

"Oh, is that all?" said Cheviot.

"No, it is n't all. We 'd be carried wherever the floe goes, and that 's not Nome." Gillies lowered the glass, and his strained-looking eyes fell on Hildegarde. "Sorry, but I can't have ladies here."

Not only rather snubbed, but feeling now the gravity of affairs, Hildegarde departed with some precipitation, while the captain's hoarse shout rang out in an indistinguishable order to some invisible officer.

A few minutes later, standing on bales of merchandise forward on the upper deck, they watched the altering of the course and the race for that single opening, narrower and ever narrower in the close-packed ice. It was exciting enough, for they got out just in time. Thirty-four hours afterward the *Los Angeles* was still beating about on the edge of the pack, looking for a break in the long, white line.

The spirits of the passengers steadily sank. To their jealous imagining, all those phantom ships and the score unseen were now forging ahead. Only the *Los Angeles* besieged the ice in vain. Men stood in knots discussing the captain's mistakes and airing their own knowledge. They had expected this state of things if he persisted in keeping so far to the east. Hour by hour Gillies's credit fell.

The only break in the dead monotony of the afternoon was suggested in the general invitation to come forward and hear Gedge roast the captain. It went ill that day with any witness in Gillies's favor.

In the middle of dinner, people looked up from their plates and said, "What 's that?"

The beanfeaster was the first to find his tongue: "By ——" he said, "we 've stopped!" The passengers dropped their knives and forks and rushed on deck. The beanfeaster was right. In trying to get round the eastern shoulder of the floe, the *Los Angeles* had run aground in Nor-

ton Sound, thirty miles from the mainland. The engines were reversed, and the water round the propeller was set boiling. The ship never budged. The deck resounded to the uproar of many tongues. To waste thirty-six hours feeling her way round the floe was bad enough, but to be "hung up on a sand-bar" a hundred and fifty miles from Nome, with a wicked-looking ice-pack bearing down on you from the west—! And here comes the *Charles Nelson* once more, very perky this time, profiting by the object lesson, and steering clear of the bar. The *Los Angeles* humbled her pride to ask for a line. "Can't get nearer," the word came back; "I 'm three fathom now," and away *Charles Nelson* went, leaving the big steamer to her fate.

"What 's that feller calls himself a captain—what 's he goin' to *do!*" demanded Mr. Gedge of his satellites. "'Wait for the tide!' Yah! He 's got the most high-spirited idears of any man I ever— *'Wait!'* After wastin' two days and nights a'ready! *'Wait!'* while the other fellers are knockin' the bottom out o' Nome!"

It was a harassing thought, but the captain still had his apologists even in the Kangaroo Court. It was O'Gorman's friend with the fiery beard who dared to point out: "Mr. Gedge told us on Friday and Saturday the captain was 'incompetent and foolhardy.' On Sunday and Monday he 's 'over-cautious and damnably slow.' To-night Mr. Gedge tells us—"

"To-night," that gentleman shouted, "I 'm tellin' you still more about this —— captain. Did they or did they not say to us in Seattle that Gillies was a first-rate seaman?"

"Yes; and so he is."

"Did they, or did they not, tell us he knew his job?"

"Right. Knows this ship as you know the way to your mouth."

"Yah! Knows what she can do on the Japan route. But this, gentlemen and ladies, ain't the road to Manila. And do you know what? This here is Captain Gillies's first trip to Alaska!" Gedge brought it out with a sledge-hammer effect. The audience felt they were expected to be dumfounded. They complied.

But a voice was heard: "It 's most people's first trip to Alaska."

"I tell you," said Gedge, judicially, "he knows as little about these Northern seas as that boy there with the banjer."

"This self-appointed judge"—Cheviot's voice rose steadily above the growing murmur—"has n't heard apparently that *nobody* knows these waters."

"Would you mind repeatin' that, sir?"

"Not at all. In the first place the Bering is a practically uncharted sea. That may be a disgrace to our Coast Survey, but it 's hardly the captain's fault."

Gedge looked stumped for a moment. If this were true, it would not do for him not to know it.

Cheviot was making good the diversion in the captain's favor, when Gedge interrupted: "Does the captain's friend pretend to say that the whalers and sealers and fellers who 've been up here before gold was thought of—that none o' *them* don't know enough to keep off a damned sand-bank?" Looking his wiliest: "Now if we had one o' them sort here—" Then, with a highly effective coup: "Ladies and gentlemen, we got him!"

"Here on this ship?"

"Right here on board the *Los Angeles!*"

"Where? Who, who? Name?" Everybody but Cheviot and a few women were shouting themselves hoarse.

"What ye got to say to that, Mr.—you there with the Arctic cap and the tender heart fer captains?"

"I 've got this to say: that even the men who sailed along here last fall don't know Norton Sound this summer."

"Wot!"

"Can't know it."

"And why not?"

"For the good reason that new sand-bars are formed up here every spring. Not a ship that sails for any port on the Northwest coast but goes on what 's practically an exploring expedition. That 's our true danger—the captain's no less than ours."

"Oh, yes, we all know you 're in with his nibs; but what my friends don't know is that Billings & Co. sent a pilot aboard this ship."

"Why, then," roared half a dozen voices—"why ain't he pilotin'?"

"Why?" Mr. Gedge shouted above the

din. "*I* can tell—" His sentence was jerked to an abrupt close. "What 's up?"

Two or three women had uttered little shrieks, and "What was that?" people asked one another. Men turned and looked in one another's faces. What *was* it?"

The sudden jar and vibration of the ship lent added force to Mr. Gedge's charge: "The reason the pilot ain't pilotin' is because the captain ordered him off the bridge the second day out."

"Now I know what it means when the papers say, 'Sensation in the court,'" a little Canadian hospital nurse whispered to Mrs. Locke. But in another second she was clinging to that lady and her eyes were scared and wide; for, as if under the assault of a battering-ram, the *Los Angeles* was shaking from stem to stern.

Hildegarde felt a warm hand laid on her two, tight-clasped and cold. Cheviot had put an arm through the outer fringe of the group where she and Mrs. Locke were standing. "Come for'ard," he said.

"Was that the ice?" Mrs. Locke whispered, allowing herself to be drawn along.

All the rest of the people stood hushed for a moment, as if stunned by the concussion. The three who alone in those first instants seemed to retain power of movement quietly made their way out of the throng, while every ear was filled with the horrible secondary sounds of that mighty impact—a slow grinding, a horrible gritting as of granite jaws reducing the bones of prey to powder.

"I want you to stay here till I come back." Cheviot left the two women under the bridge. As Hildegarde listened with beating heart to the sound of the ice against the ship, she said to herself: "These are moments Jack Galbraith has known. After to-night I shall understand better. I shall be closer to a part of his life than Bella ever will." Every sense was set to note the change that in the last few minutes had come over the spirit of the ship. No wild commotion; a hush, rather; but a thing of eery significance. No more shrill harangues in the Kangaroo Court; no dancing on the upper deck; no *tink-a-tink* of banjo in the steerage. Men gathered in groups, talking for the most part quietly, but agreed that the old sea tramp would n't stand much of this kind of thing. With a single mind the women, as soon as they had pulled themselves together, hastened down below.

"I 've forgotten something," Hildegarde said. "I won't be two minutes."

"Where are you going?"

"To the cabin. Do you want anything brought up?"

"No."

Upon her reappearance with a small hand-bag, she found Cheviot talking to Mrs. Locke: "The current is carrying the ice out all right. Probably the only danger 's the passengers making fools of themselves. But if they 'll only go quietly to bed—"

"They won't," said Mrs. Locke. "Nobody will go to bed to-night," she assured him.

"What do they want to do?" he demanded.

"Sit up till one in the morning," Mrs. Locke answered, "and see the tide float us off the bar."

"Well, the women, at all events,"—Cheviot looked about with an air of relief,—"the women have gone to bed already."

"No, indeed," said Hildegarde. "They 're tumbling over one another down in the saloon, in and out of the state-rooms, collecting their things. Some are saying their prayers, and some—"

"Do you sing?" Cheviot demanded.

"I?" Mrs. Locke stared. "No."

"Who does?" he appealed to Hildegarde.

"I don't know."

"Yes; I heard a woman yesterday"—

"Oh, that awful Miss Pinckney—you know, with the draggled feathers."

"Well, go and find her and get her to sing now."

"*Sing?*"

"Yes, sing. It may make just all the difference." Cheviot was in the act of bolting back to the captain.

"She can't sing." Hildegarde followed him a step.

He misunderstood it for an untimely musical criticism. "Then let her make a noise of some sort."

"Oh, she 's doing that—screaming

with hysterics down in the saloon." Cheviot flashed back to say confidentially not to Hildegarde, but to Mrs. Locke: "Go and see if you can't get up a concert." With which cool and apparently crazy suggestion he vanished.

Twenty minutes later a woman, wearing diamond earrings and a sealskin jacket, paused in her flight up the companionway, and leaned an instant, panting, against the music-room door. Now she was lifting her head with a slow incredulity as an unsteady voice near by began to quaver out a rag-time ballad, highly offensive to sensitive ears, but a tune familiar and to many on the ship most dear. The woman peered round the half-open door, staring from one to the other of these callous creatures within making merry on the brink of destruction, Miss Mar at the piano and at her side the draggled Miss Pinckney. Ah, no, that red-eyed woman was not callous. She sang the inane words with lips that trembled. Now she was breaking down.

"No, no; go on!" Miss Mar insisted. "Think of the others."

"They 'll never listen. Everybody 's too—too—"

"Well, let 's see. Now!" and very ineffectually Hildegarde took up the second verse. Miss Pinckney plucked the strain away as two men looked in. There was nothing special to take them up or down. They stood near the woman with the diamond earrings, hardly knowing that they listened. In that first twenty minutes, every time the ice struck the ship, Miss Pinckney would hesitate and her voice would fly off the scale in a faint scream.

"Oh, *please!* That 's enough to scare anybody!" and Hildegarde played doggedly on. "Now let 's try again." It was, however, as if not Miss Mar's admonishing, but the rude insistence of the tune dragged Miss Pinckney along, pulling her out of the pit of her fears and landing her "Down along the Bowery" or "In Gay Paree," or some place equally remote from the sand-bar in the Bering Sea.

Mrs. Locke, with the Blumpittys and a brace of doctors in tow, appeared in the act of descending for a muster of "the company." Cheviot came flying down behind them, two steps at a time, and turned into the music-room.

Not many besides him, but because Cheviot was there the concert had begun. Not only Hildegarde felt this quickening of life in any room he entered. Miss Pinckney remembered she had the music of a "real pretty song" out of the "Belle of New York." She 'd go and get it.

In her absence Hildegarde fell upon the piano with redoubled vigor. Loud and fast she hammered out the wildest jig she could remember. Miss Pinckney, coming back, music in hand, stopped with a scream. *Bang! Bang!* Grit! Grind! went the ice.

With the first words of Miss Pinckney's song Cheviot was flying back to the deck. *Bang!* Grit! Grind! Was she awake, Hildegarde asked herself, or was this fetid room and were these harsh, assailing sounds a form of nightmare? Steadily she played on. The room was filling. Upon the appearance of the banjo-boy and the cross-eyed flute-player, the concert was in full swing. Now some one was telling Hildegarde to play the "Battle Hymn" and presently several of the men were helping Miss Pinckney to send John Brown's soul marching on. Oh, for a little air! Surely there was n't room for any more people in this overcrowded space. But still they came. It was curious to watch the new faces at the door peering over the shoulders of those who stood about the piano. Little by little you could see the strain going out of the tense features. Not that their anxieties vanished, but they were softened, humanized through the humble agency of a ramshackle piano and an untrained voice in a song. Even the steps, from the very top to the bottom of the companionway, were crowded now. That fact of itself made for quiescence on the decks. People could no longer run freely up or down. While they paused and wormed their way, they were laid hold of by their ears. The little room was packed to suffocation. Deserted by his audience, even Gedge came down to see what was up. Thicker and more stifling grew the air. In a pause between songs a scrap of conversation floated over Hildegarde's shoulder: "Lucky there 's no wind."

"My, yes! If there was wind—"

"Shut up!"

"What, then, if there was wind?" a third insisted, barely audible.

"Oh, *then*—we 'd get off the bar." Clear enough to one of those for whose weaker sake the truth was veiled—clear enough what the ironic comfort meant. If behind the ice were wind as well as current, the ship would n't live an hour. Steadily the girl played on. Was n't the onslaught of the ice heavier that time? Was the wind rising then? Yes, surely, surely, the wind had risen. Well, one must play the louder. But her tranced eyes turned now right, now left. Some faces clearer than others in the haze. Gedge with his pasty visage bleached to chalk, and of his cheap but heady eloquence never a word. Others here that Hildegarde had seen night after night gambling, drinking, quarreling—and now!

These rude fellow-creatures, little admirable as they might show themselves in happier hours, wore something very like dignity to-night. How still they were! It did not escape Hildegarde that all these many pairs of eyes were either lowered, or fixed on space, as if each one forebore to read in his fellow's face confirmation of his own grim knowledge. Each avoiding the other's eyes, they stood there listening to those sounds the puny piano was ineffectual to drown—the crash of impact and the yet more horrible crunching, vicious and prolonged, as though man's arch-enemy of the deep, after battering vainly for admission, would gnaw his way to this strange concert on the ice-beleaguered bar. While the nerves of the people still vibrated under the bombardment, some one started "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Strangest of all on that strange evening was the revelation that in this particular company hardly one but seemed to know the hymn, and few that were not singing it with abandon to the thunderous bass of the ice. Whatever your own thoughts might be, you read on more than one of these faces that of a certainty God was "nearer" that night than He had often been before. At the beginning of the last verse, the loudest crash of all, as if a hundred tons of iron had been hurled at the *Los Angeles*. The people, led by one unfaltering voice, kept on singing. Only Hildegarde's flying fingers stumbled as the ship shrank and cowered under the attack. Had it ended like this for Galbraith, too? Would he and she meet down there in the kind sea caves?

Cheviot's face looked in through the haze. Of course she had known he would come for her at the last. When those firm lips opened she would hear him saying: "Stop your playing. We 've done what we could, you down here, I on deck. Let us go now and meet the end." Oh, it was well that he was here! Through the haze his face swam nearer, and what he was really saying was: "Good girl! If only you can keep it up a little longer!" And with that the face grew dim.

"A little longer!" Faintness, like sleep, stole over the good girl. As a peculiar throbbing went through the ship, Hildegarde felt the hulk of the *Los Angeles* open, and knew vaguely that she was falling.

When she opened her eyes, Louis was lifting her up. She was not clinging to a berg or even sitting on a cake of ice. Still in the horrible little room and still that throbbing was shaking the ship. The people who had been so quiet were pushing, jostling, shouting, frantic to get where? To the boats, of course! All except Louis and Mrs. Locke. Noble souls, they were ready to stay and die with Hildegarde Mar. She must exert herself.

"Now I can go."

"There 's no hurry," says Cheviot.

"Oh, yes, come. We must try—we, too."

"Try what?"

"Why to—to save ourselves."

He laughed. "Poor girl, do you feel dreadfully shipwrecked?"

"What are they all running for?" She looked round bewildered.

"The engines have started. Tide 's nearly flood. Can you walk? That 's right." They helped her to the deck. Long after midnight, and the world so bright! Oh, the blessing of the pure, cold air! While she breathed it in, O'Gorman stopped to whisper in Cheviot's ear: "By George, you 've saved a panic!"

"No," says Cheviot; "it was n't my concert."

(To be continued)

THE GREAT MAN

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

BORN of needs of little men,
Of the longing gods in them,
Of the reach of children's hands,
Of the piercing mother-eyes
Begging "Now!" and praying "When?"
Of the yearning millions' cries,
Of the passion and the dream
Sighing up from trodden lands,
Come the vision and the power,
Comes the voice unmastered, free,
Comes the faith no doubt can dim,
Comes the soul unto the hour,
And the way grows wide for him
Walking with the day to be.
Dead the grasp of Custom then,—
Silent grows her voice and pen;
Break as thread the steel-drawn strands;
Part as air the birth-wrong bands;
Graves no longer overawe;
Dust is dust, and men are men;
A living tongue again gives living law.

Trophies ours by gold and gun,
Little treasures, houses,—nay.
Guerdons of our dearest fight,—
Now are fuel for his sun,
And the dreams that lit the night
Burn as candles in the day.
Yet we made thee, Man of Right,
As our being plead to rise;
Of our straining arm thy might;
Even as we prayed for sight,
Lo, afar thou hadst thy prophet eyes.

Ay, thy gleaming spear is ours;
Ours thy fearless, golden bow;
And our shining arrows go
From thy bright untaken towers.
Thou art what we will to be,
Scepter, star, and wingèd cloud;
We are blood and brawn of thee,
Glowing up through sod and stone,
Burning through thy rended shroud,
Moving with thee, chainless, on;
And the world, a quickened whole,
Truth-delivered, naked, free,
Once again hath found its deathless soul.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"MUSA REGINA." BY HENRY O. WALKER

(FROM THE PAINTING IN THE EVANS COLLECTION NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON)

NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARS

TAKEN BY THE ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO THE ANDES AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

EARLY in the spring of 1907, Prof. David P. Todd of Amherst College and the writer, deeming it for the advancement of astronomy to have observations of Mars in the advantageous atmospheric conditions of the higher Andes, decided to undertake an expedition there. The great desideratum in celestial research to-day is a suitable locality in which to prosecute it. Unfortunately, at the present time most observatories are situated where man is greatly handicapped in his own efforts toward the stars. Almost from the necessities of the case they are stationed near cities, where smoke, clouds, and electric lighting produce a condition, when that is not already generated by nature, which precludes the very object for which they exist. Bad as this is in failing to add to the sum of human knowledge, the result is even worse by its encouragement of erroneous belief. Even in the case of stellar work, locality is a greater help or hindrance than most laymen suppose,[1] while in planetary work it is vital to any advance.

To this fundamental reason for investigating a region manifestly favorable to the pursuit of astronomical science, another and a special one was added by the fact that the opposition of Mars to occur in the following July was a most propitious one save for a single detracting circumstance—the great southern position of the planet in the sky. This would make its observation difficult in Europe or the northern half of the United States, as the planet would culminate at midnight so low down toward the horizon as to offer no chance for detecting its finer and more important features. In this connection the interviews one reads with certain astronomers represented as "thinking it not worth while to observe the planet" sound comical. Nature settled that question herself.

Few, if any, astronomical expeditions have been conducted with greater skill than those led by Professor Todd, and though these were of the solar type of starring tours, he had experience and native ability in the method of carrying them through. His success with foreign governments and also with our own was little short of coercive. Only in the matter of clouds had he been less favored, allowing the clerk of the weather to get in his time-worn little irony of obscuring the sun at the exact moment of totality, to unveil it immediately after. Happily no such ill-timed intervention was in the present case possible, as, contrary to current ideas on the subject, the opposition of Mars is not so much an epoch as an era. It occurs, indeed, at a definite instant of time, but the event does not commonly mark the planet's nearest approach to the earth, for Mars may be well observed for three or four months on each side of the mo-

[1] More stars have been counted in a given region of the sky at the Lowell Observatory than at the Lick in California, a result confirmed by photography, and stars half a magnitude fainter are seen there than at the Yerkes, near Chicago, although the glasses are respectively 24, 36, and 40 inches aperture. Thus, in spite of smaller size, the first is the most effective refractor in the world to-day.

ment of opposition. It is in truth to such prolonged scanning that we owe our modern mastery of the subject.

Important as it was to secure observations of Mars of all kinds, it was evident to the writer that photographing was most likely to lead to success. To decipher the Martian features requires training as well as an acute eye; that is why skepticism persists. Forgetting that there can be no merit because there is no difficulty in detecting what the first-comer can see, the inexperienced advance confidently to the attack, and seeing nothing, conclude that Mars has nothing to show. Much of importance, therefore, was not likely to accrue from visual observations to any one without long experience in that kind of study, and such a one it was not advisable to send, as not only would valuable time be lost in going and coming, but the installation of the instruments could not in many respects be as perfect as at home.

To secure photographs, however, seemed more feasible and of greater educational value for professionals and amateurs alike. A photograph can be scanned by everybody, and the observation repeated until one is convinced.

Skilled experts were needed for taking the photographs; for the only process by which they could be secured was new, being the outcome of special research here during the last four years and brought to successful issue by Mr. Lampland. It depended upon a careful study of atmospheric, optical, and photographic properties combined. Failure properly to appreciate the effect of any one of the factors in the process was bound to bring failure in the result, as was the case at another large observatory, where an attempt was made to copy a new device of the writer without adequate knowledge of all the principles involved.

Success rested upon securing the utmost possible definition. For a definition far superior to anything hitherto attained in photographing the moon, stars, or nebulæ was necessary to catch the canals at all, and such definition was to be got only by a most careful combination of atmospheric and instrumental circumstances. What the needed definition means, the reader will perhaps appreciate when told that the whole disk of Mars is at best only $\frac{1}{5620}$ of that of the moon, and the breadth of a canal is only $\frac{1}{286}$ of the diameter of the Martian disk. Or, to put it differently, on the retina the whole disk of Mars prior to magnification occupies a space only $\frac{1}{11000}$ of an inch across. Meanwhile the general attitude toward the subject was that of Dr. Johnson toward the musician, who, when informed that the piece just played was excessively difficult, replied that he wished it had been wholly impossible.

To describe the many factors in the process would prove too technical and wearisome to the general reader, whose chief relish for the journey is the country at its farther end. Still a point or two may enlarge his scientific curiosity and give him a glimpse of the difficulties that had to be overcome. He will, then, in the first place be interested to learn that this photographing of Mars was not done at all by what are commonly considered the photographic rays of light. To get such portraits of another planet would have been impossible by the method used to obtain one's own.

The actinic rays by which the reader's own picture is taken, lie, as he is aware, in the blue and violet end of the spectrum; but, what he is not so familiar with, these rays, by having different focal distances, make each a separate image of him on the plate. Thus his picture is in reality a blurred composite of likenesses, one of them in focus, the others out of it. Now the blur has a definite size, and therefore becomes increasingly obnoxious as the image is small; so that in the case of an *"immense Monsieur Perrichon"* his every feature may be beautifully presented, while the features of a *"tout petit Mont Blanc"* behind him are lost. Therefore, where the details to be obtained are almost infinitesimal, as in portraiture of another world, ordinary photography is impotent, whatever the magnification.

Equally incapable of such delineation are the great photographic telescopes of the world, such as the Bruce doublet of Harvard at Arequipa, and for the same reason. Perfectly as they record stars where the acme of definition is not all-important, they are bound to fail completely in the ability to catch finer planetary detail with the plates at present used.

Not with the blue rays at all, but with

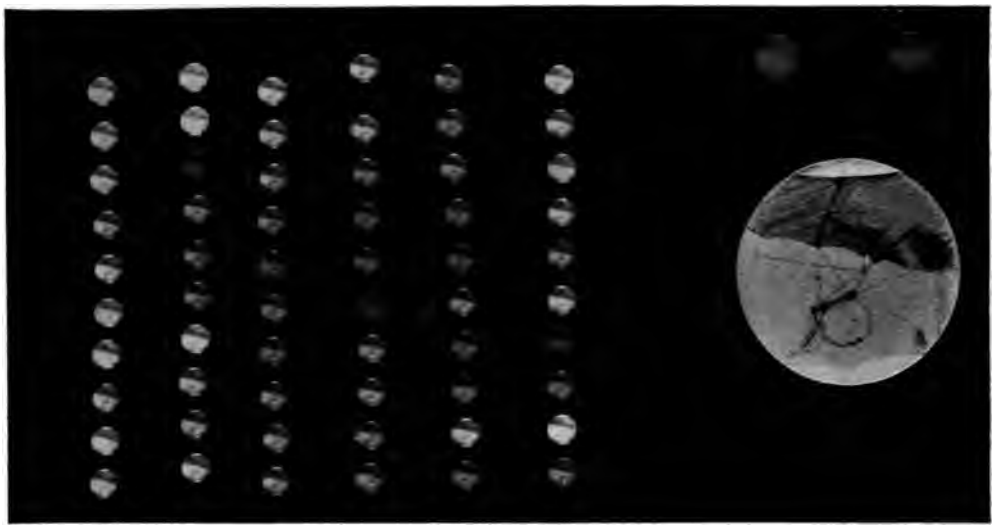
THE AMHERST TELESCOPE IN POSITION AT ALIANZA, CHILE

The telescope was mounted in a cemented tennis-court, 4200 feet above sea-level. The large weight attached by means of a rope was for the purpose of counterbalancing the increased weight of the tube in the Southern hemisphere, it having been constructed for use at 42° North latitude. The planetary camera (not shown here) about five feet in length, was attached to the lower end of the telescope. The observing chair is in the background at the right. The members of the expedition, from left to right, are Professor David P. Todd (in charge), Mrs. Todd, Robert D. Eaglesfield, A. G. Ilse, and E. C. Slipher.

what are not usually thought of as photographic—the yellow ones—was the photographing of the canals of Mars made possible. To this end a screen cutting off the photographic rays is the first prerequisite to any successful photographic result. The second is the use of special plates, sensitized to the yellow part of the spectrum by different chemicals, which themselves would not be effective without the yellow screen.

Differing as the process does from ordinary photography in wave-length and chemicals involved, it takes a step in wave-printing—in waves-length, though not in kind—toward where at the far end stand the electro-magnetic waves of Clerk-Maxwell telegraphy which some day may possibly impress a sensitive plate different from any we now know.

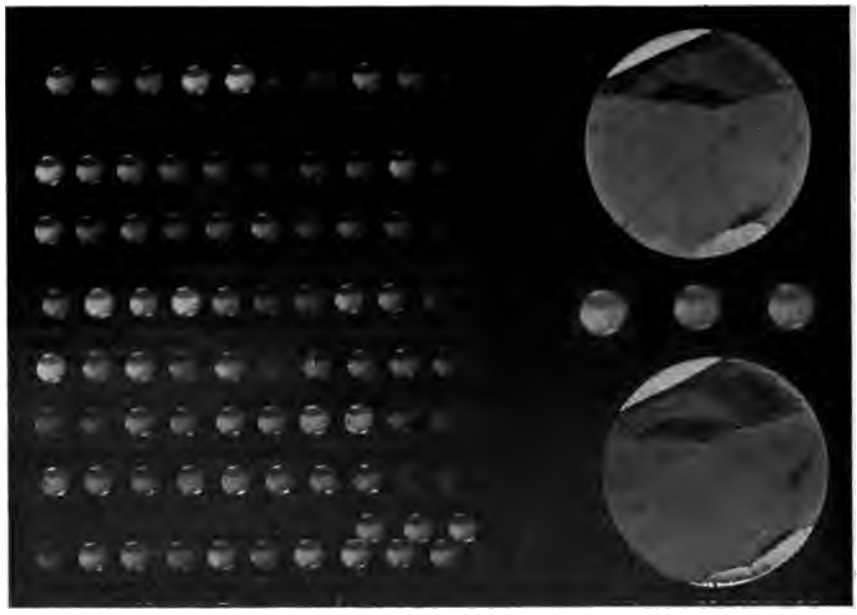
Another factor vital to success is shortness of exposure, and this involves a limit to possible magnification. In terrestrial photography one may expose as long as one likes, but when one comes to dilate the object in a telescope, the effect of our disturbed ocean of air through which we perforce look becomes disastrous. It is



No. 1. TAKEN JULY 13, WHEN MARS WAS NEAREST THE EARTH. THIS PRINT REPRESENTS THE UNIFORM SIZE OF THE PLATES USED, BUT THE NUMBER OF IMAGES VARIES, DUE TO DIFFERENCE IN MAGNIFICATION

REGION OF "ELYSIUM." LONGITUDE OF THE CENTER OF THE PHOTOGRAPH, 215°. PROFESSOR LOWELL'S DRAWING OF HIS CORRESPONDING VISUAL OBSERVATION AT THE SAME DATE. ABOVE ENLARGEMENTS OF THE IMAGES TO 2 DIAMETERS

like trying to photograph distinctly across a heated stove or through the shimmering air above a sun-warmed beach. Instantaneity, to secure the fleeting moments of steadiness in the image, is essential, and yet instantaneity is what the

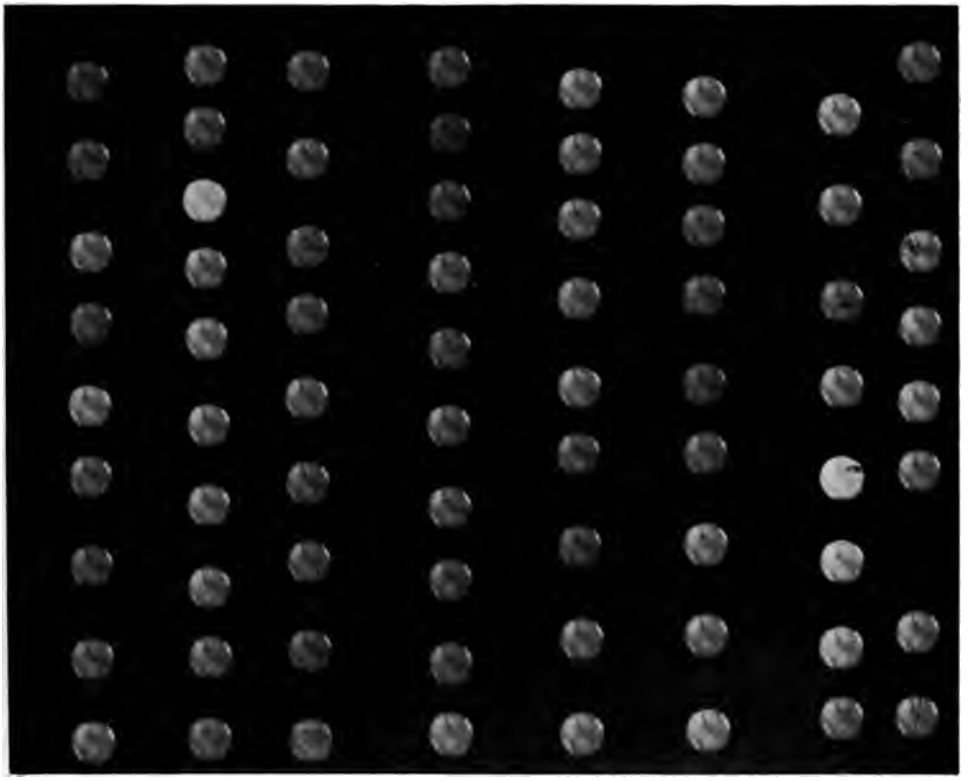


No. 2. THESE PRINTS SHOW NUMEROUS DELICATE CANALS RUNNING FROM THE DARK BANDS ACROSS THE LIGHT EQUATORIAL REGION

REGION OF THE "MARE CIMMERIUM." LONGITUDE OF THE CENTER OF THE PHOTOGRAPH, 185°. "SINUS TITANUM" ON THE LEFT; "ELYSIUM" ON THE RIGHT. ENLARGEMENTS, AND PROFESSOR LOWELL'S CORRESPONDING DRAWINGS

plates lack. For when it comes to the fainter light of celestial objects due to magnification, the best plates prove dishearteningly slow. Furthermore, the quicker they are, the coarser of necessity is their grain, resembling in this the cones of the human eye, which is the reason why astronomers good at detecting faint stars are poor in perceiving planetary detail. But as the grain bears a sizable relation to the very detail, it is desired to decipher, the coarser it is, the more it thwarts its own end. If we try to avoid the Scylla of granularity by increasing the size of the image, we fall into the Charybdis of lengthened exposure-time; for the more the image is magnified, the fainter each part of it grows, and the longer is the time it takes to impress itself upon the film. Consequently the greater the chance becomes that moments of bad definition will mix with the good. So the best instants must be isolated by shortening the exposure-time, and to do this, the magnification must be kept down.

To secure such photographs it was not advisable to have Mr. Lampland go, as work of the same character was to be done at home; so Mr. E. C. Slipher, fellow at this observatory, was sent instead. Armed with duplicates of our own apparatus, he was carefully coached by Mr. Lampland in their use, and, thus equipped, was despatched to meet Professor Todd in New York. At the same time, at the writer's request, Mr. Ilse was kindly detailed by the Alvan Clark & Sons corporation to be the mechanician of the expedition. An invaluable one he proved to be.



No. 3. THE BEST SERIES OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS, OBTAINED JULY 25. ONE OF THE ROWS IS OMITTED FROM THE PLATE TO ALLOW OF THE ENLARGEMENT TO EXACTLY 2 DIAMETERS

On May 11, the party sailed, and three weeks later they were off the coast of Peru. Finding the weather there at the time unpropitious, they continued down to Iquique, in northern Chile, and ascending some distance into the interior, set up their instruments at Alianza.

Before long, cables began to arrive at Flagstaff which showed that the expedition had met with unqualified success—success indeed beyond expectation, and following on their heels as fast as steam could bring them came the actual prints. Even to the expert eyes that scanned them critically they proved little less than astounding. Not only were canals and plates, which, again, are impressed upon the magazine sheet. If the old saying be true that "three moves are as bad as a fire," it is clear how much has inevitably been lost in these steps made in order that they might be presented to the general reader at all. Later, the original prints will, I trust, be exhibited in the Natural History Museum of New York,

No. 4. SHOWING VARIETY OF INTENSITY OF IMAGE. THE DIFFERENCE IS DUE TO VARIATION IN TIME OF EXPOSURE

REGION OF THE SOLIS LACUS. LONGITUDE OF THE CENTER OF THE PHOTOGRAPH, 90°. ENLARGEMENTS, AND PROFESSOR LOWELL'S DRAWING

cases evident there, but these showed with a delicacy of delineation which spoke for the steadiness of the air through which they had been taken as well as for Mr. Slipher's skill in taking them. When we consider that stability in the telescope is essential, and that in this case the instrument was only temporarily set up, the excellence of Mr. Ilse's mounting and of Mr. Slipher's manipulation of it become apparent.

In scrutinizing these views, one should remember two things: first, that what he sees on the printed page is three removes from the original picture. From the negative was first taken a print; this was rephotographed in making the half-tone where those interested can scan them for themselves.

Secondly, the reader should be warned against thinking that magnification by a hand-glass will enable him to see them more precisely. For the grain of the plate already magnified opposes itself to any such resolution. For an acute eye they are best as they are, but for those of less penetrating sight a very slight enlargement is necessary. But this must not be overdone.

The small size of these bullets from Mars demanding minute scrutiny to read the message they convey, instead of belittling, magnifies, their merit. That they cannot yet be obtained larger proves

them to be not results stumbled upon which might have been known before, (as witness the photographic disclosure of the X-rays), but results wrung from the camera for all it is able to convey.

Now, the importance of these little round disks, doubt-killing bullets from the planet of war, is that they reveal to laymen and astronomers alike that markings exist on Mars which cannot be explained on any other supposition than that life able to fashion them is present there at this very moment.[1] For to an acute eye they are manifestly straight lines. Now, straight lines are not natural products on any such scale as to be visible from one body to another across forty millions of miles of intervening space. Nothing on our earth would present any such appearance were we on Mars. Our Mississippi or Amazon would not look like them, as any one may prove for himself by holding a map of the world at the proper distance; nor would chasms like our Cañon of the Colorado resemble them in linearity. Up to the limit imposed by the grain of the plate they reveal clearly a non-natural look, and here, as if to refute the gratuitous objection that if we could see them better they might not appear so straight, come in the more potent visual observations of these same objects. For the eye can resolve what the film may not. And the testimony of the eye is that the straightness is more pronounced than appears from the photographic imprint. In other words, we do see them better, and when we do, the verdict is emphatic that they are even more artificial-looking than before. Side by side with the photographic prints are here placed reproductions of drawings made by the writer synchronously, without knowledge of the details of similar observations made at a station nearly six thousand miles away. The resemblance would be startling were not fact the basis of both. Up to the limit of its granular capacity the film reproduces all the retina caught; but from its greater fineness of texture the eye records detail, and with a definiteness the plate may not match. Thus the latter corroborates the former to the utmost of its capacity, and then the eye steps in to state that, far from being less wonderful when closer seen, these markings are even more startlingly peculiar. Even handicapped as the film is, it puts to silence all assertions that the canals are diffuse streaks, and reveals them better in all their linearity than poor air will permit of their being seen in most of the observatories of the world.

No. 5. THE IRREGULARITY OF THE DISKS IS CAUSED BY PERIODIC MOTION OF THE DRIVING CLOCK. THE MEDIUM-SIZED VIEWS ARE ENLARGEMENTS OF THE SMALL IMAGES TO 2 DIAMETERS

PROFESSOR LOWELL'S DRAWING OF THE SAME REGION. REGION OF THE "SYRTIS MINOR." LONGITUDE OF THE CENTER OF THE PHOTOGRAPH, 265°. WEDGE OF "CASSIUS CENTRAL" AT BOTTOM

Undertaken with a view to their educa-

[1] See articles by the writer now appearing in the CENTURY MAGAZINE.

tional value in setting skepticism at rest, these photographs have proved the death of even more doubt than the operators thought possible. For it must be remembered that the photographs reveal what has been known for years at Flagstaff, though so contrary to what many men wish to believe that the world has failed to realize the fact.

One thing he who scans these circles must understand, or he will miss the full measure of the wonder they contain. His brain must be open to them; not his eye alone. For what is before him is no meaningless articulation of black and white, but the portrait in its entity of another world, imprinted there by that world itself. Sharp set against the black of space this circlet of light displays to him an earth, comparable in grandeur and self-containment with that on which he dwells. Small to the sight, in the brain it takes on its true dimensions, and to the mind's eye becomes the globe it really is, which, could he find himself transported thither, would seem the essential sum and center of the universe, as now to most men our own world comprises all they know.

The trained observer will find in the markings in chiaroscuro representations of the really colored topography of that other world. Glistening snows around the poles are the white spots that catch his eye at top and bottom; blue-green areas of vegetation as large as Europe, the dark ones he sees below; vast rose-ocher stretches of Saharan desert, the light regions that compose its greater portion. And then, at last, trained to looking, he will distinguish the threads that interlace them and bind them all into a communicated whole. These little lines are the "canals" which for their strange directness and yet stranger articulation were for long denied existence, and even now find a world slow to credit the story they have to tell. For it wounds man's dignity to believe it. But to the camera no evasion of the fact avails. They are there, and the film refuses to report them other than they are. They speak of life to him who ponders on their meaning, reviewing with open mind all the evidence they detail—life working to definite self-supporting end. And his mind must be dulled indeed who does not lose himself in contemplation of the wonder of the mental vision these little balls call up.

That life is there is founded on no assumption, but on massed evidence that is conclusive, and the reader should realize that opposition to the idea that we now have proof of life on Mars is not based on reason, but on emotion, however speciously cloaked. All scientific objections have been met and shown untenable as to temperature, snow, etc., but human prejudice, as with the Copernican system or the origin of species, time alone can dispel.

No. 6. ORIGINAL SIZE, AND SINGLE IMAGE ENLARGED TO VARIOUS DIAMETERS TO SHOW SUCCESSIVE LOSS OE DETAIL TO THE POINT OF VISUAL DISAPPEARANCE, DUE TO THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE EMULSION GRAINS

PLATE 1. VIEW OF REGION KNOWN AS "SYRTIS MAJOR" JULY 31

PLATE 4. "SOLIS LACUS" JULY 19

PLATE 2. "MARE CIMMERIUM" JULY 23

PLATE 5. "SYRTIS MINOR" JULY 11

PLATE 3. "FASTIGIUM ARYN" JULY 31

PLATE 6. "MARE ERYTHRÆUM" JULY 28

SOME OBSERVATIONS OF MARS MADE BY MR. SLIPHER DURING THE EXPEDITION OF 1907

The drawings here reproduced show "visual observations" which were made by me at Alianza: they are untouched records of what I saw through the telescope at various times. These drawings number in all 110 and each was made according to the suggestion of Professor Lowell, which was to err on the side of conservatism by placing on the blank Mars circles nothing which was not confirmed by repeated observation. Of these drawings Plates 2, 4, and 5, correspond in general with those similarly numbered presented by Professor Lowell in his article, which show the same region of the planet as seen from Arizona at about the same dates. No. 3 corresponds with the photographic plate of No. 3 in the previous article.—E. C. S.

NOTE: At the time of going to press these drawings have not been seen by Professor Lowell, though published by his permission.—THE EDITOR.

PHOTOGRAPHING MARS

BY E. C. SLIPHER

Photographer to the Expedition

THE Andes photographs of Mars were made with a large planetary camera which carries with it an amplifying lens. This camera was fastened to the lower end of the large telescope of 18-inch lens, and each of the many little images shown on the plates was taken separately. The telescope was adjusted so that the planet was in the center of the camera-field; then the plate-holder carrying the sensitive plate was placed in the carrier of the planetary camera and set in position for the first image, the slide then being drawn from the plate-holder. A bulb in the right hand opened the shutter of the camera, allowing the light from the planet to fall on the sensitive plate, with an exposure of about two seconds. Then a bulb in the left hand shifted the plate a quarter of an inch for the succeeding image; and so on through the entire series of images taken on one plate. Sometimes the plate was arranged to shift from right to left and sometimes in a vertical direction.

Inasmuch as the photographs were made at night, virtually no light except that from Mars reached the plate, and the latter was not incapacitated by one exposure from receiving other sensitive impressions. About half an hour was consumed in taking the sixty images on some of the plates, and eight or ten plates were exposed in one night's work. In all about ten thousand negative images were taken. The plates here reproduced represent the work that was done under the most favorable conditions of atmosphere. The one of July 13, taken during the nearest approach of the planet to the earth, was at a distance of 38,500,000 miles. When Mars was at or near the zenith, it was necessary for me to lie on my back while taking the photographs.

As the best "seeing" occurs in "flashes," the successive images on the same negative may differ somewhat in wealth of finer detail; to the skilled eye all show the larger canals with remarkable clearness, though the more delicate details are lost in reproduction. Of the ten thousand separate images of the planet none is destitute of canals, and in some cases as many as twenty-five or thirty canals have been counted in a single image. Several of the previously observed double canals show their duality on the plates taken during the intervals of best atmospheric conditions.

This has been only the second opposition of Mars during which the canals have been successfully photographed. The first and only previous successful photographic impressions of the canals were obtained at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, during the opposition of 1905, through the thought and skill of Mr. C. O. Lampland. Two years will elapse before another opposition of the planet, when it makes a still nearer approach to the earth, and after that no favorable opposition will occur for a period of fifteen years.

The drawings by Professor Lowell in his article were made by visual observation through his large 24-inch telescope virtually at the same time that the impressions of the adjoining plates were being taken in the Andes through the Amherst telescope of 18-inch lens, as his position in Arizona and Professor Todd's position in Chile were nearly on the same meridian, so that the same face of the planet was presented to both places of observation at the same time. The drawings are printed contiguous to the photographs taken direct from the planet, in order to show how the latter confirm the visual observation of Professor Lowell.

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PORTRAIT OF MISS M——

PAINTED BY EMIL FUCHS

attributed to it by a certain foreign writer, every business concern would have to shut up shop, mercantile transactions would be impossible, and every honest man would hurry home to defend his property and family with a shotgun.

A few months ago there was a general outcry about the condition of New York City. There was an Asiatic murder there that had nothing whatever to do with local habits and conditions. There were many distressing incidents with regard to young girls. The reverberations from these incidents were world-wide. One might think that the metropolis was given over to crime, and that justice had utterly failed there. And yet, whatever the faults that exist, it is doubtful if for generations the administration of criminal justice has been on a higher plane, if on one so high, as it is now in New York. There are many things that should be made better, that will be made better in this connection; but, for instance, the police department is under the control of an official of perfect honesty and great industry. Though the police "graft" is not a thing only of the past, under the present commissioner has been accomplished what a very few years ago was thought to be impossible,—namely, the passage at Albany of laws giving the commissioner actual as well as nominal control of the force. In the District Attorney's highly important office there is a man of absolute integrity and unusual ability and strength, owing nothing to any political organization, and under him is a force of assistants constituting one of the most exceptional groups of young men ever associated in any branch of our public service. Again, the police magistracy, while not in every case what it might be, is mainly on a high level of intelligence and integrity, and it has been made more efficient lately by the establishment of a night court. Something might be said, and has been, in disparagement of the ability of some of the judges of the criminal courts, while others are undoubtedly able and well-trained men, and there are no scandalous characters among them.

Our contention is that while we must expose evils and reform abuses, it will tend toward encouragement in the work if we occasionally congratulate ourselves on the good that is being done in the various departments of life and society. Let us turn our attention at times,—and why not at Christmas-time? —away from the rascals, and gaze upon the saints. There was an old colored washerwoman, long passed to her reward, who used to be a great comfort to us. Her character was so fine that the contemplation of it eased the mind after the strain of running against certain selfish and wicked persons. No one can do a fellow-mortal a greater kindness than in helping to store his mind with instances of public or private goodness. We heard the other day of a group of poor people, mechanics and others, who out of their earnings saved enough money to buy a piano for a girl who had to go on crutches. These kindly souls got the girl away from the house, hurried the piano in, and took her back into a darkened room, where the donors were sitting about waiting to see the girl made happy when the lights should be turned on! Not long ago we were told of the good deeds of a millionaire, a man who had been a workman, who won an honest fortune, but could not be happy till he had made a lot of his old friends and companions well off, too,—all in the most delicate and brotherly way,—deliberately keeping down his own fortune in order to add to the comfort and happiness of others. Let us make much of such characters and incidents, for encouragement and edification!

There are in these United States immense numbers of perfectly honorable and trustworthy public officials, business men, and men of all occupations. There is an enormous amount of unselfish public service upon the part of men and women who take no office. The sincere, self-sacrificing labor for the good of particular communities, and for the general uplifting of humanity,—in our churches, educational institutions, charities, and associations for betterment of various kinds, —is simply incalculable. And yet one is told now and then that the whole country is going to the dogs; that America is the failure of the ages. If one should believe this abominable calumny, moral paralysis would strike to the very heart of the most courageous. The statement, of course, is grotesque, wicked, ignorant, harmful, nonsense.

TRYING TO SPOIL THE AMERICAN GIRL

IN the "Atlantic Monthly" for September there is an article by Miss Anna A. Rogers entitled "Why American Marriages Fail" which ought to be read by every woman in the country. We do not purpose to do more than quote the theme of this suggestive (if not infallible) paper, which deals with these topics: "(1) Woman's failure to realize that marriage is her work in the world. (2) Her growing individualism. (3) Her lost art of giving, replaced by a highly developed receptive faculty." We merely wish to call attention to two considerations upon which Miss Rogers has touched but lightly or not at all.

We are very far from thinking that all the fault in marriage comes from the wrong education of young women, whether by their parents or by the daily influence of public opinion; for selfishness is of neither sex. There is ample material for another article on the husband's contribution to domestic unhappiness. But there are two glaring causes of the wrong point of view which predisposes to such unhappiness which may be worth attention. Both directly affect the exaggerated "individualism" of women to which Miss Rogers refers. They may be called Pampering and Publicity.

The importance of the young woman in American society is out of all proportion to her achievements, and naturally, where such importance is the rule, the social tone, however "gay," is unintellectual and devoid of the mellowness which makes the formal intercourse of human beings an institution. Instead of being taught in childhood that her business is to serve, and that her only chance of happiness is in service, she is virtually taught that everything must be done for her. The rewards of a woman's existence—love, respect, deference—are thus placed at the wrong end of life. To begin with, the sense of values is lost by the profusion of Christmas, Easter and birthday presents showered upon her every year. As Whately said of literary style, "He who accentuates everything, accentuates nothing." In such extravagance the beauty of simplicity disappears, and beside the luxury of such a girlhood the gifts of Nature and of common human life lose their preciousness. A glorious sunset, the nightly miracle of stars, the treasures of noble poetry,—the heritage of human kind,—what are these to most débutantes compared with a spectacle of colored lights at the theater? Space fails to follow up the theme—to speak, for instance, of the approximation of the life of girls to that of their elders in dress and entertainments, which is but a part of the lavish and unappreciated idolatry that attends from cradle to altar—none the less a monstrous folly that it is committed in the name of parental love.

Another cause of unhappiness in women—one only partly in the control of parents—is the influence of publicity, which seems to be making increasing inroads upon the sanctity of private life. With the multiplication of the avenues of publicity it becomes more difficult to retain that type of American woman which tradition has invested with old-time dignity, gentility, modesty, and charm. The Vanity Fair of certain widely read newspapers; the pseudo-importance of the self-edited social column; the beauty-prizes and ostentatious excursions of bevies of so-called American "beauties" to Europe (to the mortification of refined and self-respecting American travelers); the exploitation of social scandal and of the luxuries of the newly rich and of the foolish rich—these can be kept out of the mind of the girl of to-day only by the greatest vigilance. To her nothing in the newspaper is *défendu,* for has she not been brought up on the colored Sunday supplement? And who nowadays has either time, skill, or patience to separate substance from poison in the children's reading? As yet the health-food movement has no literary parallel. The baleful influence of this familiarity with the showy and the seamy sides of life at the very time when a girl is forming her most cherished and lasting ideals is incalculable. If it did nothing else but merely displace the necessary positive training for the duties of marriage, it would be harmful enough. But it does more: It gives her a wrong perspective of life and a false idea of her own relation to it.

A regrettable feature of newspaper journalism is the publication of the doings and the portraits of young women

on the threshold of social life. If, as is hinted in newspaper offices, this is done by the wish of the mothers or of the daughters themselves, it is all the more lamentable. In Keats's words:

"It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom."

Often, doubtless, by the connivance of photographers and ambitious hostesses this is done without other excuse than to minister to curiosity, in a vulgar apotheosis of so-called "fashionable" life.

In spite of these elements of false education, it is everywhere acknowledged that the American girl at her best has charming qualities. She is developing into a superb physical type, with strength and health (the value of which in solving the various problems of marriage it seems to us Miss Rogers is inclined to underestimate); she has enterprise and capacity and adaptability that later will stand her in good stead and save many a difficult situation; she is free of some deadening notions of other countries, and has the protection of a self-reliant freedom. She needs to be trained to listen and to think, and to take on some of the repose and deference of other civilizations. In the shifting conditions of wealth and immigration which are constantly keeping America a new world, it is well to cling to all good social standards,—including, be it remembered, our own traditions, which supply in great abundance admirable examples of the well-bred gentlewoman.

OPEN LETTERS

The Evans Collection in the National Gallery at Washington

(SEE THE SIX EXAMPLES REPRODUCED IN THE PRESENT NUMBER)

GREAT projects, like little seeds, sometimes lie long dormant before giving evidence of life, and yet, once awakened, they develop with surprising rapidity. In 1846, when the Smithsonian Institution was chartered, it was made the custodian of all works of art belonging to the United States, and a National Gallery of Art was projected, if not established. At first feeble efforts were made to obtain exhibits, but gradually the interest lapsed, and other work engrossed the attention. For nearly sixty years matters remained at a standstill; then, in less than twelve months, came Mr. Charles L. Freer's deed of gift, the Harriet Lane Johnston bequest, and the William T. Evans collection.

According to a decree of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, issued in July, 1906, America has for many years possessed a National Gallery; but it is quite certain that when Mr. Freer made his generous offer to the nation, neither he nor those in authority were cognizant of the fact. While Mr. Freer's princely gift may have awakened the interest of others, and did undoubtedly influence subsequent events, it antedated what might be called the "discovery" of the National Gallery, and cannot be considered, save correlatively, as a part of the project. The Freer collection, complete in itself and lodged in a separate building, must, however, be recognized as an invaluable asset, as well as a prominent factor in a still larger scheme.[1]

It was Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston's bequest which led directly to the reëstablishment of the National Gallery, and no time was lost in installing her collection in the lecture-room of the National Museum, which had been refitted as a temporary gallery. About that time Mr. William H. Holmes, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and ex-President of the Washington Water Color Club, was asked to act as curator, and within a few weeks the Lucius Tuckerman collection of paintings was added as a loan, together with fifty or more works in sculpture by the late Edward Kemeys. Then came the Evans gift, well-timed and epoch-making.

The Harriet Lane Johnston collection, while including some extremely interesting examples, is composed chiefly of the works of foreign painters, and the loan collection, though more modern in character, is of the same nature. Obviously a National Gallery should set forth the work of native painters;

[1] See the illustrated article on this collection by Miss Mechlin in THE CENTURY for January, 1907.

but without purchasing power and expert judgment, how was such work to be obtained? Through no other agency than the generosity of a broad-minded, far-seeing, public-spirited connoisseur. Mr. William T. Evans has for many years been so deeply and so intelligently interested in the progress and development of American art that it is not strange that he saw sooner than others this opportunity for advancing its cause.

In March of the present year Mr. Evans went to Washington to visit the exhibition of contemporary American paintings held in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the success of which had deeply impressed him. Before he returned to New York he offered to give to the National Gallery a group of paintings by American artists of distinction which might serve as a nucleus for a great national collection. It is noteworthy that his offer was favorably received and gratefully accepted without the customary discussion and embarrassing delay, and that when the time came for the transfer of the paintings, it was found that Mr. Evans had not only increased his gift, but, with characteristic generosity, had given of his best.

Because of insufficient space and comparative inaccessibility, these paintings, when they reached Washington in April, were not hung with the rest of the national collection in the museum, but were placed as a loan in the Corcoran Gallery of Art where they now temporarily remain.

Rarely has a gift been made in better season or with wiser foresight. At once it gave both impetus and direction to the institution itself, and helped to stimulate future endeavor. American art has not received from the American people due appreciation, nor has it in any wise been fostered or encouraged by the Federal Government. And yet it has progressed and is progressing.

Mr. Evans has confined his collection to what might be termed contemporaneous work—that is, work produced since the Civil War and chiefly by living painters; work which, profiting in a measure by foreign traditions, is still in every sense truly indigenous. In order that each painter should be represented at his best, and with the intention of guarding against the fallibility of the private collector, he stipulated, in his letter of gift, that if at any time a painting was found to fall below the standard, he should be permitted to withdraw it and substitute a better example. But there is little probability that occasion for such action will occur. The collection has been carefully selected and well assembled. Not only does it comprehend some of the best work of our foremost painters, but it sets forth the elemental impulses which have gone toward producing a native art. The loosing of old traditions and the finding of new ideals is illustrated in the paintings of Inness and Wyant and Homer Martin; the primeval, almost savage, strength bred in a new land is seen in the work of Winslow Homer; the frank turning to nature for spontaneous joy and truth is exemplified in the landscapes of Henry W. Ranger and Charles H. Davis; while, again, the subtle transcriptions of J. Francis Murphy, Thomas W. Dewing, and the late John H. Twachtman, show the power of interpretation through intimate understanding; just as the figure paintings of John La Farge and Henry Oliver Walker demonstrate the beneficent influence of the decorative motive conservatively applied.

But the collection is far too comprehensive to permit broad classification, and to realize its worth each canvas should be separately considered. To those who have kept the run of current exhibitions for the last five years, many of these paintings would be familiar; for Mr. Evans has never been loath to lend them, and in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg they have been borrowed more than once. Herein, for instance, is the painting by Mr. La Farge of the "Visit of Nicodemus to Christ," produced more than ten years after his treatment of the same subject on the wall of Trinity Church, Boston. Inness's "Sundown" is included, as well as his significant "Niagara" and his "September Afternoon." There are three Wyants, in addition to the "Autumn at Arkville," none of which is less pleasing. Winslow Homer is represented not only by his comparatively recent "High Cliff—Coast of Maine," one of the most powerful marines ever produced, but by his "Visit of the Mistress," painted in 1877, and illustrating negro life in Virginia in post-bellum days. There is also an early and a late work by J. Francis Murphy—"The Path to the Village," which shows a keen sense of the pictorial as well as a nearness to nature, and "Indian Summer," an epitome of late autumn's subtle charm. Four examples of Mr. Ranger's work are to be enumerated among those paintings which lend special distinction to the collection, in addition to single works by Charles Melville Dewey, D. W. Tryon, W. L. Lathrop, Robert C. Minor, George H. Bogert, F. Ballard Williams, and William Gedney Bunce. Nor should omission be made of the paintings by Ralph Albert Blakelock, which through their strong individuality lend to the assemblage a gratifying note.

Numerically landscapes predominate, but among the figure paintings some excellent work is found—such, for example, as "The Siren" by Louis Loeb, "An Interlude" by Sergeant Kendall, and "Among the Old Poets" by Walter Shirlaw. There is only one portrait, a likeness of Mr. Evans, painted by Alphonse Jongers, an American by adop-

tion, which was added through the courtesy of the Lotos Club; but so admirable is this in every respect that it helps materially to establish a standard.

To be sure, there are many painters whose works are not included in this catalogue whom one would wish to see represented in a national collection and who should be in the course of time. This is only the beginning. Indeed, Mr. Evans himself has made it known that his generous gift, as it stands now, is not final, that from time to time he shall wish to make additions, and the Federal Government should not be less far-sighted or appreciative. It is earnestly hoped that Congress will make in the near future appropriation for the erection of a suitable building as a National Gallery, as well as provision for its further development.

Leila Mechlin.

Nattier's "Portrait of Madame Sophie"

(FRENCH MASTERS)

As a representative of the portraiture of the earlier half of the eighteenth century in France, the name of Jean-Marc Nattier stands foremost. Born in Paris in 1685, and early instructed in art by his mother, who was a distinguished miniaturist, and by his father, who was a painter, and with academic training later, and the advantage gained from study in the gallery of the Luxembourg, his work rapidly grew into general favor in high circles, and he finally became the most esteemed painter of the court at Versailles, maintaining this distinction for twenty years.

In 1716, Peter the Great being at Amsterdam, Nattier was invited thither to paint that personage and various members of the Russian court. At The Hague he also began a portrait of the Empress Catharine, but this he was unable to finish. For fifty years succeeding this he practised portraiture with unvarying success. He died in his native city in 1766.

The Versailles museum naturally possesses many of his works,—almost a complete collection,—among them the "Portrait of Madame Sophie" (see page 265). This lady was one of the three younger daughters of Louis XV, who were educated and grew up at the abbey of Fontevrault, many leagues from Paris, and had not seen their mother for years. The king, wishing to give an agreeable surprise to his consort, Marie Leczinska, requested Nattier to proceed secretly to Fontevrault and paint the three young ladies, which was accordingly done, and the three pictures, when presented to the queen, proved a joyful revelation to her. Nattier, of all artists, knew how to enhance the charm of expression in his feminine heads without losing their characteristic features; but in this instance he may have been tempted to push his art beyond its wonted limits, for it is recorded that the young ladies were really ugly. He painted them only once, life-size, upon canvas. From these were made numerous copies, as well as variants from the originals.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Undressing

SOMETIMES, when father 's out of town,
At bedtime mother brings my gown,
And says to me:
"The fireplace is warm and bright,
You may undress down here to-night,
Where I can see."

So then I sit upon the floor,
And mother closes every door.
Then in her chair
She rocks, and watches me undress,
And I go just as *slow!* I guess
She does n't care.

And then I stand up in my gown,
And watch the flames go up and down
As tall as me!
But soon I climb on mother's lap,
And listen to the fire snap,
So comf'r'bly.

Then mother rocks and cuddles me
Close in her arms, where I can see
The coals shine red.
I don't feel sleepy, but some way,
When I wake up, then it 's next day,
And I 'm in bed!

May Kelly.

My Lady of the Bundles

My Lady of the Bundles
  Trips gaily down the street,
Her cheeks aglow with happiness,
  Her eyes so anxious-sweet;
All laden are her arms with joy
  Tied up in shapes so queer,
The largess of her loving soul
  For those she holdeth dear.

My Lady of the Bundles
  Halts on the chill highway
To ponder o'er her gleanings
  From Christmas shops' display:
A doll, a horse and wagon,
  A scarf, a Persian shawl,
A Roman vase, a candlestick—
  She has them, one and all.

My Lady of the Bundles
  Is rich in kindly deeds;
For, look! a gaudy handkerchief,
  A knife, three strings of beads,
A silver comb, the newest book,
  Tin soldiers cap-à-pie,
A wealth of fond remembrances—
  But nothing there for me!

My Lady of the Bundles
  With cheery, shining face,
Fair ruler of the festive town,
  Queen of the season's grace,
Count once again your precious hoard,
  Fruit of your morning's quest—
Has any been forgotten
  Whom your bounty should have blessed?

My Lady of the Bundles,
  Why should you thus debate?
You have a boon for all but one;
  Oh, do not longer wait!
The gift I crave you cannot buy
  In any Christmas mart;
For price, it has no measurement;
  It is—it is your heart!

Charles Moreau Harger.

The Chinese Actor

THERE was a young man of Hong-Kong,
Whose manner of walking seemed wrong,
  Till the spectators knew
  He was following his queue,
Which explained what had puzzled them long.

Mary Madison Lee.

God's Li'l' Jewelry

WHO done tangle up Mammy's yarn,
Play'n' cat's cradle by de ole barn—
Makin' crow's foot an' eyes an' mo'—
Mangle de thread so Mam' can't sew?
    (Bless dat chile!
    Laughin' at Mammy all de while.)
    God ain't made no whiter pearl
    Dan yo' teef, my li'l' girl,
    Mostes' precious thing to me—
    My chile 's God's Li'l' Jewelry.

Who dat took Mammy's thimble now?
Been cuttin' biscuits, I allow;
Nice li'l' biscuits fer us to eat;
Dat chile's cookin' taste mighty sweet.
    (Bless my chile!
    Peepin' at Mammy all de while.)
    God ain't got no turquoise blue
    Deeper 'n dese eyes. My honey, you
    Cost'est thing roun' here I see—
    What costs mo' 'n God's Jewelry?

Done took Mam's handk'cher, what you think?
De while I 's takin' forty wink;
Made a swing out it on dat tree,
Mam's keys rockin', like dolls, I see.
(I be boun'!
Best not drap noddin', *she* aroun'!)
God ain't paint no ruby red
As dis baby's lips 'foresaid—
What my li'l' girl 'd ruther be
Dan des God's Li'l' Jewelry?

Who dat pick up Mammy's old shoe?
Made a boat out it—hew—ew——whew!
Dar in de washtub floatin' roun'!
Mistifis chile, I do be boun'—
(Bless de chile!
Curls all wet up now dis while.)
God ain't got no shinin' gol'
Brighter 'n dis chile's hair do hol'.
Babe, you 's des clean heavenly,
'Ca'se you 's God's Li'l' Jewelry.

Now what you done wid Mammy's specs?
Lawsy me! What 'll you do nex'!
Yoked de kittens wid Mammy's specs!
Dat 's mos' enough to git me vex'.
(Bless dis chile!
A-kissin' Mammy all dis while.)
God ain't got no diamond dye
Brighter 'n light of dis chile's eye.
Yas; dem angels done agree
Dat you *is* God's Jewelry.

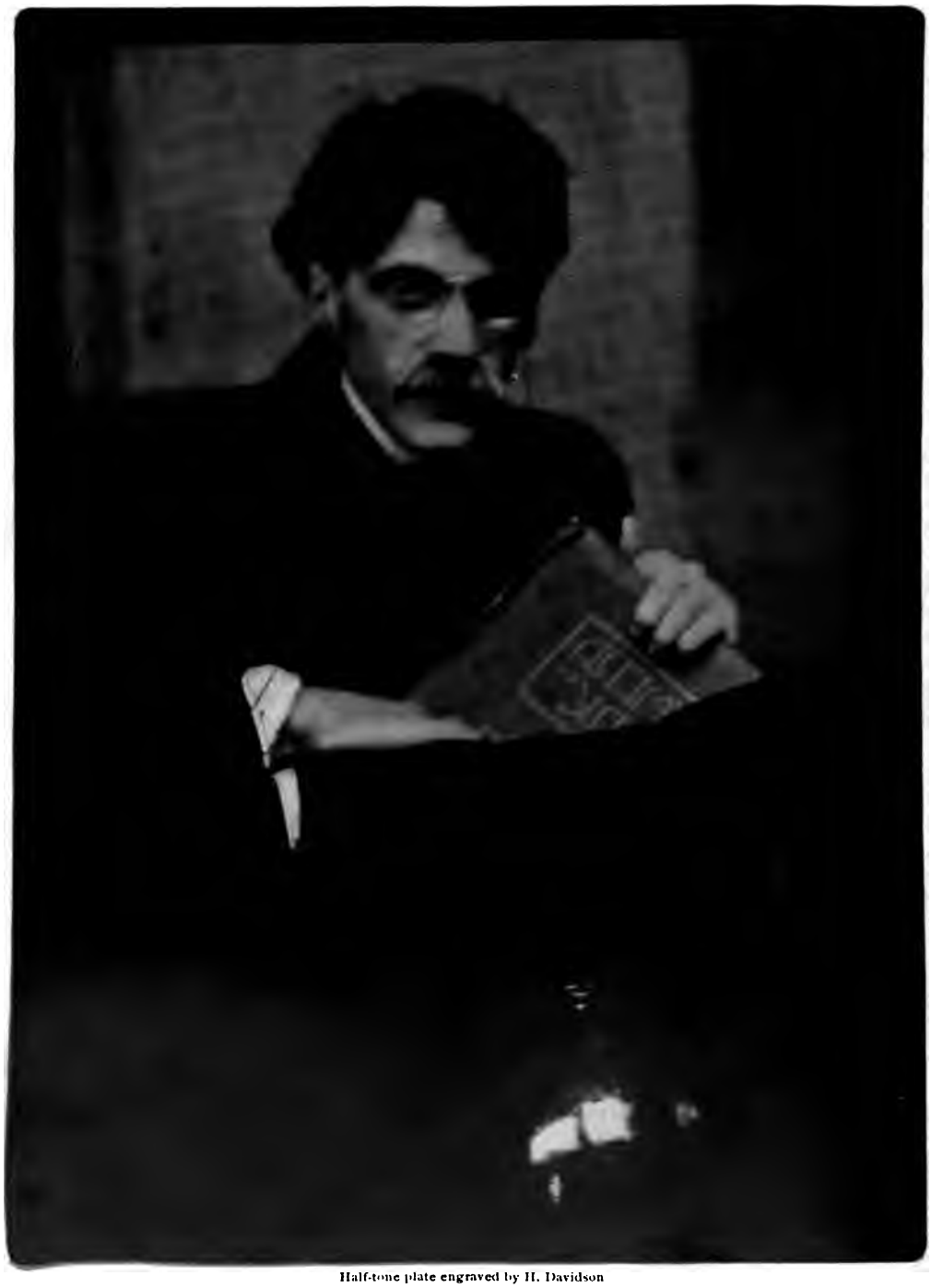
Martha Young.

On Mr. G. B. Shaw, Vegetarian

A MOST paradoxical crietzsche
Whose wit was his salient fietzsche,
Remarked, "Since I 've taken
To eschewing bacon,
I find I can now digest Nietzsche!"

Blanche Goodman.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

FACSIMILE OF A PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOR OF ALFRED STIEGLITZ

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN

FICTION NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE NEW COLOR-PHOTOGRAPHY

BY J. NILSEN LAURVIK

THE intense interest with which the world of photography has greeted the exhibition by Mr. Stieglitz, at the rooms of the Photo-Secession in New York, of the examples of color-photography recently made by him and Mr. Eugene in Munich and by Mr. Steichen in Paris, will no doubt extend to the presentation herewith of the color reproductions of two examples of color-photography, Mr. Steichen's work, selected for their excellence and for their special interest to photographers and the public in general, these being the first reproductions in color made in America from such originals, the only others yet made being admittedly unsatisfactory.

The reader is reminded that these are not the actual results of the new process, which as yet are to be seen only on glass, but are transcriptions, such as THE CENTURY has from time to time presented of various color-subjects. They admirably indicate the subtlety, range, and beauty of the new process, the importance of which is not likely to be exaggerated.—THE EDITOR.

FROM being shrouded in a hocus-pocus cloak of mystification, photography has become an open book to most people, and is to-day not only one of the most useful, but also one of the most popular of modern sciences. Few there are who have not come into some sort of touch with it, —who have not snapped a button or been snapped at,—and no household is quite complete in these days without its camera-enthusiast who greets the coming and speeds the parting guest with a click of the shutter. No wonder, then, that such general interest is shown in the growth and progress of this science which has become so much a part of our daily lives.

While the many, eager for new sensations, have exploited the camera as a wonderful toy, fascinating and delighting both young and old, a few have explored its marvelous possibilities and gained valuable knowledge in the search after the properties and the subtle mysteries of light. These investigators have gradually lifted the curtain through which Daguerre pierced his initial peep-hole, and in their scientific development of the resources of the camera have revealed unknown nuances of light through its extraordinary sensibility. And the intelligence of man, ever alert to shape to his own uses the forces of the uni-

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verse, has found a way to penetrate and imbue with his personality this newly discovered force, so that to-day a photograph may be anything from the faltering, stuttering, wholly unconscious and ungoverned snap-shot of the willy-nilly button-pusher to the individual and compelling print of a Clarence White, a Steichen, a Keiley, a Coburn, or a Stieglitz, each distinguished by a touch as autographic as that which characterizes the work of a Rembrandt or a Velasquez.

Pictorial photography is the most modern of arts in that it is most truly of our own time. Fettered by no superannuated methods, keeping ever in touch with the newest developments in all fields of science, it is fitted to record and interpret the varied and multicolored life of to-day. While it has never been the aim or ambition of the advanced pictorial photographer, deeply cognizant of the true significance of the camera, to compete with the illustrious names in art, comparisons became inevitable because of the absence of a better standard by which to judge his work; and by reason of certain established prejudices, pictorial photography was as bitterly opposed as its relation to our own time was vaguely understood. Step by step, however, it has come to occupy its rightful position, and gradually its opponents have ceased their scoffing. But though art bodies and even painters were willing to accord pictorial photography a place among the arts and even to admit that in some of this work there was a beauty, a grace, and a truth different from what had before been presented in all the realm of chiaroscuro, they still postulated that *color* would always remain solely the sphere of the painter. The crude attempts at color-photography that appeared from time to time only served to discredit the possibility of anything worthy ever being achieved in this field by photography. That was only yesterday. To-day color-photography is an accomplished fact, thanks to the untiring efforts of Antoine Lumière and his sons, whose newly perfected autochromatic plate records the most delicate shades of color with simplicity and absolute certainty.

For many years the solution of this problem has baffled the best scientific minds, who were encouraged to persevere, however, by the partial successes of such men as Lippmann of France, Joly of Ireland, Miethe of Germany, not to mention Ives and MacDonough of our own country. Lippmann succeeded in producing color perfectly, but under such limitations of cost and experimentation as have thus far rendered the process impracticable. Even he has ceased his experiments.

During the last eighteen months, those on the inside in the photographic world have had intimations that Lumière had actually overcome the most important difficulties in the way of a truthful representation of the color of natural objects and that the process was soon to be made known to the world. These *sub-rosa* announcements met with the usual skepticism on the part of even the most expert and advanced photographers. But when the first results of this process were shown last June in Paris, the doubting Thomases became enthusiastic believers. After fourteen years of experimenting, Lumière and his sons have finally succeeded in making a plate that will faithfully reproduce with the most exquisite subtlety the gradations of color in nature, and to France must be accorded the honor of having contributed to the world a discovery in the scientific application of light second in importance only to the initial discovery of Daguerre.

It is a curious coincidence, however, that, while both monochrome and color-photography were invented in France, to America is due in a great measure the credit of having developed the artistic possibility of both of these wonderful discoveries. The work of that little band of practical idealists, "the Photo-Secessionists," in demanding and gaining general respect for the artistic merits of pictorial photography, is too well known to need commenting upon here.[1] Under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Stieglitz, the director of the Photo-Secession, these progressives have done more to develop the resources of the camera, and firmly to establish its claim as an independent medium of personal expression, than any other like body of workers either here or abroad. And even now, in

[1] See the illustrated article, "The New Photography," THE CENTURY for October, 1902.

From a photograph taken October, 1907, by Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

M. ANTOINE LUMIÈRE, INVENTOR OF THE PROCESS OF COLOR-PHOTOGRAPHY HERE ILLUSTRATED, AND ORIGINATOR OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH

the early stages of experimentation, they have also been the first to give an individual and artistic touch to this newly discovered color-photography; their experimental plates surpassing in beauty the work done by Lumière himself, who has chiefly been aiming at developing the scientific resources of the process.

While the Lumière autochrome process is far from perfection, having its limitations like every other process, these limitations are by no means as narrow as they were at first supposed to be. Scientifically considered, a pure white seems at present impossible to achieve. This, however, is not a drawback artistically, as the whites produced in the first few tentative plates made by Eduard J. Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Frank Eugene are as fine in their relation to the other colors as anything accomplished in painting, as can be seen by examining the white cuff in Steichen's portrait of Stieglitz shown as the frontispiece of this number of THE CENTURY. This demonstrates the essential truthfulness of Monet's theory that *white* does not exist by itself, but that it is the fusion of the entire spectrum, as had been known by scientists, though not yet recognized by the great body of painters. The experiments made by these three Americans in Paris last summer demonstrated beyond all possibility of argument that in the hands of experienced photographers the Lumière method is possessed of no little elasticity.

The Lumière autochrome plate photographs color with as great ease and directness as the Marconi wireless transmits its aërial message through space, and is no less wonderful as a revelation of the only half-guessed possibilities inherent in the natural forces of the universe. Briefly stated, the composition of the plate and the general procedure of exposure and development are as follows: A glass plate is covered with an adhesive matter which receives a coating of potato-starch grains —about 5,000,000 to the square inch. These grains are impregnated with a dye. In a certain sense it is a variation of the three-color process; only the colors used are not the ordinarily considered primaries, red, yellow, and blue, but light-green, red-orange, and blue-violet, which are distributed throughout the particles in equal proportions. After isolation with water-proof varnish, this granulated surface is coated with a panchromatic collodion emulsion. The exposure, which varies according to the intensity of light, and may roughly be said to be twenty times as long as one on a fast plate, is made in an ordinary camera without any extra apparatus, the plate having its glass side turned toward the lens. The light passes through the colored grains and then strikes the light-sensitive film. To prevent any white light from passing through the plate, at first it was found necessary to fill up the infinitesimal interstices with black. This was finally overcome by the invention of a roller that spread over the plate with great evenness the granules composing the color surface. A special yellow filter or screen is placed before or behind the lens to retard the action of blue rays. After developing, the plate, without fixing, is treated with acidified permanganate of potash, which acts as a reducer. This and the further process is undertaken in broad daylight. After reduction, the plate is rinsed and redeveloped, the result being a positive transparency in natural colors, which, to be seen, must be held up to white light. At present no duplicates are possible, each plate being unique, in this respect resembling the first daguerreotypes. Nor is it possible to remedy any faults by means of retouching; all hand work is out of the question, no brush or pencil-point being fine enough to match the microscopically minute particles constituting the color surface of the plate.

Considerable difficulty has been experienced in the developing, as a "frilling" tendency is still an obstacle to be overcome by the manufacturers. This at times completely ruins the finest results and drives the photographer to distraction. In this manner some of the best results of Mr. Stieglitz's original experiments made in Europe were ruined, which prompted him to remark that color-photography is more exciting than horse-racing, and Mr. Stieglitz is an enthusiastic turfman. That this was no exaggeration the writer had an opportunity to confirm as he watched some plates being developed, the result of experiments made by Mr. Clarence White together with Mr. Stieglitz since the latter's return from Paris. It was an exciting moment as we watched the process of development. Af-

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

FACSIMILE OF A PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOR OF MRS. GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN

From a photograph taken by Mr. Steichen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MR. AND MRS. EDUARD J. STEICHEN

ter being developed for about two minutes and a half, the plate was taken out of the bath. The result was a beautiful negative, which by redeveloping was transformed into a positive, wherein the true colors of nature appeared. It looked very much as if this portrait of Mr. White was to be one of Mr. Stieglitz's successes, when, presto! it began to frill, or curl up on the edges, and tiny green rivulets began to run over the face of the portrait as the color composition became dislodged by the action of the water which had penetrated underneath the coating of emulsion. This was more or less expected, though every precaution was taken to prevent such a mishap, as the plate had come from an emulsion which was known to frill. It may be asked, Why did the experimenter use these plates? Because no others were to be had, there being no autochromatic plates procurable in America at the time. This and like difficulties will undoubtedly be entirely overcome in the future by the manufacturer.

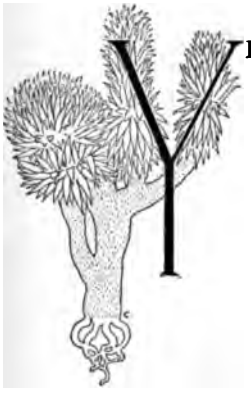
Though this magic wand of science will not make an artist of every owner of a camera, it removes certain obstacles in the way of the actual representation of natu-

ral objects. Shadows, that bugbear of the photographer in monochrome, can now be rendered truthfully, revealing for the first time the luminosity and mystery of light inherent in every shadow, instead of presenting it as an opaque, dead-flat surface. Here again color-photography proves incontestably the general truth of Monet's observation that, in shadows, colors continue their vibrations, weakened but still existent, in contradistinction to the practice of the academic painters in making burnt-umber and lamp-black serve as shadows in their paintings. It also proves that the color of flesh is not always rose color, the color of foliage not always green, or the color of a tablecloth not always white, and that color may be brilliant—indeed, sparklingly vivid—without being a patriotic demonstration in red, white, and blue, and that what has long been accepted as "tone" in painting, that much-coveted and widely exploited golden-amber glow, does not exist in nature, which is wholly innocent of such petty subterfuges with which to harmonize its discordant elements, being frankly and blatantly crude when it is not exquisitely harmonious, as in the case of the butterfly's wing. The artist is the divine angler who fishes out these harmonies, revealing somewhat of the wondrous beauty and mystery of nature. It demonstrates for the first time scientifically that there is no *fixed* color whatever, that objects have no color of their own, but solely that which is imparted to them by the reflection of the sky and the enveloping atmosphere.

Color-photography also shows that the line, as drawing defines it, is an error, an artificial means of determining forms; that everything in nature is a succession of perspective planes and surfaces which join on to one another; that nothing is abruptly terminated by a contour; and that the vibrations of the atmosphere envelop everything and obliterate the contours which the weakness of our mind is constrained to create. In a word, color-photography ushers in a new era in the study of color that promises to revolutionize color-printing, and that will surely exert a most important influence on the art of painting, establishing as it does the soundness of the much-abused theories of the Impressionists. Moreover, it will prove an invaluable aid to the accurate study of diseases, notably skin diseases; it will make possible art lectures illustrated with absolute facsimiles of the paintings discussed by means of lantern-slides; and for the first time indisputably authentic family portraits can be produced of a beauty and veracity far surpassing the most delicate and masterly miniature, and this in the short space of half an hour, avoiding the tedium of repeated sittings. While color-photography will undoubtedly reveal the fallacies and empty pretensions of poor painting, rendering it more inutile and ridiculous than ever, it will also open the eyes of all intelligent and unprejudiced students of contemporary art to the beauty and truth of the work done by certain modern painters, confirming in no uncertain terms what is best and most expressive in the art of to-day.

UNDER THE JOSHUA-TREE

BY BARTON WOOD CURRIE



A JOSHUA-TREE

YES, the story of Little Sammy's career was different. It could not be told in a few words; and then it was ancient history. There had been some gossip about it in the clubs of Tonopah and Goldfield from time to time simply because it was different.

"But," said one of the small colony of new millionaires as he sharpened a pencil with a gold-mounted, diamond-studded jack-knife, "we could furnish you with only the ragged ends of the story. Each one of us is making his own history up here on the Great Basin. Therefore it is difficult to follow very closely the history of one another. There is this absorbing stock-board, and we must talk over the Diamondfield strike—a new boom, don't you know, that will keep us watchful as prowling lynxes day and night. So you see there is no time for stories—especially old stories. Why, that must have been fully three years back. Think of it! Almost before the world (our golden world) began."

The others were likewise exasperatingly centered. The new ticker—the very first alkali-tape, they said—had just been installed in the club. Here was something really new. I must listen to the wonder of it; what it had done and what it was going to do for the desert—this said with a wink by a notorious wild-catter.

I protested that I did not care a fig for their new tape. Stock tapes! Why, there were millions of them in clubs, saloons, and mahogany-appointed gambling-places all over the world. I was keen, however, to hear about the Joshua-tree and Little Sammy. There was something fresh and new in the sound of that. It interested me vastly more than their stocks and mines and strikes on the Red Mule, the Yellow Dog, and Humpty Dumpty 2nd.

"You persistent hound," snapped the latest millionaire of the lot, a plutocrat of only a week's growth, turning from the ticker savagely, "have you not been informed that we new-comers do not know all the story—just a bit here and a bit there? Now, if you *must* learn about that old bandy-limbed Joshua-tree and Little Sammy, run down to Bullfrog and ask Jonesy. Surely you have heard of Jonesy, the little pink-cheeked, snow-topped compounder at the Dizzy Ghost? He 's the oracle we all consult, a rare mine of stories, and can tell them so they 'll sink in.

"There now, son, run along to Bullfrog. It is only seventy-five miles, and that German flyer of the new sixty-horse-power Benzine 'Bus Line will leave in exactly ten minutes—makes the run in two hours and a half over one of the best auto-speedways in the world. Here is my annual pass. It will save a few eagles." He tossed me a card, gilt-lettered, and sprang back to the ticker.

As I passed out the door and down the stairs there fell behind me a clamor, hysterical and incoherent, out of which there sprang distinct the scattered phrases: "The Blue Pig"—"twenty points"—"thirty points"—"Ki! Yi!"—"Whee!"—"Whoop!"—"Once again, piggie!"—"forty points"—then a crashing of feet that meant a wild, delirious dance. Little wonder that my curiosity was so annoying when their Blue Pig was performing so nobly.

So I got me down to the Dizzy Ghost, one hundred and fifty minutes in a big

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I BEG TEN THOUSAND PARDONS FOR NOT INTRODUCING MYSELF BEFORE'"

German car that shot out of Goldfield with a warning drumming of the exhaust. There had been a gentle cloudburst on the night before, wetting this auto-speedway of the desert to the hardness of planed basalt, but in some places plowing ruts that made the ponderous machine bounce like a roasting chestnut. The ranges of stark, naked hills flashed by with the monotony of a subway, though without its somber gloom. The sunlight could not be called merely bright: it was as dazzling as white heat steaming from a furnace, and the horizon we raced at was walled with a fence of flame, suggesting the edge of a precipice that let down into *the* pit.

I found the Dizzy Ghost as readily as one would find the town hall of a more sedate community. Jonesy, the white-haired little oracle of Alkali Land, was just going off duty. As he tossed aside his white apron and put on his coat and narrow-brimmed brown hat, I pounced upon him with the demand:

"I have come all the way from Goldfield by express to hear about Little Sammy and his quest of the Joshua-tree." He smiled resignedly, and led the way from the thronged saloon to a restaurant across the street, where there was quiet and a fresh crate of eggs from Las Vegas. Over the eggs and coffee and excellent fried ham, a monotonous, but always safe and nourishing, desert diet, Jonesy told the story of Little Sammy and the Joshua-tree.

"Little Sammy was a thrilling picture," he began without prelude, "on the day he rode down the trail into Goldfield, then our new camp, but now the Big Noise of southern Nevada, with a brand new city charter. 'T was before they stretched the metals below Tonopah. The boom was in its infancy, and the new diggings boasted only eight wooden shacks: seven saloons and one dance-hall. Lumber was precious in those days. Even the bank was canvas. Winchesters served as grilles, and the tellers were walking masked-batteries. Bank burglars were scarce. Only one developed, and his development was arrested mighty sudden and thorough.

"So you may get it without the aid of a diagram that the ragged-eared bit of a burro with Little Sammy up did n't pull his tenderfoot freight into any metropolis. A few miles above the camp the stage passed him. It carried a full deck and a joker sitting on the hood. When I say the stage passed him, I do not mean it whizzed by without speaking the strange little craft. It hesitated some while the boys looked it over and mentally shed a few forms of exclamation-points. But they did n't speak. What they saw was beyond words of comment. They just gazed him. He had all recently discovered tenderfoots beaten thirty thousand turns of the wheel and the little ivory ball burned to a cinder. Absorb the picture now—five feet tall, and so thin he could button his vest on the knobs of his spine. He wore glasses; not the dinky ones with the weazel-trap nose-catch. Nay, indeed! His were specs, glazed lavish. The rims were black rubber, as big round as a horse-collar, and with a black shaft reaching over each ear. He had on blue overalls, blue jumper, a sombrero with a brim that looked like five laps to the mile, cowhide boots from which protruded two horse-pistols, a belt buckled over his jumper with two holsters carrying navy Colts, and a knife-sheath containing something like a Malay dirk; also a red flannel shirt.

"Do you blame the boys for being silent while the stage stopped, or, rather, hesitated? It did n't even hesitate long—not after the mules glimpsed him. The stage went on, then, coming into Goldfield with only one wheel touching and the boys wrapped round each other and parts of the 'bus—like a shipwrecked crew on a spar wading ahead of a typhoon.

"It can't be said Little Sammy came into Goldfield unnoticed. Even the three camp cats were lined up on Main Street, waiting. They got one look and skeed; but he and the burro came down the trail just as solemn as a Quaker headed for meeting. Did n't seem to notice the crowd; steered straight for the Hush-a-by saloon; and climbed down off his dusty little mount. He walked into the Hush-a-by with the clank and rattle of a stamp mill in full blast. The crowd followed him in, quiet and hushed.

"He was n't a bit fazed, this weird little tad of a tenderfoot; smiled across the bar at me with a comfortable, homelike grin and said:

" 'My dear man, I 'm horribly thirsty. Kindly set me out a bottle of lemon soda.' Then he turned on the mob grouped about, entranced, carefully removed from his nose and ears the rubber scaffolding and dormer windows, wiped them with a blue-silk bandana, put them on again, cleared his throat, and said breezily: " 'Well, old chaps, what will it be?' His accent was Massachusetts, eight inches across the *a*. The boys were still dazed and dumb, but when he offered his hand all round, they most shook it off. Only about fourscore could squeeze to the bar when Sandstorm Smith recovered his plumb and offered a toast, which was:

" 'Here 's to the little stranger! May he live long; but the Lord help us if he ever unlimbers his artillery and begins getting bad!' The toast was drunk in silence except for a little coughing and an occasional splutter.

"Little Sammy smiled sort of wistful as he looked around and could n't see a gun in sight. Then looking down at his own terrific armament, he stammered to Sandstorm Smith: 'I guess I 'll have to regard these deadly weapons as superfluous ornaments. I thought from what I had read it was good form to wear them. I practised six weeks in a Boston shooting-gallery, but I must confess I am still afraid of them, they kick so infernally. I judge from the looks of things, however, that they are not in style; so I will put them away in my saddle-bags.'

" 'Good plan,' said Sandstorm Smith, helping himself to more liquor with a trembling hand; 'guns like that is cruel. Why, Mr.—er—um—Mr.—'

" 'Harbin,' filled in the little tenderfoot—'Samuel Harbin. I beg ten thousand pardons for not introducing myself before.'

" 'Not at all,' said Sandstorm, soothingly; 'but as I was remarking, if you happened to get careless with that light artillery, you 'd shoot cruel apertures through some of us simple sage-brush folk. We don't carry that long-barreled breed of cannon at all.'

" 'Do you mean to say,' asked Little Sammy, his eyes coming out against his glasses, 'that it is n't customary to carry revolvers down here?' Some of the boys were down on the floor by this time, rolling; but there did n't appear a crack in Sandstorm Smith's features as he went on, with uncommon gravity:

" 'That ain't just the point, Mr. Harbin. I suspect there 's a gun or two in this polite assemblage, in addition to the few howitzers with which your distinguished person is draped; but, you see, we alkali-eaters is part civilized, if some savage. It 's not de rigger to carry hardware about in carload lots, and our innate modesty prevents us from showing our hands before we are called.

" 'Gunfighting is done more artistic in this electric age, and in your shoes I 'd stow that battery right soon. Nobody ever gets hurt up in this altitude unless he displays too much ordnance and has a nasty disposition. A man of that sort is followed close by our shrewd undertaker. By the way, I 'll introduce you to him—a mighty decent fellow, a true artist in his profession, and moderate in his charges. You 'll find Philander McPike genial, hearty, and always ready to talk business to strangers.'

"But Little Sammy did n't enthuse McPike's way for two bits. He excused himself suddenly, and clanked off in search of a tent hotel, leaving behind him a fair riot of hilariousness. Even when he got 'climated he did n't seem to take hold that the boys were jollying him; just seemed to drink in everything as gospel. His respectful, attentive manner was amazing, considering the yarns that were wove for him. In a docile, believing way he listened to some stories that would have stirred strange emotions in an ossified imbecile. He was the particular victim of Sandstorm Smith, and appeared to hang on his words like a new believer clinging to the discourse of a high-pressure prophet.

"One day he and Sandstorm came into the Hush-a-by arm in arm, Sandstorm talking away with the exhaust blown out and Little Sammy listening so hard his ears were doubled flat against his cheeks. When they lined up before me and ordered, Little Sammy asked:

" 'And are all the good claims gobbled up?'

" 'Yes,' said Sandstorm, his voice trembling with sympathy—'all but one bonanza that has disappeared most mysterious. That 's the little Joshua-tree claim that Edgar Butts found, and then

went and died before he got it located and recorded proper. Poor fellow passed away with the mumps as he was walking into Easy Street. 'T was thus, lad:

" 'Mr. Butts went out prospecting with two mules and a buckboard, and plumb vanishes for 'most a month. When he comes back he has only one mule and the buckboard, and, poor critter, the mumps. The other mule died of eating a rose-bush in an oasis some miles across Funeral Range. The thorns did n't take kindly to him, spite of the digestive faculties of his ancestors.

" 'I met Buttsy coming in, and he was a sore sick man. When the fatal symptoms developed I was with him, trying to soothe his uneasiness by reading out of a medical dictionary the terrors of other diseases a blame sight worse and more aggravating than the mumps. But peculiar as it may seem, this only made him more peevish, and while I was reading most musical he got hold of his gun and shot the book out of my hand, carrying away some of one thumb and a pinky.

" 'O' course Buttsy was sorry for his impetuosity, and by way of making good, he said: "Sandstorm, I 'm drawing for my last jackpot, so please purify your talk and wipe off that hurt expression. I 'm going to do you a turn that 'll make your memory of me golden and glorious. Listen!" His voice was going and he could just whisper—"I struck one of the richest treasure hummocks in southern Nevada last trip, and it 's only eight miles west of this camp. You can't miss it, for it 's marked by a Joshua-tree seven feet high, with eleven branches, and there 's a family of six chuckawallahs lives under it." '

" 'What 's a Joshua-tree?' asked Little Sammy. Sandstorm explained that it was one of those perpendicular cactus plants with the bends. He pictured it as a sawed-off Christmas-tree, with most of its branches shot away, and the remaining ones twisted and curled, and coated with needles sticking out like the fur on a mad cat's tail, which was going some long on description for Sandstorm Smith. But after reaching for another goblet of inspiration he drove on:

" 'Well, when I 'd examined the piece of quartz Buttsy dragged out from under his blankets, I got so excited I came near hugging him, mumps and all. That rock was more 'n half free gold, and assayed $206,000 to the ton. I had the assay made the day after the funeral. Then I set out to find that Joshua-tree. But somehow I missed it, notwithstanding that I cruised around the desert 'most a thousand miles.'

" 'Perhaps the poor fellow was delirious,' said Little Sammy.

" 'And maybe that piece of quartz was intoxicated with gold,' snapped Sandstorm, sarcastic.

" 'Is n't it possible,' asked Little Sammy, 'that you did n't search thoroughly and with sufficient care?'

"Sandstorm snorted and looked down with a pitying eye on the five-foot tenderfoot. Then he said rather cutting:

" 'Maybe if I had those cathedral windows of yours rigged on my peepers I 'd done better. Crawling round the desert a thousand miles, mostly on your hands and knees, may not seem proper searching to you folks in the East, who are used to the rigors of "Button, button, who 's got the button?" '

"But Little Sammy did n't shrivel a wrinkle under the scorch of sarcasm. He was sure hard-shelled as an armor-clad gila lizard that hums a tune under a mountain slide and pulls himself out of an avalanche in gay spirits. He 'd absorbed Sandstorm's every word as plumb authentic, and asked again about the size and shape of that Joshua-tree. Also he inquired particularly about the family of chuckawallahs, which is a lizard twice as horrid-looking as a gila.

" 'Seven feet tall,' said Sandstorm, describing the tree by raising his hand a few inches above his head, 'and it had eleven twisty branches. In the moonlight those trees look like Injun ghosts devil-dancing with a superfluity of arms. As for a chuckawallah, a man has got to be delirious to describe it. Just wait till you see one, and it 'll never erase from your memory or dreams.'

" 'And have you given up the search?' said Little Sammy.

" 'Yes,' Sandstorm sighed, 'I have, not caring to cash in my last chip on the desert afore my time.'

"Little Sammy did n't say no more. He was affected speechless. For half a

week he went round hunting up Joshua-trees and studying them; then one day Sandstorm Smith staggered into the Hush-a-by and grabbed the bar-rail to brace himself. He was shaking like a jelly-man in an earthquake, and I put out some of the highest proof in stock to steady him. He keyed together a little and then gurgled:

" 'He 's gone after it!'

" 'Who 's gone after what?' I said.

" 'Little Sammy 's gone after the Joshua-tree. Just saw him rolling up the western trail on a burro and leading a three-mule commissary. He 's taken grub and water enough to last a month. This is too much!' Sandstorm slumped into a chair with a groan of ecstasy.

"I could n't focus it quite so hilarious, for I 'd seen more than one tenderfoot go up over that western trail through Little Death Cañon. And they never came back, nor sent any message. There 's no water for fifty miles, and that 's boiling with alkali. So I said to Sandstorm:

" 'Look here, pal, that 's dead wrong, letting that fool kid go off there alone. You know what 'll happen if he strays.'

" 'Smother the bleating, Jonesy,' he gasped; 'he ain't going far. I told him the bush was only eight miles west, and he 's got a bag full of compasses and navigating-tools. He 's played his whole stack on his outfit, Little Sammy has; nothing left but a few pounds of silver and his ticket home. But the folks 'll be glad to see him, and he ain't cut out for this sort of game.'

"Sandstorm went about telling the story with joyous effect, so that the boys finally planned to give Little Sammy a grand josh welcome home. Smith used up two days recruiting a band from Tonopah and Goldfield. By the great yellow lode of Blue Mountain, that band was a wonder! There was one trombone, five mouth organs, a bass fiddle, two concertinas, and a kettledrum. The uniforms were overalls, plug hats, and sage-brush wreaths hung round the neck. Then the boys organized a lookout patrol to watch for Little Sammy day and night. The band was under marching orders constant, sleeping on their instruments of torture.

"Two weeks had backed into the old calendar when one day about sun-dip there was a shout from one of the look-outs that was taken up and echoed over the camp and out to the hills.

" 'He comes! By Joshua, he comes!' the entire community chanted. The band struck up a fierce discord meant for a march, and headed by Sandstorm Smith, who wore a frock-coat, golf pants, and a brimless derby, set out for Little Death Cañon, a narrow gully between two straight-shouldered hills.

"I could n't leave the Hush-a-by, but I knew all the boys were in behind that terrific band, keeping step, with eyes front and countenances carved solemn. They met Little Sammy half-way, saluted with both hands, and, making a wide circle, manœuvered him in behind the band. Then they headed back to camp, the band still murdering the same tune. There was n't a murmur or even a chuckle in the ranks as the band swung up Main Street and wheeled into the Hush-a-by, led by Sandstorm, the music, and Little Sammy Harbin, still on his burro.

"Little Sammy was smiling clear round to the back of his neck. Standing up in his stirrups, he purred:

" 'Sandy, how did you guess it?'

" 'Guess what?' asked Sandstorm, hoarse and gaspy.

" 'Why, that I found it,' Little Sammy cried—'found the tree just as you said—seven feet high, with eleven branches, and chuckawallahs hobbling all about it. Yes; and it was growing over one of the richest dykes that ever cropped out of a gold mine. I blasted down about ten feet, and it gets better under. Here are some of the samples.' And he drew out of his pockets a handful of high-grade ore as rich, if not richer than anything scooped out of the desert up to that time.

"The sight of that quartz shot the crowd of funny men full of zero. Sandstorm fell back against the wall limp as a water-soaked cracker."

Jonesy got up suddenly and pointed toward the door. A lead-colored automobile was sliding noiselessly with the clutch out through the gray alkali dust that the afternoon wind swirled past the windows of the restaurant.

"See that little goggled chap at the wheel?" he said. "That is Little Sammy in his new steamer. He is something of a roller now, with his string of mines and millions."

THE "PEACH" AND THE ADMIRAL

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops," etc.

"THERE can be but one opinion," observed the Admiral, and he resumed his curry.

"Obviously," said Lady Herbert, who sat upon his right; "but what is it?"

Blessington, the Flag-Lieutenant, hastened to interpret his chief. "The Admiral means, of course, that *Glorious* will win. The American gig has never a chance. Every one concedes it."

One might say of Blessington that he was something of an ass, with the mannerisms of a stage curate; but no one could dispute this statement. In all Hong-Kong, as at the lunch table in the Admiral's cabin, there was only one view taken of the great boat-race, which was that the *Oklahoma's* boat did not have the chance of a snowflake on a hot stove.

"I quite agree with you," said Lady Herbert; "but will you explain the matter to Miss de Crespigny, who does not know about sport? I am very anxious that dear Gwendolen should have everything explained to her out here in the East. It is so improving, and it would so gratify her dear mama."

"With pleasure," said the Flag-Lieutenant. "Now, in the first place, the gig of the *Glorious* is the unbeaten champion of his Majesty's squadron, and has rowed as a crew for no less than three years."

"Make a note of that," said Lady Herbert to Gwendolen—"three years." They both pronounced it "yawhs" with an extreme breadth of accent.

"On the other hand," continued Blessington, "the crew of the *Oklahoma's* gig has been picked within a month, and has never rowed a race. Never!" [He said "nevah!"] "In the second place, there have been a couple of practice brushes in the harbor, and *Glorious* has on both occasions drawn easily away, rowing from six to eight strokes less to the minute. This in itself is quite conclusive."

"Oh, quite," exclaimed Lady Herbert.

"But, furthermore," continued the Flag-Lieutenant, as if there were another conclusive reason, although it was unnecessary to present it, "*Glorious* has been coached by men who learned their rowing at Eton and Harrow."

"That would be decisive in itself," said Lady Herbert.

There was a pause, and then Miss de Crespigny spoke.

"But who," she demanded, "has coached the American boat?"

"I believe it to be a boy they call 'Peach' Russell," replied Blessington, "an' ensign newly out of their academy at Annapolis."

"How very absurd!" exclaimed Lady Herbert. "Nevertheless, it will make an amusing race."

"Not at all," said the Admiral, promptly; "it will *not* be an amusing race: it will be a silly race. It will be a walk-over. But," he rumbled on, growing more animated, "you and Gwendolen will see the best crew you have seen in fifty years. God bless me! They will win by twenty lengths—by twenty lengths or more." The humor of it overpowered him, and he subsided, chuckling, into his curry. Sir Christopher Welsingham, weather-beaten war-dog, admiral, and idol of the squadron, was a good feeder and much attached to curry.

Lady Herbert was annoyed at the imputation that she could have been interested in boats half a century back, but she said nothing. The subject, in fact, was concluded. It had been exhausted by the Admiral.

After an appropriate silence, Lady

Herbert chose a new subject. "Dear Sir Christopher," she said, "you really must show us the flag-ship, won't you, dear Sir Christopher? I do so wish dear Gwendolen to see a flag-ship. It would so gratify her dear mama."

"Gwendolen shall see the ship," said the Admiral.

"And dear Sir Christopher," said Lady Herbert, somewhat archly, "are there any midshipmen in the ship? Dear Gwendolen is quite curious about midshipmen."

"Oh, no!" protested Miss de Crespigny. "Really, now, Lady Herbert!"

"Gwendolen shall see the midshipmen," said the Admiral.

An hour later, in quest of midshipmen, the Admiral led his company forward into the inner mysteries of the ship. But as he approached the gun-room, he motioned them to wait, while he went ahead. It was his intention to scout, for one can never tell exactly what one is going to find in a gun-room. The Admiral remembered wistfully the days when he was a midshipman, and fully realized the possibilities. Under a stony outside, he was a very human old gentleman. At the gun-room door he paused with something of surprise, for he heard a most un-British voice uttering a most un-British sentiment. "The trouble with the English," said the voice, which was American, and what is known as Western, "is that they 're played out."

The Admiral started, as might a bishop hearing heresy from the pulpit of his own cathedral; then an English voice that he recognized as belonging to Troubridge, the senior midshipman, rose in protest.

"That 's all very well to say as a repartee," said Troubridge, "but you don't mean, *you surely don't mean*, that you think anybody is better than an Englishman?"

"I do," said the American voice.

"Who?" demanded Troubridge.

"An American," was the answer.

The Admiral's jaw dropped, and the silence in the gun-room was eloquent with amazement.

"And why not?" went on the American voice. "You 've been running down hill for three hundred years, ever since America began. You 've driven your best men over to us by keeping them out of the four hundred, if they have to work. That 's why we 've beaten you in war and in business and in boat-racing. And that 's why we 're going to beat you this afternoon."

Then a new voice was heard. It belonged to Midshipman, the Honorable Claude Wallowshire, who was thirteen.

"But, I say," exclaimed this ingenuous child, "don't you realize that all the experts say that *Glorious* is sure to win?"

"Experts!" said the American voice. "Who are the experts? Are n't they the very bunch of lobsters I 've been talking about?"

The Admiral could contain himself no longer. "Filthy little braggart!" he said under his breath. "I 'll teach him manners," and he went in.

Fourteen boyish faces turned toward him, grave and respectful, but the first boy to his feet, the first to salute, the snappiest and smartest, was the one in the fresh white uniform of a United States Ensign. Then Troubridge came forward a step. "Sir Christopher," he said, "may we present to you Mr. Russell of the *Oklahoma*, who has been lunching with us?" And the pink-cheeked boy saluted again.

The Admiral acknowledged the introduction with the countenance he used for official inspections. It was not cordial. He looked the boy over from head to toe. "Is this the Mr. Russell who is coach of the *Oklahoma's* gig?" he demanded.

"It is, sir," said the boy.

"And like most young coaches," said the Admiral, "you are sanguine."

"Sanguine," replied the Peach. It was a word from the unknown.

"I presume you expect to win," said Sir Christopher.

The Peach read the Admiral's face. "My opinion, sir," he replied, "I presume, is worth very little."

"Very," said the Admiral, frankly; "still it is interesting, even if quite absurd. We make allowances for youth."

The boy's face flushed at the word "absurd"—no one, not even a British vice-admiral, might insinuate that it was *absurd* for an American crew to expect to win this or any other race. "If I might differ with you, sir," he replied, "I should hardly use the word *expect*."

The Admiral was mollified. The boy was at last coming to his senses. "Then you merely *hope?*" he suggested.

The engaging smile which to those who knew him was a danger-signal broke upon the Peach's countenance. "No, sir," he said deferentially; "I *know.*"

"Know?" said the Admiral. "Know that you are going to win?"

"Exactly, sir," said the boy.

The Admiral gazed at him in amazement. His inclination was to lose his temper and boot him. But he thought better of it.

"Really," he said, with ponderous irony, "this is most interesting. Here is a young man who actually *knows* beforehand how a race is coming out. I dare say, sir," he continued, "that you have figured it all out by mathematics."

"By the formulas for impulse and resistances," said the boy," based upon observations of the practice brushes with *Glorious.*"

"In which, if I recall it correctly, *Glorious* has twice beaten you," said the Admiral.

"Exactly, sir," said the boy.

"And so," continued the Admiral, "pursuing your admirable logic, I presume that you can tell me by just how many lengths you are going to beat us."

"Well, sir," replied the boy, "the truth is, I have n't figured it out in lengths."

"Not in lengths?" said the Admiral. "Perhaps, then, in miles?" He chuckled at his own humor.

The boy smiled. "Yes, sir. But it will be rather less than a mile. About three quarters, sir."

To the Admiral it was past belief. It was his duty to do something; but what? As he stared dully at the boy, he saw Blessington come into the room with the two ladies. Then a scheme of retribution came to him. "Mr. Blessington," he said, "this young gentleman, Mr. Russell of the American navy, has made some mathematical calculations about the race. At my invitation he will remain on board and verify them from the deck of the *Glorious.* Present my compliments to Captain Stewart of the *Oklahoma* and obtain for Mr. Russell the necessary permission."

"Very good, sir," said Blessington.

The Peach smiled pleasantly, but said nothing.

Lady Herbert broke the pause that followed. "How very interesting to be a mathematician!" she said vaguely. "Really, Mr. Russell, you must tell Miss de Crespigny all about your interesting calculations."

"You really must," said Miss de Crespigny; she had already cast her eye over the midshipmen, and found them undesirable. "I adore mathematics, though, of course, you know I am not a mathematician. May we not go on deck?" she added, and immediately answering her question, said: "Do let us go on deck. It is so beastly hot in this place." She started for the door, and before the Peach had time to appreciate the situation he was led away. Women in their social aspects affected him with panic, and with Gwendolen he had little chance. From the English point of view she was in the expiring stages of girlhood, being six and twenty; hence a desperate and hardened beguiler. "If you won't tell me about your clever mathematical calculations," the watch-officer overheard her say, as they emerged upon the deck, "do tell me *all* about yourself."

An hour later, Lady Herbert, escorted by the Admiral, made her way through the tea-party which had assembled upon the quarter-deck, in search of her charge. She found her still in the company of Mr. Russell. "Just fancy, Lady Herbert," the girl called to her approaching chaperon, "Mr. Russell says that the *Oklahoma* is going to beat us. That is what his mathematical calculations were about."

The Admiral turned his back. He was more than disgusted.

"My dear," said Lady Herbert, "you are too young to understand these American jokes. Really, Mr. Russell, I think you are quite naughty to quiz dear Gwendolen with American jokes."

"But, Lady Herbert—" said the Peach.

"I will forgive you, Mr. Russell," said Lady Herbert, "if you will tell me about *Oklahoma.* Is it not an American word?"

"It is a Red Indian word, as you would say," replied the Peach.

"But its meaning?" demanded Lady Herbert.

The Peach hesitated a moment, and yielded to temptation. "It is the Red In-

dian word meaning a 'good thing,'" he said. As the words were in his mouth, the Admiral turned with a look of suspicion, and the boy blushed guiltily. But he defended himself mentally. Was he not justified? Had he not been provoked? Had he not suffered?

"Gwendolen," said Lady Herbert, "remember, dear, that Oklahoma is the Red Indian expression for something good."

"Lady Herbert," said the Admiral; but just at that moment some one called, "They 're coming!" and there was a movement toward the starboard rail. To the Peach it seemed that this was a chance to escape. He cast a strategic glance into the shifting crowd and hurried into it.

"Quite right," said a voice at his elbow; "do hurry and get us good places on the rail." He looked up and found himself with Miss de Crespigny on his left; on his right were Lady Herbert, the Admiral, and Blessington.

The weather had been thick all day, with showers of chill, fine rain, that fell noiselessly upon the awnings. A mile up the harbor toward Limoun Pass the fog closed down upon the water, and beyond this veil eyes could not penetrate. As they searched the dim horizon-line, a dark object was sighted growing out of the mist. There was a flurry of excitement.

"Is that one of the crews?" asked Miss de Crespigny, breathlessly. A moment later they heard the Admiral cough impressively. "Lady Herbert," said he, "that dark object which you observe is the tugboat that is clearing the course."

"Really!" said Lady Herbert.

"Gwendolen dear, that is the tugboat that is clearing the course. Use your eyes, Gwendolen. Your dear mama wishes you to see everything while you are in the East."

"Thank you, dear Lady Herbert," said Miss de Crespigny. She looked at Ensign Russell. He was searching the course with his glass.

Thus for the spectators on the *Glorious* the race began.

The dim object drew on out of the mist, and presently became a tugboat even to the unaided eyes of women and landsmen.

"Why, it *is* a tugboat!" said Miss de Crespigny. "I see it quite distinctly."

"Good!" said the Peach, encouragingly. He was still studying the on-coming craft with his glasses. Presently he lowered them and cast a shamefaced glance at the Admiral.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Miss de Crespigny. She had noticed his glance.

But just then the Admiral said, "Ha!" and lowering his glasses for an instant, cast a glance at the Peach. And then Lady Herbert, observing it, asked the Admiral if anything was the matter.

"The matter," said the Admiral, replying to Lady Herbert, but speaking toward Ensign Russell, "is that the race to all intents and purposes is over. They have run up a broom to the masthead of the tugboat."

There was an impressive silence, and Gwendolen looked at the Peach. "Are n't I good to promise to be nice to you when you are beaten?" she asked in low voice.

But Lady Herbert did not understand.

"Broom! what an extraordinary place for a broom!" she observed. "Or did you say *boom*!"

"Broom, broom," replied the Admiral, earnestly—"the symbol of victory. Do you see—sweeping the seas." He made an illustrative gesture.

"What an interesting custom!" observed Miss de Crespigny. "Is it very old?"

"Van Tromp invented it," said the Peach in a low voice. "He flew a broom when he sailed up the Thames." The Admiral recognized the voice, and looked away in disgust.

"Who was Van Tromp?" asked Miss de Crespigny.

"Really, Gwendolen dear," said Lady Herbert, "I *am* surprised. Van Tromp was one of Nelson's most illustrious captains, as Mr. Russell will explain to you. But, Sir Christopher," she continued, "is the race over because they have a broom on their flagpole? Frankly, I have n't noticed either of the boats."

"Nor I," said Gwendolen.

"I said it was as good as over," replied the Admiral, patiently. "I will explain it to you. You see this tugboat, which has been watching the competitors all the way down the course, is a British tugboat, and now she signals by the broom at the masthead that the British gig has

a decisive lead and is unquestionably the winner—as you may recall," he added, not glancing at the Peach, but speaking for his edification, "that I told you would be the case at lunch."

"How very lucid!" said Lady Herbert. "Did you understand, Gwendolen?"

"Quite," said Miss de Crespigny.

"And now," said the Flag-Lieutenant, who was standing by the Admiral, with his glasses leveled on the course, "the winner is coming."

Vociferous cheering from the eight hundred British seamen forward on the superstructure, and polite hand-clapping on the quarter-deck greeted this discovery. In spite of the foregone conclusion of the outcome, the ship's company was in a ferment with the excitement of victory.

"You are quite right, Blessington," said the Admiral; "I make it out. There they come!"

"Where?" demanded Lady Herbert. "I do so wish to see the winner!"

"There," said the Admiral, pointing at the dark speck. "Take my glass and see for yourself. Blessington," he added, "can you make out the American boat?"

"Not yet, sir," said Blessington.

"It may well be many lengths behind," said the Admiral. "A five-mile race is a long one."

Lady Herbert having his glasses, he stole a glance at the Peach, and as the Peach had been gazing at him, their eyes met. The boy dropped his, and his face flushed. "It will do that young man good," thought the Admiral. Then, desiring his binoculars, he turned to Lady Herbert again.

"Well?" he inquired, "do you see them?"

"I don't see anything," said Lady Herbert, "except mist."

"But they are not rowing in the air, you see," said Sir Christopher, benevolently, "and that 's where you are looking. You can see them now without the glass," and so saying he took the binoculars.

It was true; the on-coming boat could be seen without a glass, but it was still a dim speck, and far from satisfied Lady Herbert. But the enthusiasm that was sweeping the British flag-ship like a wild-fire seized her, and twice she caught herself almost jumping up and down. The Honorable Claude, who stood to win five shillings, abandoned himself to it wholly. "What a bally thrashin' we 're givin' 'em!" he was heard joyously to exclaim. Troubridge endeavored to suppress him in the interest of the traditional manner in which an Englishman should accept victory, but without success. He was only thirteen. "I say, I simply can't help it," he protested, and he began to join in the cheering that broke out again.

In the noise, the excited comments, and the hysteria that attends an occasion of this kind, Blessington's announcement that the American boat had become visible whole minutes behind its competitor was unnoticed except by the Admiral. "I am glad they are coming," said he. "I was afraid that they had broken an oar and would have some excuse. God bless me, Blessington," he went on, referring to the gig of the *Glorious*, and with the glass to his eyes, "what a crew! what a crew!"

"It shows," said Blessington, rather tactlessly, "what a British crew can do when it rows in a light racing boat, as the Americans do."

"Rubbish! rubbish!" said the Admiral. "It is the stroke, I tell you, Blessington—the British stroke. My word, what a stroke! Just watch them lift her along!"

Confused though she was by the clamor and the shouting of the sailors, Lady Herbert never lost touch with the Admiral. "Show me, Sir Christopher!" she exclaimed. "I wish very much to see them lift her along. And show dear Gwendolen how they do it, Sir Christopher; her mama would so wish her to see it done."

But a great volley of cheering broke from the superstructure, and Sir Christopher made no response. He was still gazing raptly through the binoculars. Shouts of "*Glorious! Glorious* wins! Hooray! Hooray!" were almost deafening. There was so much noise that Lady Herbert concluded that he had not heard her. She turned to Blessington.

"Can't you show dear Gwendolen, Mr. Blessington, how they lift her?"

There was no doubt about the Flag-Lieutenant being able to hear her, for, following the wild cheering, a curious hush had suddenly fallen upon the ship. Nevertheless, Blessington, like his chief, made no reply. He was lost in his study

of the on-coming boat. This was curious, because he was not an ill-mannered young man, and Lady Herbert was an Earl's wife.

"Then I appeal to you, Mr. Russell," said Lady Herbert, "to show Miss de Crespigny how they are lifting her along." The hush was now noticeable, even oppressive, to everybody but Lady Herbert. People were whispering to one another as if in the presence of death.

The Peach bowed. "You see—" he began. Then his eye caught the Admiral and Blessington, and he colored and stopped. Lady Herbert's question was never answered, and Gwendolen never knew.

"Blessington," said the Admiral, as if he had seen a ghost, "this is most extraordinary!"

"Amazing!" exclaimed Blessington.

"Most extraordinary!" murmured the Admiral.

"Simply unaccountable!" said Blessington.

"What is unaccountable?" demanded Lady Herbert.

"The boat in front," said the Admiral, "is the American boat," and he lowered his glass.

Even the whispering was hushed for a moment. Absolute silence fell upon the company. They looked at one another in amazement; surely there must be some mistake.

Then like the roar of a coming squall burst the cheering from the white ships half a mile away, and there was no more doubt.

The silence on the quarter-deck of the *Glorious* was broken by the Admiral. "I think we shall find that tea is served in the cabin," he said mechanically. The company slowly melted away from the ship's side, and conversation revived again in comments such as, "How very extraordinary! What beastly weather!"

But Sir Christopher still stood dazed and wondering by the rail, and Lady Herbert with him. "I must have it explained," she heard him murmur. "Could the boy have known? How could the boy really have known?" Then he looked about him, and said aloud: "Blessington, where is Mr. Russell? Find him for me. I want this explained to me."

"Is it one of Mr. Russell's American jokes that you wish explained?" asked Lady Herbert, sympathetically; "I often have to have them explained to me; I think they 're dull jokes."

"Find that boy!" said the Admiral, irrelevantly; but the boy was not to be found. Blessington came back with word that the watch-officer reported that Mr. Russell had just left the ship in a sampan.

The Admiral made no comment. "We will go down to tea," he said, and led the way to the cabin. At that moment more cheering from the white ships told that the American gig had crossed the finish-line.

The watch-officer on the deck of the *Glorious* saw the British gig finish just five minutes and forty-eight seconds later, which, by an analysis of the time for the race, indicated that it was a little more than three quarters of a mile behind.

As the Admiral was dressing for dinner that evening, a note was brought in to him. He opened it and read:

SIR CHRISTOPHER WELSINGHAM, K. C. M.,
Vice-Admiral Commanding British China Squadron.

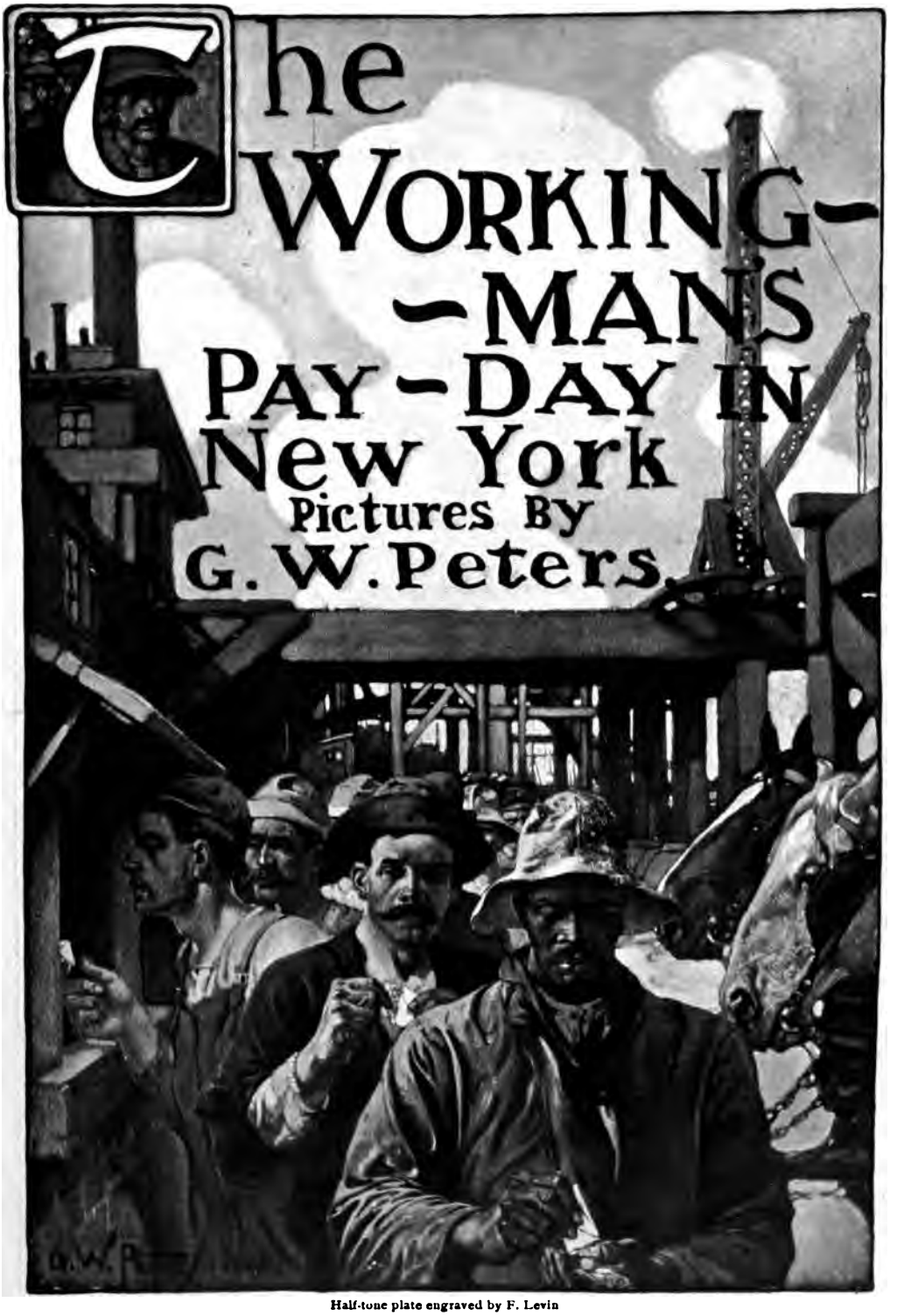
Respected Sir: I desire to apologize for leaving your ship without your permission and without saying good-by. I also regret having expressed myself in terms of unbecoming confidence before the race. As for the English tug with the broom, I knew that it had been chartered just before tiffin by a New York globe-trotter; hence I understood what the broom meant. Now, Sir Christopher, if you think it would be more sportsmanlike, we will row *Glorious* again with the buckets *ON*.

"Buckets on?" repeated the Admiral. He stopped and put his glasses on his nose. Then he read on:

You see, sir, my men being so strong, in order to give them muscle exercise in their practice, I lashed two deck-buckets to the bottom of the gig. In the race we took them off. Expressing my undying esteem for the British navy, which has produced Drake and Nelson, I am, Sir,

Respectfully yours,
George Russell, U. S. N.

The Admiral laid the note upon the dressing-table. "God bless me," he murmured, "what next!" and began ineffectually to tie his evening tie.



Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

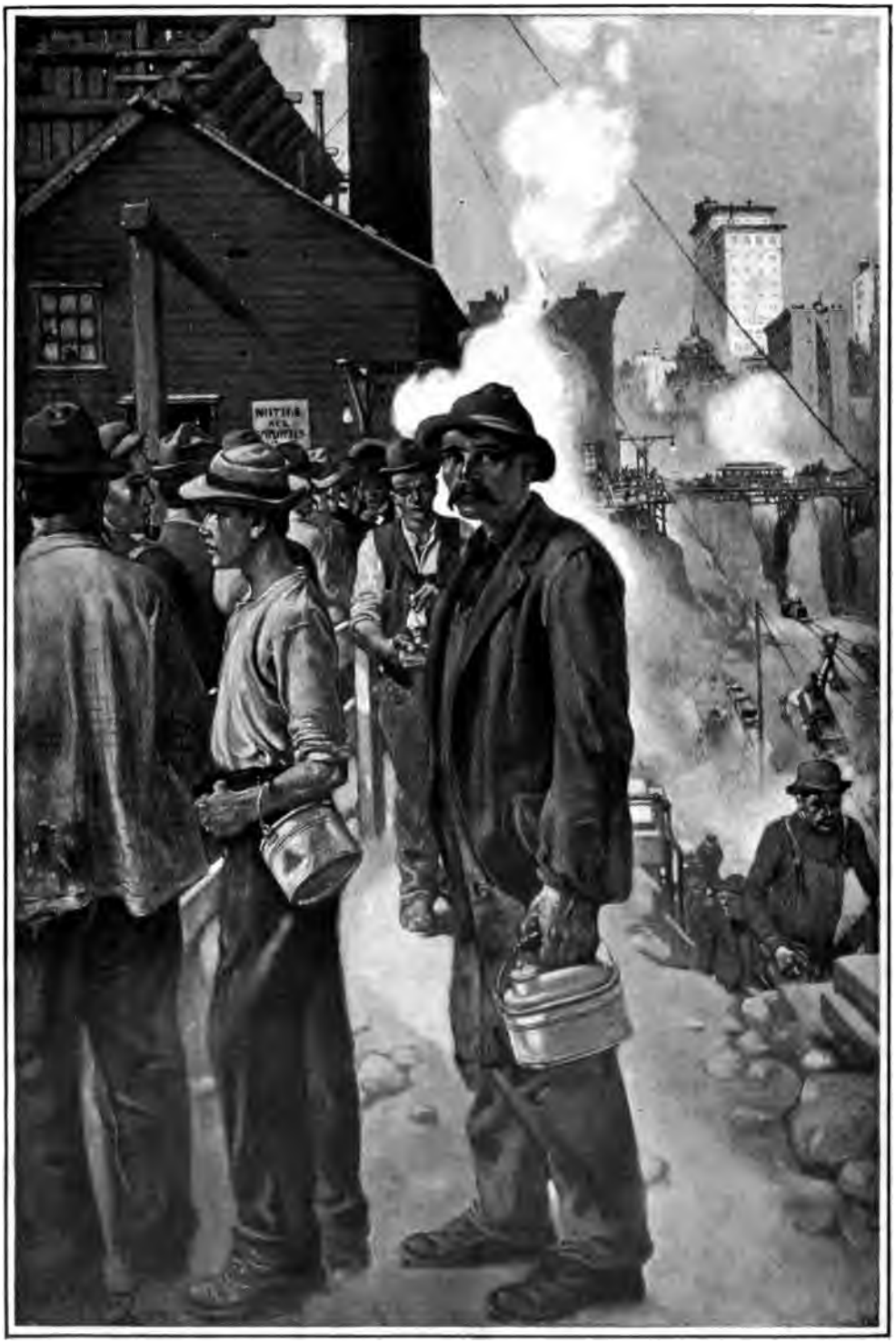
AT THE NORTH-RIVER TUNNEL

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

PAY-DAY FOR DOCK EMPLOYEES AT TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET AND THE EAST RIVER

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

PAYING OFF MECHANICS FROM A CAB



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

PAY-DAY FOR ITALIAN LABORERS AT THE EXCAVATION IN WEST THIRTY-THIRD STREET FOR THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA STATION

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

I

ABOUT five in the afternoon on the 23d of May, 1792, the brig *Morning Star* of Bristol, John Maynard, master, with a topgallant breeze after her, ran into Delaware Bay in mid-channel between Cape May and Cape Henlopen. Here was the only sunshine they had seen in three weeks. The captain, liking the warmth on his broad back, glanced up approvingly at mast and rigging. "She 's a good one," he said, and noting the ship powdered white with her salt record of the sea's attentions, he lighted a pipe and said aloud, "She 's salted like Christmas pork." As he spoke, he cast an approving eye on a young fellow who sat at ease in the lower rigging, laughing as the brig rolled over and a deluge of water flushed the deck and made the skipper on the after-hatch lift his feet out of the way of the wash.

"Hi, there, Wicount," called the captain, "she 's enjoying of herself like a young duck in a pond."

De Courval called out a gay reply, lost, as the ship rolled, in the rattle of storm-loosened stays and the clatter of flapping sails.

Toward sunset the wind lessened, the sea-born billows fell away, and De Courval dropped lightly on the deck, and, passing the master, went down to the cabin.

Near to dusk of this pleasant evening of May the captain anchored off Lewes, ordered a boat sent ashore, and a nip of rum all round for the crew. Then, with a glass for himself, he lighted his pipe and sat down on the cover of the companionway and drew the long breath of the victor in a six weeks' fight with the Atlantic in its most vicious mood. For an hour he sat still, a well-contented man; then, aware of a curly head and bronzed young face rising out of the companionway beside him, he said, "You might find that coil of rope comfortable."

The young man, smiling as he sat down, accepted the offer of the captain's tobacco and said in easy English, with scarce a trace of accent to betray his French origin: "My mother thanks you, sir, for your constant care of her. I have no need to repeat my own thanks. We unhappy *émigrés* who have worn out the hospitality of England, and no wonder, find kindness such as yours as pleasant as it is rare. My mother fully realizes what you have given us amid all your cares for the ship—and—"

"Oh, that 's all right, Wicount," broke in the captain. "My time for needing help and a cheery word may come any day on land or sea. Some one will pay what seems to you a debt."

"Ah, well, here or hereafter," said the young man, gravely, and, putting out a hand, he wrung the broad, hairy paw of the sailor. "My mother will come on deck to-morrow and speak for herself. Now she must rest. Is that our boat?"

"Yes; I sent it ashore a while ago. There will be milk and eggs and fresh vegetables for madam."

"Thank you," said De Courval. A slight, full feeling in the throat, a little difficulty in controlling his features, betrayed the long strain of much recent peril and a sense of practical kindness

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"AS THEY STRUCK, HE CALLED OUT 'YVONNE!'"

the more grateful for memories of bitter days in England and of far-away tragic days in France. With some effort to suppress emotion, he touched the captain's knee, saying, "Ah, my mother will enjoy the fresh food." And then, "What land is that?"

"Lewes, sir, and the sand-dunes. With the flood and a fair wind, we shall be off Chester by evening to-morrow. No night sailing for me on this bay, with never a light beyond Henlopen, and that's been there since '65. I know it all in daytime like I know my hand. Most usually we bide for the flood. I shall be right sorry to part with you. I 've had time and again—Frenchies; I never took to them greatly,—but you 're about half English. Why, you talk most as well as me. Where did you learn to be so handy with it?" De Courval smiled at this doubtful compliment.

"When my father was attached to our embassy in London,—that was when I was a lad,—I went to an English school, and then, too, we were some months in England, my mother and I, so I speak it fairly well. My mother never would learn it."

"Fairly well! Guess you do."

Then the talk fell away, and at last the younger man rose and said, "I shall go to bed early, for I want to be up at dawn to see this great river."

At morning, with a fair wind and the flood, the *Morning Star* moved up the stream, past the spire and houses of Newcastle. De Courval watched with a glass the green country, good for fruit, and the hedges in place of fences. He saw the low hills of Delaware, the flat sands of Jersey far to right, and toward sunset of a cloudless May day heard the clatter of the anchor chain as they came to off Chester Creek. The mother was better, and would be glad to take her supper on deck, as the captain desired. During the day young De Courval asked numberless questions of mates and men, happy in his mother's revival, and busy with the hopes and anxieties of a stranger about to accept life in a land altogether new to him, but troubled with unanswerable doubts as to how his mother would bear an existence under conditions of which as yet neither he nor she had any useful knowledge.

When at sunset he brought his mother on deck, she looked about her with pleasure. The ship rode motionless on a faintly rippled plain of orange light. They were alone on this great highway to the sea. To the left near by were the clustered houses on creek and shore where Dutch, Swede, and English had ruled in turn. There were lads in boats fishing, with cries of mock fear and laughter over the catch of crabs. It seemed to her a deliciously abrupt change from the dark cabin and the ship odors to a pretty, smiling coast, with the smoke pennons of hospitable welcome inviting to enter and share what God had so freely given.

A white-cloth-covered table was set out on deck with tea things, strawberries, and red roses the mate had gathered. As she turned, to thank the captain who had come aft to meet her, he saw his passenger for the first time. At Bristol she had come aboard at evening and through a voyage of storms she had remained in her cabin, too ill to do more than think of a hapless past and of a future dark with she knew not what new disasters.

What he saw was a tall, slight woman whose snow-white hair made more noticeable the nearly complete black of her widow's dress, relieved only by a white collar, full white wrist ruffles, and a simple silver chatelaine from which hung a bunch of keys and a small enameled watch. At present she was sallow and pale, but, except for somewhat too notable regularity of rather pronounced features, the most observant student of expression could have seen no more in her face at the moment than an indefinable stamp of good breeding and perhaps, on larger opportunity, an unusual incapacity to exhibit emotional states, whether of grief, joy, or the lighter humors of everyday social relation.

The captain listened with a pleasure he could not have explained as her voice expressed in beautiful French the happiness of which her face reported no signal. The son gaily translated or laughed as now and then she tried at a phrase or two of the little English picked up during her stay in England.

When they had finished their supper, young De Courval asked if she were tired and would wish to go below. To his surprise she said: "No, René. We are

to-morrow to be in a new country, and it is well that as far as may be we settle our accounts with the past."

"Well, mother, what is it? What do you wish?"

"Let us sit down together. Yes, here. I have something to ask. Since you came back to Normandy in the autumn of 1791 with the news of your father's murder, I have asked for no particulars."

"No, and I was glad that you did not."

"Later, my son, I was no more willing to hear, and even after our ruin and flight to England last January, my grief left me no desire to be doubly pained. But now—now, I have felt that even at much cost I should hear it all, and then forever, with God's help, put it away with the past, as you must try to do. His death was the more sad to me because all his sympathies were with the party bent on ruining our country. Ah, René, could he have guessed that he who had such hopeful belief in what those changes would effect should die by the hand of a Jacobin mob! I wish now to hear the whole story."

"All of it, mother?" He was deeply troubled.

"Yes, all—all without reserve."

She sat back in her chair, gazing up the darkening river, her hands lying supine on her knees. "Go on, my son, and do not make me question you."

"Yes, mother." There were things he had been glad to forget and some he had set himself never to forget. He knew, however, that now, on the whole, it was better to be frank. He sat still, thinking how best he could answer her. Understanding the reluctance his silence expressed, she said, "You will, René?"

"Yes, dear mother"; and so on the deck at fall of night, in an alien land, the young man told his story of one of the first of the minor tragedies which, as a Jacobin said, were useless except to give a good appetite for blood.

It was hard to begin. He had in perfection the memory of things seen, the visualizing capacity. He waited, thinking how to spare her that which at her summons was before him in all the distinctness of an hour of unequaled anguish.

She felt for him and knew the pain she was giving, comprehending him with a fullness rare to the mother mind. "This is not a time to spare me," she said, "nor yourself. Go on." She spoke sternly, not turning her head, but staring up the long stretch of solitary water.

"It shall be as you wish," he returned slowly. "In September of last year you were in Paris with our cousin, La Rochefoucauld, about our desperate money straits, when the assembly decreed the seizure of Avignon from the Pope's vice-legate. This news seemed to make possible the recovery of rents due us in that city. My father thought it well for me to go with him—"

"Yes, yes, I know; but go on."

"We found the town in confusion. The Swiss guard of the vice-legate had gone. A leader of the Jacobin party, Lescuyer, had been murdered that morning before the altar of the Church of the Cordeliers. That was on the day we rode in. Of a sudden we were caught in a mob of peasants near the gate. A Jacobin, Jourdan, led them, and had collected under guard dozens of scared bourgeois and some women. Before we could draw or even understand, we were tumbled off our horses and hustled along. On the way the mob yelled, 'A bas les aristocrates!'

"As they went, others were seized—in fact, every decent-looking man. My father held me by the wrist, saying: 'Keep cool, René. We are not Catholics. It is the old trouble.' The crush at the Pope's palace was awful. We were torn apart. I was knocked down. Men went over me, and I was rolled off the great outer stair and fell, happily, neglected. An old woman cried to me to run. I got up and went in after the Jourdan mob with the people who were crowding in to see what would happen. You remember the great stairway. I was in among the first and was pushed forward close to the broad dais. Candles were brought. Jourdan—*'coup tête'* they called him—sat in the Pope's chair. The rest sat or stood on the steps. A young man brought in a table and sat by it. The rest of the great hall was in darkness, full of a ferocious crowd, men and women.

"Then Jourdan cried out: 'Silence! This is a court of the people. Fetch in the

aristocrats!' Some threescore of scared men and a dozen women were huddled together at one side, the women crying. Jourdan waited. One by one they were seized and set before him. There were wild cries of 'Kill! Kill!' Jourdan nodded, and two men seized them one after another, and at the door struck. The people in the hall were silent one minute as if appalled, and the next were frenzied and screaming horrible things. Near the end my father was set before Jourdan. He said, 'Who are you?'

"'My father said, 'I am Citizen Courval, a stranger. I am of the religion, and here on business.' As he spoke, he looked around him and saw me. He made no sign."

"Ah," said Madame de Courval, "he did not say Vicomte."

"No. He was fighting for his life, for you, for me."

"Go on."

"His was the only case over which they hesitated even for a moment. One whom they called Tournal said: 'He is not of Avignon. Let him go.' The mob in the hall was for a moment quiet. Then the young man at the table, who seemed to be a mock secretary and wrote the names down, got up and cried out: 'He is lying. Who knows him?' He was, alas! too well known. A man far back of me called out, 'He is the Vicomte de Courval.' My father said: 'It is true. I am the Vicomte de Courval. What then?'

"The secretary shrieked: 'I said he lied. Death! Death to the *ci-devant!*'

"Jourdan said: 'Citizen Carteaux is right. Take him. We lose time.'

"On this my father turned again and saw me as I cried out, 'Oh, my God! My father!' In the uproar no one heard me. At the door on the left, it was, as they struck, he called out—oh, very loud: 'Yvonne! Yvonne! God keep thee!' Oh, mother, I saw it—I saw it." For a moment he was unable to go on.

"I got out of the place somehow. When safe amid the thousands in the square I stood still and got grip of myself. A woman beside me said, 'They threw them down into the Tour de la Glacière.' "

"Ah!" exclaimed the Vicomtesse.

"It was dusk outside when all was over. I waited long, but about nine they came out. The people scattered. I went after the man Carteaux. He was all night in cafés, never alone—never once alone. I saw him again, at morning, near by on horseback; then I lost him. Ah, my God! mother, why would you make me tell it?"

"Because, René, it is often with you, and because it is not well for a young man to keep before him unendingly a sorrow of the past. I wanted you to feel that now I share with you what I can see so often has possession of you. Do not pity me because I know all. Now you shall see how bravely I will carry it." She took his hand. "It will be hard, but wise to put it aside. Pray God, my son, this night to help you not to forget, but not hurtfully to remember."

He said nothing, but looked up at the darkened heavens under which the nighthawks were screaming in their circling flight.

"Is there more, my son?"

"Yes, but it is so hopeless. Let us leave it, mother."

"No. I said we must clear our souls. Leave nothing untold. What is it?"

"The man Carteaux! If it had not been for you, I should never have left France until I found that man."

"I thought as much. Had you told me, I should have stayed, or begged my bread in England while you were gone."

"I could not leave you then, and now—now the sea lies between me and him, and the craving that has been with me when I went to sleep and at waking I must put away. I will try." As he spoke, he took her hand.

A rigid Huguenot, she had it on her lips to speak of the forgiving of enemies. Generations of belief in the creed of the sword, her love, her sense of the insult of this death, of a sudden mocked her purpose. She was stirred as he was by a passion for vengeance. She flung his hand aside, rose, and walked swiftly about, getting back her self-command by physical action.

He had risen, but did not follow her. In a few minutes she came back through the darkness, and setting a hand on each of his shoulders said quietly: "I am sorry—the man is dead to you—I am sorry you ever knew his name."

"But I do know it. It is with me, and must ever be until I die. I am to try to forget—forget! That I cannot. The sea makes him as one dead to me; but if ever I return to France—"

"Hush! It must be as I have said. If he were within reach do you think I would talk as I do?"

The young man leaned over and kissed her. This was his last secret. "I am not fool enough to cry out for what fate has swept out of my reach. Let us drop it. I did not want to talk of it. We will let the dead past bury its hatred and think only of that one dear memory, mother. And now will you not go to bed, so as to be strong for to-morrow?"

"Not yet," she said. "Go and smoke your pipe with that good captain. I want to be alone." He kissed her forehead and went away.

The river was still; the stars came out one by one, and a great planet shone distinct on the mirroring plain. Upon the shore near by the young frogs croaked shrilly. Fireflies flashed over her, but heedless of this new world she sat thinking of the past, of their wrecked fortunes, of the ruin which made the great duke, her cousin, counsel emigration, a step he himself did not take until the Terror came. She recalled her refusal to let him help them in their flight, and how at last, with a few thousand livres, they had been counseled to follow the many who had gone to America.

Then at last she rose, one bitter feeling expressing itself over and over in her mind in words which were like an echo of ancestral belief, in the obligation old noblesse imposed, no matter what the cost. An overmastering thought broke from her into open speech as she cried aloud: "Ah, my God! why did he not say he was the Vicomte de Courval! Oh, why—"

"Did you call, mother?" said the son.

"No. I am going to the cabin, René. Good night, my son."

He laid down the pipe he had learned to use in England and which he never smoked in her presence; caught up her cashmere shawl, a relic of better days, and carefully helped her down the companionway.

Then he returned to his pipe and the captain, and to talk of the new home and of the ship's owner, Mr. Hugh Wynne, and of those strange, good people who called themselves Friends, and who *tutoyéd* every one alike. He was eager to hear about the bitter strife of parties, of the statesmen in power, of the chances of work, gathering with intelligence such information as might be of service, until at last it struck eight bells and the captain declared that he must go to bed.

The young man thanked him and added, "I shall like it, oh, far better than England."

"I hope so, Wicount; but of this I am sure, men will like you and, by George, women, too!"

De Courval laughed merrily. "You flatter me, Captain."

"No. Being at sea six weeks with a man is as good as being married, for the knowing of him—the good and the bad of him."

"And my mother, will she like it?"

"Ah, now, that I cannot tell. Good night."

II

WHEN in a morning of brilliant sunshine again, with the flood and a favoring wind, the brig moved up-stream alone on the broad water, Madame de Courval came on deck for the midday meal. Her son hung over her as she ate, and saw with gladness the faint pink in her cheeks, and, well-pleased, translated her questions to the captain as he proudly pointed out the objects of interest when they neared the city of Penn. There was the fort at Red Bank where the Hessians failed, and that was the Swedes' church, and there the single spire of Christ Church rising high over the red brick city, as madam said, of the color of Amsterdam.

Off the mouth of Dock Creek they came to anchor, the captain advising them to wait on shipboard until he returned, and to be ready then to go ashore.

When their simple preparations were completed, De Courval came on deck, and, climbing the rigging, settled himself in the crosstrees to take counsel with his pipe, and to be for a time alone and away from the boat-loads of people eager for letters and for news from France and England.

The mile-wide river was almost without a sail. A few lazy fishers and the

slowly moving vans of the mill on Wind Mill Island had little to interest. As he saw it from his perch, the city front was busy and represented the sudden prosperity which came with the sense of permanence the administration of Washington seemed to guarantee for the great bond under which a nation was to grow. There was the town stretching north and south along the Delaware, and beyond it woodland. What did it hold for him? The mood of reflection was no rare one for a man of twenty-five who had lived through months of peril in France, amid peasants hostile in creed, and who had seen the fortunes of his house melt away, and at last had aged suddenly into gravity beyond his years when he beat his way heartsick out of the grim tragedy of Avignon.

His father's people were of the noblesse of the robe, country gentles; his mother a cousin of the two dukes Rochefoucauld. He drew qualities from a long line of that remarkable judicature which through all changes kept sacred and spotless the ermine of the magistrate. From the mother's race he had spirit, courage, and a reserve of violent passions, the inheritance of a line of warlike nobles unused to recognize any law but their own will.

The quiet life of a lesser country gentleman, the absence from court which pride and lessening means alike enforced, and the puritan training of a house which held tenaciously to the creed of Calvin, combined to fit him better to earn his living in a new land than was the case with the greater nobles who had come to seek what contented their ambitions—some means of living until they should regain their lost estates. They drew their hopes from a ruined past. De Courval looked forward with hope fed by youth, energy, and the simpler life.

It was four o'clock when the captain set them ashore with their boxes on the slip in front of the warehouse of Mr. Wynne, the ship's owner. He was absent at Merion, but his porters would care for their baggage, and a junior clerk would find for them an inn until they could look for a permanent home. When the captain landed them on the slip, the old clerk, Mr. Potts, made them welcome, and would have had madam wait in the warehouse until their affairs had been duly ordered. When her son translated the invitation, she said: "I like it here. I shall wait for you. The sun is pleasant." While he was gone, she stood alone, looking about her at the busy wharf, the many vessels, the floating windmills anchored on the river, and the long line of red brick warehouses along the river front.

On his return, De Courval, much troubled, explained that there was not a hackney-coach to be had, and that she had better wait in the counting-house until a chaise could be found. Seeing her son's distress, and learning that an inn could be reached near by, she declared it would be pleasant to walk and that every minute made her better.

There being no help for it, they set out with the clerk, who had but a mild interest in this addition to the French who were beginning to fly from France and the islands, and were taxing heavily the hospitality and the charity of the city. A barrow-man came on behind, with the baggage for their immediate needs, now and then crying, "Barrow! Barrow!" when his way was impeded.

De Courval, at first annoyed that his mother must walk, was silent, but soon, with unfailing curiosity, began to be interested and amused. When, reaching Second Street, they crossed the bridge over Dock Creek, they found as they moved northward a brisk business life, shops, and more varied costumes than are seen to-day. Here were Quakers, to madam's amazement; nun-like Quaker women in the monastic seclusion of what later was irreverently called the "coal-scuttle" bonnet; Germans of the Palatinate; men of another world in the familiar short clothes, long, broidered waistcoat, and low beaver; a few negroes; and the gray-clad mechanic, with now and then a man from the islands, when suddenly a murmur of French startled the vicomtesse.

"What a busy life, *maman*," her son said; "not like that dark London, and no fog, and the sun—like the sun of home."

"We have no home," she replied, and for a moment he was silent. Then, still intent upon interesting her, he said:

"How strange! There is a sign of a

likely black wench and two children for sale. 'Inquire within and see them. Sold for want of use.' And lotteries, *maman*. There is one for a canal between the Delaware and the Schuylkill rivers; and one to improve the Federal City. I wonder where that is." She paid little attention, and walked on, a tall, dark, somber woman, looking straight before her, with her thoughts far away.

The many taverns carried names which were echoes from the motherland, which men, long after the war, were still apt, as Washington wrote, to call "home." The Sign of the Cock, the Dusty Miller, the Pewter Plate, and—"Ah, *maman,*" he cried, laughing, "The Inn of the Struggler. That should suit us."

The sullen clerk, stirred at last by the young fellow's gay interest, his eager questions, and his evident wish to distract and amuse a tired woman who stumbled over the loose bricks of the sidewalk, declared that was no place for them. Her tall figure in mourning won an occasional glance, but no more. It was a day of strange faces and varied costumes. "And, *maman,*" said her son, "the streets are called for trees and the lanes for berries." Disappointed at two inns of the better class, there being no vacant rooms, they crossed High Street; the son amused at the market stands for fruit, fish, and "garden truck, too," the clerk said, with blacks crying, "Calamus! sweet calamus!" and "Pepper pot, smoking hot!" or "Hominy! samp! grits! hominy!" Then, of a sudden, as they paused on the farther corner, madam cried out, *"Mon dieu!"* and her son a half-suppressed *"Sacré!"* A heavy landau coming down Second Street bumped heavily into a deep rut and there was a liberal splash of muddy water across madam's dark gown and the young man's clothes. In an instant the owner of the landau had alighted, hat in hand, a middle-aged man in velvet coat and knee-breeches.

"Madam, I beg a thousand pardons."

"My mother does not speak English, sir. These things happen. It is they who made the street who should apologize. It is of small moment."

"I thank you for so complete an excuse, sir. You surely cannot be French. Permit me,"—and he turned to the woman, *"mille pardons,"* and went on in fairly fluent French to say how much he regretted, and would not madam accept his landau and drive home? She thanked him, but declined the offer in a voice which had a charm for all who heard it. He bowed low, not urging his offer, and said, "I am Mr. William Bingham. I trust to have the pleasure of meeting madam again and, too, this young gentleman, whose neat excuse for me would betray him if his perfect French did not. Can I further serve you?"

"No, sir," said De Courval, "except to tell me what inn near by might suit us. We are but just now landed. My guide seems in doubt. I should like one close at hand. My mother is, I fear, very tired."

"I think,"—and he turned to the clerk, —"yes, St. Tammany would serve. It is clean and well kept and near by." He was about to add, "Use my name," but, concluding not to do so, added: "It is at the corner of Chancery Lane. This young man will know." Then, with a further word of courtesy, he drove away, while madam stood for a moment sadly contemplating the additions to her toilet.

Mr. Bingham, Senator for Pennsylvania, reflected with mild curiosity on the two people he had annoyed, and then murmured: "I was stupid. That is where the Federal Club meets and the English go. They will never take these poor French with their baggage in a barrow."

He had at least the outward manners of a day when there was leisure to be courteous, and, feeling pleased with himself, soon forgot the people he had unluckily inconvenienced. De Courval went on, ruefully glancing at his clothes, and far from dreaming that he was some day to be indebted to the gentleman they had left.

The little party, thus directed, turned into Mulberry Street, or, as men called it, Arch, and, with his mother, De Courval entered a cleanly front room under the sign of St. Tammany. There was a barred tap in one corner, maids in cap and apron moving about, many men seated at tables, with long pipes called churchwardens, drinking ale or port wine. Some looked up, and De Courval heard a man say, "More French beggars." He flushed, bit his lip, and turned

to a portly man in a white jacket, who was, as it seemed, the landlord. The mother shrank from the rude looks and said a few words in French.

The host turned sharply as she spoke, and De Courval asked if he could have two rooms. The landlord had none.

"Then may my mother sit down while I inquire without?"

A man rose and offered his chair as he said civilly: "Oeller's Tavern might suit you. It is the French house—a hotel, they call it. You will get no welcome here."

"Thank you," said De Courval, hearing comments on their muddy garments and the damned French. He would have had a dozen quarrels on his hands had he been alone. His mother had declined the seat, and as he followed her out, he lingered on the step to speak to his guide. They were at once forgotten, but he heard behind him scraps of talk, the freely used oaths of the day, curses of the demagogue Jefferson and the man Washington, who was neither for one party nor for the other. He listened with amazement and restrained anger.

He had fallen in with a group of middle-class men, Federalists in name, clamorous for war with Jacobin France, and angry at their nominal leader, who stood like a rock against the double storm of opinion which was eager for him to side with our old ally France or to conciliate England. It was long before De Courval understood the strife of parties, felt most in the cities, or knew that back of the mischievous diversity of opinion in and out of the cabinet was our one safeguard—the belief of the people in a single man and in his absolute good sense and integrity. Young De Courval could not have known that the thoughtless violence of party classed all French together, and as yet did not realize that the *émigré* was generally the most deadly foe of the present rule in France.

Looking anxiously at his mother, they set out again up Mulberry Street, passed the meeting-house of Friends and the simple grave of the great Franklin, the man too troubled, and the mother too anxious, to heed or question when they moved by the burial-ground where Royalist and Whig lay in the peace of death and where, at the other corner, Wetherill with the free Quakers built the home of a short-lived creed.

Oeller's Tavern—because of its French guests called a hotel—was on Chestnut Street, west of Fifth, facing the State House. A civil French servant asked them into a large room on the right of what was known as a double house. It was neat and clean, and the floor was sanded. Presently appeared Maxim Oeller. Yes, he had rooms. He hoped the citizen would like them, and the citizeness. De Courval was not altogether amused. He had spoken English, saying however that he was of France, and the landlord had used the patois of Alsace. The mother was worn out, and said wearily: "I can go no farther. It will do. It must do, until we can find a permanent lodging and one less costly."

Mr. Oeller was civil and madame well pleased. For supper in her room, on extra payment, were fair rolls and an omelet. De Courval got the mud off his clothes and at six went down-stairs for his supper.

At table, when he came in, were some twenty people, all men. Only two or three were of French birth and the young man, who could not conceive of Jacobin clubs out of France, sat down and began to eat with keen relish a well-cooked supper.

By and by his neighbors spoke to him. Had he just come over the seas, as the landlord had reported? What was doing in France? He replied, of course, in his very pure English. News in London had come of Mirabeau's death. Much interested, they plied him at once with questions. And the king had tried to leave Paris, and there had been mobs in the provinces, bloodshed, and an attack on Vincennes—which was not quite true. Here were Americans who talked like the Jacobins he had left at home. Their violence surprised him. Would he like to come to-morrow to the Jacobin Club? The king was to be dealt with. Between amusement and indignation the grave young vicomte felt as though he were among madmen. One man asked if the decree of death to all *émigrés* had been carried out. "No," he laughed; "not while they were wise enough to stay away." Another informed him that Washington and Hamilton were on the way to create a

monarchy. "Yes, Citizen, you are in a land of titles—Your Excellency, Their Honors of the supreme court in gowns—scarlet gowns." His discreet silence excited them. "Who are you for? Speak out!"

"I am a stranger here, with as yet no opinions."

"A neutral, by Jove!" shouted one.

At last the young man lost patience and said: "I am not, gentlemen, a Jacobin. I am of that noblesse which of their own will gave up their titles. I am—or was the Vicomte de Courval."

There was an uproar. "We are citizens, we would have you to know. Damn your titles! We are citizens, not gentlemen."

"That is my opinion," said De Courval, rising. Men hooted at him and shook fists in his face. "Take care!" he cried, backing away from the table. In the midst of it came the landlord. "He is a royalist," they cried; "he must go or we go."

The landlord hurried him out of the room. "Monsieur," he said—"Citizen, these are fools, but I have my living to think of. You must go. I am sorry, very sorry."

"I cannot go now," said De Courval. "I shall do so to-morrow at my leisure." It was so agreed. He talked quietly a while with his mother, saying nothing of this new trouble, and then, still hot with anger, he went to his room, astonished at his reception, and anxious that his mother should find a more peaceful home.

He slept the sleep of the healthy young, rose at early dawn, and was able to get milk and bread and thus to escape breakfast with the citizen-boarders, not yet arisen. Before he went out, he glanced at the book of guests. He had written Vicomte de Courval, with his mother's name beneath it, La Vicomtesse de Courval, without a thought on so casual a matter, and now, flushing, he read "Citizen" above his title with an erasure of de and Vicomte. Over his mother's title was written the last affectation of the Jacobins, "Citizeness" Courval. It was so absurd that, the moment's anger passing into mirth, he went out into the air, laughing and exclaiming: *"Mais qu'ils sont bêtes! Quelle enfantillage!* What childishness!" The servant, a man of middle age, who was sweeping the steps, said in French, "What a fine day, Monsieur."

"Bon jour, Citizen," returned De Courval, laughing. The man laughed also, and said, *"Canailles, Monsieur,"* with a significant gesture of contempt. *"Bon jour, Monsieur le Vicomte,"* and then, hearing steps within, resumed his task with: "But one must live. My stomach has the opinions of my appetite." For a moment he watched the serious face and well-knit figure of the vicomte as he turned westward, and then went into the house, remarking, *"Qu'il est beau"*—"What a handsome fellow!"

De Courval passed on. Independence Hall interested him for a moment. Many people went by him, going to their work, although it was early. He saw the wretched paving, the few houses high on banks of earth beyond Sixth Street, and then, as he walked westward on Chestnut Street, pastures, cows, country, and the fine forest to the north known as the Governor's Wood. At last, a mile farther, he came upon the bank of a river flowing slowly by. What it was he did not know. On the farther shore were farms and all about him a thinner forest. It was as yet early, and, glad of the lonely freshness, he stood still a little while among the trees, saw bees go by on early business bent, and heard in the edge of the wood the love song of a master singer, the catbird. Nature had taken him in hand. He was already happier when, with shock of joy, he realized what she offered. No one was in sight. He undressed in the edge of the wood and stood a while in the open on the graveled strand, the tide at full of flood. The morning breeze stirred lightly the pale-green leaves of spring with shy caress, so that little flashes of warm light from the level sun-shafts coming through the thin leafage of May flecked his white skin. He looked up, threw out his arms with the naked man's instinctive happiness in the moment's sense of freedom from all form of bondage, ran down the beach, and with a shout of pure barbarian delight plunged into the river. For an hour he was only a young animal alone with nature—diving, swimming, splashing the water, singing bits of love-songs or laughing in pure child-like en-

joyment of the use of easy strength. At last he turned on his back and floated luxuriously. He pushed back his curly hair, swept the water from his eyes, and saw with a cry of pleasure that which is seen only from the level of the watery plain. On the far shore, a red gravel bank, taking the sun, was reflected a plain of gold on the river's breadth. The quickened wind rolled the water into little concave mirrors which, dancing on the gold surface, gathered the clear azure above him in cups of intense indigo blue. It was new and freshly wonderful. What a sweet world! How good to be alive!

When ashore he stood in a flood of sunshine, wringing the water from body and limbs and hair, and at last running up and down the beach until he was dry and could dress. Then, hat in hand, he walked away, feeling the wholesome languor of the practised swimmer and gaily singing a song of home:

"Quand tout renait à l'espérance,
Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
Sous le beau ciel de notre France,
Quand le soleil revient plus doux;
Quand la nature est reverdie,
Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'aime à revoir ma Normandie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour!"

The cares and doubts and worries of yesterday were gone—washed out of him, as it were, in nature's baptismal regeneration of mind and body. All that he himself recognized was a glad sense of the return of competence and of some self-assurance of capacity to face the new world of men and things.

He wandered into the wood and said good morning to two men who, as they told him, were "falling a tree." He gathered flowers, white violets, the star flower, offered tobacco for their pipes, which they accepted, and asked them what flower was this. "We call them Quaker ladies." He went away wondering what poet had so named them. In the town he bought two rolls and ate them as he walked, like the great Benjamin. About nine o'clock, returning to the hotel, he threw the flowers in his mother's lap as he kissed her. He saw to her breakfast, chatted hopefully, and when, about noon, she insisted on going with him to seek for lodgings, he was pleased at her revived strength. The landlord regretted that they must leave, and gave addresses near by. Unluckily, none suited their wants or their sense of need for rigid economy; and, moreover, the vicomtesse was more difficult to please than the young man thought quite reasonable. They were pausing, perplexed, near the southwest corner of Chestnut and Fifth streets when, having passed two gentlemen standing at the door of a brick building known as the Philosophical Society, De Courval said, "I will go back and ask where to apply for information." He had been struck with the unusual height of one of the speakers, and with the animation of his face as he spoke, and had caught as he went by a phrase or two; for the stouter man spoke in a loud, strident voice, as if at a town meeting. "I hope, Citizen, you liked the last 'Gazette.' It is time to give men their true labels. Adams is a monarchist and Hamilton is an aristocrat."

The taller man, a long, lean figure, returned in a more refined voice: "Yes, yes; it is, I fear, only too true. I hope, Citizen, to live to see the end of the titles they love, even Mr.; for who is the master of a freeman?"

"How droll is that, *maman!*" said De Courval, half catching this singular interchange of sentiment.

"Why, René? What is droll?"

"Oh, nothing." He turned back, and addressing the taller man said: "Pardon me, sir, but we are strangers in search of some reasonable lodging-house. May I ask where we could go to find some one to direct us?"

The gentleman appealed to took off his hat, bowing to the woman, and then, answering the son, said, "My friend Citizen Freneau may know." The citizen had small interest in the matter. The taller man, suddenly struck by the woman's grave and moveless face and the patient dignity of her bearing, began to take an interest in this stranded couple, considering them with his clear hazel eyes. As he stood uncovered, he said: "Tell them, Freneau! Your paper must have notices—advertisements. Where shall they inquire?"

Freneau did not know, but quick to note his companion's interest, said pres-

ently: "Oh, yes, they might learn at the library. They keep there a list of lodging-houses."

"That will do," said the lean man. Madame, understanding that they were to be helped by this somber-looking gentleman, said, *"Je vous remercie, messieurs."*

"My mother thanks you, sir."

Then there was of a sudden cordiality. Most of the few French known to Freneau were Republicans and shared his extreme opinions. The greater emigration from the islands and of the beggared nobles was not as yet what it was to become.

"You are French?" said Freneau.

"Yes, we are French."

"I was myself about to go to the library," said the taller man, and, being a courteous gentleman gone mad with "gallic fever," added in imperfect French, "If madame will permit me; it is near by, and I shall have the honor to show the way."

Then Citizen Freneau of the new "National Gazette," a clerk in the Department of State, was too abruptly eager to help; but at last saying "Good-by, Citizen Jefferson," went his way as the statesman, talking his best French to the handsome woman at his side, went down Chestnut Street, while De Courval, relieved, followed them and reflected with interest—for he had learned many things on the voyage—that the tall man in front must be the former minister to France, the idol of the Democratic party, and the head of that amazing cabinet of diverse opinions which the great soldier president had gathered about him. East of Fourth Street, Mr. Jefferson turned into a court, and presently stood for a moment on the front step of a two-story brick building known as Carpenter's Hall, over which a low spire still bore a forgotten crown. Not less forgotten were Jefferson's democratic manners. He was at once the highly educated and well-loved Virginian of years ago.

He had made good use of his time, and the woman at his side, well aware of the value of being agreeable, had in answer to a pleasant question given her name, and presently had been told by the ex-minister his own name, with which she was not unfamiliar.

"Here, madame," he said, "the first Congress met. I had the misfortune not to be of it."

"But later, monsieur—later, you can have had nothing to regret."

"Certainly not to-day," said the Virginian. He paused as a tall, powerfully built man, coming out with a book in his hand, filled the doorway.

"Good morning, Mr. Wynne," said Jefferson. "Is the librarian within?"

"Yes; in the library, up-stairs."

Hearing the name of the gentleman who thus replied, the young vicomte said:

"May I ask, sir, if you are Mr. Hugh Wynne?"

"Yes, I am; and, if I am not mistaken, you are the Vicomte de Courval, and this, your mother. Ah, madame," he said in French, far other than that of the secretary, "I missed you at Oeller's, and I am now at your service. What can I do for you?"

The vicomtesse replied that they had been guided hither by Mr. Jefferson to find a list of lodging-houses.

"Then let us go and see about it."

"This way, Vicomte," said Jefferson. "It is up-stairs, madame." Ah, where now were the plain manners of democracy and the scorn of titles? A low, sweet voice had bewitched him, the charm of perfect French at its best.

The United States bank was on the first floor, and the clerks looked up with interest at the secretary and his companions as they passed the open door. De Courval lingered to talk with Wynne, both in their way silently amused at the capture by the vicomtesse of the gentleman with Jacobin principles.

The room up-stairs was surrounded with well-filled book-shelves. Midway, at a table, sat Zachariah Poulson, librarian, who was at once introduced, and who received them with the quiet good manners of his sect. A gentleman standing near the desk looked up from the book in his hand. While Mr. Poulson went in search of the desired list, Mr. Wynne said: "Good morning, James. I thought, Mr. Secretary, you knew Mr. Logan. Permit me to add agreeably to your acquaintance." The two gentlemen bowed, and Wynne added: "By the way, do you chance to know, Mr. Secretary, that Mr. Logan is hereditary librarian of

the Loganian Library, and every Logan in turn if he pleases—our only inherited title."

"Not a very alarming title," said the Quaker gentleman, demurely.

"We can stand that much," said Jefferson, smiling as he turned to Madame de Courval, while her son, a little aside, waited for the list and surveyed with interest the Quakers, the statesman, and the merchant who seemed so friendly.

At this moment came forward a woman of some forty years; rose-red her cheeks within the Quaker bonnet, and below all was sober gray, with a slight, pearl-colored silk shawl over her shoulders.

"Good morning, Friend Wynne. Excuse me, Friend Jefferson," she said. "May I be allowed a moment of thy time, James Logan?" The gentlemen drew back. She turned to the vicomtesse. "Thou wilt permit me. I must for home shortly. James Logan, there is a book William Bingham has praised to my daughter. I would first know if it be fitting for her to read. It is called, I believe, 'Thomas Jones.'"

Mr. Jefferson's brow rose a little, the hazel eyes confessed some merriment, and a faint smile went over the face of Hugh Wynne as Logan said: "I cannot recommend it to thee, Mary Swanwick."

"Thank thee," she said simply. "There is too much reading of vain books among Friends. I fear I am sometimes a sinner myself; but thy aunt, Mistress Gainor, Hugh, laughs at me, and spoils the girl with books—too many for her good, I fear."

"Ah, she taught me worse wickedness than books when I was young," said Wynne; "but your girl is less easy to lead astray. Oh, a word, Mary," and he lowered his voice. "Here are two French people I want you to take into your house."

"If it is thy wish, Hugh; but although there is room and to spare, we live, of need, very simply, as thou knowest."

"That is not thy Uncle Langstroth's fault or mine."

"Yes, yes. Thou must know how wilful I am. But Friend Schmidt is only too generous, and we have what contents me, and should content Margaret, if it were not for the vain worldliness Gainor Wynne puts into the child's head. Will they like Friend Schmidt?"

"He will like them, Mary Swanwick. You are a fair French scholar yourself. Perhaps they may teach you—they are pleasant people." He, too, had been captured by the sweet French tongue he loved.

"They have some means," he added, "and I shall see about the young man. He seems more English than French, a staid young fellow. You may make a Quaker of him, Mary."

"Thou art foolish, Hugh Wynne; but I will take them."

Then the perverted Secretary of State went away. Mrs. Swanwick, still in search of literature, received an innocent book called "The Haunted Priory, or the Fortunes of the House of Almy." There were pleasant introductions, and, to De Courval's satisfaction, their baggage would be taken in charge, a chaise sent in the afternoon for his mother and himself, and for terms—well, that might bide awhile until they saw if all parties were suited. The widow, pleased to oblige her old friend, had still her reserve of doubt and some thought as to what might be said by her permanent inmate, Mr. Johann Schmidt.

(To be continued)

MME. VEUVE RIVET

THE DOMPTEUR AND THE DAMSELS

BY FRANCES TRUMBULL LEA

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

THE romance began, as romance should, in springtime. The scene was laid where the great Lion de Belfort looked down with sullen majesty on that characteristic feature of Parisian life—a *fête*. All around him rose the canvas booths, big and little, from the tiny stall where bars of tinted pistachio, or piles of *crêpes* were for sale, to full-fledged circuses, with braying bands and gaily dressed performers ranged temptingly before the entrance.

A happy holiday crowd pushed and elbowed about the various attractions one pleasant Sunday afternoon, oblivious to the dust and glare, their voices drowned by the furious din which raged over the square and trailed off into the side streets, where entertainment was to be found on a less splendid scale. It was a harmless, good-humored crowd, bent on amusement and the most satisfaction for the fewest sous. Once in a while a slight misunderstanding would arise, causing temporary disturbance. A small boy was unduly jostled; the father, deeply moved, turned with quick fury on the aggressor, a large woman with strong elbows and a flourishing mustache. At once there followed a brisk exchange of incivilities with accompanying gesture, which threatened to become a veritable combat; for bands, orchestrion, drums, and gun-shots acted as natural stimulants to their valor. The disputants grew hoarse and breathless; they stamped, they shook their fists. The small boy wailed in terror, while foreigners in the crowd stood rapt, awaiting murder. But at the critical moment the nearest band ceased playing, and they parted without bloodshed, the father firing over his shoulder the last and crushing insult: "And you—you are not at all polite!" When next observed, he stood at the booth where gingerbread is sold, consoling his "little mustard" with a pig whereon his name was being skilfully written in colored sugar.

Above these trivialities sat Mme. Veuve Rivet, the lion-tamer's mother, smiling on the crowd from her high desk, and selling paper slips admitting the fortunate bearer to the renowned performances for the small sum of thirty centimes. As

she glanced at her handsome bullet-headed son, who with two assistants was adding to the general uproar by a hideous performance on the post-horn, her smile widened, and she tossed her head slightly. This was not to last much longer; no, indeed. Madame had done her best to keep the secret, but try as she would, some hints would creep out, suggesting to her gossips that they were soon to see a great change of affairs. Of course she had no idea of breaking with her old associates entirely; they were well enough in their way, but their way was to be hers no longer. She doled out *billets,* even with an air of greater superiority than usual, and as a new performance was about to begin, sat idly gazing out over the wide square, which this year she saw perhaps for the last time under existing circumstances.

Near by the *Vagues de la Mer* swung dizzily like a sphere in space, some of its passengers limp with sea-sickness, real or feigned, to the joy of the crowd below, others in attitudes proudly defying the imaginary element. *Les Montagnes Russes à Vapeur* whirled its shrieking car-loads over startling obstacles, the *bicyclettes* dashed madly round their circular track, propelled by red-trousered *piou-pious* and excited shop-girls, the latter with skirts kilted to their knees. Shooting-galleries and lottery-booths were thronged, but the flying pigs and cows, with their gaudy decorations and blatant noises, found most extensive patronage. A little to one side, slightly aloof, as befitted an aristocrat, loomed the flying rabbits of the splendid new carousal, which had cost fabulous sums. It had its own electric motor to run a giant orchestrion and the great arc-lights that put to shame the ordinary gas and torches. At present the huge circle was slowly beginning to revolve in all its majesty of plate-glass and gilding, the snow-white rabbits rising and falling sedately.

Mme. Rivet glanced from this splendor to a shabby little roundabout, its hangings tarnished, its organ wheezing, and its nameless quadrupeds lacking here a head and there a tail. Very humble and pathetic it looked beside the gaudy newcomer, and for propelling force had nothing more imposing than the four, plodding, gray legs and patient nose just visible beneath the tattered middle draperies. And to think that old Brêju's daughter had dared lift her eyes!—but here Mme. Rivet's indignation got the upper hand, and she sniffed with such asperity as greatly to startle her son, whose musical efforts were mercifully at an end.

He was standing beneath his portrait, which, surrounded by alarming four-footed creatures, conveyed to those unfortunates for whom the name of Viviano was not sufficient explanation the fact that he was a *dompteur* by profession. Viviano (real name Jules) had been simpering under the awe-struck gaze of the public; but he was above all things full of filial respect, and not liking the look on his august parent's face, brushed quickly into the little tent, and in another moment was safe among his lions.

LE DOMPTEUR

Mme. Rivet, alone, continued musing. She could hear her redoubtable son cracking the whip without which no Frenchman of his class can be seen to full advantage (or the contrary), and the exclamations of awe and delight from the privileged. Would *they* be pleased? Mme. Rivet smiled at the idle thought. Who could see her son and remain indifferent? Especially savages, as all not French must be.

Her quick eye at that moment perceived a trio of these same savages—the inevitable mother and daughter, accompanied by a tall, serious-appearing youth. They were well dressed, and evidently fresh from church, but quickly succumbing to the gaiety around them, mounted the flying rabbits and whirled joyfully and dizzily round, the girl occasionally showing feet which made Mme. Rivet stare with wonder and approval. Would she be there to-night? How contemptible this mustacheless, straight-haired youth would look beside her son!

For to-night a great event was to occur, and this was how it had come about. Ever since the *fête* had been in preparation, and their little tent pitched by the Lion de Belfort, artists had been coming as usual from the surrounding studios to make sketches of his living counterparts. Among them was a young American woman who sat day after day before the big cage with busy pencil. They had often talked together, and she had explained to the incredulous Mme. Rivet that England and America were two separate countries. This, and much other astonishing information, did the painter lady impart, and one never-to-be-forgotten day she proposed bringing a party of her countrymen to witness M. Viviano's representation.

From this moment the fond mother's thoughts had begun to soar. Were not all foreigners rich? Was not her son the proper age to marry? Was he not always irresistible with her own sex?

No wonder her head swam over the delicious prospect, and with quickening breath she begged to be warned in advance, so that the guests could be received with fitting ceremony. A special performance should be given for them at whatever hour would be most convenient. This arranged, she asked many shrewd questions as to their sex, age, and social status. The painter lady smiled more than usual over her work that day as she answered that they were nearly all ladies, and daughters of America's most bloated millionaires.

Jules, who had been sitting to one side mending a whip-lash, raised his head at this. Until now he had been content to think of old Brêju's daughter as a possible match. Poor as they undoubtedly were, Jeanne was as pretty as any heiress and rapidly advancing in her calling—dancing on the slack wire. His mother, more ambitious on her Jules's behalf, had made the customary advances to the owner of a big lottery-booth, but, strange to say, without success, although the *damoiselle* was far from rivaling Jeanne in either looks or talent. No matter; for soon all would bow before them.

No wonder Mme. Rivet tossed her head, or Jules, after a half-ashamed sidelong glance at Père Brêju's humble dwelling, held his five feet three of manly beauty even dearer than before.

The hours passed slowly that bright Sunday afternoon. Madame was quite *distraite,* so that, later, on counting the receipts she found two bad ten-centime pieces, at any other time a shameful proof of dullness in the recipient. They ate their *plat du jour* at the small restaurant near by in such excitement as greatly to attract all their acquaintance. But this was as nothing when Jules was seen to take no notice of the coquettish glances cast by pretty Jeanne, who on the bills was the renowned "Miss Brown of London."

"What is the matter with him, then, this Rivet?"

"He no longer makes court to the daughter of Brêju!"

"In effect—his mother—"

The voices did not reach the ears of that estimable lady or her son, but they hummed about young Jeanne, and brought tears to her bright eyes. She left the little restaurant shortly with chin held high and arms akimbo, but in seclusion there was a "crisis of nerves" which terrified old Brêju, even while it minded him of her departed mother. He consoled her as best he could, which was not very well.

Meanwhile the band, organs, drums, etc., began to clash and pound with renewed ardor as night came on, and the darkness was made dazzling by hundreds of flickering gas-jets and wildly flaring torches. Brightest of all shone the great arc-lights of the flying rabbits, and loudest roared its powerful orchestrion, thundering out the "Faust" trio.

Jules and his mother were at their usual post, for the hour agreed upon was ten, and there was still time for several representations. They scanned the public eagerly at every opportunity. A number of foreigners were scattered through the crowd, though none were very young or very beautiful. All were intent on seeing Paris in a play-hour, and "doing the thing thoroughly."

In one corner stood a group of ladies, elderly and once dignified. They were engaged in eating *"gauffres,"* betraying their lack of practice by breathing at the wrong moment, and thereby scattering the powdered sugar from the top.

Mme. Rivet kept looking impatiently at her watch. The evening wore slowly.

At ten o'clock Père Brêju left his business, unusually prosperous that night, to an underling, and flew to tell his daughter at the neighboring circus that the Rivets' lights were out, the curtains drawn, and not a sign of life about the place. He was not alone in wonder; but Jeanne, cross and weary, in her spangled finery, which had once been newer, would only shrug her shoulders, saying, "It is to me the same."

Old Brêju, discomfited, returned to grind his asthmatic organ and pass the

"'MISS BROWN OF LONDON'"

hat. Had he given the matter further attention, he would have seen the arrival at Viviano's darkened tent of a score of girls, and from ten to twelve young men, the former pushing, giggling, and rustling their skirts upon the steps before purchasing the inevitable paper slips admitting to the inner mysteries. Jules had wished to present these to the guests, but this gallant idea was wisely overruled by his mama's declaring: "They are all made of money, these foreigners. To them it means nothing." But she agreed that it would perhaps seem more elegant not to pass the tin bank for further contributions during the performance.

Meanwhile, the much-expected ones sat in rows on the narrow benches, chattering like magpies in their foreign language. Some of the girls were young and several were undoubtedly pretty, and none in the least abashed by their unusual surroundings. They were well dressed, if not with the barbaric sumptuousness which Mme. Rivet had expected. Many of them were carrying flowers, and all had an air of joyful expectation. Mme. Rivet scrutinized them closely. There was one black-haired girl who took her fancy greatly. She was as chic as a poster by Pal, with her saucy, turned-up nose overshadowed by a big red hat, and her bouquet of chrysanthemums. On each side of her sat a young man, shaven, according to the strange way of foreigners, and altogether offering a pathetic contrast to her own darling. They evidently had some joke in common, and Mme. Rivet resented the *damoiselle's* approving smiles. They seemed unsuited to the solemn event impending.

The anxious mother felt glad that they had taken pains to groom the lions, and burn some Chinese perfumes for an air of greater elegance. Also she prayed that they might not be too sleepy to roar well. As for Jules, his hair had been oiled and curled more tightly than ever before, and the gilt-braided coat brushed until the assistant's arms ached. His mother palpitated with pride and affection, for surely there was never seen so irresistible a creature.

At last all was made ready; the hand-organ began to wheeze out a feeble waltz, ground by one of the wearied assistants, as Viviano, glorious to behold, strode before the cage, dragging the butt-end of a whip across the bars.

The lions responded nobly, and the young ladies gave audible gasps. The mother noticed with wrath that one of the smooth-shaven escorts dared smile during a moment when her own countrymen were spellbound.

"*Sauvage!*" she muttered under her breath.

This prelude ended, the dompteur entered the cage from a small door at the back. Jules was a little nervous, with these twenty pairs of eyes upon him; he felt a great deal was at stake—himself, in fact. His mother seemed to watch performance and public with anxious eyes, but in reality her keen gaze was focused on the glorious future. Romance danced in the air to the music of tinkling gold pieces. Certainly one at least of these young and impressionable creatures would sleep uneasily that night from troubling visions of her son, a godlike hero, facing death daily, undaunted and superb. Could this sweet anguish fail to overmaster maidenly reserve? In a few days her mother, guardian, or married friend would come to her, proud Mme. Rivet, saying: "Dear madame, the happiness of this child is in our hands. Do you desire that your son marries himself?" Then the fabulous dot would be mentioned casually, at which she would not look at all surprised, but answer very graciously, that of course such matters were of little conse— *Crash! Bang!* went the pistols. Mme. Rivet jumped. The performance was at an end. But what was this? As Viviano left the cage, the young people crowded around him, congratulating, asking questions, even shaking hands! Magnificent! But, what was more, as they passed out by Mme. Rivet's desk, with one accord they laid down their flowers in a great fragrant heap, while the hero of the evening bowed his acknowledgment. Another moment and they were gone. The great event was over.

There was still time for more representations, but they were no longer in a mood for business. They left the crowd to jostle about the more brilliantly lighted booths, and spoke of what was nearest to their hearts. They were still standing on the darkened platform when Mme. Rivet proposed that they should seek the greater seclusion of the traveling wagon to talk the matter over, as the assistants were plainly getting curious. Jules lifted the mass of flowers with an air of conscious pride when, wonderful to tell, a small white envelop fell to the floor! Mother and son stooped as though worked by a single spring, so suddenly that Mme. Rivet's neat coiffeur was badly disarranged; but she forebore reproaches, and all in a twitter of excitement helped carry the flowers to the wagon, which was their dwelling-room. Here, with fingers trembling, she broke open the envelop, disclosing a few lines in a bold, straggling hand. Unwomanly! was Mme. Rivet's comment on the writing. Not so the contents! It contained a declaration of the most tender nature, set in shocking French.

"She has seen thee before!" ejaculated Mme. Rivet. She was still palpitating over this when Jules uttered an exclamation. He had unearthed another note, this time in verse. They searched together; another was discovered! A protestation of undying, although hopeless love, concluding with the words: "Je vous adore, et je vous trouve plus joli que la Venus de Milo!" A comparison lost on the Rivets, but the intended compliment was obvious.

Another, and yet another! Frantic, the two searched the bouquets until nothing more was found. Even then Jules tore the very flowers apart in his enthusiasm. Jeanne sobbed herself to sleep that night, but there was little slumber in the *ménage* Rivet.

NEXT morning early, while the painter lady was doing her hair before a framed "arrangement" of mermaids and a slender moon, of which the glass made an excellent mirror, there came a knocking at the door.

At her call of "*Entrez!*" Jules and his mother precipitated themselves into the room. They were both pale from lack of sleep, but trembling with pleasant excitement.

"We have come," Mme. Rivet hastened to explain, when the formalities of greeting were over, "to say—"

"ALL HAD AN AIR OF JOYFUL EXPECTATION"

"That we are much flattered—" interrupted Jules, simpering slightly.

"That these signs of appreciation are not disagreeable to us," concluded his mother, with a glance of severity, tempered by pride. "I am content that Jules marries himself; it is naturally the first wish of a mother's heart. Dear Madame, believe that we are full of recognition of your kindness."

"But I do not comprehend," the painter lady exclaimed, surprised. "How are you obliged to me?"

"How!" ejaculated Mme. Rivet. "How! Eh, well, then, because it was you who gave those young ladies the opportunity of beholding my son in the exercise of his profession. The experiment has had a success—a mad success. One cannot doubt one's self of that. Now it only remains to choose the bride."

The painter lady was doubtful of her sanity. That Mme. Rivet had asked so many questions concerning the expected audience seemed at the moment rather amusing, but the matter was going a bit far.

"You seem to be surprised," said Mme. Rivet, wonderingly. "Ah, you do not know that we have already received letters!"

"Letters!" exclaimed the painter lady. "What letters?"

"From the young ladies themselves, declaring their emotion according to the custom of your charming but very free country," explained Mme. Rivet, politely.

The painter lady sat silent, struggling with that hopeless feeling known to some expatriates when they see their friends and countrywomen disgracing themselves artlessly in the eyes of Europe. Meanwhile the dompteur, obeying a superb gesture from his mother, unfolded a paper parcel he had been carrying, and displayed a large assortment of billets-doux, photographs, and other trophies of a like tender nature.

"Read," said the proud parent, "the letters of these young ladies to my son."

"No, no, *maman*," interposed Viviano, blushing to the eyes; "that is not necessary."

"Perhaps not," the mother admitted; "but I wish well to know the name of that young girl with black hair. If it is she who wrote these verses signed 'Adelina,' I would gladly accept her as *bru*."

"I love better this one, though I did not see her there," explained Jules, suddenly producing from his pocket the small photograph of a buxom blonde, with lettering on the back setting forth the merits of a well-known brand of cigarettes, and the name of a variety singer notorious in New York.

The painter lady had by now recovered breath, and realized she must face the situation. The photograph relieved her mind of the most serious problem, for she had seen it first in the hand of a young sculptor, and knew the girls were not to blame.

"But don't you understand?" she said,

trying to sound unconcerned, "It is only a joke. These things were not said seriously."

"But the letters," Mme. Rivet exclaimed—"what could be more serious than these letters?"

The painter lady shook her head and tried to smile.

"Read, Jules, what Adelina says of thy look when entering the cage."

Jules, blushing furiously, reached for the note; the painter lady hastened to interrupt.

"It is truly a joke," she said, "a very stupid joke! Those young men are, of course, responsible. They are all young, and have the head full of fancy. I had not known of this, I assure you, Madame; it is to me, also, a very great surprise. No one of these ladies calls herself Adelina. These pictures are of actresses. Surely you do not believe the young ladies were photographed by manufacturers of cigarettes!"

"I did not know," murmured Jules, red and pale alternately; "it is all so different in your country."

Mme. Rivet rose with dignity. "We will go," she said. "You are playing the comedy. These young ladies love my son, and now you speak of jokes—you who have arranged the affair entirely!"

"I brought a party to see the lions," replied the painter lady, also with dignity.

"The lions!" sniffed Mme. Rivet. "Does one bring heiresses to amuse themselves with lions? Have you not told me they were rich?"

"I answered your questions. The ladies are for the greater part students. That the young men do *not* amuse themselves with lions is to be regretted; but it is not my fault, and I regret with all my heart—"

"Infamous!" ejaculated Mme. Rivet, breathing hard.

"But Madame—"

"Come, Jules," interrupted his mother. "We have been sufficiently insulted. We go; but rest assured that we understand."

And she swept out, followed by Jules, who bore the once-cherished tributes dubiously.

"Be tranquil, my little one," said the fond parent, after they reached the tent. "I see it all clearly. She loves thee herself, this lady, and is therefore jealous. It is most evident. No man alive would dare to mock thee, least of all those bare priest faces. She should have found a falsehood more easy to be believed. But be patient; they will write again. It will be easy to outwit the manœuvers of this unfortunate."

"I do not think that was her motive," Jules answered thoughtfully, and, as his mother prepared to argue the question: "Say no more of this, dear mama. I am not very anxious to marry myself with a foreigner."

Mme. Rivet shrugged her shoulders as Jules disappeared in the direction of old Brêju's tent, and hid the trophies in a safe place, where they lay undisturbed, it need hardly be explained, until the Fête de Belfort was over. But on that very evening "Miss Brown of London" danced on her slack wire with more than her usual spirit, and old Père Brêju was seen taking wine with no less a personage than Viviano's mother!

COLOR DRAWING BY VIOLET OAKLEY

FROM A NATIVITY PLAY

BY MABEL EARLE

Now after that ye Lamb, and ye Oxe, and ye Horse have spoken each his Parte, shall speak ye Strawe.

STRAWE

THERE groweth goodlie Grasse by Cedron's rill,
Long-bladed, thicke, and tall, wherein ye Sheep,
After that they have fed and cropp'd their fill,
Full pleasant Rest do keep.
Alas!
I was not such a Grasse.

By stonie Lande I grew and trodden Way;
Scant Raine and seething Sun nipp'd short my Blade;
And ere my Stalke had lived out half its Day
To it ye knife was laid.
Yet see
What Lamb doth rest in me.

There grow sweet Flowers by yonder climbing Way,
Red Lilies in ye sunlight blossoming,
So fair that ye might choose ye least, to lay
Before a mightie King.
No Dower
Of Grace made me such Flower.

None sought for me in all ye Countrie-side;
No praise of Men hath fallen on my Head;
Yet never Lily borne to Bow'r of Pride
Deck'd such a King his Bed.
Behold,
God's Sonne I do enfold.

Next shall speak ye Staves.

STAVES

Men bear us not to Warre,
For bouts of Might and Danger;
Our Worke is humbler farre,
Upholding of a Manger.
The Oxe's Foode of Haye
Within our Arms Men lay;
Now there is laid a Stranger.

We are but Beames of Wood,
Not carven fine, nor golden;
Yet God in Heaven thought good
His Sonne by us be holden,
Now for His Crown
To Earth come down,
As sang His Prophets olden.

Lift up, and happ'd in Haye,
He sleeps, faire Babe of Heaven;
Yet on a coming Day,
When Rockes and Skies are riven,
Lift up on Beames of Wood
All Sinnes shall He make good.
So Men shall be forgiven.

HOME LIFE of the CALIFORNIA CONDOR

A RECORD OF UNIQUE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WHILE MAKING AT CLOSE RANGE THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BIRD

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN T. BOHLMAN AND THE AUTHOR

ONE night in the eighties a heifer from the Murietta Ranch in Southern California was killed by a mountain-lion that lived in the fastness back in the San Bernardino Range. From our camp the next day we noticed several buzzards on a dead pine up the hillside. One of the rancheros pointed out a lone speck floating in the summer sky. "King of the buzzards," he said. An hour later the speck had increased in size, and he pointed to another speck just within the scope of vision. The next day the old Mexican took me up the arroyo, and I counted seventeen buzzards and two other big birds that seemed twice the size of a buzzard feasting on the carcass of the heifer. I was interested in the big birds, but the only information I received was a gesture back toward the highest peak of the range.

Years later, as my interest in birds grew, I could get comparatively little information about this "king of the buzzards," or California condor (*Gymnogyps californianus*), for not many people had ever seen the bird, and very few had first-hand information as to its nesting habits.

The report that it was rapidly following the great auk and that the species would soon become extinct was not without some foundation, for the California condor has a range more restricted than any other bird of prey. In the early part of the last century it was reported fairly common as far north as the Columbia River region; but now it seems to have entirely disappeared from that locality. Once it was reported in Utah, and Dr. Elliott Coues saw it in Arizona in 1865. With the exception of a record in southern Oregon, the habitat of the California condor now seems to be the region from Monterey County, California, south through the mountains of the Coast Range and the extension of the San Bernardino Range into Lower California. There is no record of the bird in Mexico.

It is not surprising that collectors have searched the mountains and that museums are willing to pay big prices for the eggs, for, after a correspondence of several years, Mr. W. Lee Chambers has found that there are now only forty-one California condor eggs (twenty-six first class and fifteen second class) in the various museums and private collections of the world, while there are about seventy eggs of the great auk, which is now extinct. There are only half a dozen of the birds in captivity, and that number is not likely to be increased to any extent at present.

On March 10, 1906, Mr. Joseph Grinnell and I set out for Carnello Cañon to camp on the trail of the condor. The next day we entered the mouth of the deep ravine, and started up the stream that came whirling down the aisle between the narrow rock walls. As we ascended, crossing and recrossing to get a footing along the winding course, the gorge seemed to come to an abrupt end at every turn, but as we neared each bend, the way opened. At last we came to a

break in the bed of the stream where the water dropped over a fifty-foot wall. Here the cañon doubled on itself, making almost a complete circle, cut by a rocky ridge three hundred feet in height. Both hands were needed for climbing, so we strapped our equipment to our backs. By grasping a root here and there, and holding to the crevices above, we zigzagged slowly back and forth up the different ledges in the face of the rock. In an hour we reached the summit of the knife-ridge, and found an old ranger's trail that led on around the side of the mountain, some two hundred feet above the path of the stream.

We followed this trail for a few miles till it ended on the side of a steep precipice that could not be scaled except by ropes. For several hours we searched the sides of the cañon, climbing along the ledges and up the different pockets, watching the sky and the mountains with our field-glass, but with little hope of stumbling upon the condor's cave where there were so many hiding-places we could not reach. As a last resort, we ascended a steep side-cañon and climbed to a good outlook, where I fired three times with my revolver.

We watched with intense interest as the shots roared and reëchoed among the cliffs and crags. A few moments later came an excited "Look! Look!" from my companion as he pointed to a bird just alighting on a jagged rock half a mile up the cañon. It was unquestionably a condor. Better still, as I watched her through the glass, she began preening and stretching after the manner of a setting bird. For half an hour she sat there with wings spread, enjoying the sunshine. Then she took wing and sailed up the gorge to the side of the cliff and flapped back uneasily from one perch to another, both men and bird watching each other in suspense. Finally she dropped straight across the mountain-

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A CALIFORNIA CONDOR IN FLIGHT

The bird has dropped its feet ready to alight.

From a photograph, copyright, 1907, by H. T. Bohlman and Wm. L. Finley

A CALIFORNIA CONDOR ALIGHTING

The condor is such a heavy bird that it takes a perch with difficulty. It has to "back pedal" vigorously before it reaches the perch, and even then it lands with such force that a stump like the one in the picture will shake as if about to fall.

side some distance below, where she was hidden from view.

We knew about where the condor had disappeared, so we descended and began looking along the ledges and among the rocks, but found no sign of bird or nest, for all the noise we were making.

Three more shots were fired a few seconds apart, and after the third, the condor suddenly appeared on the rocks only twenty feet above the head of my companion. He instinctively crawled behind a tree as the big bird sat there looking as if she were about to pitch into the intruder, who was yelling like mad at finding her nest. I myself was making the cañon resound as I saw the condor sitting at the mouth of her cave, with her feathers ruffled up; for at last I felt the realization of a hope that had grown through the years.

A stone slab ten feet in height had shaled off and had lodged on the ledge a few feet lower down. Behind this was a space two by six feet, with the entrance at one end and a crack at the other that furnished an outlook along the ledge. This was the condor's cave. The nest—if I may call the cave such, for no one ever saw a nest built by this bird—was merely the crumbled rock, the oak leaves tossed there by the wind, and a few cast-off, dirty feathers. In the middle lay a big bluish-white egg. Its glossy surface

and the tenacity with which the mother stayed on the nest told us it was not far from hatching.

The condor of the Andes has long been considered the largest bird that flies. It averages about ten feet from tip to tip when the wings are spread, and weighs from twenty to twenty-five pounds. The California condor will average the same. The South American condor is glossy black, with a broad, white bar across each wing, and has a ruff of white down about the neck. The head is unfeathered and is covered with wrinkled, red skin. The forehead has a cartilaginous comb, or caruncle, and the throat is wattled like that of a common turkey. The California condor is blackish in color, with the feathers of the back edged with brown. There is no caruncle on the head, but about the neck are loose, black, lanceolinear feathers. The lining of the wings is white, and when the bird is soaring, this is a mark distinguishing it from the turkey buzzard.

From a photograph by William L. Finley

THE SINGLE EGG OF THE CONDOR

There was no nest; the egg lay on the crumbled rock, where there were oak leaves tossed by the wind, and a few feathers.

The size and strength of the condor have often been exaggerated. There have been many absurd stories about these birds killing sheep and other animals. Dr. Alexander Taylor, who gave the best early account of the California condor, said that it had been known to kill and carry off a hare in its claws. The habit of the vulture is to wait till after death, and it is extremely doubtful that one of these birds would ever attack a living animal. As to the condor's carrying its prey, this is easily discredited by a study of its foot. The claws are blunt and weak, and the foot is not adapted for grasping or carrying as an ordinary bird of prey.

According to the accounts in some of our best books on ornithology, the California condor sometimes lays two eggs. There is no authority for such a statement, except by analogy with the turkey buzzard. As yet we have no record of one of these birds laying more than one egg in a season.

Even in California, where the sun is supposed to shine, one will get a rainy spell that will destroy all his hope of taking bird pictures. We had no success the

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THE CONDOR NESTLING, ONE DAY OLD. MARCH 23, 1906

At this time the nestling, covered with white down and his head flesh-pink, could hardly raise his head, as he cried in a weak, wheezy note.

following week, for after a day in the pouring rain we had to retrace our thirty-five-mile trip.

On March 23 we tried again. As the trip required an assistant, my wife accompanied me, in the absence of my former companion. A heavy sea-fog hung low over the country, but we had hopes of blue sky beyond. At the mouth of the cañon it began to rain. The creek was high and the trail washed out in places. We cached part of our equipment, and after getting over some of the worst places, pushed on to the ranger's trail. In half an hour we had determined to keep on, as we were too near not to try for a few pictures even in the rain. By using a rope, and hanging to the roots and bushes, and edging from side to side up the rocky surface, we gained the pocket containing the nest.

When I climbed over the boulders and looked through the crevice into the cave, the mother was at home. As I went closer, I saw her bald, red head. She watched me closely. Slowly I crept up till I was within five feet of her, when she suddenly rose, and I saw a downy, white nestling not larger than the egg. The mother looked so big that I shrank back at the thought of having trouble on the narrow slope where I was standing. The baby's head was flesh-pink in color and bald like his mother's. He was so weak he could hardly raise his head as he cried in a wheezy note that seemed to escape from his throat with difficulty. Beside him lay the end of the egg from which he had emerged not many hours before. The albumen was still sticking to the down. He was scantily clothed, for behind his little wings the flesh was

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THE CONDOR CHICK, 54 DAYS OLD. MAY 15, 1906

At that time the chick had changed dress from pure white to grayish down. Pin-feathers had not yet begun to show. His weight was six pounds. While in the cave he lunged about and fought, but when outside he became quite meek.

From a photograph, copyright, 1907, by H. T. Bohlman and Wm. L. Finley

THE YOUNG CONDOR, 82 DAYS OLD. JUNE 11, 1906

Black pin-feathers had replaced the down on the wings, and feathers were just beginning to show on his back. His weight was ten pounds. The young condor had grown quite savage, but the parents were getting tamer.

bare and his belly was bare, while the rest of his coat was down of pure white. When the mother first rose, her feathers ruffled up as if in anger. Then, as her nestling began to squirm and wheeze, she lowered her head and covered him partly with her bare neck. The mother-love was strong in the condor's breast, for she refused to desert her young.

We had to have a picture of this rare baby bird, so I crawled down within three feet of the mother. I could almost have touched the white on her shoulder as she watched me with her blood-red eyes. She crouched without a movement till I reached in with a short stick, when she drew back as if to strike. I had the advantage of her, for in that narrow

place the big bird was almost helpless. As she rose and stepped back, I gently rolled the chick over nearer to me, reached in, and took him in my hand. The mother sat in sullen silence.

We set up the camera in the pelting rain and focused it on a sheltered spot just outside the cave, then placing the chick on the ground, we made an exposure. Covering him quickly, so as to keep him warm, I used four more plates in the hope of getting an exposure that was slow enough and yet would not show the movements of the wiggling youngster. But for all our care and haste, I suddenly realized that the nestling was getting too chilled to move, and I hurriedly put him back in the nest.

To my chagrin, the mother just stood there, as if dazed, and paid no attention to the chick under her nose, which was now chilled through and apparently lifeless. He was no more to her than the shell by her side.

I saw that the young condor would die if not warmed immediately, so I climbed around to the front door of the cave and tried to make the mother move over and cover her nestling. This was of no avail, so I reached in, and my heart sank as I felt the cold and limp little body. Poor little son of a scavenger! He needed a mother's warmth and needed it badly, but his mother refused to mother him. I lost hope till my wife took the nestling and mothered him back to life. After a while the clammy little fellow began to squirm.

At that instant I looked up and saw the male condor soaring above, and dropping lower and lower. We wanted to crawl to cover, but there was no shelter on the narrow ledge, so, reaching for my tripod as a weapon of defense, I stood there while the big bird swung around only a few yards above our heads and brought up on the perch of the dead pine about forty feet away. He sat there watching us closely, with wings outstretched, as if ready to pounce upon us at any moment.

Meanwhile the mother stood with head down, staring at us through the crevice. The young condor began to wheeze a little, and I knelt down and laid the chick at the mother's feet. She did not see him. In a minute he began to stir, and her eyes lost the vacant stare; she suddenly recognized her nestling, and, putting her bill down, drew him gently near, tucking him carefully under her breast. We slid back out of sight, and began the steep descent.

It was growing late; the rain was still pelting; the torrent in the bed of the cañon was growing deeper; the mountain trail ahead was long and dangerous: but we had five exposed plates, out of which we could reasonably expect one good one, and, better still, we cherished the hope of getting more in the future.

The camera-man had been a little skeptical when I left for southern California. Even if I had the luck to locate a condor's nest, he said it was "dollars to doughnuts" we would have to dangle at the end of a rope to see it. But he is an enthusiast, for when our news reached him, he immediately decided for a three month's vacation and came over a thousand miles just to take shots at the condors. He arrived on April 7, with extra equipment, and on April 11 we were again climbing the rocky ledges to the condor's nest.

While ascending the steep slope, a large boulder was accidentally loosened, and barely missed taking the camera-man as it dropped with a loud report to the water below. The next moment the old condor, roused from her nest, flapped to her perch in the dead tree directly above our heads. We watched and waited, hoping she would return to her nest. But after about fifteen minutes, she raised her wings, hooked her bill about the stump parrot-fashion, and climbed to a higher perch. We crawled on up behind a cover of rocks to get a picture. While fixing the camera, I looked up, and the old male was just alighting beside his mate on the dead tree. We crouched down to watch. If the birds saw us, they paid no attention to our presence. The mother edged along the limb and put her head under his neck. Then she nosed him, as if asking to be fed, but he responded rather coldly by moving away, and she followed. This crowded him out where the limb was too small, and he jumped across, back of her. Then he seemed to get more friendly, and the two sat there side by side, nibbling and caressing each other.

From a photograph, copyright, 1907, by H. T. Bohlman and Wm. L. Finley

THE PARENT CONDOR SHOWING ANXIETY

Both parents were fearless and greatly attached to the nestling, but they showed no ferocity.

We began crawling farther up the ridge for a nearer picture. When we came in full sight of the birds, to my surprise, they paid no attention to us. We stopped to take another picture, and then climbed on up the steep rock with our cameras on our backs. As neither bird seemed the least anxious as to our presence, I began to enjoy the sensation of getting close to these big birds in their wild mountain haunt. Later, both soared away over the mountain.

When we climbed around to the nest, we found the condor nestling had grown from the size of the egg till he filled my hat. The down on his body had changed color from pure white to light gray. Instead of the flesh-color on his head and neck, it had changed to a dull yellow.

The minute he saw me, he began crying in a note most peculiar in a bird, for it sounded exactly like the hoarse tooting of a small tin horn. However, he used this note only a few times, and then began hissing. He showed his resentment by drawing in his breath and letting it escape as if through his nose.

When we picked the youngster up in our hands, he objected by trying to bite in a feeble way. We set him down at the entrance of his home to get some pictures. The father was soaring high in the air, and seemed to see his chick, for he began to descend rapidly. It looked as if he had something in his talons, but when he came nearer, we could see his legs and feet hanging down, as if he were about to alight. He swept in near us and alighted on the old dead pine, and was soon followed by his mate. The old birds looked so serious as they sat there staring at us and their young that we hesitated, for we were not in position for trouble. If they intended to fight, as we had been told they would, we did not care to land in the botton of the cañon without some show of resistance. But I soon saw they had no intention of stopping us in our work, for they seemed to be merely curious.

There was something ominous about the condors. There was never a sound from them; and they came and went like great black shadows. One minute we

From a photograph by William L. Finley

A FALL DUE TO A HEARTY CARESS

While caressing, one of the condors pushed the other off the perch, whereupon he spread his wings to catch himself.

might see a mere speck in the clouds, and a few moments later these creatures, with a wing-spread of ten feet or more, would skim past, only a few yards above our heads. There was hardly a swish of the wings to tell of their presence.

On April 25, when we next went to the home of the condors, they met us at the mouth of the cañon. Four hours later we edged along the steep rock as quietly as possible, and worked our way to the nest. When I got where I could look through the crack into the cave, there sat the old condor mother sound asleep. She was brooding her nestling. I dropped back behind a bush and got my camera ready to snap a picture as she left. I gave a short whistle to arouse her; then, moving a little closer, I gave a louder whistle. In an instant she knew I was there, for she plunged headlong out from behind the rock and alighted scared and half-dazed on her perch a short distance away.

The young condor was growing very slowly but steadily, for he was now thirty-five days old and as large as a good-sized chicken. His whole body was covered with dark gray down, with outer edgings of lighter gray.

When I stooped to look at the nestling in the cave, he lunged at my elbow and struck a blow with his bill that would have drawn blood had he hit my bare hand. His neck puffed out with wind, and his whole crop filled till it felt like a rubber ball. He seemed to use his crop as a supply tank for air, which he blew out slowly through his nose to express his anger. Most of the time he sat with his shoulders humped, mouth open, and head hung low, as if taken with a bad attack of sea-sickness. Such a breath! I can't describe it, for I turned away and tried to forget it.

That evening we raked some leaves together and cut some branches for a bed under one of the trees in the cañon.

We awoke at daylight with a cold draft drawing down the cañon. The old condor was still sound asleep on the dead tree up the mountain-side. At 6.20, she sailed over our heads and alighted on the side of the cliff. She was there only

a moment, when she spread her wings and dropped back across to the nest, where she stayed an hour, after which she took up her perch on the tree.

We examined both the old birds from a near point of view, and they were almost identical. We were not positive, but took it for granted that it was the mother who stayed at the nest. The other bird seemed to be a trifle larger. At this season, as well as during incubation, the female seemed to stay on the nest or near by while the male did all the hunting. He always departed to and came from the east, and judging from the time he was gone and the height at which we saw him return, he probably ranged the desert regions a hundred miles away for carrion. All the food was brought back in the craw. Whenever the male returned from the hunt, his crop bulged out against his breast, showing that he had gorged to the limit. The mother and young, as far as we could ascertain, were fed by regurgitation.

We had seen nothing of the male since the morning before at about ten o'clock, when he disappeared high to the east. As the mother sat on her perch, she often turned her head and scanned the heavens, looking for the coming of her mate. By watching her, our attention was first called to a mere speck high above the mountains, like the lone speck I had seen over twenty years ago in the summer sky. He came on swiftly, and with one great swing to the west and a long swerve to the north, circled with the curve of the cañon and brought up on the top of the dead tree only thirty feet away. I never saw such a slide as that bird took. Such smoothness and grace! And such tremendous speed!

We made our seventh trip into the mountains to visit the condors' home on June 11. The young condor was eighty-two days old, and we began to realize what a slow-growing bird he was. It was more than two months before any of the black pin-feathers began to show on his body.

As he grew older the nestling was

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A CONDOR GREETING

The old condors showed great affection for each other. They liked to nibble and caress. This photograph was taken from a distance of six feet.

wilder and more ferocious. The only way we could touch him was by wearing heavy gloves or by blindfolding him. He lunged about and fought like a demon while he was in the cave, but when he was out of his home, he changed tactics and was meek. Each day at the nest we were getting on more intimate terms with the old birds. When we went near the nest they became interested.

Then I began testing the tameness of the parents by edging closer and closer. I climbed to the limb on which one of the birds was perched, and with my reflex camera in hand, edged out to within five feet of the bird, snapping plate after plate till my supply was exhausted. I never saw such unconcern. The bird yawned as if about to go to sleep, and then began preening the feathers of her back.

Our last trip to the condors' home was not made till July 4, when the young condor was one hundred and five days old. He had grown to the size of a turkey, but he was still largely covered with down, except on the wings.

From such information as I had gathered about the California condor, I should never have believed a person could make such an intimate study of a pair of these birds in their wild state. We had made eight thirty-five-mile trips back into the mountains with heavy camera equipment, we had used over two hundred 5x7 plates, and had waited for four months to watch the development of the condor chick and study the home life of the condors.

Once as the camera-man sat at the mouth of the cave, the anxious mother reached over and gently nipped him on the sleeve, and for the first time during our acquaintance, this bird, which is said to have no voice, made an intense whining sound as if in fear or pain. It was the most impressive, intelligent, and touching thing I have ever heard in my study of bird-life. It was unbirdlike. This biggest of all birds, which men say is wary and ferocious, was as gentle as a kitten.

We sat there quietly watching both the parents just to see what they would do. As long as we did not disturb the nestling, they sat there a yard away in perfect unconcern. Occasionally one of the birds would reach over and caress its mate by nibbling its bill or rubbing its head against the wing of the other. To test the parents further, the camera-man reached down into the cave, and when the young condor began to hiss, the mother edged down and nipped the man gently on the gloved hand. He loosed the glove slightly, and she began tugging at it. He let the glove slip from his hand, and for a moment it hung in her bill; then she laid it at her feet.

When we lifted the young condor out of the cave, and he appeared blindfolded, the mother jumped back as if scared, for she could hardly recognize him without a head. We put him out on the ledge of rock, removed the blind, and the mother began caressing him, pushing her head under his wing, and biting him gently on the leg. The father edged down till he stood by the mother. It was a chance of a lifetime, for we took portraits at less than a yard's distance. I believe, had we stayed about the nest a few days longer, we could have petted these wild birds with our hands.

At such close range we had the best chance of studying the colors of the condor head. The bill was horn color, and the red skin of the head extended down, covering it about half-way. The legs were tan, but on each heel was a patch of red. On the breast of each bird the skin was blood-red and could be seen occasionally when the breast feathers were spread and the birds were preening. Both had light-colored wing-bars, and the primaries were well worn. The skin on the throat hung loose, and the lower mandible fitted close under the upper. The chin was orange-red, and below this, on the neck, was a strip of greenish-yellow, merging into the orange about the sides and back of the neck. The top and front of the head were red, but between the eyes was a small patch of black feathers, and these extended down in front of the eye into the orange-red of the cheek. The pupil of the eye was black, but the iris was deep and red and conspicuous. The bald and wrinkled pate, the flabby jowls, with the caved-in expression of a toothless old woman—these helped to make up the condor individuality.

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XXI

IN those last hours the great body of the floe had swung away to westward. It was the very rear-guard of the outgoing ice that had assisted at the concert. By this unfailing daylight you could see, an hour after midnight, the shining stretch of smooth water that lay between the *Los Angeles* and the invisible mainland. People hung over the ship's side to watch the flood-tide swirl and churn under the propeller, while the "old sea tramp," mustering every pound of energy, struggled to get free. Yes, it was exciting enough, but to the tall girl, bending her hatless head over the railing at Cheviot's side, not half so exciting as certain discoveries she was making without the aid of steam. Not alone in Norton Sound was the tide at flood. She drew closer to her companion with a mingled joy and shyness. Just that little nearer drawing, how strange that it should be the stuff of which so great happiness is made! Was he feeling it, too? Was he realizing? Or was all his soul down there in the turgid water foaming under the propeller's beat? She remembered enviously how Louis's little nephew would pat you on the arm if you grew abstracted, and remind you: "I 'm here." She longed to do the same. She even did it in a less direct fashion. "I should think," she said, "by the feel of the air there must be more icebergs on their way down."

"Hard work," he said in lieu of answer, all his sympathies with the propeller.

"Brrr!" remarked Hildegarde.

"Nearly as much mud as water," he went on with equal irrelevance.

"It certainly *is* a great deal colder," she persisted, as though he had denied that fact.

"Less than two fathom at low tide—"

"Brrr!"

Ah, that had brought him back! From the overcoat he was wearing he hurriedly unbuttoned the tweed cape, and when he got it off, put it round Hildegarde's shoulders.

"Are you sure you won't miss it?" she asked.

"It won't keep you warm if it is n't buttoned." With a droll preoccupied air and a pursed lip, less like a lover paying graceful attentions to his lady than like a clumsy nurse with a small child to look after, Cheviot laboriously buttoned up the cape. Only, a nurse, however little skilled, would not have begun at the bottom, nor having at last buttoned her way to the top, would she have so nearly buttoned in her charge's chin. Hildegarde laughed, and, considering she 'd been so short a time in the cape, grew miraculously warm. To avoid looking at Cheviot, she looked down to see how the propeller might be getting on.

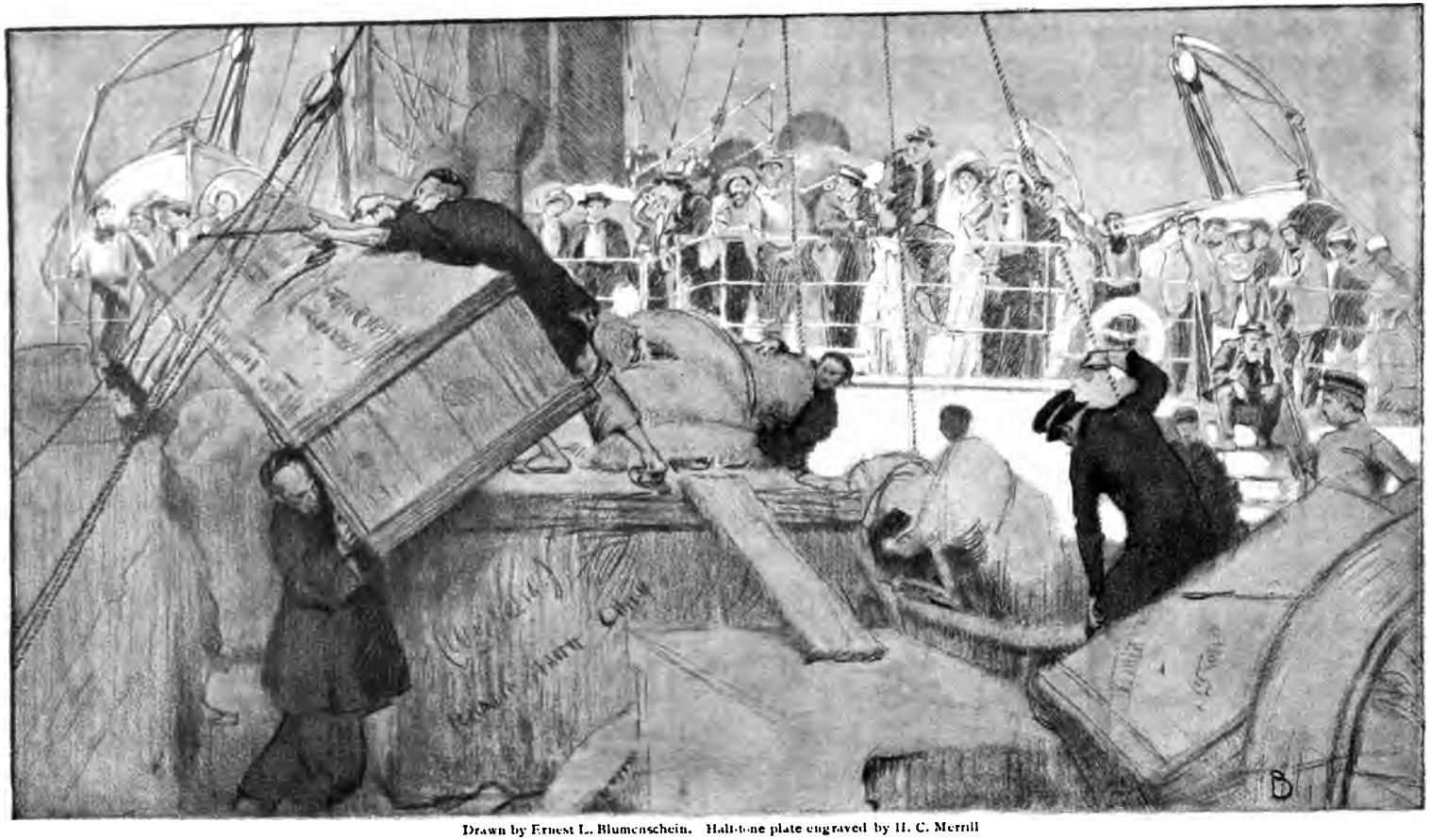
"You must be still just half a minute, you know," he admonished her, and they found themselves laughing into each other's eyes.

"I ought to go and get my own things. Brrr!"

He took off his Arctic cap and dropped it on the blond head. "*Now* will you be good!" he said.

They seemed to be the only people on the *Los Angeles* to know a moment's intermission in the stark suspense of hanging over the ship's side waiting for the blessed moment that should see them, by aid of flood and steam, floated off the bar.

At last! the throbbing modified by a new motion. Slowly the ship swayed fore and aft with a faint seesawing effect. A great cheer, "She 's off!" was cut short by the excitement of watching how the



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"COOLIES CRAWLED UP THE LADDER WITH VAST BURDENS"

boast was being made good. Ten seconds' breathless waiting for that final pull out of the mud-trap, while idle muscles grew taut, as though to help the ship in her labor, and then slowly, unwillingly relaxed. Despair fell upon the crowd as the *Los Angeles* grounded again more firmly than before. In vain her engines pulled and throbbed, breathing into the delicate dawn-flushed air inky bursts of smoke.

Some one called out, "She 's canted to starboard," and another described the dilemma as "a righteous judgment for the overloading."

"If we 're stuck here because there 's so many of us aboard, we can get off for the same reason." Gedge's "brilliant idear" was that the people should be massed forward, and then upon a signal should tear as hard as legs could carry them to the other end of the ship. The sudden shifting of "ballast" would work the keel free. The game was entered into with immense spirit. Any one who from a balloon could have looked down on the scattering horde would have taken the scene for one of frenetic lunacy. Whether by such an effect as Gedge anticipated, or by some other agency, just once the tall mast swayed like some strong-rooted pine in a passing breeze. The people shrieked with triumph, and tore madly back again from stem to stern. But they and the engines and the foaming water might rage as they would. "The keel 's grown fast to the bottom of the ocean," Hildegarde whispered.

Louis turned and looked into the face that was so close to his own. "Never mind—" he began.

"I am never-minding," she smiled back into his grave eyes.

But nevertheless he seemed to feel that she must need reassuring. "We 'll get off all right *somehow*."

"To-morrow?" she asked, quite without eagerness.

"I don't know about to-morrow." He looked past his companion at harassed, disappointed faces. "It 's a plain case for a little patience."

"Do I strike you as impatient?"

"You strike me as,—" he seemed to pull himself up, and yet he allowed himself to say slowly,—"You were splendid to-night."

She glowed inwardly. "Louis."

"Yes." They were leaning far over the railing again, shoulder to shoulder.

"Louis."

"Well, you got that far before. What comes next?"

"I let you say all that about my not needing you. But if you knew how I 've been blessing you for—for your forbearance with my stubbornness about coming —for your forgiveness—"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"You are far too good to me."

"I can't have you talking of goodness as between you and me; it 's foolishness," he said lightly. Then as she opened her lips: "I forbid you even to think of it."

"I think of nothing else," she answered gently.

Instead of giving her proper credit for that, Louis sent a wandering eye over his shoulder. Actually he was making an excuse of listening to that blatant Gedge who was bellowing about the "damnable delay." She looked at Cheviot with a frank perplexity that before she knew it had gone over into longing. Is he going to decline to make the least little bit of love to me because I 'm away from home?

"Do you know what time it is?" He pulled out his watch.

"I don't care the very least in the world what time it is."

"That 's just what always happens when the sun shines all night. It 's very demoralizing."

Demoralizing! That, after all those hours of strain in the foul atmosphere below, she should be willing to stand here awhile in the crisp and radiant morning talking to him—talking more gratefully than ever she had done in her life—"demoralizing!" He was n't even now attending to her. "Why do you allow Gedge to bother you so? It is n't like you," she said. Still he wore that tantalizing air of listening to the orator on the rope coil. "What difference can it make to you anything a man like that may say?"

"It might make a difference to more than me—if he was n't looked after. I believe I 'll go and do it. Good-night, good girl!"

THE couple of hours of chill sunshine after breakfast showed a waveless sea.

Far off against the eastern horizon were single icebergs that looked like white tents pitched on the glassy surface of the sound.

To the passengers on the grounded ship the calm weather was only a goad to rage. The rest of the Nome fleet—*they* were profiting by open water and absence of head winds. But as for us of the *Los Angeles,* we 've left our families, sold our farms, risked all we have on earth, for the pleasure of sitting on a sand-bank a hundred and fifty miles from the gold-fields!

From hour to hour the disaffection spread. Every one on board had a remedy for the disaster. Where it had been thought were miners, attorneys, doctors, politicians, it turned out they were navigators to a man.

No glimpse of Cheviot till an hour after breakfast. Even then only a nod and "Good morning" as he went by deep in talk with the chief engineer. Toward ten o'clock a little wind sprang out of the northeast and brought down a thin veil of fog. The air took on a keener edge, yet no one left the deck or even seemed to feel the cold, for a rumor had run about the ship like fire over dry stubble: "The captain says we 'll never get off this —— bar till we unload."

"Unload! Unload what?"

Pat the answer: "First the coal."

"Throw away *coal!*"

Such a counsel of despair struck grave enough on the ears of men who knew the fabulous sums paid in Nome for fuel. But not the coal; it was the little word "first" that presented the keenest barb to every man's consciousness. Just as though the immense sacrifice of the coal was not fit and sufficient climax to the misadventure! "First!" What possible second? Why, after the coal, overboard with McKeown and Dingley and the rest of the heavy stuff!

"Just let the cap'n lay a finger on my Dingley," warned a bystander, as black as thunder.

"That 's what he 's figurin' on," Gedge assured the irate one. "And, after, the machinery,"—people crowded aghast to hear,—"if we ain't light enough by then, why, overboard with every darn thing we got!"

"If he tries throwin' out our stuff, he 'll have a riot on his hands, that 's all."

Things began to look black for the captain.

But if he were aware of the fact, it had no effect on his policy. Hardly ten minutes later, Gedge was obliged to interrupt the indignation meeting by calling out to a couple of blue China-boys struggling to get some of the lighter baggage out of the hold: "Hi, you! Stop that—you pig-tailed heathen! That 's mine. Drop it, I say—or I 'll knock the stuffin' out o' you!"

The agitated Celestials would have abandoned their task but for O'Gorman's: "Say, they 're only getting your stuff up into a safe place so they can reach the coal-bunkers. Here, put the gentleman's box over by mine."

In a couple of hours the deck was piled high with miscellaneous baggage, and a derrick, hurriedly rigged, was hauling up the heavier things out of the bowels of the ship. As they came swinging out of the darkness into the chill, gray light, people recognized their belongings with an anxiety hardly allayed by the temporary stowage of their all upon the deck, too palpably a possible half-way station to the bottom of the sea.

Gedge's following was now so great as to be unwieldy. They blocked the narrow gangway, they settled like flies on the freight. He drew off a chosen few, and retired out of the bitter wind to the shelter of the smoke-stack to hold a private session.

"If that fellow had some education," said Governor Reinhardt, "he 'd be helping to guide the ship of state at Washington."

"He seems likely to guide this ship into trouble enough," Cheviot answered crisply.

"What is he doing now?" Hildegarde asked.

"He 's—" Reinhardt began and hesitated.

Under his breath O'Gorman finished the sentence: "Trying to incite a lot of fools to mutiny."

"What does he want them to do?"

"Put the captain in irons."

"What!"

"And turn the ship over to the pilot and first officer—that fellow coming off the bridge now."

Hildegarde followed Louis's eyes, and

saw they were fixed not on the dapper officer descending, but were on the square figure of the captain standing motionless on the bridge, looking down at the coolies busy as ants about the hold. But he looked not as if he saw them. The hard face was red and angry. Hildegarde, with her genius for sympathy, divined something in it vastly miserable, too. "How lonely the man looks!" she said aside to Cheviot.

"You can't be at the head of things and not be lonely."

The words deepened her sense of commiseration. "You don't think he knows about Gedge's wild talk?"

"Oh, probably."

"I wish he could be reminded he has friends among us as well as enemies."

"I was just going up," Louis said.

"Do you think I might come—just for a moment?"

"Well, if he fires you out, you are n't to complain."

"Complain? No. But I shall still believe it 's a pity that men think whoever is to know the truth about a danger or a difficulty, it must n't be a woman. Don't you see it would be a gain to us both that we should know?"

"Nonsense. It would scare most women and bore the rest. Besides, they 'd be in the way."

"If that 's so, it 's only because they 've been kept so ignorant. Louis,—" the voice dropped softly,— "do you know what I 've been thinking about often and often?"

He waited a moment before he said: "Since we got into the ice?"

"Yes."

"I suppose I do." But he said it so stonily she stopped half-way up the companionway and looked back at him. "I 've been thinking I should never have known you if I had n't come on this journey."

"Oh, found me out, have you?"

Hearing Cheviot's short laugh, Gillies jerked his head angrily over his shoulder. Hildegarde hesitated at the top of the companionway. "It looks like a dreadful breach of discipline," she said, "but it is n't. You told me I might come again."

"In here, then," said Gillies, gruffly, and took them to his room. He was shaking like one in an ague, but he seemed not so ill pleased to see some one from the world below. He gave the girl a chair. "It 's all right," he said; "only it 's no good for others to see you up here." He fell into the remaining seat with a heavy thud and his bullet head hung forward. "Well?" he demanded with a forced laugh, turning bloodshot eyes on Cheviot. Hildegarde saw plainer now what an unnatural color Gillies was. Did the shivering and the purple and scarlet stains mean a sickening for fever, or only a horrible anxiety and an all-night watch in the cold?

"I 'm afraid you did n't get much sleep," she began.

"Not for two nights now," he said, and then, looking at Cheviot: "This 'll be all over the coast from Nome to 'Frisco." As he spoke the hard face twitched.

"What will?" Cheviot answered. "That the floods have made a new bar in Norton Sound this spring?"

The captain uttered an inarticulate sound, something between a grunt and a groan. "First trip, too! Ship full of —— newspaper people. Land rats starving for a story." He choked and stood up, stamping his cold feet, and while he did so, through the port he forced the sleep-defrauded eyes to reconnoiter the sharp, white outline of the distant icebergs.

"There are people on board who 'll get the story right," said Hildegarde.

"Oh, I don't care. Let 'em say what they like—if only the wind does n't bring the floe down on us again." Cheviot made a move as if to go. "The trouble is," said Gillies, "I 'm short of hands. However hard they keep at it, these China-boys can't shift five hundred tons of coal before the tide 's flood."

"Well, you 've got a lot of white men on board—"

"Yes," growled the captain, "and a lot of help I 'll get out of them."

"What I came up for"—Cheviot drew nearer—"was really to tell you there are men on board this ship who propose to stand by you."

Gillies, leaning against the locker, neither said nor looked a syllable of thanks, —never even took his bloodshot eyes off the ice line,—but the hard face twitched again. The devouring anxiety he was ob-

viously laboring under made the girl quick to relieve him of any added strain or restraint that he might feel in an unfamiliar presence at such a crisis. Even Louis might be thinking "a woman was in the way." She stood up, murmuring an excuse for going.

The captain, unheeding, went on in that hoarse, muffled voice: "I 've just sent an officer below to see if I can get some volunteers."

"What officer?" said Cheviot. "Not the first?"

"Why not? Yes, the first," and there was a silence so significant that Hildegarde was glad she had not waited for that to tell her she should leave the men to themselves. But at the threshold she had to stand back an instant to let the cabin-boy pass. As he was in the act of darting in with some food, the wind whisked a paper napkin off the tray. He stooped in the doorway, clutched after the elusive object with skinny, yellow fingers, and as he did so the soup slid off the tray and cascaded over the threshold.

The captain swore, and the China-boy gabbled as he mopped wildly with the ineffectual paper napkin. "God forgive me if ever I go to sea again with a lot of damned Chinamen! I 'd have tried kedging before this if I had a crew that could understand anything but routine orders. As it is, I 'll be lucky if I get the coal out in time."

"I can't promise you sailors, but say the word, and I 'll get you some sort of volunteers. How many?"

"Well, just to get the coal overboard we 'll need two or three shifts. And if I have to kedge, after all,—it 's no fun,—but with eight *good men* I could do it."

"I 'll undertake to get you the best twenty on the ship, and you can hold a dozen in reserve."

As the girl, at last able to get out dryshod, was going down the companion-way, a bird's-eye view of the upper deck gave fresh meaning to the scrap of conversation she had just heard. Out of the black square of the hold the blue-cotton coolies crawled up the ladder with vast burdens to add to the chaos of trunks, crates, and machinery piled already so perilously high about the deck, and leaving so narrow a gangway for people to crowd through, that the able-bodied swarmed over the obstructions. Just the other side, to leeward of the smoke-stack, was Gedge in close conclave with his body-guard.

When Hildegarde with some difficulty reached a quiet nook, and sank down in it with a book, Gedge's voice reached her clear, although it was lifted with more than common caution. For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes he must have gone on airing his seditious notions, till a sound of some one flying over the crates on the wings of haste, and Cheviot's voice: "Gedge, are you there?"

"You bet I 'm here," was the surly answer. "And not likely to get away in a hurry, so far 's I see."

"Well, that 's in our own hands."

"Just what I 've been tellin' the boys." But there was a challenge in the voice.

"Your head 's level," said Cheviot.

"Oh, you 're gettin' tired, too! Comin' round, are you?"

"I 've had about enough of this sitting on the bar, if that 's what you mean."

"Then why don't we *do* something?"

"Just what I was going to propose," said Cheviot, briskly. "Trouble is there are n't enough hands to get the coal out before—"

"Oh, yes, we know that 's his excuse."

"His? It 's yours and mine. And a pretty lame excuse, too."

"Was it you," demanded Gedge, truculently, "that put it into his empty cocoanut to ask us to lend a hand at pitchin' our own stuff overboard?"

"At present it 's a question of pitching out other fellows' coal." Then lower: "See here, Gedge, I want two words with you."

"No, you don't. None of us did n't come up here for 'words.' No; nor to try and patch up the captain's mistakes by turnin' ourselves into beasts o' burden." Cheviot lowered his voice and argued a moment or two, Gedge bursting in with remarks intended to assure his satellites that he was n't being "got at." But Cheviot pressed him hard.

"Well, I 'll tell you what we 'll do. If we ain't goin' to get out of this fix without we turn to and help that fool captain—tell you what we 'll do, boys. If we got to work, we 'll work for Nome wages. Hey, boys? Ten dollars an hour."

"Oh, see here," said Cheviot, "the captain can't play up to that lead."

"Any feller," shouted Gedge, "that works for a penny less 'n ten dollars an hour is lowerin' the market. He 's an enemy to society. He 's a—"

"He 's simply a fellow with a notion he 'd like to get to Nome. I thought you were a pretty sharp customer, Gedge, but you 're just an everyday sort of ass after all." With which Cheviot climbed back over the crates, whistling as though his momentary concern were at an end.

"Hello!" O'Gorman called out. Cheviot turned aside when he caught sight of the Giant towering over the nook where Hildegarde sat out of the wind.

"What luck?" said O'Gorman, under his breath.

"Four. And you?"

"Only two." O'Gorman motioned with his head toward the smoke-stack, and lowered his voice to a whisper: "He 's got hold of an awful lot of the men."

Cheviot nodded. "Yes. We 're up against that fellow everywhere we turn." They talked in undertones. But only Gedge could be heard distinctly. He was growing hoarse. His increasing audience was taking on the proportions of a mass-meeting, and the voice of the popular leader was showing wear. He ended his oration with some abruptness: "Come along, Joslin. Let 's go and liquor up."

"Now! Nail him now!" whispered Cheviot, and vaulting over a prodigious pile of machinery he disappeared with Blumpitty and several others into the hold, while O'Gorman darted out in the opposite direction just in time to intercept Gedge and Joslin.

"There 's got to be two shifts. You fellows comin' to help?"

"Help!"—Gedge rolled out a brace of handsome oaths——"*Help!* that —— captain?"

"No, help us; help yourselves out of this fix." Then before Gedge could get a word of disclaimer over his lips: "I hear you are worrying about wages. But this is n't a question of money. Lives are at stake. See that ice over yonder? And look here, I 've got more on board this ship than any other one man. Fifteen thousand dollars is what the freight alone has cost me. But to save your life"—he took hold of Gedge's arm—"to save *your* life—every ounce of mine may go overboard, and I 'll help shift it at nothing an hour."

Gedge looked round rather sheepishly, as if he did n't know the answer to this. But suddenly one occurred to him. "I 'm from Missoura," he said. "You got to show me. That other feller, too,—the one that was givin' me such a lot of hot air a little while ago,—why ain't you an' him—"

"You come along with me. I 'll 'show' you." O'Gorman carried the ringleader and Joslin down into the hold. Two hours later Hildegarde, peering over the edge of the square pit, saw, among the group engaged in shoveling coal, Gedge, with the face of a blackamoor and the sweat pouring down. His surplus energy was at last being utilized.

Five hundred tons were flung overboard before the tide was flood, and again at midnight the muddy water was set boiling and the big yellow stack belched out clouds of smoke. The stranded ship moved a little, heavily, grudgingly, like a monster half-awakened, and then settled down to finish a second night on the bar.

The captain was not the only man who did n't sleep. More than one showed signs of strain the next morning. For the fog was thicker than the day before, the wind veering, and no assurance how far away the ice. It was partly the fever of anxiety that found vent in sneers, hardly to be called covert, when it was known the captain meant to take steps to free the ship that afternoon.

"The glass-eyed idiot don't even yet know there ain't but one tide in this part of the world, and that one 's near midnight!" was the discarded pilot's contribution. That Gillies knew the eccentricities of northern tides as well as the pilot was credited by no one.

Open jeers followed his putting off in a small boat with the second officer to sound for deeper water. "What 's the good of deeper water a hundred yards from the ship?"

The possible good appeared upon the captain's return. The anchor that the small boat was to carry back, with buoys to mark the place selected, looked big enough to landsmen's eyes till they saw the lowering of the one to be lashed underneath the long boat. And this mighty

two-and-a-half-ton iron grappler, so the rumor ran, was to be used to "kedge" the steamer off the bar.

But where were the sailors coming from to man a boat of this size, let alone to carry out successfully so ticklish an affair?

"It 's all right," Cheviot had said.

Just how it had been made "right" did n't appear. There was no oratory, no public appeal. But three times as many as the captain wanted were offering to go out in the fog and plant the great anchor in the choppy sea.

"I, *me*—you haf bromise I shall go. Not?" A great, muscular German was squeezing his way to Cheviot's side.

"All right. No hurry. They 'll be a while yet getting those buoys right."

The general attention was riveted to the second boat, hanging high over the monster anchor that was destined to be bound lengthwise along the keel. How was any craft to make her way, mounted in so strange a fashion? How could anybody hope it would not sink?

"No, the weight 's too well distributed," Cheviot had said.

"Yes, till you start layin' the anchor out yonder," the pilot commented darkly.

Hildegarde made a sign to Cheviot. He came to her across the chain barrier newly established to keep back the crowd.

"Those heavy ropes," she said, "that lash the big anchor to the boat, how will you ever get them undone under water?"

"Cut them," answered Cheviot, shortly.

She looked at him appealingly, and then, as though abandoning some other point: "My Blumpitty is very sore that you are not taking him."

"Can't help that."

"Why did n't you want him?"

"Too old."

"Why, he 's only forty something."

"We 've got to have young men for this job."

"Then you think it 's—"

"No." Cheviot cut her short. "Not if the right men are doing it. It 's a mere matter of precision," and he was going back. But Hildegarde kept him yet a moment. "I 've just heard if one of those ropes is cut the fraction of a second before the others the boat 'll be dragged under?"

"It 's got to be done simultaneously, of course, on a signal," he answered quietly. "I 've just been explaining it is n't a job for bunglers."

"They say it ought n't to be attempted except by a disciplined crew."

"But there is n't any disciplined crew," —he was in the act of stepping across the chain,—"and there is n't any other way of getting off the bar."

"There are *other men,*" said Hildegarde quite low.

"Oh, plenty,"—and he was on the other side. But so was Hildegarde.

"You are n't allowed over here," Cheviot said. She was looking up at the captain and making him a little signal for permission. He nodded, and without a word to Cheviot she went up to Gillies on the bridge. In a few minutes she came down again, but instead of joining the passengers on the other side of the chain, she made her way to where, a little apart from the group of volunteers, Cheviot stood watching the small boat with the first officer, O'Gorman, and two others bobbing about dimly on the roughened water.

Just as Louis caught sight of her, one of the volunteers stepped between them. "What makes our men so devilish slow?"

"Doing the best they can," said Cheviot, with an air of not meaning to notice the girl.

"No, they are n't doing the best they can. They are n't even getting our boat lowered."

"They 've had to knock off work a minute. The wind 's playing the devil with the head-sails."

"Yes, and if we don't look sharp, the wind 'll play the devil with more than the head-sails."

The volunteer looked across Cheviot's shoulder an instant into the thicker fog. Through that veil no man might yet discover if the ice were being driven back against the bar, but all could feel that the need for quick action might be greater than the fog would let them see.

The instant the volunteer went back to the waiting group, Hildegarde drew close to the solitary figure at the railing. "Louis!"

Whether at something new in the girl's low voice or at a simultaneous shrill dissonance in the thick, chill air, Cheviot

started and looked round. "Oh, it 's those Chinamen!" he said, his eyes on the blue-cotton crew hauling at a rope with a kind of wicked hilarity as they sang their barbaric, disquieting chant.

But it was a new experience to find that anything could get on Louis's nerves.

"Is it true you 've been up all night?" Hildegarde said hurriedly, scanning his face. He nodded, and turned seaward again to watch the little boat planting out bright-colored buoys in the mist.

"Louis, the captain says I may speak to you. Only five minutes, so we must n't waste time pretending. It 's dangerous what you mean to do. Oh, don't be afraid! I 'm not going to try to prevent your going. Only—if you don't come back, Louis,"—her voice fell,—"I sha'n't know how to go on living."

For a moment he made no answer, and then, with his eyes still on the dim boat dancing in the mist: "You 're only rather frightened," he said. "Wait till all this has gone by."

"Ah, can't you see—why is it so hard for you to believe?"

"Because," he said very low, "I know, if I did, it would be the signal for the old barrier to rise up again."

"What barrier? You are n't thinking—"

"I 'm thinking this is n't the place for you to—" he checked himself.

"For me to do what?"

"To get rid of your old—" Again he stopped, and then with an effect of rather bitter patience: "Of course for you he 's the dominating thought up here among the ice."

"No."

"Do you mean to say he has n't been in your mind a hundred times? Continually?"

"Not continually, because—"

"Well, a hundred remembrances would satisfy most men," he said.

"Would it satisfy you, Louis?"

"No, I should want all; and I know there 's no chance of getting all here."

"I suppose this is n't the time for me to tell you—"

He turned on her almost roughly. "You can't suppose I need to be told what was in your mind when we got caught in the ice? And when that first ship showed on the horizon—" He stopped again and turned away as one who has said all.

"You"—the mere suggestion took away her breath—"you did n't think it might be—"

"*You* did."

"No, no. I knew, dead or alive, he was on the other side of the world—or at nearest in California."

"I don't tempt him by being sure." The rigid line of his lips looked less like firmness than an effort at control. "If I were to be sure again, especially here, the fog there would open and a ship come sailing through. And it would be his ship. And in a moment your ship, too."

"Don't you know that for him to be up here is physically impossible, even if he 's alive?"

Cheviot shook his head. "There are some men—even their ghosts can fight their battles. *His* did once before."

"I could never have believed you were superstitious."

"May n't I have even that much imagination?"

"You 've forgotten it was all just a dream of mine. Why,"—she could n't help giving out a little, miserable laugh,—"you 've forgotten just as I used to that I 've never seen him."

"I remember I used to wish you had."

"Well, there 's one thing you can't remember, because you never knew it. And that is that I had never seen *you* in the Valdivia days. It was partly my fault, but not altogether. Men's lives are so hidden from girls. How is it possible for us to know them? We never see them doing things that are worth while. We have n't a notion what they 're like when they 're at work. Only, about *one* man's work I used to think I knew. Of course I did n't; but just to imagine it was something. I was the kind of girl who is n't ambitious for herself. But for the man she—the reason that old—'obsession,' as you called it, took such hold of me, was that *there* was a man who was 'doing things.' I 'd heard all my life about the things he 'd done and the things he meant to do. They seemed already made immortal in a book. But now I 've seen it is n't only he—"

The contrast in achievement cut too cruelly. Cheviot struck the damp railing with his open palm and laughed out loud.

But though his action dashed her into trembling, she drew closer, she pressed against his arm. "Besides, I 've come at last to care for some one in the only true way—quite apart from anything he may do. I—I love you, Louis."

The look he turned upon her was very beautiful to the girl. As his hand moved toward hers along the railing, under cover of the cape, her own slipped into it.

The wild chant of the Chinamen abruptly ended, and now began that nearer, more intelligible sound, the creaking of the falls as the long boat sank from the davits to the sea.

Cheviot with an effort turned his eyes away from the girl's face. He took off his overcoat and flung it over the railing. "Will you have an eye to that?"

Her heart was beating painfully: "Do you think I 'll have an eye to spare?"

"Well, keep this in your pocket then." He took off his watch. "And here 's this." He put a little leather case in her hand, smiling, and saying hurriedly under his breath: " 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' " Then facing about, he signaled to his volunteers.

In the undisciplined fashion of her sex, Hildegarde, forgetting to go back behind the barrier, stood at gaze. Cheviot, carrying with him something quick and quivering out of the heart of the girl—something that kept her linked to him not by eye and mind alone, but as by a bond that established oneness of the very flesh, faithfully reporting effort and transmitting feeling—disappeared over the ship's side after the officer, followed by the six volunteers. With steady eyes the girl watched the buffeting of the heavy-weighted boat, and watched the fog blur it till it looked like something seen in a dream—Cheviot at the bow by the uniformed figure, both of them less distinct than the big German with his black-and-yellow cap at the stern.

Now they were passing the small boat, and now they had gained the buoys. Hildegarde saw the officer turn, and knew he was giving some direction. Now they were trying to steady the pitching boat directly over the selected site, as shown by a buoy faintly orange, bobbing to right and to left.

No easy affair to keep the boat there long enough to plant the great anchor. The officer stood up, and in a sudden lurch all but capsized, steadied himself, and seemed to wait. There was a shipping of oars at each end of the boat; the picture danced and then dissolved.

No, no, there it was! But what had happened. Why did it look so strange? The men! There was n't one in the boat. And so many buoys—no, *heads!* Lord, Lord, have mercy! The boat was turned completely over, and drowning men were clinging to the keel. Were they all there? Which was Louis? One could not even count, for the waves would wash over a man and wipe him out. A moment, and there he was again! That, *that* was Louis! Could he keep hold on the plunging keel? (Lord God, be kind!) But he seemed not to have been washed away. He was swimming to the place where a man had been, and was no more. Now Louis had hold of him. And there was the little boat, as though she 'd dropped from the skies, taking a man on board. Two men, three, were hauled in. Not one of them Louis. He kept a hand on the gunwale of the overcrowded little boat and swam with it toward the buoys. What was he and those others still struggling in the water—what were they trying to do? To right the long boat? Oh, let it alone and come back!

After endless moments, Louis and the rest, with the help of the men in the small boat, had got the other right side up again. Now both crews were coming back.

When at last, in a shower of cheers, Cheviot, the last of the volunteers, climbed the swinging ladder and smiled up at the face bending over, not till then did it seem to Hildegarde that the something he had taken away was restored to her, and her body and her soul made whole again.

The people broke through the barrier and pressed round the dripping figures, hurrahing too loud at first to hear how everything was "all right, now." They 'd got the anchor where they wanted it, and they had n't lost an inch of cable, and had got a ducking only because a few strands of the confounded rope hung up the falling anchor a fraction of a second longer on one side than on the other.

Very quickly Cheviot seemed to have enough of public enthusiasm. "You

might just let us by, so we can get into dry things." But the horde pressed closer. How was this, and how was that? And how the on-lookers felt in that awful moment when the boat capsized? In vain Cheviot assured them: "Nobody 's a penny the worse, and the kedging can begin as soon as the tide comes in."

As at last he pushed his way out of the crush, Hildegarde, close in his wake, still carrying the overcoat, followed him down the companionway. Near the deserted music-room door she slipped her hand in his.

"I 'm too wet for you to come near." But his eyes said nothing of the sort, and dripping as he was, he had her in his arms.

XXII

LATE the next evening, standing with Louis and Captain Gillies on the bridge, Hildegarde saw ships on the western horizon. The fleet at last, anchored two miles off from Nome! It was bedtime, but quite impossible to sleep, though there would be no landing till next day. They said "Good night" to the captain, and found their way to a corner of the deck, where alone together they might see the belated sun setting, and watch a pale-gold moon of enormous size riding portentously the clear-colored sky, too bright for stars. Hand in hand, hidden among the freight, they talked of the future, arranging it in the high fashion of the young, as though they two had been gods seated on Olympus. And as they talked, the faint flush over yonder turned the purest rose, then deepened as each beautiful moment sped, till the sun, gone but now, hastened back like one who abandons a projected journey and on the heels of his good-by comes shamefaced home. What would it be like, this day that he was bringing? What was waiting over yonder in that mysterious land, still in shadow, that skirts the hills of Nome? Just a little longer the weary passengers hung about the deck while the blood-red sun peered at them over a violet sea, ready when the shadow-curtain lifted, to clothe the naked truth of Nome with a final splendor. Whatever might come after, in this first actual vision of the place people had fared so far to find, it was to wear the hues of heaven. For the "boat-load of Failure" the dream they had called "Nome" was to die in the glory of gold and fire.

The decks that had swarmed with excited people were falling silent. Men and women whose whole lives hung upon what they should find waiting for them yonder, must be in bed betimes that they might be ready to go ashore in the first boat. Soon only Hildegarde and Cheviot remained. But they were silent, watching all those white sails turn pink against the purple distance, sea and sky alike dyed deep, and still the honey-colored moon hanging there, immense, unreal. Whichever way they looked, all this Northern world was like something seen in a dream, spectral, uncanny, fitly ushered in by the sunrise in the night.

To Hildegarde, as though given in that hour some gift of prophecy, it seemed that after all her journeying the land she looked on was still beyond the reach of sober day, outside the experience of waking hours. Yet this incredible country for two years had been her father's home!

Louis would go ashore in the first boat and prepare Nathaniel Mar for his daughter's coming.

"If I were alone, I should be imagining he might be dead." Even as she said "if," an inward dread clutched at her.

"If you were alone, I should be imagining things worse than death." They drew together. As he held her, looking down into her eyes, a new gravity came into his own. "Are you sure at *last?*" he said.

"You know I am. But I don't scold you for asking. It 's the more beautiful of you to have quite realized, and yet—yet not despise me for all that romantic feeling about some one I 've never seen."

"Your mother once helped me there."

"My mother! What does she know about—"

"More than you might think. When I 'd lost patience one day, she told me the only difference between you and other girls was that you were honester and stubborner than most."

"I can hear her saying 'stubborner.' "

"Yes; but it was curious to hear her saying few women, if they remember their youth, can truthfully say it went by without some such, well—she called it names—"

"I know one of them. Some such silly 'infatuation.'" Hildegarde smiled, but not he. "I wonder if my mother ever—oh, it 's a wild idea!"

"I don't know. She said it was usually either a great soldier or a clergyman, often an actor, sometimes a poet, or 'even a bachelor statesman.' And she said that last with such an edge in her voice I wondered at the time what American statesman was still unmarried when Mrs. Mar was in her 'teens." And their own cloud was dispersed in smiling at another's.

Hildegarde, coming on deck at six o'clock, found sunshine whitening all the thousand tents of Nome. Frame dwellings, too, the eye found out, one standing boldly forth with flag flying. That, Blumpitty said, was the hospital. Was her father there? Courage! Louis was at her side; with confident looks and shining eyes that saw no shadow save the purple splotch in the sea to the left—Sledge Island. Had she noticed the snow-seamed hills? She must take his glass and look at that higher lift in the low, undulant line; could she see a queer knob? Anvil Rock! But the main impression up the beach, and down the beach, and away over the tundra, was tents, tents. And between the *Los Angeles* and the surf-whitened shore, sails, sails—ships of every size and kind; big steamers from Seattle, from San Francisco, Portland, and Vancouver; smart sailing vessels, lumbering freight-boats, whalers, and, among them, darting back and forth like a flock of brown sparrows under the gleaming wings of seagulls, were myriads of little skiffs, dories, lighters, canoes, and here and there a steam launch, bobbing, swarming, surrounding the "last boat in," and ready to take all and sundry to Nome for dazzling sums.

While the more enterprising of the *Los Angeles* contingent (swallowing their resentment at the captain's failing to set them instantly ashore) bargained with the owners of the small craft, a rumor ran about the ship that not even a millionaire might leave till certain formalities had been complied with. But Cheviot had in some way got a commission to go ashore with one of the officers.

While Hildegarde waited after breakfast for his return she tried to deaden fear of the news he might bring back, listening to the scraps of talk between the touting boatmen and the passengers longingly suspended over the *Los Angeles's* side.

Some old acquaintance called out "Howdy" to the beanfeaster, and after hearing what the Commission had settled in far away Washington, screamed back Nome news in return. They were "havin' a red-hot, roarin' boom," and Jolly Haley had made a million. One of the great steamers was spoken as she moved majestically by. Others beside the *Los Angeles* were overdue, the captain of the *Akron* said. Those haggard wrecks down there toward the cape—they were only two, but the Bering Sea was full of ships disabled or gone down in these last days. Gillies asked for news of friends and rivals. The *Congress* had put into the Aleution port "for repairs," he was told, and both men exchanged grim smiles. The *Santa Ana* was burned to within two feet of the water. The passengers on the *Chiquita* had been all but starved to death, and the *St. John* had made escape from the ice-pack only to go to pieces on the rocks. Then, like some sentient thing exulting in her enviable fate, the *Akron* steamed away in the sunshine.

Popular interest shifted to starboard when the whaler *Beluga* drew alongside. Her captain, a hard-looking customer, came on board the *Los Angeles* to talk to Gillies. O'Gorman discovered a man he knew on board the whaler. "Going to Nome?" he asked him. "No; better than that. Gettin' out." Where was the ex-Nomite off to? "Up the coast." The *Beluga* was to meet some southbound whalers up in Grantley Harbor in a day or two—might come south herself afterward, or might go north to Kotzebue. O'Gorman's friend did n't care where, just so it was n't Nome. The people on the *Los Angeles* only laughed. Clear that fellow was a hoodoo. The more luck in Nome, since he was leaving it.

"He might be able to give you news about your father," O'Gorman said aside to Miss Mar. But before she answered, he saw from the sudden fear in the girl's face that she could n't risk having bawled

at her in public the tidings that more and more she dreaded.

"He—Mr. Cheviot will soon be back," she said.

"Has he been in Nome all winter—your *Beluga* friend?" Mrs. Locke asked O'Gorman.

"Yes, I guess so."

"I 'd like to inquire about my firm, Dixon & Blumenstein," O'Gorman called out the question for her.

"Lots o' folks inquirin' 'bout Dixon & Blumenstein," the man on the whaler roared back.

"How so?"

"Lit out."

"Gone away?"

"You bet."

"What for?"

"Busted."

Hildegarde, vaguely aware of the unusual sound of a dog howling distractedly, turned as the sound of Louis's voice was audible over her shoulder, and found herself in her father's arms. She did not notice how wet he was with sea-water. "Oh, you are ill!" she faltered.

"My child! my child!" he kept repeating, and then: "What a journey!"

"But you see I 've got to Nome all right."

"To Nome! God forbid!"

"But God has n't forbidden," said the girl, swallowing the sob that sight of the haggard face had brought into her throat. She was aware, too, that her fellow-travelers were eagerly listening to the colloquy.

"I 've been telling Cheviot I can't think how he could allow you—" Mr. Mar caught himself up, and laid his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder. "Of course, he did n't really know. The Nome he left was bad enough, but that Nome has passed away. To-day it is n't a place for a girl to stay in an hour."

" 'Sh, father! You 'll scare my friends. This is Mrs. Blumpitty. She thinks very highly of Nome. And this is Mr. Blumpitty. Mother put me under their care, and they 've been *so* kind. They 've brought a big party up again this year. We 've all come believing great things of the new camp."

The moment the handshaking was over, "This way," Cheviot said, and while the talk buzzed and the dog somewhere down yonder among the swarming rowboats howled dismally, and questions showered on the man from Nome, Louis was leading Mr. Mar toward the companionway.

"Oh, yes," said Hildegarde, "my suitcase and things. But father need n't trouble to come below. I 've had everything packed and ready for *hours,*" she smiled at Cheviot across the halting figure. "What kept you so? Could n't you find him?"

"You can't get along very fast over there," Cheviot answered.

"*You* could n't?"

"Nobody can. There 's a wall of stuff piled higgledy-piggledy for a mile along the shore."

"Dingleys and McKeowns and—"

"Yes, and grub—tons of it. Hundreds of barrels of drink; thousands of bags of flour and beans piled higher than my head, lumber—acres of it; furniture and bedding; engines and boilers, mixed up with sides of bacon and blankets and a sprinkling of centrifugal pumps and Klondike thawers. How they 'll ever sort that chaos—"

"The next high tide will save them the trouble," said Nathaniel Mar.

"Well, it 's a queer sight. Hundreds and hundreds of people, Hildegarde, sitting on top of their worldly goods, looking as if they 'd never stir again—like so many Robinson Crusoes, each one on his own desert island among the wreck of his possessions." Hildegarde smiled. Louis was only pointing out that Nome justified his prophecy. A form of "I told you so." But he was speaking to her father. "And the faces! You 're used to them, but I—" he caught Hildegarde's significant little smile, and deliberately changed the tune. "Of course there 's a lot of hustling, too," he ended, stopping by the smoking-room door.

"Yes, the old story," said Hildegarde's father, wearily. "All land there free and equal from the common life of the ships; twenty minutes, and some are masters and others are slaves."

"I thought there 'd be no one here," Cheviot said with satisfaction as he held open the door.

"Is n't the boat ready to take us back?" Hildegarde asked.

"I suppose," said her father, leaning heavily on his stick and looking at her from under his bushy gray eyebrows, "you think we 've got hotels over yonder."

"Oh, no."

"There is n't even a boarding-house—"

"Mrs L'Estrange *will* be glad! She 's going to set up the very thing, and make her everlasting fortune."

"Well, *I 'm* glad,"—Mar dropped into the nearest seat,—"very glad you 're a sensible girl and take it like that."

Imagine his thinking she 'd come expecting a hotel and all the comforts of home! That was why he seemed so harassed. "Poor father!" She put an arm about his crooked shoulders. It had been hard for him to make his way over the chaos of the beach, and he had got wet coming out. How thoughtful of that dear Louis to bring him here to rest before undertaking the return trip!

The old man crossed his wrinkled hands on the knob of his heavy stick and slowly shook his head. "No, Nome was n't Paradise before, but since the invasion it 's a hell upon earth."

"Oh, father!"

"Well, think of it! Something like forty thousand homeless people stranded over there on the beach."

"I 'm glad *you* have n't been one of the homeless ones," she said gently.

"I don't know how glad you 'd be if you saw my one-roomed tent on the boggy tundra."

"Dearest,"—she took off his big soft hat that impeached his dignity with an absurd operatic air, and she stroked the whitened hair.—"it 's well I"—she looked across at her lover—"*we 've* come to look after you."

"Oh, I 'm one of the fortunate ones. I tell you a man with *any* sort of shelter over his head is in luck at Nome. Hundreds are sleeping on the beach in the cold and rain."

"Silly people not to bring a tent!"

"Most of them did, and can't get it landed or can't find it in the hurly-burly."

"Oh, I hope mine won't get lost!"

"*Yours!*"

"Yes, father; I 've got a tent and two pair Hudson-Bay blankets; waterproof boots; stout netting—for the mosquitos, you know. Oh, I have heard all about those mosquitos! I 've got a canvas knapsack and an oil-stove, and oceans of oil, and a pistol, and plenty of chocolates, and six-weeks' provisions." With a little encouragement she would have told him every item in that six-weeks' provision. She was distinctly proud of her list. Many people on the *Los Angeles* had complimented her upon her judicious selection.

But Nathaniel Mar's face showed no pride—showed something even like horror. "I can't think what you were about, Cheviot," he said almost sharply.

Hildegarde was still incredulous that Louis had been able to resist the natural temptation of "telling on her" and saving his own credit. "Does n't father know—anything?"

"Oh, yes, I told him—about us."

"It 's the one redeeming feature in the present situation," said Mr. Mar.

"Father!" She was really wounded by that.

"But, as I 've told you already,"—he turned his melancholy eyes on the young man,—"I 'd take more comfort in the intelligence if you had n't brought her up here!"

"Does he say he brought me?"

"He can't say he prevented you."

"I *would* come. I was afraid we 'd never get you back." She was on the verge of tears.

"Well, well," said Cheviot, briskly. "It 's no use spilling milk."

"No," agreed the old man; "it might be worse. After all, the ship is going back in a week, and I 'll make arrangements for you to live on board till then."

Hildegarde withdrew her arm. She came and stood in front of the bowed old man. "You can't mean that while I *am* here, I 'm not to stay with you—or in my own tent near—"

"Your tent!" Mr. Mar lifted one hand, calling Heaven to witness his offspring's folly. "As to 'near' *me,* I 'm sleeping in a ghastly lodging-house myself at the moment. We pay ten dollars a night for floor space. Spread a blanket on filthy boards and try to get some rest in spite of drunken rows and—other things."

"I should think even a tent in the bog was better than that."

"Much. I 've lent mine for a few nights to a miserable woman and her daughter who 'd slept a week on the beach. Like Hildegarde here, they 'd 'brought a tent!' It 's on that steamer we passed. There are half a dozen ships that can't get unloaded."

"I don't know that I like those other women living in your tent," said Hildegarde, with frank envy.

"Some of us are arranging to get the daughter home."

"Not the mother?"

"No."

"She 's going to stay?"

"She has consumption."

"Oh."

"They came in the steerage. No, the mother won't go home, and won't need my tent long, I think."

Hildegarde stroked his hand. "It was like you, father, to take them in."

"It 's been pretty much as you saw it this morning"—Mar turned to Louis—"for two weeks now. People are paralyzed. The fall from the height of their anticipations has stunned them. The women sit and wait—for what they don't know. The men drink and play high, and when they 're cleaned out and can't think of anything else to do, they shoot. There were two men killed last night in a fight over a lot. In the last week there have been six suicides. Nobody minds. What 's the spilling of a little blood? What 's far more important is the scarcity of water. You buy it by the small bucketful, and carry it home yourself. If you don't boil it, you get typhoid. The mayor told somebody that, after all, we lacked only two things here: water and good society. The stranger said: 'That 's all the damned lack.'" It was as striking to ears that heard the retort then for the first time as though the saying had not grown hoary. "You 'll see," Mar said, as though Cheviot had denied such a possibility, "it 'll be worse here than ever Dawson was in the toughest times. We have n't got any such body of men to keep the peace as the Mounted Police."

"And to think it 's all your fault, father," said Hildegarde.

Mar stared at her.

"Two years ago, and nobody cared a pin to go to Nome. You could n't induce the boys to come. You had to bribe even Louis. Now, forty thousand people and all that tangle on the beach." Her eyes were eager. "Nome at this minute must be the most wonderful sight in the world."

"It 's the dump-heap of the nations. I 'll tell you what happened a week ago." Mr. Mar was almost voluble in his anxiety to convince his daughter of the unfitness of Nome as a subject of feminine curiosity. "I 'd been to the A. C. store and got a small draft cashed. Then I went up to Penny River, and was gone all day. As I came back, behind the big music-hall tent I was held up. Two men turned out my pockets and made off with my thirty dollars. It was no use reporting the robbery. I was very tired, and I went to bed. I was waked up by some one rummaging about. But before I realized what was happening inside, I saw there were holes cut in the off wall of my tent, and two pairs of eyes were watching me. A little lower down the bores of a couple of pistols were sticking through. I lay perfectly still and presently the man inside who 'd been going through my grip, threw it down. 'Where do you keep your stuff, anyhow?' he said, and then I recognized him. 'You 're not in luck; you 've got hold of the same person twice,' I said. 'Think we did n't know that?' he said. 'We made such a devilish poor haul, we thought we 'd give you another chance. Come along,' he said, 'where do you keep the rest?' and when he found there was n't anything in the tent but a watch and a pistol, well, he was good enough to tell me his opinion of me."

"I don't understand—is n't it daylight all night?"

"Yes, but some of the honest people try to sleep, and then the crooks take over the town. The place is full of the professional criminal class. And if it were n't, Nome as it is to-day would breed them. My next-door neighbor says if he owned all the Nome district and owned hell, he 'd sell Nome and live in hell."

"But the thing that brought everybody here—the gold!"

"The Sourdoughs are getting some out of the creeks; but there are n't any more windfalls for late comers since the beach was worked out."

"I did see one or two cheechalkers

rocking in a hole here and there," said Cheviot.

"Go back to-morrow: you won't see the same faces. 'Poor man's country,' where bread costs more than luxuries anywhere else on earth! Any business that 's done in Nome to-day is buying and selling and brokerage precisely as it is in Wall Street. For the moneyless mass there is n't only disappointment, there is n't only hardship; there 's acute suffering down on the beach. I don't know, for my part, where it 's going to end."

"I don't mind not staying *long*," said Miss Mar, obligingly, "in a place where you wake up to find pistols and eyes peering in at you; but I would n't—for all the world I would n't—miss just seeing it."

Mr. Mar moved his stick impatiently.

"*I 'd* be willing enough to miss seeing it," said Cheviot, "and I 'm not squeamish, either. But, Lord! some of those faces!"

The old man nodded. "I keep away from the water-front as much as I can. Can't stand it. I 've never seen such despair in human eyes. If there are lost souls on the earth, I 've seen them on the beach at Nome."

"Well, I dare say a little of it will go a long way with me, too."

"Hildegarde, you 're growing very like your mother."

"Thank you, father," said the girl, imperturbably.

"The trouble is, if you insisted on having 'a little' of Nome, you might have to take a great deal," Cheviot said.

"Why might I?"

He exchanged a look with Mr. Mar. "Come out here, Hildegarde, and I 'll show you."

As she followed to the ship's side, "What makes that dog howl so?" she asked.

Cheviot leaned over. "Shut up!" he called down. "Say, *Red*, do you hear? Shut up, I tell you!"

The dog looked critically at Cheviot, ears cocked, nose pointed, forefeet on the gunwale of the lighter which was bobbing about at the foot of the *Los Angeles's* ladder.

"Oh, Louis, is that father's Reddy? Can't he be brought up? *Please!*"

"I 'll get one of the sailors presently—Here"—he adjusted his glass for her—"now look off there to the right—farther, beyond the wreck of the *Pioneer*. Do you see that big tent with the flag?"

"Yes."

"Can you see what flag it is?"

"It is n't Stars and Stripes. It looks all yellow."

"Yes."

"Who are the people who have a yellow flag?"

"The people who have smallpox. That 's the pest-house."

On their way back they met Blumpitty asking, sadder than ever, if anybody knew how soon quarantine was going to be declared. "Pretty rough on the people who get shut out," murmured Blumpitty.

"Rougher on those who get shut in," said Cheviot.

Joslin was furious at either prospect. "Damned nonsense," he said, "spoilin' the finest boom since '49 all on account of a little smallpox."

They found Mr. Mar in the smoking-room, in the same weary attitude, head hung over his wide chest, hat hung on the sound knee, wooden leg stiffly slanting, eyes among the ashes on the floor.

"Whatever else I do, father, I can't go home without you."

"Oh, I 'll take you home, my dear," said Mar, with alacrity. "I 've nothing to keep me here now except my claims at Polaris."

"Oh," said the girl, losing some of her gloom, "have *you* got a share in the mother lode?"

He smiled faintly at miners' superstition on his daughter's lips. "I 've got something worth looking after," he said, "though, as I told Louis, I wish my good luck was n't always so inaccessible. Only two boats touched Polaris last year. I don't know how it will be this summer. I was n't able to go in either of those that have set off so far. But I sent a man to do the assessment work."

"I 'll find a way of looking after him." Cheviot seemed to ratify some arrangement. Then turning to Hildegarde: "And I 'll follow you in the first ship."

"Follow? Can't you go and get back in a week?"

"I might, if there should happen to be a boat"—he was touchingly pleased at

Hildegarde's unwillingness to go home without him. Quite suddenly she remembered O'Gorman's loud-voiced friend of the whaler.

"I 've got an inspiration," she said gaily. "Why should n't we all three go up to Polaris in the bark *Beluga?* Yes, yes; that whaler alongside is going north in a day or two. Now, don't say it 's impossible till you see." Quickly she outlined a delightful plan. They could all come back in one of the Grantley Harbor boats. Or why should n't they, after they 'd attended to the mother lode—why should n't they go in the *Beluga* as far as Kotzebue? Nobody realized in the very least, she said, her immense interest in all this queer world up here. And after all she 'd gone through to get here, they wanted to forbid her Nome. Adroitly she spoke, as though their success were still a matter of doubt. *If* she did n't see Nome, oh, how she 'd be laughed at in Valdivia! But *if* she did n't, why should n't she be a little compensated for so huge a disappointment? But that was n't the main consideration. How could anybody expect her to go away in this very same horrible boat that had brought her and go without Louis? Was her father grown so hard-hearted up here as to expect to part them when they 'd only just found each other? Half-smiling, but serious enough in reality, as Mar could see, she pleaded for her plan. Louis was plainly a convert, though he did say in a feeble and highly unconvinced fashion that if he had n't used up all his credit with her on the subject of travel he 'd point out that the accommodation on board these coasting vessels—

"Oh, *don't* be so careful of me—you two!" she wailed. "The reasons why I must n't see Nome surely don't apply to Polaris. Why may n't I have a look at that miraculous mother lode? Besides, Polaris! Why, that 's where Blumpitty's hermit lives! Dearest father, I 've been dying to see the hermit. Did he tell you, too, where to get your claims?"

"Certainly not. I would n't go near the impostor—living on people's greedy hopes. That 'll come to an end some fine day."

"Well, if it has n't come to an end yet, you won't mind my seeing him, will you, dearest? It is n't just idle curiosity. You really ought to sympathize a little. I must have got it from you—all that interest in the North that we used to think was left out of the rest of the family. Don't you remember I never wondered at the hold it had on you? Even when I was quite little—" She pulled herself up suddenly with an anxious glance at Cheviot's averted face. But he turned briskly at that first pause and said: "I 'll leave you to butter the parsnips, Hildegarde, while I tackle the captain."

When Cheviot had gone, "What 's the news?" said Mar.

"Oh, they 're all well, and the boys are getting on splendidly. Mother sends you—"

"Nothing yet from Jack Galbraith?"

"Nothing up to the day I left. Father, it bores Louis dreadfully, hearing about—Arctic exploration. We won't talk about Jack Galbraith before Louis. But I 've often thought that while I 'm crawling up this side of the round world, Jack is probably sliding down the other."

"It 's one of the reasons for going home," said the old man, thinking aloud.

(To be continued)

MULDOON'S LAST FIGHT

BY ROGER ALDEN DERBY

WITH PICTURES BY THORNTON OAKLEY

IN the front room of a modest Spanish pension overlooking the Calle de Atocha, Madrid, sat a large, square-shouldered, deep-chested man. His broad upper lip, firm jaw, and shock of red hair denoted Hibernian descent, but the moment he opened his mouth and spoke to a little Spanish boy who was seated on the floor surrounded by the brightly colored clothes of an espada, any doubts one might have had in regard to his nationality were dispelled. His dress, as well as his appearance, was foreign to his surroundings, and yet this hulking Northerner was the premier espada of all Spain.

Patrick Muldoon had for many years served his Queen as private in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and had followed his regiment to various and interesting parts of the British Empire. In the year of grace 1901, he was posted at Gibraltar, having returned in the early autumn from Eastern service at Lucknow. An unfortunate fight with a comrade late one night on lower Waterport Street, he as well as his comrade being considerably the worse for liquor, had resulted in a tragic and unforeseen event. Like so many Irish fights that begin in good humor and are continued because of the combatants' inherent love of fighting, Patrick and his fellow-Tommy waxed serious over the fray. Blows fell thick and fast until finally a well-directed uppercut of Muldoon's dropped the other Irishman to the hard pavement of the narrow street. In falling, the unfortunate man's head hit the curb, and Muldoon was left gazing at the lifeless body of his former friend. The horror of the situation brought Patrick to his senses, and his ignorance of the carriage of law and justice prompted him then and there to flee the Rock and escape to Spain. By sheer good luck and much climbing he made his way past the sentries, down over the bastions, and out to the little sandy bay that nestles under the northern cliff of the great fortress. Here he discovered a small rowboat moored not many yards from the shore, which he impressed into service by a swim, and a scramble aboard over the stern. A long and silent row across the quiet waters of Algeciras Bay landed him about three miles north of the Spanish town of La Linea, where he struck inland without being detected as a *contrabandista* by the ever-present *guardia civil*.

So much for the escape of Señor Muldoon from the Rock of Gibraltar and his safe landing on Spanish soil. The details of his life for the next four years are too various for accurate description; suffice it to say that he journeyed to Ronda, adopted the garb of the Spanish, and acquired a smattering of their language. He lived at first from hand to mouth, an art which he soon picked up in a country where few have consistent employment, and after three or four months enlisted in the bull-ring as capa under the assumed title of Dario Diaz Gonzalez.

His natural daring, great strength, and love of fight in any form, soon brought him to the fore, and after serving eight months on foot, he was promoted to the position of picador, and later became a popular and brilliant espada. For four years he fought over the length and breadth of Spain, and during that time he was always received with the greatest favor. Hats, silver dollars, umbrellas, mantillas, and fans were thrown to him after he gave the bull the *coup de grâce;* his photograph was reproduced on postal-

Drawn by Thornton Oakley. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A BULL-FIGHT POSTER ON A SUNLIT WALL

cards and sold throughout Spain and even in South America. In fact, Muldoon became one of the most picturesque and prominent men in the country.

His popularity, however, was for the large part confined to the populace, and did not extend to his confrères of the ring. They became jealous of the position this Irishman had acquired, and several times their unwillingness to draw off a fierce bull had placed him in serious and embarrassing situations.

He had, however, one friend, a stalwart Castilian banderillero who had received his training in Andalusia, Julio Ortega by name. He had attached himself to Muldoon the moment the two came into contact, one Sunday at Seville, and their friendship was that afternoon cemented by the assistance Muldoon afforded the Spaniard when the latter was hard pressed by a fierce Portuguese bull.

Julio was as fearless and brave as he was straightforward and honest, the very qualities that found their counterparts in the Irishman, and when he was caught by a bull in the spring of 1902, the last request he made before dying was that Muldoon should take care of his motherless boy Juan.

Muldoon's natural affection for the child, a sweet-faced boy of twelve, was

increased by his love for the dead father, and the two soon became inseparable companions. At every fight in which Muldoon participated, Juan was to be found behind the barrier, his keen, sunburnt little face just peering over the rail, toreros whose interest it was to oppose Muldoon were devoted to the boy, and he had several fast friends whose love for him and his father made a strong bond.

Thus it was that on a Sunday early in May, 1906, at midday, Patrick Muldoon

Drawn by Thornton Oakley. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

MULDOON

and his brown eyes flashing as the bull charged or his guardian successfully planted the curved sword of death.

He was familiar with the bull-ring gossip, for he had spent his entire life among the followers of the sport, and there was little that escaped the sharp ears of the bright child. Many of the reclined in an easy horsehair chair in a Madrid pension, puffing slowly at a large brier pipe, and little Juan Ortega sat on the floor of their common room and overhauled the clothes of the famous espada.

"Ah, Remigio Vista he has no love for you or for me," said the boy, looking up

at Muldoon. "It is he who has plotted with Varez and José Chaves to lead the Jerez bull, Barbudo, into you this afternoon. He it was who spoke to Manuel Patricia, who has no love for Remigio, and who told him he would not assist, and who informed me to warn you. Ah, beware, my father, for the Jerez bull is very fast and very fierce, and if he should drive you, there would be but few capas to lead him off."

"That I will, Juan my lad," replied the Irishman in somewhat lame Spanish, "if I have to fight the Jerez bull by myself. And when it is over, boy, you and I will give up bull-fighting, and settle down in Andalusia, where we can live on what I have saved. It 's a good sum for Spain, lad, and you will go to school, and grow up to be a fine Spanish gentleman.

"It 's time that I was getting dressed," continued Muldoon. "Have you those clothes in shape and the new swords sharpened yet?"

The child replied with an affirmative nod, and the Irishman was soon finishing the toilet of a Spanish espada. A strange sight it was to see this burly form clad in the tight-fitting knee-breeches, white stockings, low patent-leather slippers, bright-colored jacket, and tri-cornered black hat that one connects inevitably with the Plaza de Toros of Andalusia. His red hair and Celtic face completed the incongruity of a picture that to all but the Spaniards, perhaps, was little else than a caricature.

Four brightly polished swords were lying on a table in the center of the room, each about four feet long, double-edged, and curved sidewise near the end. The handles were fairly broad and flat, bound with red flannel, and separated from the blade by a straight metal guard. Muldoon picked these up in turn, his large hand completely covering the handle, and made several lunges forward with each. He then shook the blade as one would toy with a fencing-foil, and laid them again on the table.

Juan glanced down through the green shutters to the street and announced that a carriage was waiting to take them to the Plaza de Toros. Muldoon knocked the ashes out of the pipe he had been smoking, flung a large red-flannel shawl over his shoulder, picked up the swords, and, accompanied by the boy, made his way down the stairs.

They were soon in the Calle de Alcala, surrounded by other fiacres which contained the espadas and banderilleros who were to figure in the contest. Brightly dressed picadors, wearing broad sombreros and mounted on poor, decrepit old horses, passed them and were repassed. Carriages in which sat beautiful Castilian women, black-lace mantillas drawn over their heads; landaus, victorias, and open cabs of every variety—all filled with animated people streamed along the road, headed for the same goal.

Little Juan from time to time caught Muldoon's arm and pointed out some celebrity—an officer of high rank or a famous Spanish beauty, who recognized and took a keener interest, perhaps, in the boy's companion than he did in them.

As this variegated procession approached the bull-ring, Juan jumped up with a cry of "The King, father—the King and the young Queen!" Near the entrance to the ring, surrounded by an escort of cavalry, was the royal carriage; and as Muldoon glanced in the direction, the King and Queen of Spain were dismounting to witness the first fight of the year in Madrid. The vast crowd that always congregates about the Plaza de Toros before a contest gave way as the royal pair marched to the entrance. A cheer and much hand-clapping acknowledged a bow of the young King's, and then as they disappeared, the surging mob scattered again to congregate about the fiacre of some lesser celebrity.

Muldoon was warmly greeted when he approached the entrance reserved for combatants, and as he stood up in the carriage and doffed his hat a greater cheer broke out than had been accorded the King.

"Viva Gonzalez! Viva the greatest espada of Spain!" they shouted.

THE large circular ring was packed with people, tier upon tier of laughing, dark-haired men and women rose one above the other up to the line of boxes—one vast mass of color and humanity intently waiting for the rush of the mad bull and the deft, swift movements of the well-trained bull-fighters.

In the center of the audience, opposite

Drawn by Thornton Oakley Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BULL-RING

the two small doors of the dark cells that contained the bulls, was the royal box, draped with the brilliant red and yellow of Spain. The King, dressed in the uniform of a Spanish general, sat well forward, bowing to right and left as he observed the salutations of his people. Beside him was Queen Victoria, rather pale, perhaps, as if she did not anticipate with pleasure the cruelties of the coming scene. Above all was the clear, blue sky and the warm sun of Castile. Nowhere in the world does the sky seem bluer or the sun warmer.

Suddenly the military band struck up a martial air, and the gates at the opposite sides of the arena were flung open. Up the slight incline and into the arena came the head of a marvelous procession. Leading on black Andalusian chargers were two equerries, clad as if they had just stepped out of a Velasquez painting in the Prado. About their necks were white Elizabethan ruffs, and on their heads were the slanted broad hats, with a big white plume turned backward, of old-time Spanish cavaliers. Their sleeves and coats were cut and open, and two massive silver chains hung down across their shoulders.

Behind these came the three espadas who were to act in the last scene in the lives of six of the most ferocious bulls Andalusia boasted. Behind these, again, came the banderilleros and capas, columns of three, marching in open order, each carrying over his arm a red shawl. Muldoon towered above them all, and strode forward with the long, easy gait of a British regular, erect, powerful, fearless.

Behind the capas came the picadors, their lower limbs covered with light metal armor, mounted on the poor, decrepit horses, with one eye blindfolded, that we had seen in the procession on the Calle de Alcala. Lastly came two mule teams of three each, trapped in yellow and gold harness, each drawing a yoke that dragged on the ground and each driven by an attendant in the livery of the royal arena. Slowly this procession progressed across the sandy ring, headed direct for the royal box. The martial strains of the band were mingled with the shouts and cheers of the spectators as they caught sight of their favorite espada or banderillero.

When the equerries arrived below the King, the music and cheering ceased. One of them, in a voice audible throughout the arena, then asked of the King permission to allow the combat that afternoon between six brave Andalusian bulls and the fighters standing at attention behind them. The King replied by tossing with accurate aim to this equerry the key with which to open the dark cells in which the bulls were locked. Immediately the two men turned their horses and galloped back to the entrance. The procession broke up, four of the picadors taking up their stations around the barrier, and eight of the capas going to the center of the ring, facing the entrance. The door of the cell was flung open, and out rushed a magnificent black bull.

His first mad rush came quickly to an end, and he stood in the center of the arena, dazed by the bright light, bellowing, and pawing the sand with one forefoot, with head up, alert, tail lashing the air, the very epitome of power, courage, and ferocity. A slight stream of blood trickled down his left shoulder where a small steel lance, bearing the green-and-red colors of his breeder, had been thrust in as he darted out.

A great roar arose from the spectators at the sight of this magnificent animal. "Viva el Barbudo! Viva el Toro de Jerez!" they cried, and well they might, for the creature merited all the applause those ten thousand voices could give.

A capa, running swiftly and waving a red shawl, darted before the bull, stopped suddenly, and then retreated as rapidly backward. With a resounding bellow the animal lowered his head and dashed at the annoying shawl. Once, twice he lunged with his sharp horns at the cloth, but each time the man flung it out to one side and narrowly missed being caught. Baffled, the bull came to a stop, and bellowed, snorting and tossing his head in the air. Again the capa approached, and again the animal lowered his horns and dashed after the elusive cloth. His movements were marvelously quick; it seemed impossible that this enormous beast could manœuver with such agility.

Again he came to a halt, this time somewhat more collected, and surveyed the arena. Each time a man or horse

caught his eye he uttered a low bellow, or snorted, but he was still too dazed to concentrate his attention and attack on any one object. Again the capa flitted by, this time close, and as he passed, he slapped the bull between the horns with the open palm of his hand.

A roar of applause greeted this act of daring, and it increased suddenly in volume as the infuriated animal made a desperate leap at the capa, who in passing had turned his back. Warned by the roar, however, he instantly glanced over his shoulder, and avoided the attack by a skilful side step. The bull passed him, stopped, and raised his head to see what had become of his victim.

Facing him, he found a fresh enemy mounted on a large, bony white horse. The man held a barb-pointed spear, inclined slightly forward, and with the reins kept his horse's unblindfolded eye away from the bull. Slowly Barbudo eyed his foe, pawed the ground, and lashed his tail. Then with a loud snort he lowered his head and rushed at the picador. For a moment a towering mass of horse and rider rose in the air, wavered, and then crashed over backward. The bull had both his horns buried in the side of the unfortunate animal, and the disabled picador crept off to the barrier on all fours. Twice the enraged bull satisfied his lust for gore by plunging his bloody horns into the horse's side, while the poor creature writhed and kicked in its last mortal agony; then two capas flitted by with their red shawls and led the bull off across the arena. Thrice this act was repeated, the bull each time lifting his victim almost bodily off the ground on his horns, and toppling the rider over to the sand before the bell sounded for the picadors to retire.

The bull, now breathing hard, his shoulders lacerated by the spears of the picadors, walked slowly to the center of the arena, still defiant, and casting about for a fresh opponent. This he soon found, but somewhat different in character. A banderillero approached him, holding in his hands two long, bright-red darts, the banderillas, the ends of which were shod with little barbs that when once firmly planted in the flesh hold on as tightly as a chestnut-burr in a setter's coat. Placing himself directly in front of the bull, the banderillero, Remigio Vista, attracted the animal's attention by raising and lowering his arms and stamping his foot. The bull eyed him carefully, as if attempting to discover what new tactics were to be brought into play, and then lowered his head and charged.

Instantly Remigio Vista raised his long arms and inclined the banderillas slightly forward. The bull was approaching with tremendous speed, but Vista never changed his erect, motionless attitude; it seemed as if he must surely be pinioned on those gory horns. Suddenly, when the bull's head was within two feet or less of his thighs, he flung the banderillas directly down into the animal's shoulders, at the same time turning his body sidewise and swaying his hips backward to avoid the rush of the mighty beast.

As the bull darted past, a roar rose from the spectators, for the first banderillas had been planted with marvelous neatness and precision.

When Barbudo realized that he had missed his man, he stopped and turned sharply. The two red banderillas were hanging down over his shoulders, tugging at the already lacerated flesh of his back. Agonized by the pain, he shook himself and bellowed, which only made the cruel barbs tear the harder. Bellowing and snorting, he started across the ring, crazy with the pain, but unable to free himself of the cause. His eyes caught sight of another banderillero passing close, and carrying a pair of blue banderillas. Instantly he lowered his head and charged this man, who, being near the barrier, was forced to vault to safety.

For a few moments the scene was tremendously animated. The exasperated bull tore madly in pursuit of whichever capa happened to catch his eye. As one after another vaulted the barrier, a fresh antagonist attracted him and drew him away in an aimless chase, until eventually, exhausted, he halted for breath in the center.

Little Juan, who had been watching the fight with Muldoon from the barrier-side, heaved a sigh of relief when the animal showed this first sign of fag. He had seen enough of bull-fights to know that no espada could venture to face such a ferocious and active bull as this Barbudo had proved himself until some of the

Drawn by Thornton Oakley. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

IN THE ARENA

spirit at least had been beaten out of him. Muldoon appeared interested, but calm and collected.

"The black devil 's a good wan," he said to himself in a voice that implied a certain admiration for the powers of the beast. "I 'll want none o' me capas sulkin' off by themselves when I get in with him. It 's plenty of fight he has left still, by everything that 's holy!"

There were three more pairs of banderillas to be planted, however, before the bell rang for the final act in the bull's life, and much depended, as far as Muldoon was concerned, on whether these would take his spirit or make him more furious and savage.

The latter proved to be the case, for although each pair was planted almost as neatly as Vista's, the bull became more and more enraged. Bellowing and roaring with the pain of eight darts tugging at his shoulders, he bucked back and forth across the now gory sand. Once he stopped and let off his pent-up fury by plunging his horns into the body of a dead horse, rolling the animal over, withdrawing, and then rushing in again.

The bell had sounded, and the vast audience leaned forward to catch the first glimpse of Muldoon—Muldoon the Irishman, Muldoon the greatest espada of Spain.

With a firm step he strode out into the ring, glanced at the bull, and then approached the royal box and made a low bow to the King and Queen. A Spanish lady half rose in an adjacent box and tossed him a bouquet of violets. He picked them up, bowed again, and thrust them into the breast of his blouse. Much hand-clapping greeted this pretty act of gallantry, for the Spaniards delight in such things.

Grouped not many yards away were the eight capas, glancing at their espada, jealousy and treachery written on their dark faces. That this foreigner should hold the position he did in their country was more than they could bear.

Ah, but the Jerez *bicho*, he was still fierce and brave. Señor Muldoon might not find it easy to kill him—alone—and

then to-morrow, perhaps, there would be no Dario Diaz Gonzalez, the Irish usurper of their fame.

Muldoon looked with a clear, untroubled face at the surly countenances of these men, and halted for a moment, as if to let them join him and approach the bull. They remained together motionless, so after a moment's hesitation he turned his back sharply and started off at a quick gait.

The bull was standing in the center of the ring, facing him, occasionally shaking his shoulders and bellowing. Muldoon took up a position about twenty feet from him, and then advanced, holding in his right hand the long, curved sword, and in his left, covering the blade, a red shawl. Almost instantly Barbudo lowered his head and charged. Muldoon shifted his ground; but the bull, now knowing by bitter experience the ways of bull-fighters, turned, too.

With the animal only a few feet away, Muldoon flung out the red shawl with his left hand, hoping thus to distract the bull's course, but this proved of no avail. Barbudo was after the man, and would not be misled by a trick.

No capa moved to the assistance of the imperiled espada; they all stood grouped at one side, watching, but evidently *hors de combat*. One thing remained for Muldoon to do, and this he instantly did. Turning sharply, he flung the shawl at the approaching bull's horns, and fled for the barrier. He had nearly half the distance across the arena to go and the bull had dodged the shawl by a quick turn of his head. Muldoon was slowly being run down.

The audience, amazed by this extraordinary situation, and unable to understand why the capas did not attempt to draw off the bull, sat in silence and watched the mad race between man and beast. Barbudo, encouraged by the fact that his enemy was in flight, increased his speed until his horns were almost at Muldoon's back. There were yet some ten yards for the flying man to cover, but at the rate at which the bull was gaining it seemed impossible for him to escape. One misstep or stumble meant instant death. The bull was on top of him.

Suddenly, a small black form flashed over the barrier under the King's box, landed on the ground, and rushed out into the ring. It was little Juan. Silently he had watched every detail of the fight from the time that Muldoon first approached the bull and the capas refused to come to his assistance. Realizing in a moment the imminent peril of his guardian, he seized a red shawl from an attendant near him, and vaulted out into the arena.

Those who saw the ensuing scene were unable to tell exactly how it all happened. When it seemed absolutely certain that the bull was going to drive his horns into the fleeing body of Muldoon, a small boy, waving a shawl, dashed beside the man.

The bull turned and lunged. The boy was tossed in the air, and fell heavily. The man stopped, whirled about, and plunged his sword up to its hilt into the bull. The bull lurched forward, tottered, bent his fore knees, and sank to the ground.

A dead silence hung over the arena, and then slowly a cheer broke forth as the splendid act of heroism that had just been performed flashed across the minds of the spectators.

Muldoon, who was kneeling by the side of the insensible boy, raised his hand, as if to quell the applause.

"Juan lad!" he whispered. "Speak, boy! Are you living?"

"Yes, father," the boy replied, "and we will go to Andalusia soon together."

MADAME EMMA CALVÉ AS "CARMEN"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE BATTLE ON THE SAN GABRIEL

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," "Partners of Providence," etc.

HIS declining form and chastened blue eye, as he persevered along the treeless, houseless road, showed that he was a wayfarer from a considerable distance in the past; but he kept marching onward and looking ahead on the unpromising prairie thoroughfare in patient faith that he would finally arrive somewhere. At last he did come to a very likely place.

It was early spring when he came along, trudging out from town on the Wilston road; and when he was passing the prosperous home estates of the cattlemen, with the green front yards as wide and deep as farms, he was brought to pause at one of them where there was a big, red gate. He stood a while in smiling contemplation.

A vista of china-berry trees led from the gate up to the middle of the broad southern veranda, and there a cattleman was sitting in a commodious arm-chair, with wife and daughter beside him. The avenue of china-berry trees was a veritable tunnel of verdure on the prairie, secluding the graveled approach; it was the cattleman's private passage between home and the world at large. He was a big, contented-looking cattleman, and he was enjoying his family with such solid satisfaction that it seemed to the man at the gate as if this were a man who had gone into a deep, green burrow where he had great store laid by, and that possibly he had gone in permanently to enjoy all that he had done. It would hardly seem that such a man could ever intend to come out into the world again.

The man at the gate carried a brass-buttoned army cape which served him instead of a "slicker" to throw over his shoulders whenever a chill norther came on suddenly; and now that he had decided to enter, he folded it with the brass buttons inside, and moved toward the latch of the gate. But he hesitated, and again stood looking up the approach.

To the cattleman, the view down that leafy bore was as a telescope through which the world at the other end dwindled to insignificance; but to the man at the other end of it, the scene on the porch loomed big with significance. Such things all depend upon which end of the telescope is yours. The hesitant figure at the end of the approach caught the cattleman's attention, and he, thinking that something might be ailing the automatic gate, called heartily down the vista, explaining the workings of it. Thereupon the man entered, and asked whether they needed "a man."

What places he had come from and how he had fared in life, none of them thought to ask, once the "man" had informed them by this one word just who he was. In that country, where there are so many sheep to watch over, the offer of one's self as a man, or mere human being, is not the vague and general business proposition that it is elsewhere; he can go out and make a distinct and special profession of human being. It is indeed a very separate calling. He was informed that nothing could be more easily arranged. The cattleman, in fact, had been looking for just such a man to come along, and here he was; and thus it came to pass that on that same day the man was set out in the middle of an adjoining county with the sheep that needed him, much to the pleasure of another man,

who swung himself upon his cow-pony and loped out of that horizon as if he had been let out of jail.

The man's field of action would be hard to describe: it cannot be imagined as a whole, because it went out of sight over the edge of itself—did not contain itself; it cannot be taken up by parts because it remained the same wherever he went, and was all alike. It was just a big piece of land with a fence around it—a place so roomy and so full of sameness that the man carried his identical horizon with him wherever he went. The man and his horizon could wander around in it from morning till night, and yet the edge of the horizon would never get over the fence. He never saw the fence after the day when he entered through the gate.

Little that was unusual happened for a long time—nothing that would be worth telling about. One day—he had been out there quite a while—he met a horseman who was crossing that part of the country, and contrived to detain him for a while; and when the horseman was going away, he gave him the last drop of lukewarm water in his canteen to keep him a while longer. And then, seeing that the horseman had a watch, he asked him what time it was. He had no use whatever for an exact moment in his way of life, but the knowledge of it pleased him more than anything had for many a long day. The exact moment was like something from foreign parts, a rare, interesting novelty, and he was so pleased with the possession of it that after the horseman was gone he kept turning it over fondly in his mind, forgetting that it, too, was gone.

It was about this time that the spirits of things began to take notice of him, and thereafter the world conducted itself differently toward him.

A great many do not believe in spirits, saying that nobody ever saw one; and such would very likely disbelieve in the spirits of things, not knowing that they can only be heard. In the noise of towns they can seldom be heard. But they become more and more discernible to any one who goes away out and stays there. The man himself hardly thought of them seriously, even when he had cultivated an ear for them. But finally, one day, he began to hear them. He was standing out with the sheep in the middle of a certain nameless day (he had lost track of the notches on the corner of his shack), and while he was so standing, there was nobody coming, nobody saying anything, nobody probably even thinking of him; and so there was nothing for him to do but listen.

That day was just an empty, unpeopled, *baa*-echoing hollow between earth and sky, and the quiet that was in the air was like the singing in an empty shell, which anybody can hear. Out there it was just as empty, and that is the reason that the spirits can sometimes be heard in those parts. He caught just a murmuring of them at times; and after that he could hear them more plainly now and then. It was somewhat as if he were listening to his own thoughts.

Sometimes he could hear solitude rumor in its spaces; sometimes there would be spells when time and eternity could almost be heard whispering together; and between the baaings of doleful sheep he would stand and listen. But he could catch very little of what they were saying. The depths of it would only be murmurous of absence and loneliness—merely that. In the early morning, especially, he could hear the spirits of things laying a deeper hush upon the air, and he knew they were again communing together while they changed watches and settled things for another long and lonesome day. Usually they manage all these things in secret, but they were growing careless of the man, feeling that he was going to be their own. When it was seen at last that the man was not going to leave, but was one of the kind who would stay there and "stick it out," the spirits of things began to hold council together.

"There is a man among us," they said. "He will have to be looked after. If he stays out here, he will have to be like us."

These spirits were the same ones who are always secretly destroying things. They had chewed part of the corner-post away from the foundation of the shack, and they had frayed off the surface of the boards till it was all lumber-wool for the wasps; they were, in fact, the ones who are always tearing down and jealously undoing everything they did not do themselves. They will not even let their own work stand beyond set periods: they had

eaten down trees by the creek and then picked them to pieces. "We shall have to tear him down and undo him until he is like other things out here." Indeed, he *was* an exception to all created things in those parts, and so the alteration seemed no more than proper. A man has no need, and very little excuse, to be civilized alone; he might as well be a great destroyer himself.

As I have said, the place was so big that he never came to the fence. The fence had nothing whatever to do with him; it was only known to exist. And so he never came to a place to stop, but only to a *time* to stop; his comings and goings on the prairie were all in time. And wherever he stopped and stood with the sheep, the zenith was exactly above him and the horizon exactly around him, and there he was. And time was keeping on with existence.

He was not really aware that the spirits of things were all about him; but yet they were there. They were the same ones who started to change the great god Pan into a goat, and only half got through with the job. He, too, was a herder, and I dare say it was only the music he made with his pipes that kept the upper half of him human in that vocation. Joan of Arc had her education from them when she seemed to be only tending sheep, and it was they who sent her out; and so she advanced from the command of a flock to the leadership of armies. The Prophets were herders, many of them,—and humorists, too,—and whenever they came in to tell things to the other people, some thought them crazy and some inspired. Poetry and the pipes have been the shepherd's trade in all times (by way of self-protection), and woe to the defenseless herder who cannot cast about and find himself a metaphor. Down in Texas, and in these other times, humor serves quite as well as poetry, being off the same piece. The one will do as well as the other; and with a man who *must* make diversion out of scant surroundings, it is anything for a metaphor.

The man did the best he could under these difficult circumstances, and thus it was that one day he began to conceive himself a great wit. In the middle of his home horizon, as it were, he had his shack on a little knoll. On one side of this knoll there was a narrow, deep-worn sheep-path leading up to the corral and storm-shed at the top. Up this deep-worn path all the sheep that had ever been there had hurried home at night, coming and going day by day till fleeces were grown, or it was time to go away and be killed; and so his flock did also. They would start crowding together as they came to the beginning of the path, and then trot along in single file as they poured up the hillock into the pen; and the crowding flock would not go to the pen by any other way or any faster than they could do by thus taking their turn in the procession. Why they did that I do not know, much less why it is that when the bars are let down in the morning they scatter at random, and do not bother about any such formality. A reason for it cannot be found by listening to their voices or looking into their eyes, which are meaningless and do not seem to know. They do it as a mystery, being impelled by forces that we know not of.

When the man was beginning to be a great wit he was reminded that the sheep were very much like soldiers; so one morning when they all turned in the pen to stare at him unitedly, as they always do, he said, "'Tention, Comp'ny!" At noon, when the dog went scurrying out and turned them homeward, he yelled out, "Face 'bout!" At night, when they all went stringing up the path, he called out, "Sin-n-n-ngle file!" and stood aside to review them as they passed. They would also double-quick or break ranks for him whenever he gave the command (just as they were about to do it, anyway), and the appearance of soldierlike obedience among his troops gave him some amusement. There was something about this that gave him the necessary inward relief: it added something to the nature of things which he called a joke. And it was a harmless joke that served him quite well out there.

But one joke will not last forever unless it is improved upon, and he did not find himself able to make the improvements. It seemed to be the only joke in the universe. Nevertheless, he was the kind to "stick it out," and so the spirits of things, seeing he had the grit to put up with the eternal grind between the upper and nether worlds of that place, set them-

selves to work. The clouds, as usual in such cases, took the lead. For a long time there had been little change except the variety of the on-coming clouds, always passing, passing across the sky. They now gave up the pretense of being mere clouds, and revealed themselves as they are—and they are the spirit of Somewhere Else. They began their subtle work, saying: "We are all bound for somewhere else—all of us. And you stay here. After a while we will be in a different kind of place. We pass over farm-houses and over fields with people in them; we sail over cities and towns and see human beings moving to and fro and talking and visiting together. We will soon be there. What do you always stay out here for? Why don't you leave?"

And immediately something would say: "But, no; you cannot. You must not. It is your duty to stay here and tend the sheep."

They said it and said it as they have said it a thousand times to many another herder.

Then the breezes touched him lightly as they passed, plucking him by the sleeve, and giving him to understand that they, also, were on the road to somewhere else. They kept it up, and finally they gave him more fully, more deeply, to understand something, and that was that this was only a place which they traverse on their journey—not really a place at all, but only a region, a space.

"Come away with us," they would seem to say.

"But, no; that would be no way for you to do. Everything out here depends on you. The sheep need a man.

"You have got to stay here! But we don't; we are travelers."

And when he looked again, they would only be intent upon the journey. They gave him to understand it thoroughly. What people would ordinarily call a full understanding is as nothing with them; it is the mere shallow beginning: it takes days and days to understand a thing their way. They kept it up, and gave him more *deeply* to understand that they had little to do with this region except on afternoons when they stopped to sleep, as it were; they were not *coming* to the place at all, but were only passing through. A simple fact; but it is not every brain that can stay out there and hold all the meaning they put into it.

Promptly at night the stars came out and took up their task. The man, knowing there was no escape, would light up his fire-hole and sit down to wait. Finally, one night, *they* began to show him what they were; and after that they made him understand it more and more plainly. They kept growing in number that night, and yet the sky kept growing darker the more it was illumined. At last it seemed there was nothing but stars—stars bright and clear, stars dim in the depths of it, faint stars almost lost and overcome in the skyless reaches of space and mystery. The dark had closed in around him and effaced the very world whereon he sat; it was only darkness above and darkness below, and the stars had installed themselves as the only things. The man sat and looked from the fire to the stars and from the stars to the fire, and then he felt as if he might as well be camping out in space itself. They kept saying, in some mysterious way: "Here we are. We came out for you to look at; so look at us."

And so he would sit and look. They gave him still more deeply to understand. Stars punctuated the length and breadth and very bottomless depth of it till only distance was visible. And thus they showed him how far man is from everything but fate. It is for that reason the heavens are punctuated; they are lighted up so that a man can see all the dark there is. With his own eyes he would sit there and look at eternity and solitude and fate, figured out in cold plain facts and held up in its immensity for him to ponder. They were more abstract than figures, more meaningful than words. And yet they were only the stars. Indeed, they pretended to be the same stars that look down so familiarly and unheeded everywhere, as if they were just the roof of every man's back yard. Because of this double play of theirs, the man hardly understood that they were doing anything to him. He was lonesome. The mystery that encompassed his little fire grew nightly more ominous. They grew even more cold and distant in their attitude toward him.

"You are a stranger. What are you doing here in the universe? Strange,

strange, strange," they would repeat. "Do you not feel strange to yourself? Who are you to yourself? You look strange; we do not know you." Then they would stare at him like the gaze of a thousand sheep. Sheep and stars *never* look at you familiarly. By such means they began to give his mind a queer taste of itself; and he, scarcely knowing what to make of it, would sit and stare also at existence.

All along he had been living in time; and now time became endurance, and he measured it by that. When he had endured the stars the allotted space, he would go into his little box-like shack. And there he would lie listening to the coyote *yap-yapp*-ing like its own echo from where no man can tell—somewhere out amid the stars. And from the same regions would come a sheep's meaningless plaint about nothing—a plaint far removed from all reason, and like a voice dehumanized. Everything seemed to be dehumanized out there; and so he would lie with the abstract world on his mind, only to wake and let down the bars and go out into the selfsame day.

Once again he would wander along and keep watch for the storm—that storm that is always due to arrive. Somewhere on the other side of that horizon the norther was always waiting for the chance to clap its chill hand on his back with not a moment's warning—a cold, wet norther, charging right down on a fine dreamy day. And always, lurking in his idle brain, was the question, "Will you be able to get them in?" What a momentous question! The lambs will stumble in the storm and cold, and pregnant ewes wax heavy as they trot; there will be sheep soaked and chilled in every fissure of their pelts. And between them, strewed all around on the slippery prairie, will be the white and loose-hung carcasses of lambs—dead, useless lambs—and what a feeling that you have got the worst of it. More than once the lone "man" imagined himself standing, still more alone, with his old army cape about him and his dead strewed around.

Having nothing to come between him and the clouds, and having to watch them for good or evil, his mind was always open to their insinuations as they kept traveling, traveling across the sky; and once again would come that other suggestion of theirs:

"We will be down to that city southwest of here pretty soon; it is quite a lively town. Lots of people there to talk to. You can say something down there."

No more had they given the call and held up to him that alluring picture of Somewhere Else than he would be told that the sheep needed him—that the flock was his to protect, as if he were the god of it. "Ye are my sheep," would come into his heart. And, what was more, they were his job.

The taunts and temptations of things only served to make him feel more responsible for the sheep. They were trying to dissipate his mind and make a mere god of him, and he was disposed to be a different kind of god. "Ye are my sheep," grew stronger in him. The voice of duty, the man function of success, meant more to him than mere empty imaginings and visionary fears.

Once or twice while he wandered along in the direction of noon-time, there arose in his mind, like a picture, something he had seen just before he took the job. It was a fellow who had been hailed before the sour justice in town in order to determine whether he should be made to pay with his wages for certain sheep that he had lost. So strange were the fellow's replies that he was taken away; and when he was again brought in, a sheriff's jury sat and listened to his answers to see what they thought of them. He was a patient, harmless fellow who did not realize the import of it. On the contrary, he was glad to see them all, and he was delighted to have them sit and listen to all the things he had seen and heard. Out where he had been there was nobody to talk to, and here was an audience. They sat and listened respectfully, holding an autopsy on his intellectuals, the most strange of human doings.

On the few occasions when this picture arose before the man, he passed it by as having nothing to do with a person like himself. That other fellow was one of those people who go crazy; but as for himself, he would continue to manœuver the sheep, which were so much like an army in their comings and goings.

This military idea of his was the most

natural comparison in the world—a mere pleasing fancy.

The unwitting obedience of the flock was a sort of joke on the sheep—a little harmless amusement for himself. But it so happened, as time went on, that there was no other joke in those parts; it was truly the only joke in the universe. Being the only joke in those parts, it availed itself of its wide opportunities; he was continually reminded of it and the pleasure it once gave him; he kept on with his "face-abouts" and his "single-files" and his "break-ranks" till it became a habit. It was the necessary something to do, but more especially something to say. The joke set itself up as a regular fiction; and now it improved every opportunity to become reality.

He was not very particular about how far the joke might carry itself, there being no one in those parts to criticize, and one day, without taking much thought, he picked up an old sheep-dip can and played a tattoo on it. He had been an excellent drummer in time past, so it brought back another way of life, added a new diversion to his way of looking at things. It fitted right in, moreover, as if it were natural. It aroused other images, beat back the silence, and helped him as much as if it were a new joke; and so with a devil-may-care abandon he beat them up to quarters with it and sounded taps regularly. He may have known it was a joke and he may not have known: that is a delicate question; but, anyway, the joke had managed to enlarge itself considerably. The strangeness and taciturnity of things became more insistent against him, but he stayed and fought it out. He kept it up, going out against his ancient enemy, the storm cloud, that is always due to arrive. And one day, in mere fancy, he advanced himself to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Nevertheless, he took good care of the sheep; the joke did not interfere with his job. It was only one way of holding it; and always he kept a shrewd eye on the horizon, that he might not be taken unawares. Seeing which, the spirits called upon other things to help along—things which everybody supposes are perfectly harmless. Even the flowers took up their more subtle work. It was really they that had kept the sole inhabitant from knowing his situation long ago, for who would see anything sinister in a flowery prairie, and especially in the flowers themselves?

There were beautiful spring days, and there were spring sunrises, too, when the very face of nature seemed to look up from all that blooming vast, and smile back at heaven. And the man, being guided by all that he had heard and read and been taught to think about flowers, could only say that it was beautiful.

Flowers filled the horizon as full as a tub, and what *could* be more beautiful (he was made to admit it) than the springtime prairie spread out into the uttermost stretches of morning? What a world of beauty it was, existing unto itself alone, regardless of the eye of man or any living thing—heeding him not and needing him not! And *that* is the very point they made with him when they had really begun their work. He was a foreigner there. He had not been allowed to come to a definite perception of it, so that he could act upon it; but deeply it had been put down into his heart that he was an utter stranger there. And in his mind was something that said "Strange, strange, strange." Beautiful? Yes, as far as beauty goes.

They were like a garden, and yet somehow it was not at all like a garden: it was all too big for that. And that was another point on which they wished to be thoroughly understood. To a human, who has need of being stinted in his pleasures, it was too big to yield the pleasures of a garden: it was the empty hyperbole of one, a riotous exaggeration. And not for one moment after they began, did this prairie, either by its flowers or anything else, allow itself to be anything but solitude to the man. He was in the plight of a man who is too rich—marooned in money. Plenty of beauty there was, and the sheep eating beauty all the day. And the beauty eating him. The day was covered with flowers and the night with stars, infinitely spread. The fair-faced day did its work insidiously, and at night the stealthy stars came out and took up the work. Sometimes he was shown the shepherd's mirage—silent pictures raised in the imagination in all the colors of home. These they held up to him, and then drew them away as his heart yearned toward

them. And in their place were the flowers, all self-sufficient and only aware of their beauty; or else the visibly impossible night, staked out with stars to show its endlessness of nothing. They stared coldly all over him, giving him to feel that they could not see or hear.

One morning, when he had gone forth with the sheep, he stood a long while looking in one direction. Before him, and around him, was just the flowery expanse, with the rising sun shedding new splendor upon it. The morning was taking place in silence; it was as if splendor had usurped the place of sound and left no room for it. And just as great music has a way of becoming inwardly visible, and of raising phantom meanings from the inward, unexplored solitudes of self, so on this morning the visible was like the great panoramic music—full of a strange, unimaginable import. There was an immensity impossible to conceive. And yet it was void of relief; it was just the day in the old routine of bringing itself to pass. There was the same old solitary sun, and himself standing immersed in loneliness, as on the gaudy bottom of that deep ocean of quiet. Never before had he been sunk so deep in himself.

Despite the likelihood of seeing anything new, his eye wandered along the boundary-line of things in unconscious quest of something, but without seeing anything that was company. While he was so looking, a Texas longhorn came over the horizon and into the place; and instantly, before he was really aware of it, he was moved to run after the longhorn and chase it out. A cow had got into the sun's own garden,—it was a trespasser here,—and it struck him as incongruous and unallowable. But on the instant the other part of himself took notice and checked him, while it was yet an impulse. It was only a passing thought, just a fancy.

He stood thinking things over. And yet it was nothing that he was thinking. It had got to be a big, burdensome thing, that landscape, a matter of endurance. He looked at the flowers at his feet, each in its chosen hue; and then his mind wandered out to where they were all commingled in mere expanse and distance. Only by taking thought could he begin to realize that it was all the same at heart as the part beneath his feet; and that was a strain for his mind to lift. And it lay itself before him perseveringly, incessantly, and made him responsible for the realization of it. Was it not for this that he had a mind? Anyway, his mind took to it and fed on it; and not being where there are walls to shut things out, and houses to go into for escape, and all sorts of little universes built in proper proportions, and retreats so small and so committed to memory that they are called home—having nothing of this, his mind found no satisfaction or rest. It drew upon his mind and was large—rather too large to be so daintily and delicately arrayed. Then suddenly, at last, he saw that, too, as it *was*. It was the universe dressed in Dolly Varden; and he grinned. It had taken on the motley. The whole thing was a joke; the foolish, staring stars were a joke; everything was a joke. But that big world all attired in posies was the funniest thing of all. He turned about and felt as if he had got satisfaction out of it at last. He went along with a big satisfied grin on his face, and followed the sheep.

After a while he called to his dog, who was the orderly that conveyed all his commands, and sent her out with a warning to some of his scouts who were reconnoitering too far in the van. Notwithstanding such queer fancies had their way with him, he tended to his business with the sheep. They depended upon his knowledge of things. When the solitude played other tricks on him, he somehow turned the joke. He advanced himself to the rank of Major-General, and stuck it out.

Despite the utmost connivance of the spirits, he was as yet unconquered. Just when they had him to the point, he would duck and dodge mentally, and somehow get from under. They seemed to have their way easily with him to a certain point, as if he were a poet or a humorist; but right at the proper moment this melancholy clown would find something amusing, and then he would follow the sheep as sanely as if he were a horse or a bull. Whether he chose to go or to stay was of no great moment to the spirits of things; but this much was decided—if he stayed, he would have to change his ways.

"Let him get out of here and go where

we drove the rest of them," they said, meaning, thereby, the people who live in cities.

Those who lived in the nearby town were merely people who had taken warning in time. The solitude of their own possessions had driven them in; and little did the man realize that he was going out to such a forbidden place.

This contest with the spirits of things is, indeed, the history that every man has behind him in his forefathers; and what heroes such battles have produced! Certain Latin races are so civilized now that their shepherds knit and knit, being afraid to fight with their minds; but certain Northern races can go right out into it to this day and think and think. What dour, self-sufficient Saxons, what taciturn, sole-minded Vikings, have embarked into the days and nights alone—and come off undaunted! What humorists some of them were, drinking wine from goblets of skulls and flaunting fate—grim, wild humorists turning the joke of creation! And to-day they keep it up, writing the terrible great music, and daring the thoughts to make you pause and think. The man had a little of the strain in him (whether enough or not, would be a question), and so he "stuck it out."

The spirits found the man a hard task. But a herder who is a humorist must always know where to stop; and being where he cannot set his mind and his watch along with the rest of humanity, he is likely to go too far. Then when he comes in after a hard campaign they will accuse him of being crazy; and the sheriff's jury, having more votes than he, will elect him to an asylum. Or else they will call him a genius, and pretend to have little in common with him. Thus by the very metaphors which he has used to protect himself he may be going in the direction of a terrible fate.

One day the cattleman was sitting on his broad veranda waiting for his wife and daughter to come home, and while he was taking his ease substantially as described, he saw through the end of his telescope something coming over the edge of the horizon—a dismal-looking northern cloud. Coming from that direction, it would not be a very vindictive one, he thought, but from the weight of its forefront he apprehended that it might be none the less ruinous in its way. By the time he had all the windows down there came a chill blast, as if the whole North had flung itself southward; and then it went scurrying across the sky with everything in panic beneath it. It virtually hurled its cold wet at things; it charged on at a speed that threw its own rain in confusion. Each succeeding blast buffeted the side of the light frame house as with a sudden dead weight of cold; and then it went across the prairie like the sweep of great scythes. There was not much else for it to attack except the china-berry trees, and they bowed before it, and straightened up to wrestle with it again.

The cattleman, who was known as "the Colonel," stood looking out of the window, deeply calculating. Out on the cattle-ranges there was nothing that he need worry about, but this unseasonable fury of the elements was a discouraging prospect for a man who had been coming along on some fine experiments with sheep. More especially he had in mind the five-hundred-dollar ram (barely acclimated) and the improved offspring of this season.

When the first fury of it was over, and it had settled down to a cold, cutting, wet blow, he hurried out to the barn, untied his slicker from the saddle-strings and put it on; for he was already shivering in the chill wind. Immediately he saddled up. Two of his men had taken shelter in the barn as they were returning from the loading-pens in town, and now, instead of having them continue to the cattle-ranch, he told them to come along with him.

Having arrived at the first gate of the range after a brisk ride of twelve miles, they cut across it to the San Gabriel, and followed its course along the narrow strip of woods which followed it to the ford. Out here, it was plain, the storm had struck with greater force. Trees were down, and a deserted shack had been turned upside down and left standing on its head. While they were riding along this line of post-oak and pecan and tangled wild grape-vines, they heard a voice in weak, querulous complaint somewhere on the other side of the stream; then it rose to a shrill yell, and was suddenly

Drawn by Frank Stick. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BRING UP THEM GUNS, MEN!'"

followed by military commands, oaths, cheers, directions to regiments, brigades, divisions, as if some one had a whole army in action.

The riders brought their quirts down on the horses, and hurried down to the ford and across to the other side. When they came out on the other side they saw the field of battle. Here and there lay a weather-stained ewe, here and there a new white lamb. Many of them had stampeded over the bank and gone away on the turbid stream. The Major-General, now rallying his forces for a last stand, was shaking his fist at the enemy and motioning on his imaginary troops.

"Bring up them guns, men! Bring up them GUNS!"

The Colonel and his men were brought to halt in the shelter of the foliage; and there they sat in awe while the battle kept on. Evidently the troops were in great disorder, and somewhere behind that merciful screen of foliage, and over on the other side of that slippery little stream, were reinforcements that he hoped to bring up and turn the fortunes of the day. Out in the middle of the scene a ram stood in masculine austerity gazing at the herder. The drenched dog, doubly confused, ran back and forth in the distance as if she ought to do something, but knew not what. At times she simply stood and looked while the man called up regiment after regiment and flung them against the foe.

"Stead-d-d-y, men—*CHARGE!*" and there was another exultant yell. This time the Colonel was almost raised out of his saddle with the force of what he recollected; for now he knew the drift of it, heard the names, recognized the regiment. It was the *Irish* coming. Sane as he was, he saw it vividly himself, was transfixed with the spirit of it: as plain as day he could see them coming again with their trousers chopped off at the knees, their sleeves cut off below the shoulder, and all of them coming bare-armed with their guns like wild, grimy blacksmiths to do the job. His heart quailed at the memory of it; inwardly he was put to rout again by that demon yell.

To those who have reverence where reverence is due, the details of that third Bull Run need not be gone into, nor any depiction of what charges and repulses, what defiant rallies and desperate stands, might have taken place. Always that regiment seemed to be coming and charging, and yet never there and never done: it had to be done over and over again. That routed flock in his sole keeping (after days of listlessness when he had hardly cooked his meals) had been more than the man could stand. Then, when the storm came, the sudden reality was too much; and so the past came to his rescue, and made it a man-to-man fight with nature. That was something he was equal to.

The Colonel, however, never went into the details with any great pleasure; that last battle of his was a holy of holies that he was loath to profane. He preferred to let you imagine what the cloud might have thought when it came sweeping onward and found one desperate Yankee standing in its way to turn it back.

The three horsemen, unnoticed as yet, rode out so as to approach him fairly from the front and not take him by surprise. When he caught sight of what was coming, he stood stock still, as if dazed by the sight. What he thought cannot be put on record, but it was as if he had suddenly been disarmed. He bore it with the fortitude that became a major-general who was now a prisoner of war. But the querulous complaint came back to him at times, and then, weakened by neglect of himself, he sat down and lay back against a tree in a half-stupor.

The Colonel, leaving the two men to gather up the remnant of the flock, took the prisoner up behind him and headed his horse for town. The clouds were still trooping across the sky, an interminable following of the storm. The erstwhile major-general held to the saddle-strings with one hand and with the other he emphasized weak boasts of what he had done. And occasionally there was a distant rumbling from the van of the storm, as if it were talking back to him.

Thus it was that a "man" had got the worst of it. There are men who can outbattle the eternal anger of the sea or who can fight to the death among their kind, but a flowery prairie is harder to conquer. Anyway, it was not a fair battle, for "Man was not made to live alone."

THE REVIVAL OF "LUCIA"

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

WITH PICTURES BY GRANVILLE SMITH

THE director snatched the despatch from the hand of the office boy with the face of a general apprehending the fear of defeat, yet his eye did not flinch as he made his grim comment:

"Well, it looks as if we were up against it this time."

The faces of his coadjutors and assistants were grave. "Not even Moretti?" Mr. Quinby put the question fearfully.

"Grip." The director folded his lips grimly over the explanatory monosyllable. "Well,"—he regarded his associates severely,—"what next? Think quickly, gentlemen. Too late to change the opera now. Brunzola immovable, Moretti and Zimmermann sick—" The director, receiving no immediate answer, raised his voice: "It is precisely 6:30, gentlemen, and no *Lucia*. Have either of you anything to suggest?"

Mr. Wolf looked harassed, Mr. Quinby thoughtful. In the silence the office boy coughed discordantly, with his hand before his mouth, and shifted his weight from one leg to the other. Mr. Quinby looked up. "*Lucia*," he remarked.

The director, who had met his eye hopefully, frowned. "Revival of 'Lucia,' house sold out, Mendaro in excellent voice, and no *Lucia*. That is the situation, Mr. Quinby."

"Time to search the highways and byways," observed Mr. Quinby, evidently carrying on mentally the operation in question. Suddenly he looked up with the expression of the searcher who has found something. "Jomelli—have you thought of her?"

"Jomelli?" The director thought intensely. "Jomelli? Who is she? Not the Jomelli of Mapleson days? She must be dead by this time."

Mr. Quinby shook his head. "She still lives. Been winning laurels in South America these ten years; quite recently in New Orleans; most recently of all in vaudeville. I remember her *Lucia* well in the old days."

"Dago?" inquired the director.

"No; American. Born in Ithaca, or Syracuse, or some such classic spot. Shall I send out the runners?"

"In the words of the old maid, 'O Lord, any one,'" returned the director, briskly. "Jomelli, by all means. 'Phone at once."

"Minetti will know where to find her." Mr. Quinby turned to the discreetly waiting office boy. "Call up 1256 Chelsea, Willie. I 'll be there directly."

Arrived at the telephone, where the efficient Willie met him with the gratifying information: "Here 's your party now," Mr. Quinby spent a busy fifteen minutes calling up numbers, with the result that he was able to return to the distracted director with news of the Jomelli's whereabouts.

"It 's not far from here, but 'way over west. Ricetto thinks she has n't a 'phone—"

The director reached out to touch the bell. "Better send Willie."

"Believe I 'll go myself," said Mr. Quinby, suddenly. A flicker of surprise crossed the director's tense face. "I used to know her in the old days," explained Mr. Quinby. "It might make a difference. We can't take any risks at this hour." He was reaching out for his hat and coat as he talked, and closed the door briskly upon the end of his sentence.

Around the corner, on his way to the cross-town car, he collided with a man walking in the opposite direction. As their glances met the two men exclaimed simultaneously:

"Why, Ingraham!"

"That you, Quinby?"

"Where are you going so hard?"

Mr. Quinby laughed. "You 'd never guess. I 'm going to ferret out little Jomelli for an eleventh hour shake-up."

time for reminiscences. "Sorry, old man; I have to hustle."

Ingraham turned and walked on with him. "Let me go with you. I want to see Loretta again."

"I 'm in an awful rush. I won't be

Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'WHICH ROOM?' MR. QUINBY TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO INQUIRE"

"Jomelli?" Ingraham looked up. "Not Loretta of the old days?"

"The same."

"Loretta," Ingraham repeated in the leisurely accents of the artist. "Well, well, Loretta. It makes me feel young again."

But the director's assistant had scant

there five minutes," replied Mr. Quinby, unenthusiastically. But Ingraham, with a reminiscent smile playing over his features, was blissfully unconscious. "Loretta as *Lucia!* How well I remember! I once made a sketch of her in the bridal veil. Why, how many years—"

"Oh, cut that out!" exclaimed Mr.

Quinby. "Let her be as young as she sounds, at least."

Ingraham glanced at his friend pityingly. Quinby's life was obviously telling upon his nerves. "It has always seemed to me," the artist began dreamily, "that there is no spectacle more tragic than that of the prima donna who has outlived her fame. An actress has some show in old-woman parts, but a singer is virtually dead after she has lost her voice."

"So long as there are indisposition notices in the lobby, dead singers are liable to resurrection," returned the sophisticated Mr. Quinby, dryly.

As they boarded a cross-town car, Ingraham said suddenly: "I can't think of Loretta as old. Perhaps I am foolish to go. Poor little Loretta! Do you suppose she will mind?"

Mr. Quinby glanced carelessly at Ingraham, reflecting that artists were likely to be sentimental. "See, you were rather devoted to Loretta in the old days, were n't you? Flowers and suppers, and drinking out of her slipper, and all that."

Ingraham's answer was indirect: "The good, old sentimental seventies! We enjoyed life a lot more in those days."

"We were young then, Jim," returned Mr. Quinby, soberly, "and we had more time, somehow." He signaled the conductor to stop at Eighth Avenue as Ingraham was replying in a troubled tone, "Something is all wrong somewhere."

Mr. Quinby refreshed his memory as to Loretta's number under a street lamp. "Some push-button flat, I suppose, with halls smelling like a cross between a vault and a kitchen," he grumbled.

"Just a cheap boarding-house, I fancy," returned Ingraham, glancing along the row of brown-stone houses that made up the block.

"Three hundred and fifty-seven—here it is." Mr. Quinby ran briskly up the high steps and rang the bell, which pulled out abnormally, in a way that induced suspicion as to its practicability. After a long wait the door was opened by a staring negro servant whose garments seemed imperfectly attached. To the imperative question of the director's assistant, "Does Madame Jomelli live here?" she shook her head. "Yes, she does," returned the man of business, sharply. "She is an opera-singer. Just find out if she is home, please."

The girl's eyes met his, rolled off, followed a passer-by, until recalled by his repeated question. Out of a gulf of vagueness an idea seemed at length to struggle.

"Miss Jomlee?" She made her suggestion in the refined, attenuated soprano in which even the most demoralized female African frames a question.

"Take this card up at once, please."

The girl hesitated, fingering the bit of pasteboard. "I reckon you kin go right up. It 's the top floor."

"Take up that card, and be quick about it," was Mr. Quinby's answer, in a tone that somehow conveyed the necessary impetus to the girl's brain.

The two men seated themselves on a combination hall-seat and hat-rack. A strong odor of soup filled the atmosphere. From the boarding-house parlor came the sound of voices and constant peals of laughter, then the bleat of a gramophone, flat and nasal, penetrated the red plush portières. A large blonde woman in a pale blue kimono came down the stairs and passed them with an inquiring stare.

"Poor little Jomelli!" exclaimed Ingraham. "She used to live at the Fifth Avenue. Do you remember how the hall boys used to run for her? And the flowers and the toasts and the champagne—"

The negro girl interrupted. "You kin go right up. I tol' you you could—"

"Which room?" Mr. Quinby took the precaution to inquire.

"Fourth floor back," the girl vouchsafed over her shoulder, with the air of one making a superfluous concession.

At the foot of the third flight of stairs they caught sight of an open door and a vaguely outlined feminine form awaiting them. As they reached the top, she came forward with outstretched hands, and the gracious little air of a personage, "Mr. Quinby *and* Mr. Ingraham—why, Jim Ingraham, is it really you? This *is* a pleasure!"

"Such good luck to find you," responded Mr. Quinby, his abruptness suddenly dropping from him. She drew them into her room, which was a shabby edition of the bedroom that masquerades as a reception-room. Both men looked at her curiously, yet with a certain reluctance in

Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"A GREAT BUNCH OF PINK ROSES AT THE SINGER'S FEET"

the full light. What it revealed to them was a little woman with kindly, bright eyes that had once been beautiful, frizzled dark hair, and a face that had lost the semblance of youth without having as yet taken on the sad disintegration of age. She was dressed in a gay, shabby costume of red and black, with long ruffles of cotton lace. The cheap little room was also done in red. It had only one distinction—the operatic photographs covered with inscriptions that littered the table and the walls.

The *Lucia* of other days beamed upon her guests. "You 've shaved your mustache, Mr. Quinby. You have n't changed a bit, Jim Ingraham."

"Neither have you, Loretta," returned the artist, promptly. And Loretta replied gaily: "You always did keep a blarney-stone in your pocket, Jim."

Mr. Quinby accepted the chair she offered with a conditional, "I really ought not to indulge myself this far, Madame Jomelli, for I have come on business this time—very urgent business." A flush rose in the prima donna's faded cheek. "The fact is, we are in a bad scrape with the opera to-night. Madame Brunzola and her understudy are both ill. I happened to hear, by some lucky chance, that you were in town,"—Ingraham listened in astonishment to the form Mr. Quinby's request was taking,—"and I have come literally to throw myself on your mercy. Would you—*could* you be so good as to help us out?"

The little woman fingered her laces with a hand that trembled slightly. "I should be delighted, Mr. Quinby, if it is possible. The opera is—"

"The opera is one with which you are associated in all our memories," replied Mr. Quinby, impressively—" 'Lucia.' "

"Oh, 'Lucia'." The singer's eyes began to smile with memories.

"Do you remember that last night at the old Academy, when we drank out of your slipper, Loretta?" put in Ingraham. She answered him with a glance that was the shadow of her old coquetry.

"Can you manage it on this short notice—costumes, etc.?" Mr. Quinby began to take on a more businesslike air. "If not, I think we can provide the costumes—"

"I have the costumes," the diva replied, with a little touch of grandeur indescribably pathetic. "They are not new—but I think they will answer. How much time have I?"

"You should be at the opera-house in half an hour, if possible." Mr. Quinby rose. "Can you make it?" She nodded. "Then I will send a cab for you at seven o'clock. And as to the question of remu-

neration—you will receive the same that we give Madame Brunzola. Will that be satisfactory?"

The little diva's eyes shone. "You are very good, Mr. Quinby."

And Mr. Quinby, celebrated in the opera-company for brevity and severity, replied with the semblance of a courtly inclination, "Laurels have their market value, Madame Jomelli."

As he reached the door he turned to add, "We are in great haste now, but we will hope to see you again between the acts."

The prospective *Lucia* turned her smiling eyes from Mr. Quinby to Ingraham. "And will you be there, too, Jim Ingraham?"

And with the caressing Irish intonation inherited from his father, Ingraham replied, "And where else should I be, I 'd like to know, Loretta?"

The shabby little diva gave a hand to each man, and followed them with a gay little mannerism of farewell to the landing.

"Poor little soul!" exclaimed Ingraham, as the boarding-house door closed upon them. "Can she do it, do you think? And can you make good on the check?"

Mr. Quinby nodded. "I can. We 'd have been in a tight box without her, all right. I shall say I could n't get her on any other terms, if necessary; and, by the look of things, she needs it."

"How do you account for it? She must have made a pile in her day."

"Oh, trusted the wrong people to invest it, I suppose, and helped every Tom, Dick, and Harry that came along with a hard-luck story—that I know for a fact." A moment later he added: "I hope the audience won't freeze her out. There will be precious few there who will remember her."

"Are we, then, the oldest living opera-goers?" exclaimed Ingraham in comic dismay. "I swear, Joe, I don't feel as antiquated as all that."

"The old crowd does n't go much in these days. However, there are usually enough amiable fools to applaud anything. If I had had more time, I might have fixed it up somehow."

And so, after all, the curtain rose only a few minutes after eight, revealing the ancestral forest of *Sir Enrico Ashton* to the eyes of an audience all unaware of the cloud of disaster that a short hour before had hung so threateningly over the managerial head.

At the end of the first act the house echoed with recalls for Mendaro, who came before the curtain rotund and complacent, bearing with him a figure of shabby gorgeousness which tripped and bowed, hand on heart, after the fashion of other days. At the end of the second act Mendaro again led her by the hand with the graciousness of condescending royalty. But, alas! during the famous mad scene there was a distressing area of empty chairs, and the corridor was filled with strolling couples, who chatted as if a little singer their fathers had once stood up to applaud was not sending out her brave little leaps and trills and roulades, descriptive in the musical taste of the last generation of the sufferings of a mind diseased. From time to time one of these languid strollers would look in at a door, returning to the promenade with the bulletin, "Still there." In the boxes, conversation became frank and animated, backs were turned toward the stage, and from various parts of the house came audible expressions of amusement or disapproval. But at the end, as Mr. Quinby had anticipated, the kind-hearted and the ignorant combined to produce an audible amount of applause.

Standing back of the chairs, in that part of the aisle nearest the stage, a few habitués discovered the director's assistant, and with him a man with gray hair a little longer than fashion prescribes, leading the applause. At the end this man flung a great bunch of pink roses at the singer's feet.

"I used to send her pink ones in the old days, and go without my dinner to pay for them," he told Mr. Quinby, as they both clapped with undiminished vigor.

One of the wanderers from the foyer, looking in at that moment through the door behind the two men, exclaimed audibly, "Who in thunder can be sending flowers to the little old screech-owl!"

"I say, Quinby," Ingraham broke out after a moment in which neither of the men had looked at the other, "how much money have you got on you?"

Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"LET US DRINK ONCE MORE TO THE SURVIVAL OF LORETTA"

"Ten or twelve dollars, perhaps. Why?"

"What do you say to taking the poor little girl out to supper? To Delmonico's, where she used to go. She 's probably never been inside of the new place. I afforded it for her then when she was the toast of the town; I guess I can stand for it now when she 's old and forgotten"—he broke off abruptly, then finished—"if you can lend me something. I have n't enough with me."

The men were neither of them overprosperous. Mr. Quinby was the father of a family, and Ingraham still a poor artist, but the director's assistant suggested at once: "We 'll do it together. I sent tickets to Shaw and Thompson: they are here somewhere; we 'll ask them for auld lang syne—and Mendaro and Oestreicher. We will give her the time of her life."

And so, when the curtain had fallen for the last time upon the chubby Mendaro, resurrected from his love-death to receive the frenzied tribute of his fellow-countrymen, and the echo of the last ecstatic bravo from the topmost gallery had died away, the names of Mr. Quinby and Mr. Ingraham were taken into Madame Jomelli's dressing-room by the noncommittal Willie, in whom the emotion of surprise had long since been atrophied.

Lucia, having expired in the preceding act, was already arrayed in the habiliments of every-day life, which, as the two men entered, she was in the act of covering with an outer garment which presented to the eye a vivid if incoherent combination of red, tarnished gold, and black fur. Ingraham sprang forward, claiming the honor of final adjustment. Mr. Quinby extended his hand.

"My congratulations, Madame Jomelli, upon the most interesting revival of the season."

"Loretta," exclaimed Ingraham, solemnly surveying the highly colored figure of the diva, "you have made me young again," and bending ceremoniously, he kissed her hand.

She tapped his gray head lightly with her fan. "You are the same Jim still." A color that was not rouge had crept into her faded cheeks, and her eyes were shining.

"And now may we hope that you will give us the honor of your company at supper?" Mr. Quinby's manner contained the utmost of courtly deference.

"Oh, you are very good—very kind, Mr. Quinby." The little diva hesitated, wondering, questioning a little. It was many a long day since a supper had been given for Loretta. Could it be that they were—sorry for her, these two old friends?

"Oh, it 's all settled," Ingraham quickly assured her. "You have nothing whatever to say about it. Do you remember Thompson and Shaw? They are coming. But of course we can't expect you to remember all your old admirers."

"How you talk, Jim Ingraham! Of course I remember them."

"Signor Mendaro and Madame Oestreicher are coming, too," added Mr. Quinby.

"A fine fix you would have us in if you refused," put in Ingraham—"giving a 'Lucia' supper with no *Lucia!*'"

"I have even taken the liberty of asking them all to meet here," concluded Mr. Quinby.

Madame Oestreicher arrived first, with Teutonic promptness. Surprise was written upon her open face, but her greeting was warm with German compliments somewhat inadequately translated.

"I am very grateful to Mr. Quinby and Mr. Ingraham for giving me this opportunity of knowing you better," little Loretta told her, cordially.

"Und I have so great pleasure to come," the large contralto assured her, maternally.

Thompson and Shaw came next, both bald, and exuberant with reminiscences. "It seems like old times to hear 'Lucia'!" exclaimed Shaw. And Madame Oestreicher, seating herself upon a chair which she overflowed in every direction, was moved to exclaim, "It is so long since I sing in 'Lucia' I don't remember."

"They don't give it much nowadays, do they?" Loretta responded bravely, although a shade passed over her bright eyes.

"No, the opera is n't what it used to be," jovially agreed Thompson the unmusical. "No more tunes, no more pretty little dances. *I* never come any more. None of these German kettledrum operas for me." Madame Oestreicher's

nationality—or at least its musical significance—had escaped the cheerful Thompson; but Loretta quickly interposed:

"Ah, but they are wonderful, those Wagner operas! I regret that I am too old to learn now. I am not like Madame Oestreicher here, who is so clever she can sing in both."

The contralto raised a plump hand of protest. "Ach, but to zing in the Italienische opera one must know vell to zing, Madame Yomelli. Ve all know that."

Another knock came at the door, opened by Ingraham, who was standing beside it, and the short, wide figure of Mendaro, the *Edgardo* of the evening, was revealed. Bowing profusely, with one hand upon his mustache, the tenor's eyes glanced curiously from Mr. Quinby to his guest of honor. The Signor Mendaro was puzzled.

The waiters of the fashionable restaurant beheld an unusual sight that evening as the little party was ushered into their private dining-room, and after the manner of the demoralized servants of America, they stared and telegraphed to one another their frank enjoyment. But of this fact only the American men were aware. On entering, garish Loretta, in scarlet and black and gold, had tripped lightly past beautifully gowned women and perfectly groomed men. The substantial Oestreicher trod firmly after. The tenor waddled in her wake, a head and a half shorter—unaware of that discrepancy, but complacently aware of recognitions as he passed. Mr. Quinby looked distinguished and haughty; Ingraham, unconventional and unnoticing. Shaw and Thompson, bringing up the rear, were homogeneous and commonplace. No one noticed them.

They placed Loretta at the head of the table, between her two hosts. And such compliments and turns of speech were proffered by the two men, aided and abetted by the reminiscent chorus of Shaw and Thompson, that the little tenor, regarding them with bulging eyes of astonishment, almost forgot to twirl his mustache, and even the idealistic Teutonic soul of Madame Oestreicher was amazed.

"Do you remember, Loretta,"—so almost all of Ingraham's remarks began,—"the night of 'Lucia' when they would n't let you go, and you had to sing 'Home, Sweet Home' twice after the mad scene?"

Madame Oestreicher looked puzzled, "'Home, Sweet Home,' in 'Lucia'? I remember no such aria. You sbeak, perhaps, of some other oper'?"

"Oh, it 's not in 'Lucia,' of course, but Madame Jomelli had to put it in to make her audience go home," explained Ingraham. But the contralto still looked mystified.

"What a memory you have, Jim Ingraham!" marveled Loretta. To which Ingraham promptly replied:

"I remember everything connected with you, Loretta."

And Loretta looked ten years younger when, at the end of the dinner, Ingraham rose to propose the final toast:

"We have drunk to the revival of 'Lucia,' let us drink once more to the survival of Loretta."

And the tenor of the hour, and the celebrated contralto, and the two faithful adherents of Italian opera, and the cynical and distinguished director's assistant, all drank to Loretta, and tears stood in the poor little diva's eyes; but they were tears of happiness, and when Mr. Quinby, shaking her hand in farewell, left the envelop with the goodly check in her hand, she received it, scarcely realizing its significance as she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Quinby, was n't it just like one of the old Academy nights!"

"In America the gentlemen love still the ladies when they are no longer young," Madame Oestreicher explained that night to her maid, a mature and discreet German woman to whom she had from the first confided her impressions of America. "And how they remember their artists whom they have in the past honored! Never have I seen such tribute to a singer who is *ausgesungen*. It vas beautiful."

"She was old—so old," the Signor Mendaro told his friend, one Luigi, the next day. "And she sings like a cat—an old cat! Why, my friend, I ask, does the Signor Quinby honor her? How shall one ever understand these Americans!"

"It seemed like old times, seeing Loretta again," said Mr. Thompson to Mr. Shaw, as the two walked down the av-

enue together. "I don't see but what she sings as well as she ever did."

"But she is n't as young as she used to be," responded Mr. Shaw, who was a close adherent to facts.

"I wonder what started up Quinby and Ingraham to give her such a send-off?" speculated Mr. Thompson.

"Charity, perhaps," suggested Mr. Shaw, whose memories were less potent for idealization than those of some of the bald and gray-mustached brotherhood. "The poor little soul is old and out of the game."

But the director's assistant and the middle-aged artist both knew in their hearts, although that knowledge remained unexpressed, that in the loving untruth they had lavished upon Loretta's last night of triumph they were only paying wistful tribute to their own vanished youth.

TWO SONNETS

BY MAUD SCOFIELD BEESON

I.—UNANSWERED

"VOUCHSAFE, O Lost, one single only sign
From out the silence that between us lies!"
In dreadful darkness, dumb, I strain my eyes
And breathless listen; no reward is mine,
No vision blest nor any word benign.
Then, fearful, fright the stillness with vain cries.
Unto myself myself alone replies
In whispered echoes of "A sign!" "One sign!"
"Alone, afraid, thou canst not me forsake!"
Silence—no word. Oh, tender one and brave,
Then must it be thy spirit doth not wake—
Sleepeth unmoved within thy far-off grave.
Ah! now, my heart, be quick, be quick to break!
He cannot hear who was so swift to save!

II.—SUMMONS

A SOLEMN joy o'erfills this heart of mine,
Acquainted late with only dull despair,
For, answering to the assaults of anguished prayer,
The grave has opened: I have had a sign!
Only a dream, yet I no more repine.
Alone amid a crowd, I, standing there,
Beheld him come, crowned with his silver hair,—
None of that multitude so knightly, fine,—
And half-way to me, lo! one long look bent,
Then passed. That look! command and promise sweet!
Never in life so looked he but was meant,
"Soon," —blessèd haste!—"soon surely we shall meet!"
That look! O vanquished Death, where now thy pain?
Hush, hush, my heart, that we may dream again!

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

THIRD PAPER

OFFICIAL LIFE IN DUBLIN—HUNTING EXPERIENCES—THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA—A VISIT TO KILMAINHAM GAOL—THE "JUBILEE WONDER"

ALTHOUGH we passed most of the winter at Blenheim we spent the season in London, having bought a house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, which we had furnished in the French style. In my ignorance of the climate, I had covered the walls with silks and stuffs, and nearly cried with dismay when I saw the havoc wrought upon them by the fogs and smuts of the dirtiest of towns. My dearly bought experience stood me in good stead when furnishing again. The paneling and clean white paint, which is so popular to-day, formed the principal decoration of our next dwelling, which, by the way, was the first private house in London to have electric lights. We had a small dynamo placed in a cellar underneath the street, and the noise of it greatly excited all the horses as they approached our door. The light was such an innovation that much curiosity and interest were evinced to see it, and people used to ask for permission to come to the house. I remember the fiasco of a dinner party we gave to show it off, when the light went out in the middle of the feast, just as we were expatiating on its beauties, our guests having to remain in utter darkness until the lamps and candles, which had been relegated to the lower regions, were unearthed. The electric light did not prove to us an unmitigated blessing, inasmuch as Randolph, having spoken enthusiastically in the House of Commons in favor of an Electric Lighting bill, felt he could no longer accept the gift of the installation which by way of an advertisement a company had offered to put into our house, free of cost. Unfortunately, there being no contract, we were charged double or treble the real price.

In 1876, Randolph, having had serious differences of opinion with various influential people, owing to his championship of his brother in an unfortunate affair in which he was implicated, decided to go to America to seek a little solace and amusement. So, in company with Mr. Trafford and the late Lord Ilchester, we made a flying trip to America, going first to Canada, where we seemed to spend most of the time eating melons and having cold baths, so overpowering was the heat. We saw Niagara, of course, and made a visit to Newport, which we found one of the most fascinating of seaside places and where the hospitality and kindness shown us by the friends of my family were most gratifying. We also went to Saratoga, where the beauty of the ladies, and the gorgeousness of the dresses, astonished the men of our party. Having found the hotel at that place absurdly expensive, I made my father write to remonstrate with the proprietor, who replied: "The lord and his wife would have two rooms, hence the expense."

My uncle, the late Mr. Lawrence Jerome, father of the present District Attorney of New York, William Travers

Jerome, accompanied us to the Philadelphia Exhibition. There my uncle, who is remembered as one of the wittiest men of his day, kept us in transports of laughter. When we stopped at different stalls, he would come up to us as though we were strangers, and, talking of some article or new invention, would extol its merits in such an inexpressibly funny manner and language that a crowd soon collected, many ending by buying the article. Mr. Jerome would then receive with pride a commission from the delighted shopman. During our stay we had occasion to meet several prominent Philadelphians. I remember one in particular, who amused us vastly, by remarking to Mr. Trafford that Randolph was a "bright fellow," but it was a pity he had such an "English accent." The same man asked me if I knew Cyrus B. Choate, and when I answered in the negative, exclaimed, "Not know Cyrus B. Choate! Why, he is one of our most magnificent humans!" We left Philadelphia with regret, and, staying only a few days in New York, returned to England.

On our arrival we found that the Duke of Marlborough had been appointed Viceroy of Ireland, a post which Lord Beaconsfield had pressed him to accept, thinking that it might distract his thoughts from certain family worries which at that time were weighing rather heavily upon him. Hating to be parted from Randolph, to whom his father and mother were very devoted, they persuaded him to go with them to Ireland. Not being in favor with the Court, from which London society took its lead, we were nothing loath to go. Randolph was to act as unpaid private secretary to the Duke. This unofficial post proved to be of the greatest interest and value to him, diverting his mind from the frivolous society which up to then he had been rather fond of, and which now had ceased to smile upon him.

Accompanying the new Lord Lieutenant, we took part in the State Entry into Dublin, which was conducted with the usual military display, and viceregal etiquette. The Duke in uniform rode with a glittering staff about him. The rest of the family in carriages with postilions and outriders, drove through the crowded streets to the black and grimy old Castle, which for centuries has witnessed these processions come and go. In view of the repeated attacks made in the last hundred years on the Irish viceroyalty, it is strange that it still exists and is apparently flourishing. But in the old days of slow travel and no telegraph, when it took a week to get to Dublin, things were very different, and one can understand the pomp and circumstance with which the representative of the Sovereign necessarily surrounded himself.

In India, the Eastern mind has to be impressed with the glamour of royalty. In the distant colonies, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and others, Government House is a great feature, and the governors men of responsibility. But what excuse can be offered for the Dublin Court, which is within a few hours of London and in direct communication by telegraph and telephone with Downing Street? The Lord Lieutenant, who is not in the Cabinet, is but a figurehead, a purveyor of amusements for the Irish officials and the Dublin tradespeople, on whom he is obliged to lavish his hospitality and his money, with no return and no thanks. The wives of the viceroys labor in good works, each in turn vying with the other in charitable ardor. But these philanthropic works could be carried on just as well if they did not emanate from the Castle. The ingratitude of the people must be very disheartening to each successive viceroy. However popular the Lord Lieutenant and his wife may be, however successful their attempts to cajole, conciliate and entertain—though out of their private means they may have spent money like water—in a week all is forgotten. The new régime is paramount: *Le roi est mort: vive le roi!* If the Lord Lieutenant carries out with tact and success the policy of the Government, the credit is taken by the minister. If, on the other hand, the policy is a failure, he gets the blame, or, worse still, is repudiated publicly and told that the Lord Lieutenant is of no account. I have seen a good many viceregal courts, and it is a marvel to me that any one can be found to accept so ungrateful a post. The predecessor of the Duke of Marlborough was the Duke of Abercorn, whose delightful personality and extraordinary good looks were long remembered. "Old

Magnificent," as he was called, was very fond of effect, and when making his State Entry into Dublin, insisted on the ladies of his family wearing long, flowing veils, that would stream behind as they drove in the procession through the streets. Stories are told of his having the Drawing Room stopped while he combed and scented his beard, disarranged by the osculations of the débutantes, who, if they were pretty, were made to pass the dais again. Of late years the Dublin Drawing Rooms have become so conventional that they no longer afford the amusement they formerly provided. In old days St. Patrick's Hall was a regular bear garden, at which sentries were needed to prevent the company from appropriating the plate as well as the food. People made picnics sitting on the floor of the supper rooms. As for the clothes, they were fearfully and wonderfully made! Curtains often did duty for trains. I have myself seen a lady in a black dress with a white train, and, in order to carry out the magpie effect, one foot white, the other black!

Randolph and I, with our boy Winston, took up our abode at the Private Secretary's lodge in the Phœnix Park. I found the Irish life very pleasant with its various occupations and amusements, and I delighted in the genial character and ready wit of the people. I can truly say I cannot remember during the three years we lived in Ireland meeting one really dull man. From the Lord Chief Justice to the familiar carman, all were entertaining.

No care for the state of the country troubled my pleasure-loving soul, although momentous political work was going on. The Government was struggling with the feeling of revolt which was smoldering beneath the surface, besides trying to cope with a famine which was breaking out. Hunting became our ruling passion. Whenever I could "beg, borrow or steal" a horse I did so. We had a few hunters of our own which we rode indiscriminately, being both of us light weights. Some of my best days with the Meath and Kildare hounds I owed to a little brown mare I bought from Simmons at Oxford, who negotiated the "trappy" fences of the Kildare country, and the banks and narrow doubles of Meath as though to the manner born. Many were the "tosses" I "took," as the Irish papers used to describe them, but it was glorious sport, and, to my mind, even the later hunting in Leicestershire did not come up to it. With the exception of the Ward Union Stag Hounds and the Galway Blazers, I think we hunted with nearly every pack of hounds in Ireland.

Colonel Forster, who was then Master of the Horse, as he had been to several previous viceroys, was a beautiful rider, and many were the pleasant hunting days we had together. I remember once he, Randolph and I sallying forth, each on a gray,—mine, which I afterward sold to the King of the Sandwich Islands, had a tail like a shaving-brush, looking for all the world like one of Leech's pictures. The trio fancied themselves, to say the least of it, and vast sums would not have bought us at our own estimation. But alas! in a very short time our pride had a fall in every sense. Colonel Forster's horse lamed itself early in the day; Randolph's animal, after refusing for half an hour to face a yawning chasm, was pushed into it by its irate owner, while mine was caught broadside by a heavy gate I was going through, and horse and rider were upset in the adjoining deep ditch; luckily I fell clear, but it looked as if I must be crushed underneath him, and Randolph, coming up at that moment, thought I was killed. A few seconds later, however, seeing me all right, in the excitement of the moment, he seized my flask and emptied it. For many days it was a standing joke against him that *I* had had the fall, and *he* the whisky!

The ready wit of the Irish is proverbial and we had many opportunities of judging of it during our stay. One day we met our friend Colonel Forster being driven to a meet in an Irish car. He was in fits of laughter, and told us that he passed a young man riding to the meet who evidently fancied himself, from the way he was first gazing at his boots, then smoothing his coat and patting his waistcoat. "Who is it?" inquired Colonel Forster. "Ah, bedad, Colonel, I 'm thinking that maybe he is not knowing it rightly himself, by the way he is looking at himself," answered the car driver.

Returning from Punchestown races once, the crowd was so great that the vice-

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA IN THE COSTUME WORN AT HER CORONATION AS QUEEN OF HUNGARY

regal carriage got blocked, when some one, pointing at the aide-de-camp in full uniform and cocked hat who was sitting opposite the Lord Lieutenant, shouted, much to the poor man's confusion, "Faith, look at the Captain, doing the escoorting and chaperoning to-day!"

Colonel Forster told us another story which amused me vastly. Every sportsman knows what it is to ride over a country while looking out of the window on a railway journey. How bold one is! How small the fences seem! and how one wishes with Jorrocks that one could be "a heagle a-soaring o'er the 'ounds!" Colonel Forster was traveling, and while looking out of the window, was vaguely tapping with his fingers on the arm of his seat, when a stranger, who was at the opposite window, suddenly said, "You were wrong—you should have 'trigged' at that fence," meaning that if the Colonel was hunting, which he of course thought he must be, the horse would have kicked back, and this ought to have been illustrated by two taps of his fingers, not one.

The great excitement at that time in the hunting field was the advent of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who had taken a place in Meath for a few months. The whole country was agog, and crowds used to flock to the meets to catch a glimpse of her. The Empress, although her reputation for physical endurance and love of riding was great in the sporting world, astonished every one by the indefatigable life she led. Arriving at Summerhill, from Vienna, without break she donned a habit in the train, got on a horse, and before going into the house, proceeded to ride around a schooling course which by her orders had been made in the Park. Lord Langford, the owner of Summerhill, had, with much care and at considerable expense, furnished a boudoir for her which was hung in blue damask, and decorated with pictures and china. However, before the Empress had been there twenty-four hours, disdaining such feminine frivolities, she converted it into a gymnasium, in which to exercise daily before going out hunting. With a wonderful figure and a beautiful seat on a horse Her Majesty made a fine appearance. She rode gallantly and knew no fear, but her riding was of the *"haute école"* order, and like most women she could seldom make a horse gallop. This was a source of perpetual worry to her hard-riding pilot, Captain Bay Middleton, whose "Come on, Madam, come on!" was constantly heard in the field. The safety skirt not having as yet made its appearance, the Empress wore the tightest of habits buttoned down and strapped in every direction. She found herself in many a ditch, and whether she fell clear of her horse or not, it was impossible for her to stand up until the buttons and straps had been unfastened. Under the circumstances it was a marvel that she did not hurt herself. It was her invariable custom to ride with a large fan, which she held opened between her face and the crowd, whether against the rays of the sun or the stares of the people I never made out. Another curious habit of hers was to use small squares of rice paper in the Japanese fashion instead of pocket-handkerchiefs; by these she could be traced for miles, as in a paper chase.

Much to the chagrin of the Viceregal Court the Empress never came near it, not wishing to lose a single day's sport while in the country. But all those who came in contact with her were fascinated by her graciousness and her imposing beauty. It is sad to think that one who had never harmed any one, and was beloved by all in her own country, should have met a tragic end at the hands of an obscure miscreant.

The following year the Viceroy had occasion to entertain the Archduke Rudolph, who had come to Ireland on a short visit. At a grand ball given in his honor in St. Patrick's Hall an unfortunate occurrence happened. The Lord Mayor of Dublin being present, and being in his own province, had an arm-chair on the dais next to the Viceroy, but by some oversight none was placed for the Archduke. This gave great offense, and to add to the "tempest in a tea-cup," the Lord Mayor was made to take precedence of the Heir Apparent of Austria and Hungary, and went in to supper before him. Next day many apologies were offered and the viceregal staff were properly trounced, but the royal visitor, unappeased, departed. Who could have prophesied that he, too, in a few years

would come under the ban, and share the evil fate of the House of Hapsburg!

During two and three years of the Duke of Marlborough's tenure of office we saw a good deal of Ireland, as he took various places. At Knockdrin Castle, in Westmeath, where we stayed for a few months, we had splendid sport, for the foxes were as wild there as the people were untamed. We thought nothing of going to the meet fifteen or twenty miles in an outside car, and often rode our horses to a standstill in very long runs. After one of these, I remember once shocking the Lord Lieutenant's local guests by falling asleep during dinner. One winter my father-in-law took Lord Sligo's place at Westport, County Mayo, where the snipe-shooting afforded excellent sport. In our walks we had many opportunities of seeing the heart-rending poverty of the peasantry, who lived in their wretched mud hovels more like animals than human beings. We also visited Galway and Connemara, whose melodious name prepared one for the beauty of its scenery. Muckross Abbey, on the Lake of Killarney, was another of the lovely places at which we stayed. I was often reminded of the descriptions in "Charles O'Malley" of the improvidence and extravagance of the Irish. Sometimes on the roadside one might see a splendid gateway, whose stone pillars and iron-wrought gates stood in solitary grandeur leading to nothing, all the money having been spent on the approach, none being left for the house.

One of two most delightful personalities I met during those three years was Father Healy, the vicar of Bray, near Kingstown. His ready wit and genial manner, not to speak of his kind heart, made him a most pleasant companion. He and Mr. Butt often dined with us at our little home in the Phœnix Park. Mr. Butt seemed to me rather too serious, constantly dwelling on the miseries and oppression of his countrymen, and he would appeal to me as an American to agree with him—and when in rash moments I did, he would declare that I was a Home Ruler. The echoes of these conversations would sometimes reach the ears of the Viceroy and be thought great heresy.

My visits to London at that time were few and far between, but on one of these, in 1878, I had the privilege of going with a few other ladies to the "Peace with Honor" banquet which was given in the Wellington Riding School in honor of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury on their return from their successful participation in the Berlin Conference. I went with the Duchess of Wellington, armchairs being placed in the center of the huge building. It was a wonderful sight, and the enthusiasm was boundless when Lord Beaconsfield, looking like a black sphinx, rose to speak. It was on that occasion that, pointing with a scornful finger at Mr. Gladstone, he declared that he was "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

The following year, the Duke of Marlborough having given up the Viceroyalty and left Ireland for good, we also departed, taking up our abode in a small house in London, situated in St. James's Place, next door to Sir Stafford Northcote. Randolph, whose interest in politics was very keen during his stay in Ireland, became entirely absorbed in it. It was during the session of 1880 that the Bradlaugh incident arose, in which he took such a prominent part, and that the fourth party was first formed. But of this I will speak later.

In the summer of 1881 Randolph and I had gone again to the United States on a short visit. When in New York we heard of the Phœnix Park murders. The Kilmainham Treaty had just been arranged, Parnell having promised to put down outrage. Mr. Forster had resigned, and Lord Frederick Cavendish had been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland in his place. I remember a reporter calling at my father's house in Madison Square and telling me the news. We were greatly shocked and could hardly believe it until it was confirmed the next day. I had never met Lord Frederick Cavendish, but Mr. Burke, the other victim, who with his sister lived at the Under Secretary's lodge in the Phœnix Park, we knew quite well. The outcome of this dastardly deed was the Prevention of Crime Act, which was passed at once.

Curiously enough, I had occasion later to see the murderers, just before their condemnation. Although we had left Ireland, I rarely missed paying a visit, either to the Castle during the season, or

From a painting

CAPTAIN BAY MIDDLETON, WHO PILOTED THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA IN THE HUNTING FIELD

to the Viceregal Lodge for the Punchestown races.

I was visiting Dublin for the Horse Show when I met an official of Kilmainham Gaol, who, owing a debt of gratitude to Randolph, wanted to show me some civility, and therefore thought of nothing better than to invite me to see Kilmainham and the murderers. I confess that I did not feel any great desire for this entertainment, but being told that it was nearly impossible to get permission to see them, and that without any exception not a soul was allowed in the prison, I began to feel more interested. Under the seal of the greatest secrecy I found my way to the gaol, where I met my friend. He took me into a small room and told me to stand behind his chair while he interviewed the murderers one by one. They looked apprehensively toward me, but my friend reassured them by saying they need not mind as I was a relation. He only kept them a minute or two asking some trivial questions. The youngest of them, as he was passing out, suddenly turned and asked me to help his wife if he "had to go," as he put it. This depressed me dreadfully, nor were my spirits raised by being taken round the prison by the Governor, whom my friend had "squared." The tiers upon tiers of tiny cells, each containing a miserable-looking man, and the food brought in baskets which were prodded through and through with swords for fear that something might be smuggled in them, was a more than unpleasant sight. I saw Carey, the informer, who was occupying the same room in which Parnell had been imprisoned. Carey was in his shirt-sleeves and glared at us. Just as I was going to leave and while standing in the middle of the building, talking to the Governor and Mr. ——, my friend, an electric bell rang and a warder came running up and whispered something to the Governor. He became rather pale and passed his news on to Mr. ——, who seemed equally disturbed. They both looked at me, and when I asked what had happened, the Governor said the Inspector-General was coming to pay a surprise visit to the prison and was at that moment at the gates, and that if I were found there without a permit signed by the Lord Lieutenant, they would get into great trouble. "Well, let me fly," I exclaimed. "Impossible," they cried; "there is no outlet." "Well, hide me." "You can't hide in a prison!"

From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN RIDING COSTUME

"One moment," said the Governor hesitatingly, "would you mind a cell?" "Of course not," I replied, and forthwith I was hurried into a cell—a black cell, as being safer from the Inspector's prying eyes. The door was shut on me, and I felt not "on velvet," but *in* velvet of the blackest dye. After a time the velvet became thick black wool, and I was certain it was closing round me. Hours seemed to pass and I began to think they had forgotten me. My mind wandered from black wool to rats—and I felt sure I saw little beady eyes looking at me, when the door opened just in time to save me from screaming. I was in that cell twenty minutes at the outside, but that was enough of such an experience. Later I could not help laughing to think of the face of the Inspector—an acquaintance, by the way—had he happened to visit my cell. I kept my counsel for more than three years after the execution of those wretched men, and never mentioned my visit to a soul for fear of doing harm.

Under such terrorism did every one live at that time, that Lord Spencer, who was then Viceroy, never moved without an escort of constabulary even when hunting. It was comical to see them in full uniform, their swords bounding in the air as they careered over the fences after the sporting Lord Lieutenant.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY

During the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria I revisited the Viceregal Court when Lord Londonderry was Viceroy. Ireland was again suffering under the Crimes Bill, which had been carried by the closure. Mr. Balfour (than whom, with his back to the wall, there is no

better fighter) was Chief Secretary, and was beginning that policy of repression which only a strong man could have carried out. There was much unrest in the country and the air was full of disquietude and rumors. The Government no doubt was going again through anxious times, but the visitors at the Castle saw only the sunny side. The festivities of the Dublin season were taking place with perhaps even more animation than usual, owing to the popularity of the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Londonderry, who was not only a perfect hostess, but the most indefatigable worker in the many charitable schemes she had set on foot. Everything that year was dubbed "Jubilee," from knights and babies to hats and coats. "God save the Queen" was heard *ad nauseam* on every conceivable occasion, until the tune became an obsession. This led to a practical joke at the Castle which caused much amusement. One morning, speaking of the Jubilee craze, I pretended that I had received as an advertisement a "Jubilee bustle" which would play "God save the Queen" when the wearer sat down. This, of course, created much curiosity and laughter. Having promised to put it on, I took my hosts into my confidence. An aide-de-camp was pressed into the service, and armed with a small musical box, was made to hide under a particular arm-chair. While the company was at luncheon I retired to don the so-called "Jubilee wonder," and when they were all assembled I marched in solemnly and slowly sat down on the arm-chair where the poor aide-de-camp was hiding his cramped limbs. To the delight and astonishment of every one the National Anthem was heard gently tinkling forth. Every time I rose it stopped; every time I sat down, it began again. I still laugh when I think of it and of the astonished faces about me.

From a photograph by G. C. Beresford

LORD SPENCER

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

DUBLIN CASTLE, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE LORDS LIEUTENANT

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

DANTE AND VERGIL CROSSING THE STYGIAN LAKE

BY

EUGÈNE DELACROIX

From the painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters"

DANTE AND VERGIL CROSSING THE STYGIAN LAKE. BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—VI)

TRUST

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

ALL lines had been cast off, and the *Seattle No. 4* was pulling slowly out from the shore. Her decks were piled high with freight and baggage, and swarmed with a heterogeneous company of Indians, dogs, and dog-mushers, prospectors, traders, and homeward-bound gold-seekers. A goodly portion of Dawson lined up on the bank, saying good-by. As the gang-plank came in and the steamer nosed into the stream, the clamor of farewell became deafening. Also, in that eleventh moment, everybody began to remember final farewell messages and to shout them back and forth across the widening stretch of water. Louis Bondell, curling his yellow mustache with one hand and languidly waving the other hand to his friends on shore, suddenly remembered something and sprang to the rail.

"Oh, Fred!" he bawled. "Oh, Fred!"

The "Fred" desired thrust a strapping pair of shoulders through the forefront of the crowd on the bank and tried to catch Louis Bondell's message, who grew red in the face with vain vociferation. Still the water widened between steamboat and shore.

"Hey, you, Captain Scott!" he yelled at the pilot-house. "Stop the boat!"

The gongs clanged, and the big stern wheel reversed, then stopped. All hands on steamboat and on bank took advantage of this respite to exchange final, new, and imperative farewells. More futile than ever was Louis Bondell's effort to make himself heard. The *Seattle No. 4* lost way and drifted down-stream, and Captain Scott had to go ahead with her and reverse a second time. His head disappeared inside the pilot-house, coming into view a moment later behind a big megaphone.

Now Captain Scott had a remarkable voice, and the "Shut up!" he launched at the crowd on deck and on shore could have been heard at the top of Moosehide Mountain and as far as Klondike City. This official remonstrance from the pilot-house spread a film of silence over the tumult.

"Now, what do you want to say?" Captain Scott demanded.

"Tell Fred Churchill—he 's on the bank there—tell him to go to Macdonald. It 's in his safe—a small gripsack of mine. Tell him to get it and bring it out when he comes."

In the silence Captain Scott bellowed the message ashore through the megaphone:

"You, Fred Churchill, go to Macdonald—in his safe—small gripsack—belongs to Louis Bondell—important! Bring it out when you come! Got it?"

Churchill waved his hand in token that he had got it. In truth, had Macdonald, half a mile away, opened his window, he 'd have got it, too. The tumult of farewell rose again, the gongs clanged, and the *Seattle No. 4* went ahead, swung out into the stream, turned on her heel, and headed down the Yukon, Bondell and Churchill waving farewell and mutual affection to the last.

That was in mid-summer. In the fall of the year, the *W. H. Willis* started up the Yukon with two hundred homeward-bound pilgrims on board. Among them was Churchill. In his state-room, in the middle of a clothes-bag, was Louis Bondell's grip. It was a small, stout leather affair, and its weight of forty pounds always made Churchill nervous when he wandered too far from it. The man in the adjoining state-room had a treasure of gold-dust hidden similarly in a clothes-

Drawn by Oliver Kemp. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"AFTER THAT, CHURCHILL FOUGHT ON ALONE"

bag, and the pair of them ultimately arranged to stand watch and watch. While one went down to eat, the other kept an eye on the two state-room doors. When Churchill wanted to take a hand at whist, the other man mounted guard, and when the other man wanted to relax his soul, Churchill read four-months'-old newspapers on a camp-stool between the two doors.

There were signs of an early winter, and the question that was discussed from dawn till dark, and far into the dark, was whether they would get out before the freeze-up or be compelled to abandon the steamboat and tramp out over the ice. There were irritating delays. Twice the engines broke down and had to be tinkered up, and each time there were snow flurries to warn them of the imminence of winter. Nine times the *W. H. Willis* essayed to ascend the Five-Finger Rapids with her impaired machinery, and when she succeeded, she was four days behind her very liberal schedule. The question that then arose was whether or not the steamboat *Flora* would wait for her above the Box Cañon. The stretch of water between the head of the Box Cañon and the foot of the White Horse Rapids was unnavigable for steamboats, and passengers were trans-shipped at that point, walking around the rapids from one steamboat to the other. There were no telephones in the country, hence no way of informing the waiting *Flora* that the *Willis* was four days late, but coming.

When the *W. H. Willis* pulled into White Horse, it was learned that the *Flora* had waited three days over the limit, and had departed only a few hours before. Also, it was learned that she would tie up at Tagish Post till nine o'clock, Sunday morning. It was then four o'clock, Saturday afternoon. The pilgrims called a meeting. On board was a large Peterborough canoe, consigned to the police post at the head of Lake Bennett. They agreed to be responsible for it and to deliver it. Next, they called for volunteers. Two men were needed to make a race for the *Flora*. A score of men volunteered on the instant. Among them was Churchill, such being his nature that he volunteered before he thought of Bondell's gripsack. When this thought came to him, he began to hope that he would not be selected; but a man who had made a name as captain of a college foot-ball eleven, as a president of an athletic club, as a dog-musher and a stampeder in the Yukon, and, moreover, who possessed such shoulders as he, had no right to avoid the honor. It was thrust upon him and upon a gigantic German, Nick Antonsen.

While a crowd of the pilgrims, the canoe on their shoulders, started on a trot over the portage, Churchill ran to his state-room. He turned the contents of the clothes-bag on the floor and caught up the grip, with the intention of intrusting it to the man next door. Then the thought smote him that it was not his grip, and that he had no right to let it out of his own possession. So he dashed ashore with it and ran up the portage, changing it often from one hand to the other, and wondering if it really did not weigh more than forty pounds.

It was half-past four in the afternoon when the two men started. The current of the Thirty Mile River was so strong that rarely could they use the paddles. It was out on one bank with a tow-line over the shoulders, stumbling over the rocks, forcing a way through the underbrush, slipping at times and falling into the water, wading often up to the knees and waist; and then, when an insurmountable bluff was encountered, it was into the canoe, out paddles, and a wild and losing dash across the current to the other bank, in paddles, over the side, and out tow-line again. It was exhausting work. Antonsen toiled like the giant he was, uncomplaining, persistent, but driven to his utmost by the powerful body and indomitable brain of Churchill. They never paused for rest. It was go, go, and keep on going. A crisp wind blew down the river, freezing their hands and making it imperative, from time to time, to beat the blood back into the numb fingers.

As night came on they were compelled to trust to luck. They fell repeatedly on the untraveled banks and tore their clothing to shreds in the underbrush they could not see. Both men were badly scratched and bleeding. A dozen times, in their wild dashes from bank to bank, they struck snags and were capsized. The first time this happened, Churchill dived

and groped in three feet of water for the gripsack. He lost half an hour in recovering it, and after that it was carried securely lashed to the canoe. As long as the canoe floated it was safe. Antonsen jeered at the grip, and toward morning began to curse it; but Churchill vouchsafed no explanations.

Their delays and mischances were endless. On one swift bend, around which poured a healthy young rapid, they lost two hours, making a score of attempts and capsizing twice. At this point, on both banks, were precipitous bluffs, rising out of deep water, and along which they could neither tow nor pole, while they could not gain with the paddles against the current. At each attempt they strained to the utmost with the paddles, and each time, with hearts nigh to bursting from the effort, they were played out and swept back. They succeeded finally by an accident. In the swiftest current, near the end of another failure, a freak of the current sheered the canoe out of Churchill's control and flung it against the bluff. Churchill made a blind leap at the bluff and landed in a crevice. Holding on with one hand, he held the swamped canoe with the other till Antonsen dragged himself out of the water. Then they pulled the canoe out and rested. A fresh start at this crucial point took them by. They landed on the bank above, and plunged immediately ashore and into the brush with the tow-line.

Daylight found them far below Tagish Post. At nine o'clock Sunday morning they could hear the *Flora* whistling her departure. And when, at ten o'clock, they dragged themselves in to the Post, they could just barely see the *Flora's* smoke far to the southward. It was a pair of worn-out tatterdemalions that Captain Jones of the Mounted Police welcomed and fed, and he afterward averred that they possessed two of the most tremendous appetites he had ever observed. They lay down and slept in their wet rags by the stove. At the end of two hours Churchill got up, carried Bondell's grip, which he had used for a pillow, down to the canoe, kicked Antonsen awake, and started in pursuit of the *Flora*.

"There 's no telling what might happen—machinery break down, or something," was his reply to Captain Jones's expostulations. "I 'm going to catch that steamer and send her back for the boys."

Tagish Lake was white with a fall gale that blew in their teeth. Big, swinging seas rushed upon the canoe, compelling one man to bail and leaving one man to paddle. Headway could not be made. They ran along the shallow shore and went overboard, one man ahead on the tow-line, the other shoving on the canoe. They fought the gale up to their waists in the icy water, often up to their necks, often over their heads, and buried by the big, crested waves. There was no rest, never a moment's pause from the cheerless, heart-breaking battle. That night, at the head of Tagish Lake, in the thick of a driving snow-squall, they overhauled the *Flora*. Antonsen fell on board, lay where he had fallen, and snored. Churchill looked like a wild man. His clothes barely clung to him. His face was iced up and swollen from the protracted effort of twenty-four hours, while his hands were so swollen that he could not close the fingers. As for his feet, it was an agony to stand upon them.

The captain of the *Flora* was loath to go back to White Horse. Churchill was persistent and imperative; the captain was stubborn. He pointed out finally that nothing was to be gained by going back, because the only ocean steamer at Dyea, the *Athenian,* was to sail on Tuesday morning, and that he could not make the back trip to White Horse and bring up the stranded pilgrims in time to make the connection.

"What time does the *Athenian* sail?" Churchill demanded.

"Seven o'clock, Tuesday morning."

"All right," Churchill said, at the same time kicking a tattoo on the ribs of the snoring Antonsen. "You go back to White Horse. We 'll go ahead and hold the *Athenian.*"

Antonsen, stupid with sleep, not yet clothed in his waking mind, was bundled into the canoe, and did not realize what had happened till he was drenched with the icy spray of a big sea, and heard Churchill snarling at him through the darkness:

"Paddle, can't you! Do you want to be swamped?"

Daylight found them at Caribou Crossing, the wind dying down, and Antonsen too far gone to dip a paddle. Churchill grounded the canoe on a quiet beach, where they slept. He took the precaution of twisting his arm under the weight of his head. Every few minutes the pain of the pent circulation aroused him, whereupon he would look at his watch and twist the other arm under his head. At the end of two hours he fought with Antonsen to rouse him. Then they started. Lake Bennett, thirty miles in length, was like a mill-pond; but, half-way across, a gale from the south smote them and turned the water white. Hour after hour they repeated the struggle on Tagish, over the side, pulling and shoving on the canoe, up to their waists and necks, and over their heads in the icy water; toward the last the good-natured giant played completely out. Churchill drove him mercilessly; but when he pitched forward and bade fair to drown in three feet of water, the other dragged him into the canoe. After that, Churchill fought on alone, arriving at the police post at the head of Bennett in the early afternoon. He tried to help Antonsen out of the canoe, but failed. He listened to the exhausted man's heavy breathing, and envied him when he thought of what he himself had yet to undergo. Antonsen could lie there and sleep; but he, behind time, must go on over mighty Chilcat and down to the sea. The real struggle lay before him, and he almost regretted the strength that resided in his frame because of the torment it could inflict upon that frame.

Churchill pulled the canoe up on the beach, seized Bondell's grip, and started on a limping dog-trot for the police post.

"There 's a canoe down there, consigned to you from Dawson," he hurled at the officer who answered his knock. "And there 's a man in it pretty near dead. Nothing serious; only played out. Take care of him. I 've got to rush. Good-by. Want to catch the *Athenian*."

A mile portage connected Lake Bennett and Lake Linderman, and his last words he flung back after him as he resumed the trot. It was a very painful trot, but he clenched his teeth and kept on, forgetting his pain most of the time in the fervent heat with which he regarded the gripsack. It was a severe handicap. He swung it from one hand to the other, and back again. He tucked it under his arm. He threw one hand over the opposite shoulder, and the bag bumped and pounded on his back as he ran along. He could scarcely hold it in his bruised and swollen fingers, and several times he dropped it. Once, in changing from one hand to the other, it escaped his clutch and fell in front of him, tripped him up, and threw him violently to the ground.

At the far end of the portage he bought an old set of pack-straps for a dollar, and in them he swung the grip. Also, he chartered a launch to run him the six miles to the upper end of Lake Linderman, where he arrived at four in the afternoon. The *Athenian* was to sail from Dyea next morning at seven. Dyea was twenty-eight miles away, and between towered Chilcat. He sat down to adjust his foot-gear for the long climb, and woke up. He had dozed the instant he sat down, though he had not slept thirty seconds. He was afraid his next doze might be longer, so he finished fixing his foot-gear standing up. Even then he was overpowered for a fleeting moment. He experienced the flash of unconsciousness; becoming aware of it, in mid-air, as his relaxed body was sinking to the ground, and as he caught himself together, stiffened his muscles with a spasmodic wrench, and escaped the fall. The sudden jerk back to consciousness left him sick and trembling. He beat his head with the heel of his hand, knocking wakefulness into the numb brain.

Jack Burns's pack-train was starting back light for Crater Lake, and Churchill was invited to a mule. Burns wanted to put the gripsack on another animal, but Churchill held on to it, carrying it on his saddle-pommel. But he dozed, and the grip persisted in dropping off the pommel, one side or the other, each time wakening him with a sickening start. Then, in the early darkness, Churchill's mule brushed him against a projecting branch that laid his cheek open. To cap it, the mule blundered off the trail and fell, throwing rider and gripsack out upon the rocks. After that, Churchill walked, or stumbled, rather, over the apology for a trail, leading the mule. Stray and awful odors, drifting from

each side the trail, told of the horses that had died in the rush for gold. But he did not mind. He was too sleepy. By the time Long Lake was reached, however, he had recovered from his sleepiness; and at Deep Lake he resigned the gripsack to Burns. But thereafter, by the light of the dim stars, he kept his eyes on Burns. There were not going to be any accidents with that bag.

At Crater Lake the pack-train went into camp, and Churchill, slinging the grip on his back, started the steep climb for the summit. For the first time, on that precipitous wall, he realized how tired he was. He crept and crawled like a crab, burdened by the weight of his limbs. A distinct and painful effort of will was required each time he lifted a foot. An hallucination came to him that he was shod with lead, like a deep-sea diver, and it was all he could do to resist the desire to reach down and feel the lead. As for Bondell's gripsack, it was inconceivable that forty pounds could weigh so much. It pressed him down like a mountain, and he looked back with unbelief to the year before, when he had climbed that same pass with a hundred and fifty pounds on his back. If those loads had weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, then Bondell's grip weighed five hundred.

The first rise of the divide from Crater Lake was across a small glacier. Here was a well-defined trail. But above the glacier, which was also above timber-line, was naught but a chaos of naked rock and enormous boulders. There was no way of seeing the trail in the darkness, and he blundered on, paying thrice the ordinary exertion for all that he accomplished. He won the summit in the thick of howling wind and driving snow, providentially stumbling upon a small, deserted tent, into which he crawled. There he found and bolted some ancient fried potatoes and half a dozen raw eggs.

When the snow ceased and the wind eased down, he began the almost impossible descent. There was no trail, and he stumbled and blundered, often finding himself, at the last moment, on the edge of rocky walls and steep slopes the depth of which he had no way of judging. Part way down, the stars clouded over again, and in the consequent obscurity he slipped and rolled and slid for a hundred feet, landing bruised and bleeding on the bottom of a large, shallow hole. From all about him arose the stench of dead horses. The hole was handy to the trail, and the packers had made a practice of tumbling into it their broken and dying animals. The stench overpowered him, making him deathly sick, and as in a nightmare he scrambled out. Half-way up, he recollected Bondell's gripsack. It had fallen into the hole with him; the pack-strap had evidently broken, and he had forgotten it. Back he went into the pestilential charnel-pit, where he crawled around on hands and knees and vainly groped for half an hour. Altogether he encountered and counted seventeen dead horses (and one horse still alive that he shot with his revolver), before he found Bondell's grip. Looking back upon a life that had not been without valor and achievement, he unhesitatingly declared to himself that this return after the grip was the most heroic act he had ever performed. So heroic was it that he was twice on the verge of fainting before he crawled out of the hole.

By this time he had descended to the Scales, the steep pitch of Chilcat was past, and the way became easier. Not that it was an easy way, however, in the best of places; but it became a really possible trail, along which he could have made good time if he had not been worn out, if he had had light with which to pick his steps, and if it had not been for Bondell's gripsack. To him, in his exhausted condition, it was the last straw. Having barely strength to carry himself along, the additional weight of the grip was sufficient to throw him nearly every time he tripped or stumbled. And when he escaped tripping, branches reached out in the darkness, hooked the grip between his shoulders, and held him back.

His mind was made up that if he missed the *Athenian* it would be the fault of the gripsack. In fact, only two things remained in his consciousness—Bondell's grip and the steamer. He knew only those two things, and they became identified, in a way, with some stern mission upon which he had journeyed and toiled for centuries. He walked and struggled on as in a dream. As part of the dream

was his arrival at Sheep Camp. He stumbled into a saloon, slid his shoulders out of the straps, and started to deposit the grip at his feet. But it slipped from his fingers and struck the floor with a heavy thud that was not unnoticed by two men who were just leaving. Churchill drank a glass of whisky, told the barkeeper to call him in ten minutes, and sat down, his feet on the grip, his head on his knees.

So badly did his misused body stiffen, that when he was called it required another ten minutes and a second glass of whisky to unbend his joints and limber up the muscles.

"Hey! not that way!" the barkeeper shouted, and then went after him and started him through the darkness toward Canyon City. Some little husk of inner consciousness told Churchill that the direction was right, and, still as in a dream, he took the cañon trail. He did not know what warned him, but, after what seemed several centuries of traveling, he sensed danger and drew his revolver. Still in the dream, he saw two men step out and heard them halt him. His revolver went off four times, and he saw the flashes and heard the explosions of their revolvers. Also, he was aware that he had been hit in the thigh. He saw one man go down, and, as the other came for him, he smashed him a straight blow with the heavy revolver full in the face. Then he turned and ran. He came from the dream shortly afterward, to find himself plunging down the trail at a limping lope. His first thought was for the gripsack. It was still on his back. He was convinced that what had happened was a dream till he felt for his revolver and found it gone. Next he became aware of a sharp stinging of his thigh, and, after investigating, he found his hand warm with blood. It was a superficial wound, but it was incontestable. He became wider awake, and kept up the lumbering run to Canyon City.

He found a man, with a team of horses and a wagon, who got out of bed and harnessed up for twenty dollars. Churchill crawled in on the wagon-bed and slept, the gripsack still on his back. It was a rough ride, over water-washed boulders down the Dyea Valley; but he roused only when the wagon hit the highest places. Any altitude of his body above the wagon-bed of less than a foot did not faze him. The last mile was smooth going, and he slept soundly.

He came to in the gray dawn, the driver shaking him savagely and howling into his ear that the *Athenian* was gone. Churchill looked blankly at the deserted harbor.

"There 's a smoke over at Skaguay," the man said.

Churchill's eyes were too swollen to see that far, but he said: "It 's she. Get me a boat."

The driver was obliging, and found a skiff and a man to row it for ten dollars, payment in advance. Churchill paid, and was helped into the skiff. It was beyond him to get in by himself. It was six miles to Skaguay, and he had a blissful thought of sleeping those six miles. But the man did not know how to row, and Churchill took the oars and toiled for a few more centuries. He never knew six longer and more excruciating miles. A snappy little breeze blew up the inlet and held him back. He had a gone feeling at the pit of the stomach, and suffered from faintness and numbness. At his command, the man took the bailer and threw salt water into his face.

The *Athenian's* anchor was up-and-down when they came alongside, and Churchill was at the end of his last remnant of strength.

"Stop her! Stop her!" he shouted hoarsely. "Important message! Stop her!"

Then he dropped his chin on his chest and slept. When half a dozen men started to carry him up the gang-plank, he awoke, reached for the grip, and clung to it like a drowning man.

On deck he became a center of horror and curiosity. The clothing in which he had left White Horse was represented by a few rags, and he was as frayed as his clothing. He had traveled for fifty-five hours at the top notch of endurance. He had slept six hours in that time, and he was twenty pounds lighter than when he started. Face and hands and body were scratched and bruised, and he could scarcely see. He tried to stand up, but failed, sprawling out on the deck, hanging on to the gripsack, and delivering his message.

"Now, put me to bed," he finished; "I 'll eat when I wake up."

They did him honor, carrying him down in his rags and dirt and depositing him and Bondell's grip in the bridal chamber, which was the biggest and most luxurious state-room in the ship. Twice he slept the clock around, and he had bathed and shaved and eaten and was leaning over the rail smoking a cigar when the two hundred pilgrims from White Horse came alongside.

By the time the *Athenian* arrived in Seattle, Churchill had fully recuperated, and he went ashore with Bondell's grip in his hand. He felt proud of that grip. To him it stood for achievement and integrity and trust. "I 've delivered the goods," was the way he expressed these various high terms to himself. It was early in the evening, and he went straight to Bondell's home. Louis Bondell was glad to see him, shaking hands with both hands at the same time and dragging him into the house.

"Oh, thanks, old man; it was good of you to bring it out," Bondell said when he received the gripsack.

He tossed it carelessly upon a couch, and Churchill noted with an appreciative eye the rebound of its weight from the springs. Bondell was volleying him with questions.

"How did you make out? How 're the boys? What became of Bill Smithers? Is Del Bishop still with Pierce? Did he sell my dogs? How did Sulphur Bottom show up? You 're looking fine. What steamer did you come out on?"

To all of which Churchill gave answer, till half an hour had gone by and the first lull in the conversation had arrived.

"Had n't you better take a look at it?" he suggested, nodding his head at the gripsack.

"Oh, it 's all right," Bondell answered. "Did Mitchell's dump turn out as much as he expected?"

"I think you 'd better look at it," Churchill insisted. "When I deliver a thing, I want to be satisfied that it 's all right. There 's always the chance that somebody might have got into it when I was asleep, or something."

"It 's nothing important, old man," Bondell answered, with a laugh.

"Nothing important," Churchill echoed in a faint, small voice. Then he spoke with decision: "Louis, what 's in that bag? I want to know."

Louis looked at him curiously, then left the room and returned with a bunch of keys. He inserted his hand and drew out a heavy 44 Colt's revolver. Next came out a few boxes of ammunition for the revolver and several boxes of Winchester cartridges.

Churchill took the gripsack and looked into it. Then he turned it upside down and shook it gently.

"The gun 's all rusted," Bondell said. "Must have been out in the rain."

"Yes," Churchill answered. "Too bad it got wet. I guess I was a bit careless."

He got up and went outside. Ten minutes later Louis Bondell went out and found him on the steps, sitting down, elbows on knees and chin on hands, gazing steadfastly out into the darkness.

"IF SWART DEATH BE A GIPSY"

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

AND if swart Death be a gipsy,
And Spirit a little child,
Whereof he reaves the mothering earth,
Some night when the wind is wild,

Crouched in the smoldering star-glow,
Or stretched before dawns ablaze,
Resting the vagrant feet, will it dream
Of the ancient ways and days?

BEATRICE CENCI

THE TRUE STORY OF A MISUNDERSTOOD TRAGEDY: WITH NEW DOCUMENTS

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

I HAVE recently become the possessor of a long and important letter written entirely by the hand of Francesco Cenci, Beatrice's father; another letter of his has been found in the archives of Prince Colonna by my friend Professor Tomassetti of the University of Rome, who has furnished me with many unpublished documents for the "History of Rome in the Middle Ages" on which I am now at work; and I am also the possessor of a third letter, written by Giacomo Cenci, who was executed with Beatrice on the 11th of September, 1599. It is signed jointly by him and his brother Rocco, who was killed in a street brawl by one of the Orsini three years before his father was murdered.

These very valuable unpublished documents, with some others equally unknown to the few writers who have attempted to give a sober account of the Cenci trial, and to the many who have composed romances and plays on the life of the unhappy Beatrice, will, I hope, be thought of sufficient weight to justify me in examining into the truth of a story that has often been told.

The facts, as far as they can really be known, are broader, less sentimental, more natural, and more dramatic, than the legends that have grown upon them and fed on them, almost crushing and smothering them out of sight.

Farinacci, the famous jurisconsult and advocate who defended Beatrice before Clement VIII, did not attempt to prove her innocence, but labored to excuse her guilt: in his celebrated speech he did not compare her to Iphigenia, Polyxena, or a Christian martyr, but to Cyane, who stabbed her father Cyamnus, to avenge her outraged honor; to Orestes, who murdered his mother Clytemnestra for her crimes; and to Ninas, who slew Semiramis to escape from his mother's unnatural love. None of these persons, he argued, suffered any human punishment for the deed done; for even Orestes, who was found guilty by only half of his judges, was declared innocent by the rest, and Pallas Athene set him free. Cicero himself had used this very argument in defense of Milo, and Farinacci could find none better; since the murder was not to be denied, he could only strive to make it seem pardonable, and in this he would have succeeded if two other similar cases of parricide had not occurred at that very juncture and if Beatrice herself had been willing to attest the extenuating circumstances he alleged in her favor.

Mrs. Shelley judged the "Cenci" to be her husband's best tragedy, and so it is, in spite of Byron's strictures; and because it is so good, the dramatist's poetic inventions were soon accepted, and passed current as genuine facts, and the present Cenci myth at once grew up out of them. I have in my library one of the many manuscript "relazioni," or accounts of the trial and execution, written near the year 1700. They all agree together very closely; the story told in Mrs. Shelley's long note on the "Cenci" accords with them almost to the letter, and not one fact in the drama is taken from any other source. All the scenes introduced by the poet, when not based on the manuscript "relazioni," are inventions of his own, such as the banquet given by Francesco to celebrate the death of his sons. As for the story of Guido Reni's portrait which is told in the preface, Guido is

known to have been in Spain during all the time of the trial, and did not begin to paint in Rome till 1608, nine years after Beatrice's death. Another point in the myth is Beatrice's extreme youth. She is said by almost all writers to have been sixteen when she died. She was exactly twenty-two years and seven months old, as is proved by the certificate of her birth in the parish register of San Lorenzo in Damaso.

These are a few of the errors that have grafted themselves on the terribly human tragedy of 1598–99. To quote at every step the sources from which the following information is drawn would weary the reader; it is enough to say that whatever is stated as a fact in these pages is minutely exact, and can be verified without difficulty. Wherever I draw inferences of my own, I shall be careful to make my responsibility clear.

THE Cenci were descended from the Crescenzi, and through the latter, by Crescenzio, the tyrant of Rome, from Theodora Senatrix, who held the Castle of Sant' Angelo in the ninth century and made and unmade popes at her will. The Cenci were, therefore, connected with the Colonna very early in the Middle Ages, and were among the fighting barons of the first feudal period; they fortified the theater of Balbus for their stronghold in the city, where the old Cenci palace and the Arco dei Cenci still stand, with the little church of San Tommaso, which is older than either. The ruins of the theater were first called Crypta Balbi; in the Middle Ages they got the name of Craticula, and in more recent times the little elevation has been known as the Monte dei Cenci.

Francesco Cenci, Beatrice's father, was born in 1549, the natural son of Cristoforo Cenci, a lay canon of Saint Peter's, by a woman named Beatrice Arias, whom the canon married on his deathbed in 1561, thereby legitimatizing Francesco. The widow soon afterward married Evangelista Recchia, her former friend and her late husband's chief steward, who thereafter continued to manage the Cenci estates. He thus became Francesco's stepfather as well as his paid servant, and was afterward the bearer of messages from him to Marcantonio Colonna, the victor of Lepanto, imploring the latter's help to get him out of Sant' Angelo, where he was imprisoned for his misdeeds.

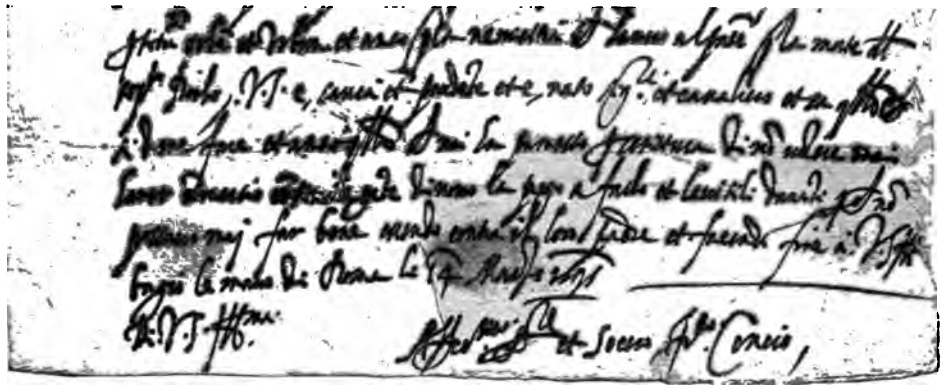
The son of a licentious woman, and the stepson of his own steward, was not likely to be brought up in the ways of godliness, especially as he was heir to a great estate; for in spite of financial losses involved by the payment of heavy fines to the government for various crimes and frauds committed by Cristoforo Cenci, and by Francesco himself, the patrimony was a substantial one even when the latter was murdered. An ancient copy of the will of Rocco Cenci, the elder, dated February 24, 1555, with a codicil, exists in the Colonna archives, and has never been noticed. Besides the large palace in Rome, the vineyard which afterward became the Villa Borghese, and the broad holdings of Torrenuova, Falcognana, and Torre dei Cenci, with the castles of Sergio, Pesculo, and Filetto, I have before me in the will a list of no fewer than seventeen other holdings and houses within and without the walls.

Nemi also belonged to Francesco, who bought it from the Piccolomini, offered it to Marcantonio Colonna in exchange for a release from prison in 1571, and sold it to Muzio Frangipani in the following year. But the curse of the Rex Nemorensis, "the priest who slew the slayer and shall himself be slain," overtook him in due time, and also his children, who slew him, and were slain in their turn. It would be hard to find a more startling record of death by violence in one family: between 1595 and 1599 Francesco and two of his sons were murdered, and his second wife, his second daughter, and his eldest son, were justly executed for assassinating him.

He himself is described in Italian as being so *precoce*—not exactly "precocious," but "old for his age"—that he married before he was fifteen—probably in 1564. His first wife was Ersilia Santacroce, who bore him twelve children in twenty-one years, seven of whom grew up. These were:

1. Giacomo; married to Ludovica Velli, and executed in 1599.

2. Cristoforo; murdered in 1597 by Paolo Bruno, a rich Corsican established in Trastevere, in a quarrel for the love



FACSIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION, WITH SIGNATURE, OF THE LETTER OF FRANCESCO CENCI, FATHER OF BEATRICE, TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, LUCIO SAVELLI

of Cleria Raponi, the wife of Giovanni Antonio da San Severino. During his life he had been several times apprehended for acts of violence, and was once wounded in a brawl.

3. Rocco; probably the worst of the family. The friend of a famous ruffian named Mario Querro, out of whom novelists have made Monsignor Guerra, representing him as being in love with Beatrice, whereas Beatrice gave evidence in another trial that Querro was her brother's boon companion and abettor in all sorts of violence, thefts, and fraud. Rocco was exiled to Padua for a violent attack on certain fishermen, but secretly returned to Rome, where he led an abominable life. One evening, with the help of his companions, he assaulted and put to flight Amilcare Orsini, a natural son of the Count of Pitigliano. Shortly afterward, however, Orsini lay in wait for him at night in a dark street through which he had to pass, and killed him with a sword-thrust that entered his eye and pierced his brain. All the authentic accounts concerning his various misdeeds, his trials, and his death, are in the criminal section of the state archives. He left a natural daughter called Cinzia (Cynthia) by a certain Artemisia, who, after his untimely death in 1595, married a miller.

In this place belongs the letter of Francesco Cenci to his son-in-law Lucio Savelli, in which he thanks the latter for a message of condolence on Rocco's death.

TO HIS MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND EVER HIGHLY HONORED LORDSHIP, MY SON-IN-LAW:

Messer Zeffiro, representing your Lordship, has been here to condole with me upon the misfortune that has befallen my son, that hapless Rocco, who was killed owing to his rashness and because he would take no heed; and, what is worse, he died without confession or communion, and now God knows how it fares with his soul, and whether it will please His divine goodness to preserve it in glory. Every man must understand my grief, both because Rocco was my son, and also for the aforesaid manner of his death. Let your Lordship console her Ladyship, your wife, for as he was her brother, and the bond of blood must have its way, she will feel some sorrow. The things of this world go thus, and these are the fruits one gathers from this earthly garden: disappointment, sorrows, and weariness. God be blessed, and may He give me patience to bear all these ills. The aforesaid Messer Zeffiro has given me the hope that your lady may be in good expectations. For this I feel the greatest satisfaction I ever felt in my lifetime. Please God that it may be true. I have also heard that certain of my rebellious children wish to go to your Lordship [at Rignano] because they cannot stay any longer in Rome, both on account of their debts, and because they have made themselves an infamous name *in totum orbem et urbem*, and also on account of the feud [with the Orsini] which they now have by the death of the aforesaid Rocco. Your Lordship is cautious and prudent, and is born gentle and a cavalier, and you know how to act, and also what you promised me in writing, to wit, that you would never have any intercourse with such people [as my sons]; again I pray you to observe this and thrust them from your presence, for they can never do any good thing, as they are against their father. And so ending, I kiss your Lordship's hand. From Rome, the 14th of March, 1595.

Your Lordship's most affectionate father and father-in-law,

Francesco Cencio.

The address on the back of the letter is:

To His most illustrious Lordship my Son-in-Law, and always most esteemed Prince, Signor Lutio Savello,
at Rignano.

4. Antonina; she married Lucio (Luzio, Lutio) Savelli, January 18, 1595, less than two months before the murder of Rocco. Her husband's first wife had been Placidia Colonna, by whom he had two little girls. Among the accounts of Master Morea, a bookkeeper in the Cenci household, are found the following entries on the occasion of the marriage of Antonina:

For two dolls given to the girl children of Signor Lucio,
baiocchi [cents] 40 [= 1s. 8d.]
For the flowers on the head of Signora Antonina (at her wedding)
baiocchi [cents] 40 [= 1s. 8d.]

The flowers for her wedding cost precisely as much as the dolls! She died in giving birth to the child announced by Messer Zeffiro, and the little boy died soon after the murder of Francesco in 1598.

DETAIL OF THE FRESCO IN SAN MICHELE IN BOSCO (BOLOGNA) BY GUIDO RENI, SHOWING THE ARTIST'S USE OF A TURBAN

Here belongs the letter written by Giacomo and Rocco to Lucio Savelli on "his marriage" with their sister; that is, I suppose, after the signature of the marriage contract, for the letter is dated very clearly in the preceding November. It will be remembered that Roman Catholics do not celebrate marriages in Advent, and there is, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that the church wedding did not take place till January.

OUR MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND ESTEEMED LORD:

Though it be superfluous to express to your Lordship the satisfaction we feel on account of the marriage contracted between you and the lady Antonina, our sister, since you yourself can guess it by our true service to your illustrious house, and especially to your own most honored person; nevertheless, as we have infinite cause for congratulation among ourselves over this desired event, it has seemed to us proper, too, to express by this joint letter our affection for your Lordship, assuring you that since this new and close bond of relationship is superadded to the respect we have ever borne you, we shall endeavor always to be the allies of your wishes, as it has pleased God to ally us with you by blood, and we desire to serve you and honor you continually, as of right. In the meantime, praying that with a happy marriage you may have all other contentment, we kiss your hands. From Rome the 13th of November, 1594.

Your most illustrious Lordship's brothers-in-law and most affectionate servants,
Jacomo Cencio.
Ro. Cenci.

(The other half-sheet, with the address, is torn off.)

The two letters, translated above, originally came from the Savelli archives, which were divided into two portions; one is now in the archives of the Sforza Cesarini family; the other went to the Convent of Santa Pudenziana, on the suppression of which the nuns, in pure ignorance, partly sold and partly destroyed a great portion of the priceless Savelli records. The two documents in my possession were bought by the well-known collector, Signor Nardoni, who kept them in his portfolio many years, till his whole collection was sold in March, 1907, when I bought the letters in question in a lot that contained little else of value.

5. Beatrice; named for her grandmother, Beatrice Arias. She was born in 1577, caused her father to be murdered

THE "TURBANED LADY," IN THE BARBERINI PALACE, ROME, ATTRIBUTED TO GUIDO RENI, AND MISTAKENLY REGARDED AS A PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE CENCI

In the preface to his drama, "The Cenci," Shelley, taking for granted the ascription of the portrait as of Beatrice Cenci, says: "It is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature."

on September 9, 1598, and was executed September 11, 1599.

6. Paolo; born 158— (?); died before 1598.

7. Bernardo; born 1584. Though sentenced, he was allowed to live, on the ground of his extreme youth, but was forced to be present on the scaffold during the execution. He was ultimately pardoned, but not by the Pope, as is commonly related; Clement VIII only commuted the sentence, and he was set at large by the intervention of the Archconfraternity of the Crucifix, of San Marcello, which, like the other religious confraternities in Rome, had the privilege of setting free each year one person condemned to death. Bernardo had made his will, however, as if about to die. It was drawn up on September 10, 1599, in the prison of Tordinona, close to the Bridge of Sant' Angelo, by the Notary Stella, and among other legacies he left one thousand scudi (=$1000=£200 sterling) to Cinzia, the natural daughter of his brother Rocco, and twenty scudi to the jailer of Tordinona, one Amicozzo, who had treated him well during his imprisonment. Bernardo lived till the year 1626, in very good circumstances, and he married his cousin Clizia, who bore him six children.

DETAIL FROM A FRESCO BY GUIDO RENI IN THE CHAPEL CLOSE TO SAN GREGORIO, ROME, REPRESENTING THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT ANDREW, ALSO SHOWING THE USE OF A TURBAN

These are the main facts about Beatrice's family. Before going on to explain the growth of the Cenci legend, I need only speak of one more personage who played a part in the tragedy, and who has been used by dramatists and novelists without much regard for the truth.

"Monsignor" Mario Querro, the real personage, was not in orders, but as the secretary of Cardinal Montalto he wore clerical dress and is spoken of as "Monsignore" by his contemporaries. He appears to have been a scoundrel of the first water, who encouraged and abetted the plot to murder Francesco Cenci, but ran away at the critical moment. We have ascertained beyond any doubt the cause of his intimacy with the family; a document, drawn up by the Notary Belgi, in 1633, when he was still alive, proves him to have been the grandson of a certain Lucrezia Arias, who must have been a sister or a very near relative of Francesco Cenci's mother, Beatrice Arias, for the latter name is so unusual as to be virtually unique. He is described as a handsome man of the Jovian type, rather stout, with a beautiful complexion and winning ways. At the time of Francesco's murder he was forty years old, so that he must have been about ten years older than Rocco, and twenty-five years the senior of young Bernardo; yet when he was arrested at Naples, he was taken into custody on the ground of his intimacy with the two. He was at last set at liberty by the mediation of his master, Cardinal Montalto, but was exiled to Malta for three years and sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand scudi. He was not finally restored to favor till the accession of Urban VIII, the Barberini Pope, as late as 1623. As he was alive in 1633, he must have lived to be well over seventy, probably a happy old reprobate, enjoying life to the last, as only people of Jovian nature can.

Returning to the life of Francesco Cenci, let me first remind my readers that Shelley, who is largely responsible for the Cenci legends, derived his information solely from one of those numerous

manuscript collections of horrors entitled "Varii successi curiosi" ("Divers Curious Occurrences"), which were collected in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in all of which the story of the Cenci begins with the words: "La nefandissima vita che fu sempre tenuta da Francesco Cenci" ("The atrocious life which he always led"), etc. These accounts are all inaccurate and untrustworthy, and were manifestly written to produce a sensation. They are nothing but poor extracts from the "Avvisi di Roma" of the seventeenth century; yet all are unanimous in condemning Cenci's crimes, his vices, his violence, and his blasphemous tongue; and these accusations cannot be denied. During the twenty-one years of his married life with Ersilia, he was sued for damages in a case involving the honor of a young girl, Maria Pelli; he was several times summoned to answer for acts of violence and blood; he was twice imprisoned, tried, and fined, once for open blasphemy, which was then a criminal offense, and once for an unnatural crime.

It was on one of these occasions, in 1571, when he had been married about seven years and was twenty-two years of age, that he wrote the following letter, now made public for the first time, to Marcantonio Colonna, shortly before the latter's expedition to Lepanto:

MY MOST ILLUSTRIOUS, MOST EXCELLENT AND REVERED MASTER:

Besides what Messer Evangelista Recchi [this was his stepfather and steward] has said in my name to Your Excellency, I have to say by this that I find myself so much in obligation to Your Excellency that I should think it a small part of what I owe to give you the Castle of Nemi without any sort of convention [i.e., condition], and I would do so willingly if my needs, with which Your Excellency is well acquainted, were not so urgent as you know. I, therefore, entreat Your Excellency (and as you have always favored me, so may you be served by me) to do me the singular favor either to take it [the castle] on those same terms which, as I have informed you, I find I can obtain from others; or else to help me in this affair, for I assure Your Excellency that I must stay in this prison till it is settled, since I have no other means or remedy, as you shall hear again from Messer Evangelista and from Messer Giulio Folco, to whom I owe great obligation, for he has labored much in my cause, and in helping me to find money. May Your Excellency deign to believe what they say in my behalf, and I kiss Your Excellency's hands with all affection. From Castello S. Angelo March 27, 1571.

Your most Illustrious and Excellent Lordship's most humble and affectionate servant,

Francesco Cenci.

(In the Colonna archives, catalogued as Miscell. Stor. II. A.59.)

The young good-for-nothing's servile tone in addressing the great man of his day is worth noticing.

This was in 1571. We know that in the following year he was imprisoned in Tordinona, on the opposite bank of the Tiber, for beating and wounding one of his own servants, Pompeo, for which he was exiled during six months, but was allowed to return on the bond of Cardinal Carafa. In that year, too, he at last succeeded in selling Nemi, which was bought by Muzio Frangipani.

His cruelty and violence were notorious. In the course of the trial, Beatrice deposed that during the last months of his life, when she was a woman of twenty-two, he frequently beat her with a *nerbo,* the instrument known to travelers in Egypt as the *courbasch,* and formerly used in Italy for punishing criminals. Yet Beatrice, after torture, refused to admit that she had been thus maltreated by her father in order to make her yield to his unnatural desires. Prospero Farinacci, her chief advocate, did his best to defend her on that ground, but in the final edition of his works he was obliged to confess that the plea, though put in for the defense, was never proved (*Fuit articulatum sed non probatum*). It might have been enough if Beatrice herself had asserted such a thing even without giving any positive proof; she would probably have been acquitted on her mere word, and almost everything that has been written about the trial is based on the supposed truth of Farinacci's statement, which Beatrice, with death before her, refused to bear out. After him, Planca Coronato Coronati, the advocate of the people, made the utmost of the same argument, and went to the length of asserting in his speech that it was proved, "as he had presupposed," in spite of Beatrice's refusal to admit the fact.

There is certainly not much to be said

in favor of Francesco Cenci; yet the characters of his three sons Giacomo, Cristoforo, and Rocco might well make him anxious lest his daughters should disgrace themselves. He had them educated in the Convent of Montecitorio, and on one occasion he flew into a rage on discovering that in his own house there was a door by which they could get out into the street unobserved, and he had it walled up.

His own father had been a man of the worst character; at his death no less than 30,000 scudi had been paid to the government to avert an inquiry into his embezzlements of public money, and Francesco had been obliged to pay 25,000 more to Pope Sixtus V, in order to hinder an examination into his father's frauds. Giacomo, in his turn, after he was condemned to death, confessed that he had cheated his father of 13,000 scudi; and Rocco, aided by the notorious "Monsignor" Querro, was virtually a professional swindler.

It certainly looks as if Francesco's assertion that all his children were against him, and could do nothing good, was borne out by facts, and considering Beatrice's beauty, her hatred of him, her masculine courage, and her astounding coolness, all of which he must have understood, it is not surprising that he should have feared lest she should come to grief like her brothers. Such considerations do not excuse the cruelties he inflicted on her, but they partly explain them, and are quite enough to account for the strict supervision under which he kept her and his second wife, who had taken her side against him. Indeed, the event only proved how rightly he had judged them and Giacomo, and how insufficient were the precautions he took for his own safety. He seems not to have expected that the women would attempt his life; but Giacomo had twice been suspected of doing so, and Cenci kept him at a distance.

The murder was ultimately committed with every aggravating circumstance of conspiracy, bribery of the murderers, drugging by opium, and personal help rendered by Beatrice to the assassins in their work. The conspirators were Beatrice herself, her stepmother Lucrezia, her brother Giacomo, "Monsignor" Querro, the warden Olimpio, and his paid accomplice Marzio. The killing was done by night in the lonely castle of Petrella, in the heart of the Abruzzi.

This little stronghold was variously known as Castel Petrella, or Rocca Petrella, and is at present called Petrella del Salto, from the little river Salto that runs through the valley. It stands in the old province of Abruzzo Ulteriore Secondo, near Citta Ducale, in the military circuit of Fiamignano, and the population of the modern town is about 5000. In the time of Clement VIII it was the property of the Marchese Marzio Colonna, a younger son of the Colonna family, and unfortunately so independent as to have had archives of his own, which have disappeared, if they are not destroyed. We find, however, that Petrella came into the possession of the Colonna family when Fabrizio was invested, with all the other feudal holdings in the Abruzzi, by King Frederick, the last Aragonese sovereign of Naples, on July 6, 1497, and it remained in the family till 1818. Marzio Colonna was a distinguished general under Clement VIII, and it was he who directed the military occupation of Ferrara on the death of Alfonso II of Este in 1598.

As has been seen, Francesco Cenci was on good terms with the Colonna family. As early as 1571 he wrote to the great Marcantonio for help, and at the time of his death he had been in the habit of borrowing Petrella from Marzio Colonna as a summer residence, for which it is well adapted, as it is situated more than twenty-five hundred feet above the sea-level. If any faith at all can be placed in the manuscript "relazione" used by Shelley, which is doubtful, it was the first intention of the conspirators to have Francesco taken by brigands when on his way to the Abruzzi; they then intended to make out that they could not raise the sum demanded for his ransom, whereupon the bandits, hired by them, would cut Francesco's throat, in order to be rid of him, as they regularly did when money was not forthcoming. The plan was daringly conceived. The brigands were to take the whole family at a certain place in the woods, and then to release all but Francesco himself, ostensibly in order that Beatrice and her stepmother might return to Rome to make the financial

arrangements. This plan failed because in that year Francesco did not go to the country at the accustomed time, but stayed in Rome much longer, and the brigands grew weary of waiting, and returned to the south.

This tale may or may not be true. It is certain that in the late summer Francesco, his wife, and Beatrice were at Petrella; that the two women communicated with Giacomo and Querro through Olimpio, who hated Francesco Cenci because the latter had caused him to be turned out of Petrella, where he had been Marzio Colonna's warden; that the two women obtained, through Querro, the consent of the brothers Giacomo and Bernardo to the murder they were going to commit; that Olimpio got a man called Marzio to help him in the deed, and that this accomplice was promised a handsome sum of money, which Beatrice was afterward unable or unwilling to pay in full; finally Beatrice had either brought a supply of opium with her from Rome,—as is most probable, for her cool determination to destroy her father was amazing,—or she procured the drug through Olimpio.

Notwithstanding the statements of romancers and poets, no trace has been found of any appeal made to the Pope for protection against Francesco's cruel treatment. If any such appeal had been made, neither Farinacci nor Planca Coronati would have failed to call attention to it in addressing the Pope himself; for no advocate of intelligence would overlook such a point, especially in the defense of persons pleading guilty. It was Farinacci's object to throw the whole responsibility for the murder upon Beatrice, so as to exonerate the others altogether, and then to obtain her pardon on the ground that she was driven to extremities in self-defense by her father's unnatural conduct. Farinacci represented that frightful condition of things as having been of long standing; if any proof of his assertion had existed in the shape of an appeal to the Pope, he could not have neglected it. But Beatrice, even when overcome by remorse, and anxious only to reconcile her soul with heaven, would not bear him out, and would only swear to the fact that she had been mercilessly beaten by her father, without giving any reason for his cruelty.

As for Lucrezia, there is only one clue to the motive that made her join the conspiracy. Her first husband had been a Velli, and she had two daughters by him. Giacomo Cenci's wife was Ludovica Velli, evidently a near relation of Lucrezia's dead husband, for the name is very uncommon. Giacomo's object in the murder was to obtain money. It is very likely that an understanding existed between his wife and stepmother, to the effect that the latter's two daughters should be provided with dowries out of the Cenci estate, if she would favor the assassination of her husband, and Giacomo may have known nothing of the agreement which existed between the two kinswomen.

However this may be, Beatrice obtained the consent of all her family (it will be remembered that her sister Antonina was already dead) before the blow was struck. By the 8th of September all was ready; but it appears that Lucrezia, gentle soul, insisted that it should be put off another day, as the eighth is kept as the Nativity of the Virgin.

As for the manner in which the deed was done, all we know positively is this: the two women drugged Francesco Cenci with opium, presumably at supper, and his wife Lucrezia slept peacefully beside him, though she knew that he was to be murdered in his sleep.

When the time came, Beatrice admitted the two assassins, but Olimpio hung back and said he could not do the deed. Beatrice insisted that her father must be killed, and spoke so strongly to Olimpio that at last he said: "Since you wish me to go to the devil, I will." Then Beatrice opened the shutters to let in such light as the stars gave, or perhaps the moon, so that Marzio could see to strike Cenci on the head with a hammer, and Lucrezia appears to have been waked from her peaceful sleep by the killing. Half an hour later, they threw the body from the rampart of the castle, after widening a hole in the parapet, which served for sweeping out garbage. They did this to produce the belief that Cenci had fallen through the hole by accident and had been killed. Marzio, who gave this evidence, then received twenty scudi from Beatrice, with which he was ill satisfied. She and Olimpio promised him more

afterward, but he never received another penny.

The story told by Beatrice and her stepmother was generally credited in Rome, but it must be remembered that Petrella was within the boundaries of the kingdom of Naples, and therefore under Spanish rule.

The women returned to Rome, and Francesco Cenci's considerable wealth was divided among his children. We must suppose that Giacomo, the eldest son, inherited the bulk of the property, but the large sums of which Beatrice and Francesco's widow disposed when they made their wills prove that they received a handsome share of the fortune. In spite of his riches, however, Giacomo now attempted to extract money from his brother-in-law, Lucio Savelli, by a fraudulent suit. Antonina had died in 1595 in giving birth to her first child; the infant died also, in the autumn of 1598, soon after the murder of Cenci, and Giacomo now accused Savelli of having introduced this baby, though none had actually been born, in order to keep possession of Antonina's dowry, which would have had to be repaid to the Cenci if she had died childless. Giacomo, therefore, sued Savelli for restitution of dower. About the same time he presented to the Church of Santa Maria del Pianto, in Piazza dei Giudei, near the Cenci Palace, some handsome vestments, which were worth 210 scudi, but were never paid for.

These facts are all we know about the family during the four months that elapsed from the day of the murder to the arrest of Lucrezia, Beatrice, Giacomo, and Bernardo in January, 1599; it will be admitted that they are not edifying.

The first indication that suspicion was aroused came from Naples, when the Spanish government issued a warrant for the arrest of Olimpio Calvetti and Marzio da Fiorani, *alias* Catalano. It is not certain who gave the information which led to this step; the "relazione" tells a story about the blood-stained sheets from the murdered man's bed, which may possibly be true. Be that as it may, Olimpio Calvetti would not allow himself to be taken alive, and was killed during the trial, as has been said. Marzio, nicknamed the Catalano, was taken near Ascrea by Gaspare Guizzo da Fano, and brought to judgment. It was on the strength of his first confession that the four Cenci were arrested, and that the three eldest were put to the torture.

The learned Bertolotti, of whose book I shall speak presently, believes that the original account of the trial was somehow destroyed by the Cenci heirs, because it threw a sinister light on their family history, and especially upon the unhappy Beatrice's character, showing, in fact, that in order to induce Olimpio to do the deed, she granted him many favors. Marzio also deposed that he was never allowed to enter the room when the two were together. No full report of the trial exists in the Vatican, though many persons have supposed that it was preserved; the material found there consists of various letters and appeals, and of the final defense and summing-up, which latter are catalogued among the manuscripts of the Vatican library, as Codex No. 6533.

The Cenci were at first imprisoned in the Castle of Sant' Angelo, then at Tordinona, and finally in the criminal jail of Corte Savella, in Via di Monserrato, now the English seminary. Sant' Angelo was, in fact, a prison for political offenders and persons of high degree, who were also occasionally lodged in Tordinona, and executed there, as in the case of the Carafa family, of whom the Cardinal was strangled in the castle, while the others were beheaded in the tower. But Corte Savella was the place of confinement for common criminals, and in the case of the Cenci the gradual descent in dignity is worth noting. Altogether their confinement lasted eight months.

It was natural that their case should excite much sympathy among their own class, for the murdered man had been generally detested, his cruelty and avarice were proverbial, and his children were allied to the best blood in Rome. Besides, it was a time of reaction, after the severe repression suffered by the nobles under Sixtus V, and there was a sort of last recrudescence of medieval lawlessness. Herein lies also one reason for the Pope's ultimate severity in the Cenci case; for he himself was an Aldobrandini, and therefore as noble as any of his subjects, and he did not choose to be accused of favoring his own party.

That he felt pity for Beatrice, and was

From a photograph taken for THE CENTURY

THE RUINS OF CASTEL PETRELLA, WHERE FRANCESCO CENCI WAS MURDERED

The ruins stand on the rocky summit above the modern town of Cittaducale

inclined to inflict a sentence milder than death is certain, but it happened most unfortunately for her and her family that during their trial there were two other cases of parricide in patrician families. Lelio Massimo, the widowed father of several sons, foolishly insisted on marrying the beautiful Eufrosina, who had been the mistress, and perhaps the bought slave, of Marcantonio Colonna "the victorious"; but Massimo's sons would not suffer this woman to sit in their dead mother's seat, and they murdered her before their father's eyes. Soon afterward, Paolo Santacroce, a cousin of Beatrice, stabbed his mother Costanza, at Subiaco, for her money, and escaped scot free. The Cenci were thenceforth doomed.

Beatrice's great beauty, to which all contemporaries testify, is vouched for by the Duke of Modena's envoy, and even her good looks may have injured her chances of life; for it must be remembered that the population of Rome hated the nobles most virulently, and would certainly have accused the Pope of having fallen a victim to Beatrice's charms if he had pardoned her. She is described as very fair, tall, vivacious, and full of life; but it is apparently not true that she bore torture with great fortitude, for the official notes say that she confessed *"vix elevata in tortura"*; that is as soon as she was hoisted up to be dropped to the length of the rope. The account used by Shelley is a pure invention, though less astounding than some others of his own.

Of all existing pictures in Rome, why should any one have hit upon the sketch of the brown-eyed "Turbantina" as the portrait of Beatrice? No serious person has believed the story for many years, but it has been so widely spread and has delighted so many tourists, that the mention of it leads me naturally to a brief review of the Cenci legends, which, for some undiscoverable reason, no one seems to have ever thought of coördinating and classifying according to their dates.

I have already mentioned the first sources of error. It was Farinacci, followed at once by Planca Coronato Coronati, who invented the defense of attempted incest, which Beatrice herself would never confirm. The "Avvisi di Roma" probably founded the story it told

on the speeches of the two great lawyers, which were public property, whereas the evidence was not, and the "relazioni" of horrors put together from various numbers of the "Avvisi," and unscrupulously adorned, blindly followed the latter, adding the wholly gratuitous falsehood that Beatrice was only sixteen years old at the time of her death, instead of twenty-two and a half.

Next, in the eighteenth century, the learned Muratori, in his "Annali d'Italia," under the year 1599 drew his information both from the lawyers' speeches and from the common "relazioni." So great was Ludovico Muratori's reputation as a historian, even in his lifetime, that his account was followed soon afterward, with all its inaccuracies, in an anonymous German history of the execution, published in Vienna in 1789; and the "Historical Dictionary," published by a society of men of letters in Naples in 1791, also adopted his account without hesitation.

Nearly two hundred and twenty years elapsed after Beatrice's death before any mention was made of a supposed portrait of her by Guido Reni or any other painter.

Then we find published in English, in 1817–18, a sort of guide-book called, "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," which contains two pages on the picture of the "Turbantina," wherein it is stated, with apodictic certainty, that the picture represents Beatrice Cenci, "young, beautiful, and noble, but a parricide!"

Now, Shelley's tragedy was published in 1819, and he must have been writing it when the guide-book appeared, or even earlier. The conclusion is that he must either have taken the story from that source, or else that he talked with the compiler of the guide-book, and perhaps himself suggested the tale, which he tells in his own preface to his tragedy. At all events, though the guide-book is forgotten, the great poet's work remains, to be, like many other great poems, an enduring monument of genius, and an abiding source of historical error.

The picture itself is a likeness of a slight, brown-eyed, olive-skinned model, wearing a sort of turban; a few little ringlets of hair, which by a stretch of imagination may be said to be of a golden-brown color, are seen escaping from the head-dress. In Shelley's time the painting was in the Colonna Gallery, but it afterward passed to the Barberini branch of that family, and was taken to the Barberini Palace. It may have been painted by Guido Reni, who, however, did not begin to paint in Rome till 1608, nine years after Beatrice's death, and who was in Spain during the whole time of the trial. No Roman lady ever wore a turban in those days, and the "Turbantina," as Italians call the head in question, appears again in the fresco representing the martyrdom of Saint Andrew, on the left-hand wall of the chapel dedicated to him, close to San Gregorio. The "Turbantina" in San Michele in Bosco, in Bologna, closely resembling the other two, is thought by many to be from a sketch of himself, which Guido had painted in Bologna in his first youth. The pretended likeness of Beatrice is certainly of the Bolognese school, if not by Guido, but there is no mention of it in the old catalogues of the Barberini and Colonna galleries.

For all that is known about the "Turbantina," I refer the reader to Malvasia's "Felsina Pittrice," the second preface to the edition of 1844, to Rumohr's "Italienische Forschungen," and to Bunsen's "Beschreibung der Stadt Rom," Vol. III, page 434.

Another of Shelley's inventions, and a most dramatic one, is the grim banquet given by Francesco Cenci to celebrate the murder of his two sons, and this highly theatrical but perfectly impossible incident was gladly copied by Shelley's wretched imitators. Within two years of the appearance of his drama, an Italian account of the trial and execution of the Cenci, based on the "relazioni," was published in London, doubtless in order to escape being placed on the "Index," which does not exist for non-Catholic countries. This was in 1821, and in the following year one of the copies of the "relazioni" was printed verbatim in Italian, in Paris, in the "Bibliothèque de la Société des Bibliographes," by F. d'Urbain, who took it for a contemporary account, and Alphonse de Malartie actually wasted his time in translating the stuff into French.

The interest in the subject grew with the addition of imaginary and romantic ele-

ments. In 1828, De Custine put together a poor French drama, based altogether on Shelley's, and in 1833 the French Duchesse d'Abrantès published an absurd little account of Beatrice in "Les femmes célèbres de tous les pays," in which we find Mario Guerro (Querro, in reality) promoted to be Beatrice's lover, while she, under sentence of death, confesses to incest with her father.

The legend was growing rapidly, and its development was not checked by the publication, in 1839, at Venice, of the "Biografia universale antica e moderna," wherein, under the article "Cenci," the writer, a certain Artaud, tells the usual tales, after gravely stating that he had consulted Prince Borghese, Count Cenci-Bolognetti, and Professor Corona of Rome.

Shelley had "identified" the "Turbantina"; it remained to explain how Guido had painted the portrait, and this was now done by Agostino Ademollo, who published his "Beatrice Cenci, romana, storia del Secolo XVI" in 1839. Besides the already existing myths, he introduced a new one of his own. Farinacci, according to him, managed to get Guido into Beatrice's prison, to paint her portrait, disguised as a scribe of the Vatican Curia.

To swell the tide of invention, next comes Gaetano Moroni, with his colossal "Dizionario di Erudizione Ecclesiastica," published in 1842, in which (Vol. XIV) he states that Francesco Cenci built the little church of Saint Thomas in his palace expressly for the purpose of burying his murdered sons there, whereas the church is much older than the palace itself, and dates from early times, having been one of the three seats of the *fraternitas* of the Roman clergy, as Professor Tomassetti has demonstrated.

In 1844 appeared a poor poem by G. B. Nicolini, in which almost all the previously invented impossibilities are introduced. But one of the principal early sinners was the usually impeccable Murray. The handbook for central Italy of 1843 solemnly published as a fact the story of the portrait, and the one for southern Italy, 1853, told the whole tale according to Shelley, with additions. Here, for instance, we first find the legend that after Beatrice was decapitated, the confessor held up her head to the people, crying out: "Behold the head of a martyr!"

In 1853, while a political prisoner, the novelist G. Domenico Guerrazzi produced his well-known romance on Beatrice Cenci. It was natural that his anti-clerical rage should express itself vehemently, but the whole work shows his entire ignorance of the subject. Guerrazzi jumbles up Giacomo's sons and brothers, makes Guerra murder Cenci, admits the incest, describes the fiendish banquet, and invents outright a huge dog called Nero, which brings down and kills one of Francesco's sons at his bidding. The book was at once placed on the "Index," not on account of the nonsense it contained, but in consequence of the writer's political opinions, and the natural result was that millions of copies were sold, and it was translated into all languages, whereby Shelley's story of the portrait and the banquet passed into the folk-lore of modern Italy, together with the belief that Beatrice was wholly innocent of the murder. Guerrazzi may have written his novel in good faith; he certainly wrote it in total ignorance, and few books have ever done more to spread an unfounded legend. The learned Scolari refuted it energetically in 1855 by the publication in Milan of "Beatrice Cenci, causa criminale del Secolo XVI," but he had few documents at his disposal. He believed that Beatrice had denied the imputation of incest out of a sense of shame, thereby losing her life.

We have seen what the Duchesse d'Abrantès did with the story in 1833. It evidently had a strong attraction for the French mind, which is essentially dramatic and inventive, and about 1855 a book was published in Paris called "Les crimes célèbres," in which it was stated that when Beatrice had her head on the block, she was kept waiting five minutes in that position before the Pope's absolution *in articulo mortis* was brought to her!

In 1855 Stendhal (Henri Beyle) published in Paris an account of the Cenci in his "Chroniques et nouvelles," in which he declared that he had been in love with Beatrice's famous portrait for thirty years; the rest of his account is a rehash of the old "relazioni," with the additional mistake of making Francesco Cenci born in 1527 instead of in 1549.

Cenci was only fifty when he was murdered.

So the legend grew and grew till it reached a sort of climax in Tito Dal Buono's book, "Storia di Beatrice Cenci e dei suoi tempi, con documenti inediti," published in Naples in 1864. The writer prints a fragment of Francesco Cenci's will, it is true, but the book is a rag-bag of horrors and errors. The author invents children that were never born, names wholly fictitious, imaginary relationships, and fantastic amours. According to him, Beatrice gave herself successively to her father, to "Monsignor" Guerra (Querro), Cardinal Aldobrandini, the Judge Ulisse Moscati, and even to her advocate Farinacci, and the author then gravely warns his readers against the fictions of Guerrazzi!

A reaction was about to set in, however, especially against the absurd story of the portrait. In the following year a book appeared in Milan, published by Felice Venosta, entitled "Beatrice Cenci o il parricidio di Rocca Petrella," and purporting to be by a "Roman advocate of the Consistory," of the sixteenth century, called "Nicola De Angelis." Though containing many errors of dates and names, and though the author's name is a pseudonym, this work is of a tolerably serious nature; and it was followed seven years later, in 1872, by Antonio Torrigiani's "Clemente VIII e il processo di Beatrice Cenci," published in Florence to defend Scolari's work against Guerrazzi's attempted refutation of it.

In 1875, C. W. Heckethorn, in "Roba d'Italia, or Italian Lights and Shadows" (London), had the courage to state with certainty that Guido could never have painted Beatrice in her lifetime; but he suggested with some ingenuity that a sketch of her had been made by Ubaldo Ubaldini, who had entertained a silent passion for her; that this sketch had come into the possession of Matteo Barberini, afterward Urban VIII, who had shown it to Guido when he came to Rome, whereupon Guido had painted the portrait. The writer was evidently unaware that the picture was in the Colonna Gallery, and not in the Barberini, when Shelley saw it and invented his fable.

Not long afterward, the late W. W. Story published a little book on "Castel Sant' Angelo and the Evil Eye,"—I think in 1875, London,—in which he followed the common errors of the "relazioni" as regards Beatrice, but completely excluded the authenticity of the portrait, though he stated, I know not on what authority, that a genuine portrait of Beatrice existed in the Casino of the Villa Doria-Pamphili.

The latest work of importance on the Cenci is by far the most impartial and trustworthy. In 1871, Signor A. Bertolotti published in Florence his "Francesco Cenci e la sua famiglia," of which a second edition, with additional documents, appeared in 1879. It is needless to say that the learned author treats the story of the portrait with the contempt it deserves, but he gives no indications as to the origin or age of the myth, which I have now fully discussed.

He was the first to publish Beatrice's will, which was drawn up on August 27, 1599, by the Notary Jacobini, with a codicil of August 30, and by this codicil Beatrice Cenci leaves the sum of 500 scudi to an infant child, whom she leaves to the care of two ladies of her intimate acquaintance. The worst of the story is that it agrees with what was said by the representative of the Duke of Modena in a letter to the latter, namely, that after her condemnation, Beatrice bitterly complained that she had not only lost her own life in taking her father's, but had sacrificed her honor to bribe the warden Olimpio, a fact "which no one had ever known." But Giacomo confessed that he had been aware of his sister's shameful relations with Olimpio, though only after his father's death. Olimpio was killed near Cantalice during the trial by a soldier named Marcotullio, but his companion, Marzio, lived to give evidence. But the point which Bertolotti treats with the greatest mastery of the subject is the confiscation of the Cenci property, which pro-papal writers deny altogether, whereas the anti-papal authors have unduly exaggerated it.

He discovered in the state archives an authentic certified copy of the sentence passed on the Cenci by Ulisse Moscati, dated 1600, and in this document there is no mention of any confiscation. On the other hand, there is no reason why the judge should have spoken of it at all, for

it was always implied with the capital punishment inflicted on parricides. But Bertolotti proves that certain lands of the Cenci were sold at auction, and among them the great holding of Torrenuova, which went for the small price of 91,000 scudi, on account of which the Cenci family protested regularly during many years, and ultimately obtained some compensation. My learned friend Professor Tomassetti, in his study of the Via Labicana, which forms a part of his work on the "Campagna Romana," published in many parts in the "Archivio di Storia Patria," has collected all the deeds connected with this estate, and has described the beautiful Nympheum, called the "Bagno della bella Cenci," which still exists, but is so overgrown with thorns as to be almost inaccessible. He has given the history of the property from its purchase by the Cenci in 1562 to its last owners, the Borghese, who came by it as heirs of the Aldobrandini. As a matter of fact, in 1624, the Cenci obtained a compensation of 20,000 scudi on the value of this holding. There can be no doubt, therefore, that this and other estates were actually confiscated, but most of them were restored to the heirs of Giacomo on a payment of 80,000 scudi, and to Cesare Cenci's branch of the family.[1]

Having thus demonstrated the origin of the myths, traced their growth, and pointed out the really trustworthy sources of information, we come back, in conclusion, to the ugly facts of the case, as it stood before the composition of the "relazioni," and two centuries before Shelley wrote his poem. Here they are:

A rich Roman gentleman of violent and vicious disposition has a number of children, of whom several turn out to be as bad as himself and perhaps worse. Two of his younger sons are murdered in street brawls; the eldest cheats him out of a large sum, runs deeply into debt, and is twice suspected of trying to murder him in order to inherit his property. One daughter makes a good marriage, but dies in giving birth to her first child. When a middle-aged widower, he marries a widow who has two dowerless daughters, and who is connected with his eldest son's wife.

He has one more daughter, Beatrice, a handsome, headstrong, grown-up girl, too full of life and spirits to bear the close confinement in which her father keeps her in the hope of marrying her well, like her sister. To escape the heat of Rome, he takes her and his wife to a castle in the Abruzzi year after year. The castle is borrowed, and is in charge of Olimpio, a handsome young man, the owner's warden, a sort of half-gentleman, who wears a rapier and represents the person of his lord, Marzio Colonna. He loves the young girl, or makes love to her, well knowing that his position precludes the possibility of marriage. She, being her father's daughter, reckless and easily stirred to passion, yields herself altogether, and her father, guessing all, or a part, of the truth, inflicts condign punishment upon her, and causes her lover to be discharged from Colonna's service. A child is born, and spirited out of sight by the help of the stepmother, and perhaps with the knowledge and assistance of the brother Giacomo's wife; for Giacomo "learned of his sister's relations with Olimpio after the murder"; that is, when it was no longer a matter of life and death to conceal the child.

From the day when Olimpio is discharged, Cenci's fate is sealed. (Beatrice, after Olimpio was dead, confessed that he had first suggested the killing and that her stepmother had agreed to it.) The interest and advantage of all the family will be advanced by Cenci's death. Beatrice is keeping a secret from her father which would cost her her life if he knew it; he would kill her and her child, or, at the very least, would shut her up in a cloistered convent forever, if he knew that she was irrecoverably dishonored; Lucrezia has two dowerless girls to marry, who will be richly provided for out of the inheritance when Cenci is dead; Giacomo is almost reduced to starvation, for, since his last fraud, his father will not give him a penny; the young Bernardo already hankers for gold to spend under the guidance of the notorious blackleg "Monsignor" Querro, and when the deed shall have been done, the latter means to live joyously and riotously in the Palazzo Cenci. Olimpio, the warden,

[1] The deeds, drawn up by the Notary Rosciolo, are in the state archives for 1672, catalogued as VI. fol. 1068.

who is to do the deed while Beatrice holds the shutters back for him to see, believes that if Cenci were dead, she might perhaps marry him, and with her dowry and position make a gentleman of him altogether

With such odds against him, Francesco Cenci had small chance of escape. If he had ever shown anything like affection for Beatrice or his second wife, one or both of them might have wavered at the last; but he was hard and cruel by nature, and the conduct of his three eldest sons had made him merciless even before he had discovered Beatrice's fault, and had learned at the same time that his wife had been favoring her meetings with Olimpio, and constantly shielding her.

It would be necessary to regard Francesco as a wholly unnatural and impossible monster, little better than a dangerous maniac, in order to make the common legends of the Cenci seem barely possible, and in order to exhibit Beatrice as a martyr. Besides the fact that the evidence in favor of the view here taken is very strong, there is the fact that Francesco, with great faults, acted like a normal person in other respects, managed his fortune with intelligence, and wrote like a perfectly sane man on the occasion of his son Rocco's murder, only three years before his own death. The construction I have put upon the evidence is the most natural in the world; the solitary independent inference which I have ventured to draw is that Beatrice's relations with Olimpio became partly known to her father, and that the beatings of which she complained without giving the least reason for them were the result of her father's discovery, and of renewed attempts on her part to communicate with Olimpio. Francesco Cenci treated her precisely as an Italian peasant of the present time treats a daughter who goes wrong. It was never pretended in the trial that Cenci beat his wife or ill-treated her in any way except by hampering her liberty.

As for the accusation of an unnatural crime which was brought against him, probably in 1571 or 1572, the answer is that he had many enemies and that in his day the easiest way to ruin a man was to rouse against him the suspicion of such misdeeds. It is well known that Farinacci, the famous lawyer who defended Beatrice, was himself afterward accused of the same thing and acquitted. Moreover, Francesco Cenci was the father of twelve children by his first wife, and the only recorded case in which he was brought into court for licentious conduct, besides the one under discussion, was that of the young woman, Maria Pelli, before mentioned. These are very strong arguments in such a matter, though I do not pretend that they are quite unanswerable.

Lastly, if Francesco had been the fiend incarnate of the legend, would such an honorable man as the great Marcantonio Colonna, against whom not a word was ever breathed, have been in such relations with Cenci as to justify him in turning to him for help in trouble, as he did by the letter from Sant' Angelo? Would he have been on such terms of friendship with the General Marzio Colonna as to borrow a summer residence from him or to make him discharge a trusted servant like the warden Olimpio Calvetti? Or, would Lucio Savelli, an honest gentleman, have given his promise in writing never to receive Francesco's sons in his house, though he had married Francesco's daughter?

I think not. As a novelist I do not feel that to show the truth about the Cenci is to destroy a romance which has an artistic right to live. Nonsense is not romantic; impossible monsters that have no human trait are not romantic; foolish anachronisms, such as that involved in the supposed portrait of Beatrice by Guido, are not proper foundations for fiction; the sentimentalism manifested by the rows of poor deluded tourists who are daily brought almost to tears in contemplating a second-rate sketch in the Barberini Gallery is not human sympathy. If Shelley had not been a great poet, his greatest drama would have been intolerable balderdash; so, without Victor Hugo's genius, "Hernani" or "Ruy Blas" would have been ridiculous twaddle, a mere hash of absurdities.

But divest the story of the Cenci of what has grown upon it, and you have a great love-drama, less noble, but even more human, and surely far more awful, than the "Bride of Lammermoor." There is the tragedy of the sins of the father inherited by the children—sins punished by his death and theirs. Upon his soul is

the dire horror of knowing that their birthright of evil is from himself; of seeing them do again what he has done, and worse; of feeling from afar off the coming of their vengeance upon him for having brought them into the world to sin and suffer, to slay, and in their turn to die. There is over all his life and theirs the shadow that overhung the Priest of Nemi, the darkness of inevitable doom. There is the wild and wayward girl's unhappy love for the young warden; the irresistible, passionate call of the blood to evil; the desperate secret to be kept; the inherited, violent instinct to strike and be free; and when the moment comes at last, the invincible courage and man-like calm of Medea herself. Above all, when Beatrice's lover is dead and her child is safe, and she sets her foot upon the scaffold, there is the strength to die bravely. Maiden Polyxena's look was not more serene. Like her, Beatrice will let no common touch come near her; like her, the Roman girl bares her own neck to the steel, speaks her last quiet words, bends, and awaits the blow. All is accomplished according to the mystic law of blood-heritage; all is over; the world is behind; her sin is confessed and forgiven. There is but one second more, and then eternity. That was the real tragedy.

THE FAULT

BY MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," etc.

GIBSON used to say that he would never marry, because no other woman could be half as nice as his own mother. Then, of course, he broke his mother's heart by marrying a woman who was not nice at all.

He was a powerful fellow with a plain, square face, and a manner that was perfection to the people whom he liked. Unfortunately, they were very few. He did not like any of the ladies whom his mother wanted him to like, not even when they reproduced for him her gentle, delicate distinction.

The younger Mrs. Gibson had none of it; but she had ways with her, and a power that was said to reside supremely in her hands, her arms, and her hair—especially her hair (she was the white and golden kind). It was as long as a lasso and as ample as a cloak. Gibson loved her hair. The sight and the scent of it filled him with folly. He liked to braid and unbraid it, to lay his face against it, to plunge his hands through the coolness into the warmth of it.

It seemed to him to give out the splendor and vitality of her, to have a secret sympathy with the thought that stirred beneath it.

She had a trick, when she was thinking, of caressing it, of winding and unwinding the little curls that sprang aureole-wise above her temples. That was one of her ways, and it brought her hands and arms into play with stupendous effect.

He would sit opposite her a whole evening, watching it, dumb with excess of happiness.

It took him six months to find out that the trick he admired so much was a sign that his wife was bored to extinction.

"Is there anything you want?" he said.

She laughed hysterically.

"You 've only to say what you want, and I 'll get it for you, if it can be got."

"It could be got all right," said she, "but I doubt whether you 'd care very much to get it."

"What is it? Tell me—tell me."

"Well—you 're very nice, my dear, I know, but before I married you I used—though you might n't think it—to be received in society."

He took her back to it. He said he was a selfish brute to want to keep her to

himself. That speech amused Mrs. Gibson immensely. She had a curious and capricious sense of humor. It made her very adaptable, and tided them both over a sharp season of infelicity.

Hitherto Mrs. Gibson had been merely bored; now she was seized with a malady of unrest. Any other man but Gibson would have been driven mad with her nerves.

"You 're doing too much, you know," he said, soothing her. "You 're tired."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Oh, no," she said, "not *tired*."

He meditated.

"What you want," said he, "is a thorough change."

"My dear," said she, "I did n't know you were so clever."

"Would you like me to take a cottage in the country?"

"A cottage? In the country?"

"Well, of course, not too far from town. Some place where I could run down for the week-ends."

"You would n't," said she, "be running down oftener?"

"No," he said; "I 'm afraid I could n't just at present."

"Don't you think it might be a trifle lonely?"

"You can have any one you like to stay with you."

She smiled.

"And you really want to take it—this cottage?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said she, "take it by all means, and lose no time."

He took it, and went down with her for the first week-end.

It was a tiny place, but some one had built a comfortable smoking-room at the back. It opened by glass doors into the garden.

One Sunday evening they were sitting together in the smoking-room when she flung herself down on the floor beside him and hid her head on his knee. She seized his hand and drew it down to her.

"As you are going to leave me to-morrow," she said, "you can stroke my hair to-night."

He went down every week-end. And every week-end he found an improvement in his wife's health. When he complimented her upon her appearance, she told him she had been gardening. He took it as an excellent sign that she should be fond of gardening.

Then one day Gibson, who worked like ten horses to provide all the things that his wife wanted, got ill, and was told to take a month off in the country.

That was in the middle of the week. He saw his doctor early in the evening and took the last train down. The cottage was several miles from the nearest telegraph office, so that he arrived before the wire that should have announced his coming.

A short cut from the station brought him to the back of the house through a little wood that screened it. The wood-path led into his garden by a private gate which at this hour was always locked.

He climbed the gate and crossed the grass-plot to the glass doors of the smoking-room. The lamps were lighted there, and Gibson, as he approached, could see his wife sitting in the low chair opposite his. His heart bounded at the sight of her. He was glad to think that she sat in his room when he was away. He walked quickly over the grass and stood at the glass doors looking in.

She was lying back in the low chair. In *his* chair, which a curtain had concealed from him until now, there sat a man he knew. He recognized the narrow shoulders and the head with the sleek brown hair, showing a little sallow patch of baldness at the back. From a certain tenseness in the man's attitude he knew that his gaze was fastened on the woman who faced them. Her left arm was raised; its long, loose sleeve fell back and bared it; her fingers twisted and untwisted a little straying curl.

The man could bear it no longer. He jumped up and went to her; he knelt beside her; with one hand he seized her arm by the full, white wrist and dragged it down and held it to his lips. The other hand smoothed back her hair into its place and held it there. His fine, nervous fingers sank through the deep and silky web to the white, sensitive skin. The woman threw back her head and closed her eyes, every nerve throbbing felinely under the caress she loved.

The man rose with an uneasy movement that brought him to the back of her chair. He stooped and whispered some-

thing. She flung up her arms and drew down his face to hers under the white arch they made.

Gibson did nothing scandalous. He went round quietly to the front door and let himself in with his latch-key. When he entered the smoking-room he found his wife there alone. She stood on his hearth, and met him with hard eyes, desperate and defiant.

"What have you to say for yourself?" he said.

"Everything," said she. "Of course you will divorce me."

"Will a separation not satisfy you?"

"No," she said, "it will not. If you have n't had proof enough, I can give you more—or you can ask the servants."

He had always given her what she wanted: he gave it to her now.

II

GIBSON went and lived with his mother. The incident left him apparently unscathed. He showed no signs of trouble until four years after, when his mother died. Then the two shocks rolled into one, and for a year Gibson was a wreck.

At last he was told, as he had been told before, to stop work and go away—anywhere—for a rest. He went to a small seaside town in east Devon.

The man's nature was so sound that in a month's time he recovered sufficiently to take an interest in what was going on around him.

He was lodged in one of a row of small houses facing the esplanade. Each had its own plot of green garden spread before it, and a flagged pathway leading from the gate to the door. Path and garden were raised a good half-foot above the level of the sidewalk, and this half-foot, Gibson observed, was a serious embarrassment to his next-door neighbors.

Twice a day a bath-chair with an old gentleman in it would emerge from the doorway of the house next door. It was drawn by two little ladies, a dark one and a fair one, whom Gibson judged to be the old gentleman's daughters. He must have weighed considerably, that old gentleman, and the ladies, especially the dark one, were far too young and small and tender for such draft-work. Four times a day at the garden-gate a struggle took place between the little ladies and the bath-chair. Gibson could see them from the window where he lay, supine in his nervous apathy. Their going out was only less fearful than their coming in. Going out, it was very hard to prevent the back wheels from slipping down with a bump on to the pavement and shaking the old gentleman horribly. Coming in they risked overturning him altogether.

You would not have known that there was any struggle going on, the old gentleman bore himself with so calm and high a heroism, the little ladies were sustained by so pure a sense of the humors of the bath-chair. No sharp, irritating cries escaped them. They did nothing but laugh softly as they pulled and pushed and tugged with their women's arms, and heaved with delicate shoulders, or hung on, in their frenzy, from behind, while the bath-chair swayed ponderously and perilously above the footway.

Gibson sometimes wondered whether he ought not to rush out and help them. But he could n't; he did n't really care.

His landlady told him that the old gentleman was a General Richardson, that he was paralyzed, that his daughters waited on him hand and foot, that they were too poor to afford a man-servant to look after him and push the bath-chair. It was not much of a life, the woman said, for the two young ladies. Gibson agreed that it was not much of a life, certainly.

What pleased him was the fine levity with which they took it. He was always meeting them in their walks on the esplanade. Sometimes they would come racing down the wind with the bath-chair, their serge skirts blown forward, their hair curling over the brims of their sailor hats. The dark one was particularly attractive in a high wind. Then they would come back much impeded, their skirts wrapped tight about their knees, their little bodies bent to the storm, their faces wearing still that invincible gaiety of theirs. Sometimes, on a gentle incline, they would let the bath-chair run on a little by itself, till it threatened a dangerous independence, when they would fly after it at the top of their speed, and arrest it just in time. Gibson could never make out whether they did this for their

own amusement or the old gentleman's. But sometimes, when the general came careering past him, he could catch the glance of a bright and affable eye that seemed to call on him to observe the extent to which an old fellow might yet enjoy himself.

Gibson's lodging gave him endless opportunity for studying the habits of his little ladies. He learned that they did everything in turns. They took it in turns to pull the bath-chair and to push it. They took it in turns to read aloud to the old gentleman, to put him to bed at night, and get him up in the morning. They took it in turns to go to church (did they become suddenly serious, he wondered, there?) and in turns to air themselves on a certain little plateau on the cliff-side.

He was next to find out that they nursed the monstrous ambition of urging the bath-chair up the hill and landing it on the plateau. Gibson was sorry for them, for he knew they could never do it. But such was their determination that each time that he encountered them on the hill they had struggled a little farther up it.

The road had a sort of hump in it just before it forked off on to the cliff. That baffled them.

At last, as he himself was returning from the plateau, he came upon the sisters right in the middle of the rise, locked in deadly combat with the bath-chair. Pressed against it, shoulder to shoulder, they resisted its efforts to hurl itself violently backward down the hill. The general, as he clung to the arms of the chair, preserved his attitude of superb indifference to the event.

Gibson leaped to their assistance. With a threefold prodigious effort they topped the rise, and in silence, in a sort of solemn triumph, the bath-chair was wheeled on to the plateau.

He liked the simplicity with which they accepted his aid, and he liked the way they thanked him, both sisters becoming very grave all at once. It was the fair one who spoke. The dark one only bowed and smiled as he lifted his cap and turned away.

"It 's all very well," he heard her saying, "but how are we going to get him down again?"

How were they?

He hung about the cliff-side till the time came for them to return, when he presented himself as if by accident.

"You must allow me," he said, "to see you safe to the bottom of the hill."

They allowed him.

"You see,"—the general addressed his daughters as they paused half-way,—"we 've accomplished it, and no bones are broken."

"Yes," said Gibson, "but is n't the expedition just a little dangerous?"

"Ah," said the general, "I 've risked my life too many times to mind a little danger now."

Gibson's eyebrows said plainly: "It was n't *your* life, old boy, I was thinking of."

The sisters looked away.

"You must never attempt that again," he said gravely, as he parted from them at the foot of the hill.

Gibson felt that he had done a good morning's work. He had saved the lives of the three Richardsons, and he had found out that the fair one's name was Effie and the dark one's Phœbe.

After that the acquaintance ripened. They exchanged salutes whenever they met. Then Gibson, moved beyond endurance by their daily strife with the bath-chair, was generally to be seen at their gateway in time to help them.

As the days grew longer, the Richardsons began to take their tea out-of-doors on their grass-plot. And then it seemed to strike them all at once that the gentleman next door was lonely, and one afternoon they invited him to tea.

Then Gibson had his tea served on his grass-plot, and invited the Richardsons, and the Richardsons—they were so absurdly grateful—invited him to supper and to spend the evening. They thanked him for coming. "It was such a pleasure," Effie said (Effie was the elder)—"such a great pleasure to Father."

Gibson hardly thought his society could be a pleasure to any one, but he tried to make himself useful. He engaged himself as the general's bath-chair man. He bowled him along at the round pace he loved, while the little ladies, Effie and Phœbe, trotted after them, friendly and gay.

And he began to go in and out next

door as a matter of course, till it was open to the little sisters to regard him as their own very valuable property. But they were not going to be selfish about him. Oh, no! They took him as they took everything else, in turns. They tried hard to divide him fairly. If he attached himself to Effie, the fair one, Effie would grow uneasy, and she would get up and positively hand him over to Phœbe, the dark one. If Phœbe permitted herself to talk to him for a while, her eyes would call to Effie, and when Effie came, she would slip away and take up her sad place by the general's arm-chair. In their innocent rivalry it was who could give him up more completely to the other. And as Phœbe was the more determined little person, it was Phœbe who generally had it her own way. "Father," too, came in for his just share. Gibson felt that he would not be tolerated on any footing that kept "Father" out of it. There was always a moment in the evening when he would be led up to the arm-chair, and both Effie and Phœbe would withdraw and leave him to that supreme communion.

There was a third sister, he knew now. She was the eldest and her name was Mary. She was away somewhere in the North, recovering, he gathered, from "Father,"—of course they took it in turns to recover from him,—while Father wandered up and down the south coast, endeavoring, vainly, to recover from himself. They told Gibson that the one thing that spoiled it all (the joy, they meant, of their intercourse with him) was the thought that Mary was "missing it." Had Mary been there, she would have had to have her share, her fourth.

Presently he realized that Phœbe—he supposed because of her superior determination—had effaced herself altogether. She was always doing dreary things, he noticed, out of her turn. Then he perceived a change in her. Little Phœbe, in consequence of all the dreary things she did, was beginning to grow thin and pale. She looked as if she wanted more of the tonic air of the cliff-side. She did still take her turn at climbing to the plateau and sitting there all alone. But that, Gibson reflected, was, after all, for Phœbe, a very dreary thing to do.

One evening he took courage and asked Phœbe to come for a walk to the cliff-side with him.

Phœbe did not answer all at once. She shrank, he could see, from the enormity of having him all to herself.

"Go," said Effie; "it will do you worlds of good."

"*You* go."

Effie laughed and shook her head.

"Come, too, then. Mr. Gibson, say she 's to come, too!"

"You know," said Effie, "it 's my turn to stay with Father."

She said it severely, as if Phœbe had been trying unfairly to deprive her of a privilege and a delight. They were delicious, Phœbe and Effie, but it was Phœbe that he wanted this time.

They set out at a brisk pace that brought the blood to Phœbe's cheeks and made her prettier than ever. Phœbe, of course, had done her best to make her prettiness entirely unobtrusive. She wore a muslin shirt and a tie, and a sailor hat which was not specially becoming to her small head, and her serge skirt had to be both wide and short because of pushing the bath-chair about through all kinds of weather. But the sea-wind caught her; it played with her hair; it blew a little dark curl out of place to hang distractingly over Phœbe's left ear; it blew the serge skirt tight about her limbs, and showed him, in spite of Phœbe, how prettily Phœbe was made.

"Why did n't you back me up?" said Phœbe. "She wanted to come all the time."

He turned, as he walked, to look at her.

"Why did n't I back you up? Do you really want to know why?"

Whenever he took that tone, Phœbe looked solemn and a little frightened. She was frightened now, too frightened to answer him.

"Because," said he, "I wanted you all to myself."

"Oh!" Phœbe drew a long, terrified breath.

There are many ways of saying "Oh," but Gibson had never, never in his whole life, heard any woman say it as Phœbe said it then. It meant that she was staggered at anybody having the temerity to want anything all to himself.

"Do you think me very selfish?"

Phœbe assured him instantly that that had never been her idea of him.

"Shall I tell you who *is* selfish?"

Phœbe's little mouth hardened. She was so dreadfully afraid that he was going to say "Your father."

"You," he said—"you."

"I 'm afraid I am," said she. "It 's so hard not to be."

He stood still in his astonishment, so that she had to stand still, too.

"Of course it 's hard not to give up things when you like giving them up; but Miss Effie likes giving them up, too, and it 's selfish of you to prevent her, is n't it?"

"Oh, but you don't know what it 's been—Effie's life and Mary's."

"And yours—"

"Oh, no; I 'm happy enough. I 'm the youngest."

"You mean you 've had a year or two less of it."

"Yes. They never told me, for fear of making me unhappy, when Father's illness came."

"How long ago was that?"

"Five years ago. I was at school."

He made a brief calculation. During the two years of his married life, Phœbe had been a child at school.

"And two years," said Phœbe, "is a long time to be happy in."

"Yes," he said; "it 's a long time."

"And then," she went on presently, "I 'm so much stronger than Effie and Mary."

"Not strong enough to go dragging that abominable bath-chair about."

"Not strong enough? Look!"

She held out her right arm for him to look at; beneath the muslin sleeve he saw its tense roundness, and its whiteness through the slit above her wrist.

His heart stirred in him. Phœbe's arms were beautiful, and they were strong to help.

"I wish," he said, "I could make it better for you."

"Oh, but you *have* made it better for us. You can't think what a difference you 've made."

"Have I? Have I?"

"Yes. Effie said so only the other day. She wrote it to Mary. And Mary says it 's a shame she can't be here. It is, you know. It makes us feel so mean having you all to ourselves like this."

He laughed. He laughed whenever he thought of it. There was nobody who could say things as Phœbe said them.

"I wish," said she, "you knew Mary. You 'd like her so."

"I 'm sure I should, if she 's at all like you."

Her innocence sheltered him, made him bold.

"Oh, but she is n't."

And he listened while she gave him a long list of Mary's charms. Dear little tender, unconscious Phœbe!

"She sounds," he said, "very like you."

"She is n't the least bit like me. You don't know me."

"Don't I?"

"Mary 's coming back at the end of the month. Then either I or Effie will go away. Do you think you 'll still be here?"

He seemed to her to answer absently.

"Which of you, did you say, was going away?"

"Well, it 's Effie's turn."

"Yes," he said; "I think I shall still be here."

One night, a week later, the two sisters sat talking together long after "Father" had been put to bed.

"Phœbe," said Effie, "why did you want me to come with you and Mr. Gibson?"

"Because—" said Phœbe.

"My dear, it 's you he likes, not me."

"Don't, Effie!"

"But it 's true," said Effie.

"How can you tell?" said Phœbe, and she felt perfidious.

"Is n't he always going about with you?"

But Phœbe was ingenious in the destruction of her own joy.

"Oh," said she, "that 's his cunning. He likes you dreadfully. He goes about with me just to hide it."

"You goose!"

"Are you sure, Effie, you don't care?"

"Not a rap."

"You never did? Not in the beginning?"

"Certainly not in the beginning. I only thought he might be nice for you."

"You did n't even want to divide him?"

Effie shook her head vehemently.

"Well—he 's the only thing I ever

wanted all to myself. If—" Then Phœbe looked frightened. "Effie," she said, "he 's never said anything."

"All the same, you *know*."

"Can you know?"

"I think so," said Effie.

III

GIBSON had been talking a long time to Phœbe. They were sitting together on the beach, under the shadow of the cliff. He was trying to form Phœbe's mind. Phœbe's mind was deliciously young, and it had the hunger and thirst of youth. A little shy and difficult to approach, Phœbe's mind, but he had found out what it liked best, and it pleased him to see how confidingly and delicately it, so to speak, ate out of his hand.

He puzzled her a good deal, and she had a very pretty way of closing her eyes when she was puzzled. In another woman it would have meant that he was boring her; Phœbe did it to shut out the intolerable light of knowledge.

"Ah—don't!" he cried.

"Don't shut my eyes? I always shut my eyes when I 'm trying to think," said Phœbe.

He said nothing. That was not what he had meant when he had said "Don't!"

"Am I boring you?" he said presently. His tone jarred a little on Phœbe. He had such a nice voice generally.

"No," said she. "Why?"

"Because you keep on doing that."

"Doing what?"

"That."

"Oh—this?"

She put up her hand and untwisted the little tendril of brown hair that hung, deliciously, over her left ear.

"I always do that when I 'm thinking."

He very nearly said, "Then, for God's sake, don't think!"

But Phœbe was always thinking now.

He began to hate the little brown curl that hung over her left ear, though it was anguish to him to hate anything that was Phœbe's. He looked out with nervous anxiety for the movement of her little white hand. He said to himself, "If she does it again, I can't come near her any more."

Yet he kept on coming, and was happy with her until Phœbe, poor predestined little Phœbe, did it again. Gibson shuddered with the horror of the thing. He kept on saying to himself: "She 's sweet, she 's good, she 's adorable; it is n't her fault. But I can't—I can't sit in the room with it."

And the next minute Phœbe would be so adorable that he would repent miserably of his brutality.

Then, one hot still evening, he was alone with her in the little sitting-room. Outside, on the grass-plot, her father sat in his bath-chair while Effie read aloud to him (out of her turn). Her voice made a cover for Gibson's voice and Phœbe's.

Phœbe was dressed, for the heat, in a white gown with wide, open sleeves. Her low collar showed the pure, soft swell of her neck to the shoulder-line.

She was sitting upright and demure in a straight-backed chair, with her hands folded quietly in her lap.

"That is n't a very comfortable chair you 've got," he said.

He knew that she was tired with pushing the bath-chair about all day.

"It 's the one I always sit in," said Phœbe.

"Well, you 're not going to sit in it now," said he.

He drew the arm-chair out of its sacred corner and made her sit in that. He put a cushion at her head and a footstool at her feet.

"You make my heart ache," he said.

"Do I?"

He could not tell whether the little shaking breath she drew were a laugh or a sigh.

She lay back, letting her tired body slacken into rest. The movement loosened the little combs that kept the coil of her brown hair in place. Phœbe abhorred dishevelment. She put up her hands to her head. Her wide sleeve fell back, showing the full length of her white arms.

He saw another woman stretching her arms to the man who leaned above her. He saw the movement of her hands—hands of the same texture and whiteness as her body, instinct with its impulses. A long procession of abominations passed through the white arch of her arms, the arch she raised in triumph and defiance, immortalizing her sin.

He was very tender with Phœbe that night, for his heart was wrung with compunction.

"I adore her," he said to himself; "but I can't live with *that.*"

Gibson left by the early train next day. He went without saying good-by, and without leaving an explanation or an address.

Phœbe held her head high, and said, day after day, "There 's sure to be a letter."

Three weeks passed, and no letter came. Phœbe saw that it was all over.

One day she was found (Effie found her) on her bed, crying. She was so weak that she let Effie take her in her arms.

"If I only knew what I had done!" she said. "Oh, Effie, what could have made him go away?"

"I can't tell you, my lamb. You must n't think about him any more."

"I can't help thinking. You see, it 's not as if he had n't been so nice."

"He could n't have been nice to treat you that way."

"He did n't," said Phœbe, fiercely. "He did n't treat me any way. I sometimes think I must have made it all up out of my own head. Did I?"

"No, no. I 'm sure you did n't."

"It would have been awful of me. But I 'd rather be awful than have to think that he was. What *is* my worst fault, Effie?"

"Your worst fault, in his eyes, is that you have none."

Phœbe sat up on the edge of the bed. She was thinking hard. And as she thought her hand went up, caressing unconsciously the little brown curl.

"If I only knew," said she, "what I had done."

Gibson never saw Phœbe Richardson again. But a year later, as he turned suddenly on to the esplanade of a strange watering-place, he encountered the bath-chair, drawn by Effie and another lady. He made way, lifting his cap mechanically to its occupant.

The general looked at him. The courteous old hand checked itself in the salute. The affable smile died grimly.

Effie turned away her head. The other lady (it must have been "Mary") raised her eyes in somber curiosity.

Phœbe was not with them. Gibson supposed that she was away somewhere, recovering in her turn.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

A "DEMONSTRATION" BY GOVERNOR HUGHES

LINCOLN thought much of the mathematical demonstration of his ideas. This was the keynote of his style, though it had other qualities. Governor Hughes, in a brief extemporary address made in Buffalo at a recent meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, illustrated Mr. Lincoln's method of demonstration. In clear, concise, and direct language he demonstrated the advantages of civil-service reform; that is, of the merit system as opposed to the spoils system.

The Governor had just been visiting several institutions under the care of the State, and he regarded it as appropriate that the day should be closed with some remarks on civil-service reform. In the course of these remarks he said:

> Now, we are a government of laws and not of men, and most important is it that we should never lose sight of that fact. The government depends upon principle, upon the will of the people as expressed in the fundamental law and in legislation enacted according to popular desire, and does not depend upon the wish or caprice of individuals. But in another and equally important sense we have a government of men and we will have no government better than the men who administer it.
>
> Fundamentally, we need two things: First, the untrammeled expression of the people in the choice of their officers who administer and in the choice of their legislators who make their laws.
>
> We want no limit placed upon legitimate

political activity. There is a vast amount of earnest political endeavor, of honest effort to achieve what is right in the world of politics. We want more and not less of it. But we want no perversion of our party or political machinery so as to set up obstacles in the way of that freedom of choice by which the people can get the men they want and the laws they want.

And then the second thing is efficiency—the highest degree of efficiency in the management of the business of the State.

If you have those two things—untrammeled expression of the popular will, through necessary organization and political machinery, of course, but created and active for the purpose of expressing and not preventing the expression of the popular will, and, on the other hand, efficiency according to approved standards, recognized in the world of business, in the management of public concerns—then you have true democratic government.

The object of civil-service reform is not to provide theorists with a pet idea and an opportunity to maintain a propaganda of interests to a limited few. The object is not to hamper any legitimate political work; not to protect a class of people who happen to be engaged in the State service. The object is just one, and that is to have the business of the State conducted as well as it can be conducted.

Governor Hughes continued his demonstration—declaring that capacity, disinterestedness, and accountability must be secured in public appointees; and that while he does not attach undue importance to examination papers, the competitive system is the best yet devised for the selection of public servants, wherever such examination is practicable. "I believe in that," he said, "I thoroughly indorse it; and I hope to see it extended throughout the States of the Union." Incidentally the Governor remarked.—putting an old truth in new form,—that "there may be a severer test of character in the room where, unobserved, a paid official of the government performs the work for which he gets his stipend than in the rush, hurrah, and enthusiasm of the charge upon the field of battle."

No wonder that the men and women who understand the fundamental value of the merit system in bringing about and maintaining good government in city, State, and nation feel that another Governor of New York has set far forward the standard of a great patriotic cause.

The same Buffalo paper that printed the Governor's "demonstration" contained the following news despatch:

HERE ARE THE AXIOMS ON WHICH HUGHES WAS REARED

Watertown, Nov. 7 (A. P.).—"'A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.' This rule I taught my son in infancy, and to the axiom, as he matured, I added this motto, 'Be concise; convey your thoughts in the fewest words, but plainly.'"

Thus spoke the Reverend D. C. Hughes, father of Governor Hughes, in an address on this, the concluding day of the Baptist Old Home Week.

A big audience, including many from near-by places, heard his evening address. His allusion to his son awoke much enthusiasm.

The simultaneous appearance of the address of father and son, and the light that the father's address throws upon the son's, constitute a very pretty coincidence.

A GOOD WORKING HYPOTHESIS

ANOTHER college president has ranged himself on the side of those who believe that the world is getting better, not worse. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University states his view on the subject without equivocation. He thinks the feeling is growing that men must be held strictly accountable for irregularities and overreaching quite apart from the strict letter of the law. This is a period of advancement. You can see it, he says, by talking to the men you meet while traveling, especially in the West, and with the average American—the lawyers, the manufacturers, the shopkeepers, and business men. Some of the men whose business methods are now being held up to public criticism believe that they came into their fortunes by fair means. "We were like other men." "But," says President Butler, "we have set up a different and a higher code. The business tactics that were permitted then are looked upon as unethical to-day. We have advanced, and, advancing, have changed our attitude toward life." President Butler goes on to declare that "we have, also, a more exacting code of public life."

Possibly our announced standards are not so very much higher, but public opinion does not now easily permit departure

from the standards. At any rate, the doctrine that things are really getting better, notwithstanding all the exposure of scandals,—that these refer to exceptions and are incidents of moral progress,—is a very cheering and encouraging doctrine, and an excellent "working hypothesis."

MARS: A NEW PHASE

A NEW phase has been reached in the discussion as to whether or not Mars is inhabited. The observations and photographic records of the Lowell expedition to the Andes, published in the December CENTURY, are corroborative of Professor Percival Lowell's independent observations and records made at Flagstaff, Arizona. The scientific world is to be congratulated on the results of the expedition, the astronomers of Europe having looked to America for the fullest information with regard to the planet; but especial congratulations should be extended to Professor Lowell himself, for these highly interesting results are due to his own enterprise and persistence.

The latest observations at Flagstaff, and those of the expedition to the Andes, give enhanced importance to Professor Lowell's original theories and arguments, which are to be further developed in forthcoming papers in his series now appearing in THE CENTURY. These derive additional interest from the fact that at Flagstaff, we understand, is the most space-penetrating refractor in the world; and that Mr. Lowell is a mathematician, and his chief arguments are mathematical.

HARD TIMES AND GOOD BOOKS

IT is said that in hard times people buy books for presents, instead of more expensive gifts. The writers and printers and publishers are interested in this tendency. They think that there may be a good deal in it. They hope that people, in especially economizing periods, may not only turn more than ever to the buying of books and magazines for presents, but for reading.

It would not be a bad outcome of hard times if people should learn to spend more of their time in good reading, rather than in the highly expensive amusements and distractions. The habit of reading is not only profitable to those who write, print, and publish, but, if rightly guided, vastly profitable to those who do the reading. Let us all read!

OPEN LETTERS

The World's Desire

[By an accident in the make-up a portion of Dr. Burton's poem was omitted from the November number. It is here printed in full.—THE EDITOR.]

BEAUTY is like a star
  Shamed in the bold daylight,
But coming out of the far
  At the call of the mystic night.

Beauty is like a dream:
  We wake, and, lo! it is flown;
If we sleep again, 't would seem,
  We may make it our very own.

Beauty is like a flower
  In a dusk garden set,
That, reaved away, for an hour
  Gives of her odor yet.

Beauty is like a tune
  Soft-played in a perfect place,
Where, slowly under the moon,
  Walk figures of wondrous grace.

Beauty is like a flame
  That, fanned by the breath of men,
Leaps into loud acclaim,
  Fitfully falls again.

. . . . . .

Yea, and they all are as one:
  They carry the world's desire,
Out of far mystery spun,
  Melody, fragrance, and fire.

Richard Burton.

Ferdinand-Victor-Eugène Delacroix's "Dante and Vergil Crossing the Stygian Lake"

(FRENCH MASTERS)

DELACROIX was born at Charenton-St.-Maurice, in 1799. The picture of "Dante and Vergil Crossing the Stygian Lake" is one of the very earliest of his works. It was painted in a few weeks, when the artist was only about twenty-three years old. In a letter to his friend Soulier, upon its completion, Delacroix writes: "I have been working like a dog on a subject that has taken every instant of my time for the last two months and a half. I have made in this time a picture of considerable size that is going to figure in the Salon. I wanted very much to see myself there, and it is a stroke of fortune that I attempt."

It was exhibited at the Salon of 1822, and concerning it Thiers wrote: "No work could reveal better the advent of a great artist than this picture. The author projects his figures and groups with the ease and boldness of Michael Angelo and the fecundity of Rubens."

It is a large canvas, measuring nearly six feet high by eight feet wide. It was bought by the state on its exhibition, and was hung in the Luxembourg Museum in Paris. It is now to be seen in the Louvre, in Salle VIII of the French School of Paintings.

T. Cole.

"Lincoln in the Telegraph Office"

HOW THE PRESIDENT TAUGHT LITTLE TAD TO SIGNAL AT HIS OFFICE DOOR

IN the Wilderness chapter of Mr. David Homer Bates's book, "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" (which is an expansion of the papers printed in THE CENTURY), reference is made to the fact that the first news of Grant's initial Eastern battle was brought to Lincoln by Henry E. Wing, then a "New York Tribune" correspondent (now the Rev. Henry E. Wing of South Norwalk, Conn.). Since the appearance of the volume he has written to Mr. Bates, as follows, with reference to the chapter, which in the September CENTURY was entitled "Lincoln's Family Relations":

"Your 'Lincoln in the Telegraph Office' is one of the most valuable collections of authentic personal incidents in the life of that great man that has ever been published. Some of the chapters relating to public affairs have great historic interest, but the one that pleases me most is the chapter on 'Lincoln's Love for his Children.'

"I witnessed an incident in his family life that made a wonderful impression upon me, and which belongs in the account of Lincoln's relations with the telegraph, because of the use of Morse dots and dashes in a private signal between the father and his favorite child.

"At Lincoln's request, made at my early morning interview with him on May 7, 1864, when I brought the first authentic news from Grant's Wilderness fight, I always went to see him when I came from the front.

"In the summer of that year I was at the White House late one night, with my field maps spread out on the table, explaining some details of one of Grant's battles, when my attention was distracted by a gentle knocking on the panel of the door, to which the President gave no heed. Then the door-knob was rattled and a childish voice called, 'Unfasten the door.' Lincoln thereupon rose and drew the bolt, and little Tad [then ten years old], in his nightgown, bounced in, jumped upon his father's lap, and threw his arms about his neck.

"The little fellow, I afterward learned, was in the habit, if he awoke in the night, of creeping into his father's bed; but, on this occasion, not finding him, had come over to the office, which was on the same floor.

"Lincoln, with his boy upon his knee, began with patience to teach him to make a certain signal by tapping on the desk with Tad's fist doubled up in the father's big bony hand.

"There were three quick raps, followed by two slower ones, thus – – – —— —— and over and over again these dots and dashes were sounded on the desk until Tad made the signal correctly without his father's help.

"It appears that the child had before been taught to make this signal on the office door whenever he wanted to come in, and that no matter how busy Lincoln might be or with whom he was closeted, Tad could thus always gain admission. But on this occasion he had forgotten the signal, and so his father paid no attention to the disturbance until he heard his child's voice."

The Language that "Bewrayed" St. Peter

MRS. AGNES SMITH LEWIS of Cambridge, England, author of "What Language Did Christ Speak," in THE CENTURY for December, 1896; and "Hidden Egypt," in September, 1904, writes to us concerning a Biblical lectionary in Palestinian Syriac, a sample leaf of which was given in a postscript to her second article. She and others have now recovered in all a dozen leaves missing from the book in her possession, and with the permission of Dr. Duensing and his publishers, Messrs. Vanderhoeck & Ruprecht, she is now enabled to print all the recovered pages as a supplement to "Studia Sinaitica," No. VI. Mrs. Lewis adds: "Syriac scholars will thus be enabled to study all in one volume an interesting monument of the old Galilean dialect which 'bewrayed' St. Peter, and which was on the lips of the Saviour in His hour of supreme agony."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Auto Friends

JONES would buy an auto; he
Fancied first a red Kew-Tee.
Would have got it (horrors!), but
Providence or young McNutt
Interfered to tell him how
Kew-Tees always raised a row.
Engines faulty. "Get a Bing,"
Mac advised. "The only thing."

So Jones tried a Bing. Bing seemed
All that he had ever dreamed.
Just about a Bing to buy
(Horrors!) when Smith stopped him.
"Fie!
What 's the matter with you! Say!
Mark my word, you 'll rue the day."
And explained. "Now, you just get,"
He advised, "a Scooterette."

Scooterette? Yes, Jones had heard
Much of Scooterettes averred.
Awful good machine, they said;
Up-to-date, in blue or red.
Almost bought, when Trauterwein
Butted in. "A friend of *mine*—"
Told that friend's discoveries,
And advised: "You get a Whizz."

Sounded good—until 't was found
Whizzes would n't turn around!
Harris put him on to that,
And advised to get a Scat.
Almost got one, too, Jones did,
But a brother broker chid:
"No; a steamer 's what *you* want.
Now, you buy a Never-Daunt."

Never-daunt! And that 's the way
Jones was badgered day to day.
Now, it 's mighty queer, I ween,
When one 's buying a machine,
How the *other* chaps would choose
What a fellow ought to use!
Holy Moses! Let a man
Pick his own machine, 's *my* plan.

When Jones came around to *me*
(He was back to the Kew-Tee),
I 'd no ax to grind, I said;
Told him to go right ahead—
Buy whatever make he wished—
Kew-Tee wheels were easy dished,
So I 'd heard; but— "Lookee here,"
Asked I, "ever *try* the *Vere?*"

Edwin L. Sabin.

Sonnet

NOW, poetaster, don your thinking-cap,
And run the gamut of the alphabet,
If chance within the letters' maze be met
Some lucky rhyme to fit into a gap;
Then from your finger-tips' melodious tap—
With short and long, iambic tare and tret—
Fourteen pentameters together set
And dub it sonnet—poetry, mayhap.

Rhymester, I saw a potter on a day
Apply the mathematics of his trade;
Thumping a measured cadence from his clay
Until a cup of such a shape he made.
But, ah! not all his potter's skill or wit
Could place a fragrant drop of wine in it.

William F. McCormack.

A Good Story

"MY definition of a good story," drawled Simpkins as he lighted a cigarette, "is—"

"Any one that you tell yourself," put in Gus Fernald, tossing aside the "Evening Crier."

"Yes, that, of course, goes without saying," the other answered lightly. "But what I was about to say, before you interrupted, was that a good story is never one that is told in the bosom of the speaker's family."

"By Jove! that 's so," Fernald exclaimed emphatically. "Last Thursday I was dining at the Dobson's, *en famille,* and we had reached dessert in peace and amity when suddenly Elizabeth bethought her of a funny story which she desired to tell me.

"She said the story had been told her by Ethel Staunton's cousin from New York."

"'He was n't from New York,' interpolated Lucy Dobson; 'he came from Syracuse.'

"'Now, that can't be so,' Ted Dobson put in quickly. 'I know his family as well as I know my own name; they 've lived in New York for twenty years.'

"'Well, Ethel's cousin was coming on to Boston for a Christmas party,' Elizabeth continued, 'and he—'

"'You know it was n't a Christmas party,' Lucy corrected; 'it was an Easter ball. You and I both were asked, and you had tonsilitis. Don't you remember I lost my best gold bangle that very week?'

"'Yes, and I had to pay the boy that found it ten dollars,' Mr. Dobson commented.

"'Now, Ethel's cousin had with him one of those great big English bags, and when he went aboard the train—'

"'Elizabeth, he did n't take the train; it was the boat,' Lucy announced. 'Don't you know all that family detest traveling by rail?'

"'Yes,' declared Mrs. Dobson. 'You see, their father was killed in that terrible accident when three car-loads of passengers were burned up in that tunnel. When was that, father?'

"'That must have been early in 1862,' responded Mr. Dobson, 'for I was down South with my regiment just at that time.'

"'Oh, no, pa,' Ted cried decisively; 'you know you always said you were out West until the end of 1862. I guess you 're getting rusty on your dates.'

"'As I was saying,' Elizabeth went on, 'the young man went aboard the train—'

"'The boat,' the family ejaculated.

"'He went aboard the boat carrying his great big bag containing, besides his clothes, two very curious manuscripts which his Aunt Susan was sending—'

"'Not his Aunt Susan; it was a friend of hers, an old school friend,' Lucy exclaimed.

"'Well, nothing happened until the following morning,' Elizabeth resumed, 'when the young man was hurrying ashore. It was, oh, very early—not more than half-past seven—'

"'Not more than half-past seven!' Ted remarked scornfully. 'It was n't half-past six. You don't call half-past seven *very* early, do you?'

"'Elizabeth thinks half-past nine is *very* early,' murmured her father. 'She 's not one of the early birds.'

"'Now, father, don't give a false impression of Elizabeth,' her mother protested warmly. 'She may require more sleep than other members of the family, but I assure you, Mr. Fernald, she has n't a lazy bone in her whole body.'

"She was just saying," I ventured to suggest, "that the young man with the big bag had left the boat—"

"'Yes,' she resumed. 'He picked up his large bag and hurried off to catch the first electric car—'

"'Now you are spoiling the main point,' Lucy expostulated. 'He thought he took his bag, but really—'

"'Stop, Lucy,' her sister said reproachfully; 'you must n't tell that yet. That takes away the whole surprise. As he was hurrying to catch the first electric car—'

"'I wish you would n't clip your words, Elizabeth,' her father said reprovingly. 'It is such a bad habit—even worse than your never pronouncing the letter R.'

"'A car was just coming around the curve, and as he was about to jump aboard, off sprang a very pretty girl, in a great hurry, not even waiting for the car to stop. She was facing the wrong way, as women always do, and so the motion of the car threw her directly on her face—'

"'Oh, no, Elizabeth,' her father interrupted. 'If she were facing backward, in proper feminine fashion, she must have fallen on her back, not on her face.'

"'Father, I beg to disagree with you,' Ted said decidedly. 'Elizabeth is right; the young girl must have fallen on her face.'

"'Why, Ted, how can you say so? Father is right, I 'm sure he is,' Lucy declared, while Mrs. Dobson remarked that she agreed entirely with Ted's idea.

"The family, thus having taken sides, argued the case with rapidly increasing warmth and spirit, appealing anxiously to me for my just verdict, which I was wise enough not to pronounce."

"And the good story, how did it end?" Simpkins inquired.

"I really do not know. I was obliged to hurry off right after dinner, and when I left, Ted and his father were having high words in the dining-room upon the subject of falling off cars. Ted was illustrating his point by jumping from the sofa to the polished floor; the rugs were disarranged, and chairs were strewn about in wild confusion. Up in the drawing-room the two girls and their mother were shedding tears upon the subject, and poor Elizabeth had quite forgotten that I had failed to hear the end of her good story."

Caroline Ticknor.

Ballade of the Joke Perennial

WHO love old friends, old books, old wine,
And times and manners new deplore,
Will like this little lilt of mine
Whose flavor 's musty to the core:—
The joke enduring, famed of yore,
Which lives unlaid, like Banquo's ghost,
I sing, 'twixt cachinnation o'er
The letter "Hubby" failed to post!

The wise mark time whene'er they dine,
And the raconteur takes the floor,
To lay a wreath at Humor's shrine
And "set the table in a roar."
Some gems scintillant barely score;
Some move to smiles alone the host:—
They wait till flutters to the fore
The letter "Hubby" failed to post!

Then mirth unbridled racks the line;—
What stealthy prods, what wild encore,
That touch of nature superfine

To kinship proves the "open door."
No shaft of wit from Attic lore,
No bon-mot which the archives boast,
Can match the *morceau*, aged and hoar:
The letter "Hubby" failed to post!

ENVOY

Prince, when another glass you pour,
In silence drink with me a toast:
"The jest that palsied Grandsire Noah:
The letter 'Hubby' failed to post!"

John James Davies.

Drawn by Charles Nuttall

THE BARGAIN HUNTERS

MRS. MULLIGAN—The Judge fined Clancy tin dollars for givin' Rafferty them two black eyes.
MRS. O'TOOLE—Faith, that was a bargain!

Hank Spink's Discovery

WHAT! has n't some one told you how
Hank Spink devised a plan
To marry off those girls of his and get
them each a man?
Well, all the folks in Easyville have
laughed at Hank's smooth trick,
And if you 'd seen the girls you 'd think
he worked it pretty slick.

For, mind you, those four girls of his they
were n't a beauty show;
But since they tell us "pretty is as pretty
does," you know,
I s'pose that they were handsome, for, as
often is the case,
Folks said they were as kind of heart as
they were plain of face.

The fleeting years went swiftly by, and
though they set their caps,
And set them good and wide, Hank's girls
could never catch the chaps;
Till Hank was just about broke up with
buying things to make
His daughters look attractive. Yet somehow
they did n't take.

One day Hank threshed his buckwheat out,
and ere he scarce knew what,
The cows came from the clover-field and
broke into the lot,
And went to eating buckwheat straw. Well,
everybody knows
That buckwheat straw, for eating, is the
poorest stuff that grows.

And then Hank thought awhile and said:
"Wall, naouw, that 's strange; an' yet
Them cows is jest like other folks—won't
have what they can get;
But put a fence around that stuff we know
ain't fit to eat,
An' they 'll break in to get it, an' they 'll
think it mighty sweet."

And just from that suggestion Hank devised
a method which
He knew would catch the fellows, and he hit
it good and rich.
He told his eldest daughter (named Eliza)
all about
His scheme, and made her promise that
she 'd help him work it out.

Eliza had attained the age when even Hank
himself
Considered her as being sort of "laid upon
the shelf";
But Hank was reconciled to that. "It 's
better so," said he;
"We 'll need one girl at home to care fer my
old wife an' me."

Hank bought a brindle bulldog with
protruding under jaw;
He loaded up his shot-gun, too, and then
laid down the law:
"If any feller dares to come to steal my
girls," he said,
"He 'll find his carcass all chawed up an'
filled chock full o' lead."

Before that time those girls of Hank's had
never missed a chance
Of being present everywhere at party and
at dance;
But now a sense of loneliness crept round
the festive hall:
The Spink girls were no longer there
a-dressing up the wall.

Thereafter they were wanted much, and said, "We 'd love to come,
But father will not let us, so we 'll have to stay at home."
And then the beaux, who 'd never thought of going there before,
All went to stealing up that way and hanging round the door.

The young men yearned to marry, but the girls said, "There 's no hope
Of father's e'er consenting"; then the boys said, "Let 's elope!"
And all the girls told 'Liza everything 't was said and done,
While that match-making sister planned the way for every one.

Well, just to make the story short, when Christmas eve arrived,
Three well-thought-out elopements had by 'Liza been contrived.
And 'Liza and her parents, oh! they 'd laugh and laugh and laugh
About the way they 'd worked their plan for catching birds with chaff.

And 'Liza did her task so well that not a sister knew
That there were others in the flock about to marry, too,
And on that Christmas eve should walk the orange-blossomed path,
And then on Christmas morn return and face their father's wrath.

On Christmas eve the sisters went, presumably, to see
Friends scattered 'bout the neighborhood; and, likewise, 'Liza she
Had planned to be away all night and then come home next day
And watch the happy pairs return and hear what they would say.

But when they 'd all set out from home, Hank's heart was aught but glad.
To have three daughters quit his roof would make the old folks sad.
And just one thought kept down the sigh and drove away the tear:
They 'd still have 'Liza all their own, to fill the home with cheer.

* * * * *

The Christmas morn dawned bright and glad; the first eloping pair
Appeared, had been forgiven, and the second one was there,
And after that the third one came; but 'Liza, where was she?
Her absence seemed to cast a chill about the Christmas glee.

They searched her room and found this note: "Dear parents: please forgive;
But every throbbing heart must find its own true life to live.
I could not see my sisters wed and leave me 'on the shelf';
Your buckwheat-straw plan worked so well I 've caught a man myself."

Drawn by W. O. Wilson
"TIME IS MONEY"

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PROGRESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE WORK OF EDUARD J. STEICHEN

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

ONLY a few years ago painters refused to include photography among the mediums of artistic expression, and there is still an academic reluctance to admit it. That painters of broader sympathies have already acknowledged its artistic possibilities is largely due to the influence of Eduard J. Steichen. They found it easier to accept his photographic work seriously because he is both a painter and a photographer, and having recognized the artistic quality of his paintings, they were the more disposed to recognize it in his prints. It is with his work as a photographer that I am chiefly concerned here, and to make the story clear, must connect it with the movement of which he is a part; for his own development has been an outcome of that of pictorial photography.

I suppose by this time the meaning of the term, pictorial photography, is pretty generally understood. It has been adopted by those photographers whose primary aim is to make pictures. They imply by it that they are interested in photography not as a scientific method of making a record of facts, but as a means of artistic expression by which they may render the impression that the facts have made upon their imagination. In landscape-pictures, for example, their aim is similar to that of the painter, who, not satisfied merely to reproduce the appearance of the scene, tries also to express some mood of nature or some particular quality of beauty in the scene, and, in so doing, to make his picture also yield a suggestion of the feeling which the mood or quality has aroused in himself. Similarly in portraits the pictorial photographer follows the example of the painter, who, beside securing a likeness, endeavors to render something of the character of the sitter, and at the same time to give his picture qualities of abstract beauty by harmonious arrangement of lines and masses, light and shade, color and tone. In a word, like artists in other mediums, he aims not only to rep-

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resent the concrete fact, but also to suggest impressions of abstract enjoyment through the qualities of the technic.

There were critics, however, and still may be, for prejudice dies hard, who deny that it is possible for photography to be an art, since every stage of it is not absolutely controlled by the operator. But, after all, it is efficacy that really counts. We may well be satisfied to judge a work of art by what it is, and not upon some hypothesis concerning the method of its production. Does it correspond to three tests? First, as a rendering of some concrete object, is it satisfying? Secondly, are its technical qualities excellent? Thirdly, does it excite in us a heightened sense of beauty? Judged by these tests, a goodly number of pictorial photographs will be recognized as works of art, except by critics of inveterate prejudice. To the criticisms of the latter no one has paid less heed than Steichen. With an independence of conventions, an aggressiveness, and a dogged optimism, that are thoroughly American, he has seen possibilities ahead, and has followed them up until he has obtained results that cannot be ignored.

Steichen was born some twenty-eight years ago of parents who were natives of Luxemburg, and had migrated to this country and settled in Milwaukee. Exactly what racial ingredients he has inherited I am unaware; but those who know him will, I think, detect a strong infusion of the German. As a boy he had few advantages of schooling, and at an early age was employed as a printer's devil in a lithographic concern. He had already displayed a marked bias for drawing, which his mother, a woman of fine qualities of mind, encouraged. She had a little business of her own, and even thus early was putting the savings by to help on her boy's artistic career. His younger sister, as she grew up, added her savings to the same cause.

Meanwhile, the boy made his mark in the lithographic shop and was promoted to the drafting-room. Here he gained the proud distinction of designing advertisements for breweries and patent medicines. Then he happened to take up photography. Being of the kind that does not wait for the opportunity to come *to him, he went* forth and sought it on Sundays and holidays at the picnics that are popular around Milwaukee. There, setting up his camera, he did a thriving business in the snap-shotting line among the members of the local Gesangverein and Turnverein. No doubt it was an excellent training for eye and nerve. In its opportunities for the study of character and composition it was not unlike the practice gained by the young Watteau, when, on fair-days in Valenciennes, he perched on some coign of vantage and studied the pranks of the mountebanks and crowds.

The next step in his career was reached when he accidentally made the acquaintance of "Camera Notes." This magazine, while ostensibly the official organ of the New York Camera Club, really owed its inception and continuance in the cause of pictorial photography to the efforts of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz.

Hitherto Steichen may have had some notions of making pictures as well as photographs, but his use of the camera had been mainly for the purpose of saving money to pay for an "art" education. Now, however, he was awakened to the fact that he might further his study of art through the medium of the camera itself. From being a solitary worker, groping in a new field, he found himself at one bound in a field already worked and planted by others with artistic intentions similar to his own. Though as yet not knowing them, and still to them a stranger, he became a fellow-worker in the new movement. Of its evolution he himself became a part. It is necessary to emphasize this in fairness to other photographers who bore the brunt of the pioneer work. The results of his new inspiration were seen in the prints which were sent, in 1899, to the Philadelphia Photographic Salon. Their originality and beauty were recognized by one of the hanging committee, Clarence H. White, who wrote to Steichen a letter of congratulation. This was the first encouragement that the young man had received from a stranger, and was all the more precious to him because it came from one whose prints were then reckoned—as, indeed, they still are—among the best examples of pictorial photography.

Encouraged by the reception of his work in Philadelphia, the following year

From a photograph by Steichen. Copyright, 1907, by Eduard J. Steichen

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM M. CHASE

Steichen sent a group of prints to the first photographic exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago. Among the judges were Clarence H. White and Alfred Stieglitz. Recognizing that these prints represented a new note in photographic landscapes, they urged the acceptance of all of them. But this met with opposition, especially on the part of the only member of the jury who was a painter; so a compromise was effected. A few only were admitted, but were given a place of honor on the walls.

Among them was one entitled "The Pool." It represents a spot in a wood, twilight filtering through the trees, the pool half in shadow, an arabesque of leaves floating on its surface. The patterning of the composition is very decorative; the lighting is natural and full of suggestion of the hush and tenderness of evening, while the tonal qualities are excellent. It was the work of one who had been deeply moved by the solemn quiet of the scene, and had succeeded in communicating the impression to his print.

But it was condemned by the photographic press because the scene had not been "properly" focused; in other words, the details of the scene were not unnaturally sharp, but, as in nature, the contours of objects were softened and the light diffused. The camera could have made them seem sharp, therefore the lens ought to have been focused to that end. What is the good of a scientific contrivance if you don't indulge to the utmost its scientific excesses? Nature, forsooth, and art! The thing of chief concern is science. There was some justification for this extreme argument in defense of the integrity of the lens, since at that time many pictorial photographers, ignorant of the actual possibilities of the camera, were trying to imitate the effects of painting. Corot, especially, was their model; and they endeavored to secure expression in their prints by making them a mass of blobs and blurs and muzziness. They had realized that the lens of itself produced an excess of definition, too analytical a record; and, in trying to secure a synthesis of effect, were imitating the methods of another medium instead of trying to control their own. It *was in* this respect that "The Pool" represented something new in photographic landscape. It exhibited a feeling for massed effects, secured, however, by the control instead of by the obliteration of detail. As an example of platinum printing, the purist might object that it did not exhibit the full resources of the medium; but an exploitation of the medium was not the intention of its author. He had occupied himself with trying to express the spirit of the scene, in which effort the process itself had been treated simply as a means to an end. It is well to lay stress on this point, for "The Pool" was characteristic of all Steichen's subsequent work. There is not a process with which he has not experimented; but always with a complete disregard of what was assumed to be its value or limitations, intent solely on extracting from it the particular quality that he desired to obtain in a given instance.

Shortly after the exhibition in Chicago, Steichen was in a position to start upon his wander-year. It was in 1900 that he made his appearance in the New York Camera Club, seeking an interview with Stieglitz. The latter was arranging an exhibition of prints, when a tall young man with a large portfolio under his arm entered the room and announced that he was Steichen. Had Mr. Stieglitz time to look over the contents of his portfolio? Recognizing the name and associating it with "The Pool" and other prints, Mr. Stieglitz said he had. The portfolio held photographs, mostly platinum-prints, sketches in oil and in water-color, lithographs, pen-and-ink, pencil, and charcoal drawings. Stieglitz, recalling the incident, says that he was amazed at the variety and vigor of artistic intention that they revealed.

"Are they for sale?" he asked.

The question was received with a laugh. "Why, nobody wants to buy them."

"I 'll buy some," was the rejoinder. "What price?"

The young man shrugged his broad shoulders. "I don't know," he said.

"Well," continued Stieglitz, "you don't look any too rich. I 'll give you five dollars apiece, and rob you at that."

To Steichen, at the time, it did not seem like robbery; and, in fact, the prints were bought for the collection that

From a photograph by Steichen. Copyright, 1907, by Eduard J. Steichen

PORTRAIT OF RODIN, INCLUDING HIS STATUES OF VICTOR HUGO AND "LE PENSEUR"

PORTRAIT OF MISS [illegible]

From a photograph by Steichen. Copyright, 1907, by Eduard J. Steichen

PORTRAIT OF MISS DE C——

...ograph by Steichen. Half tone plate engraved by Henry Davidson. Copyright, 1907, by Edward J. Steichen

PORTRAIT OF MADAME ELEANORA DUSE

Stieglitz is making not for himself, but for eventual presentation to some museum.

His sketches and drawings he would not part with. He needed them to show to others. Already he had submitted them to the painters, William M. Chase and John W. Alexander, both of whom had received him kindly and encouraged him in his resolve. For he explained that he was on his way to Paris to study, and to see Rodin. The great sculptor's personality and work, of which he had made discovery in magazine articles, powerfully affected his imagination. He was possessed with the desire to know him and his art at first hand, and to photograph him. There were other great men that he was setting forth to meet, particularly, Maeterlinck and Watts.

I know nothing more significant of the character of Steichen's mind than his admiration for these men and his simple resolve to go to each and say, "You have stirred my imagination; I wish to make your portrait." Like other young men who are starting out into the world at twenty-one, he had his own personal longing to make something of himself; but it was weighted with a reverence that is none too usual. Nor was it, primarily at least, the craftsmanship of those men that attracted him. It was the qualities of mind and character, revealed in their personalities and work, so far as he had learned about them, that appealed to certain traits of his own character, to certain qualities latent in his own mind. His aggressiveness and independence were warmed by the long fight that Rodin had waged against academic misrepresentation and popular indifference; his imaginative reason was kindled by the subtle suggestiveness of Rodin's sculpture, as well as by the spirituality of Maeterlinck and the fine breath of Watts's idealism. For even thus early it was not the visible appearances of things that attracted the young man, but the latent truth, the underlying significance, the mystery that appeals to spirit. He belonged, with Ibsen's *Hilda*, to the new generation, tramping forward to a kingdom founded on material things, but builded up toward spiritual ideals.

At the close of this first interview with Stieglitz, the latter asked: "Now that you are going to Paris to study art, do you feel that, when you have mastered drawing and painting, you will abandon the camera?"

"Never," was the quick response. "I shall use the camera as long as I live; for it can say things that cannot be said in any other medium."

On the face of it, such a remark from a young man who had had only meager opportunities of gaging the resourcefulness of the various mediums, may seem ludicrously cocksure. To Stieglitz, however, in the case of this particular young man, it did not; and he gave the credence to it that I myself, knowing him some years later, would be disposed to give to any similar opinion that he might express. For he has in a marked degree that feminine quality of intuition, which swiftly and with surprising accuracy leaps to a conclusion for which later his vigorous mind discovers a reasonableness of cause and effect. Stieglitz, then, recognizing the unusualness of Steichen's talent, reasoned that, if this young man lived up to his ideals, he was bound to make a mark; that, if he should succeed in becoming an expert proficient both in photography and in painting, using the one or the other according to its better fitness to express what for the time being he had in mind, the claim that photography may be a medium of artistic expression would have to be admitted. It was to establish this claim, to encourage the photographers to justify it, and the public to recognize it, that he had been fighting for seventeen years. Now was the chance. If Steichen should make good his dual intention, the fight would be won. Thus began the friendship between the older and the younger man, based upon their common belief in photography.

Meanwhile Steichen, full of his dreams of a kingdom, set sail for Europe. Husbanding the little sum made up of his mother's, his sister's, and his own savings, he crossed in the steerage. Arrived in Paris, he entered one of the art-schools,—Julian's, I believe,—but after a few weeks left it. It seems that one of the professors praised some work of his, but, seeing it again a week later, condemned it. This was too much for Steichen's thinking mind. He came to the conclusion that criticism of this kind

From a photograph by Steichen. Copyright, 1907, by Eduard J. Steichen

HORSE-CHESTNUT BLOSSOMS

could be of no use to him. For the future he would rely upon his own observation and reflection.

Among the early acquaintances that he made in Paris was that of F. Holland Day of Boston, whose photographs had been attracting considerable notice in recent exhibitions. They were characterized by richness and subtlety of tone and by the beautiful rendering of lighted and shaded atmosphere. About this time also Steichen enjoyed the privilege of occasional visits to Rodin's studio, where, as he watched the master at work, he conceived the idea of photographing him with his massive head shown in silhouette against the marble of the "Victor Hugo." To this composition was later added the bronze figure of "Le Penseur." For Steichen had now begun to work in the gum-process, which permits an almost unlimited amount of freedom in the handling.

For those who, like myself, are laymen, it may be explained that in this process the photographer himself sensitizes the paper on which he intends to print with a solution of gum-arabic, bichromate of potash, and a pigment of any color he chooses. Light renders this solution insoluble. Therefore, when the paper is exposed beneath a negative, certain portions of the surface become more or less insoluble, according to the amount of light which they have received. When the negative is removed, the paper presents an undisturbed surface of uniform color; but after it has been subjected to water, the soluble portions begin to dissolve away until a faint image appears. Then, if the photographer is content simply to reproduce the effects and qualities contained in the negative, he continues the washing until the print is fully developed. But, on the other hand, he can, if he desires, introduce into the print effects and qualities that are not in the negative. He can, for example, omit details, reduce the dark parts, change dark into light, and vice versa, and graduate his grays, by controlling the application of more or less water to certain parts. He can even alter the drawing in the picture, if he wishes. In fact, the process is so elastic that there is virtually no limit, except that of his own skill and feeling, to the changes and effects he can secure. Steichen, for example, with his command of the process, could take another man's negative and produce from it a print that would be characteristically "a Steichen."

These early gum-prints of his, among which was the "Rodin," here reproduced, excited considerable criticism both from photographers and painters. Though approaching the subject from different points of view, they were agreed that the prints did not really represent photography. They charged Steichen, because he practised painting as well as photography, with confusing the two mediums. Certain photographers, in their zeal for what they called the scientific integrity of the craft, objected to the facts of the negative being thus modified or altered in the printing. Certain painters, on the other hand, in their animus against the recognition of photography as a possible medium of expression, sought an argument in their favor by saying that these results had been obtained not by photography, but by what were virtually painters' methods. In their complete ignorance of what the process really involved, they assumed that it was "brush work." This is no place to enter into a technical discussion of the process, which at best would have only an academic interest. The real point is the quality of the result. That is certainly produced from a photographic basis, and, according to the opinion still maintained by Steichen, is most effectually to be obtained through the medium of photography. Nor, although his gum-prints have attracted so much attention, must it be overlooked that he has exhibited a corresponding originality in all the other photographic processes, including even that of tintype. The "Portrait of William M. Chase," included among the accompanying reproductions, is a platinum print, or possibly a bromide enlargement, yet it has the richness of quality that suggests a gum-print. The "Horse-Chestnut Blossoms" is a platinum print, to which extra body and vivacity have been given by a subsequent thin printing in gum-bichromate. The color range and scope of effects that he obtains through control of the medium is illustrated by a comparison of the "Rodin" with the "Duse." The bold contrast of darks and lights in the one is as far removed as possible from the subtlety

of delicate tones in the other. The latter portrait seems to me most characteristic of the impression that this wonderful artist makes upon one in her acting. It is not by face or form, still less by the ordinary devices of gesticulation, that she moves one, but by an inward conflict of emotion to which she has the art of making oneself intellectually clairvoyant. Her art is a triumph of suggestion. It is interesting to note, also, in the "Rodin" how large a part suggestion plays. One feels it in the mystery of modeling in the marble statue, still more in the dark silhouette of the sculptor's head and body. It was as bold as it was original to feel and represent the master in this fashion, yet I doubt if any other portrait of him conveys so vivid a suggestion of the qualities of concentrated power and contemplative imagination that are conspicuous in his art. And such a divination of the sitter's character is a usual feature of Steichen's portraiture.

At the time he made this print of Rodin and found means to visit Lenbach, Stuck, Maeterlinck, and Watts, and make their portraits, he was in very straightened circumstances. Like many other students, he was continually on the ragged edge of poverty, denying himself that he might spend what little he had on materials for incessant experimentation. But it has been Steichen's good fortune never to be without true friends.

In 1902 he sent to the exhibition of the Champ de Mars a number of charcoal drawings, paintings, and photographs. The jury admitted some of the drawings, one painting, and all the photographs. These last, however, the hanging committee rejected, on the plea that the rules regulating the exhibition did not recognize photography as a medium of artistic expression. The affair attracted considerable notice. Those who stuck by Steichen denied that the reason given out for refusing to hang the photographs was the real one. This, they declared, was the personal animosity of one of the committee. On the other hand, those who opposed Steichen declared that his only motive in submitting the photographs was to gain advertisement for himself through their rejection. If they had said advertisement for photography, they would have been nearer the mark; for undoubtedly his aim was to try to force to an issue the recognition of photography as an artistic medium.

In the summer of this same year, 1902, he returned to America, poorer in purse than when he left it, but full of hope and enthusiasm. He had found that which he went forth to seek. During his stay abroad he had enriched his experience by knowledge of great art and by conversation with great men; his own ideas had been broadened and deepened, his faculties enlarged, and his technical equipment fortified. More than that, he had enjoyed the sympathy of others in his own artistic strivings and everywhere an atmosphere charged with artistic enthusiasms. He came to New York to find its enthusiasms centered on other matters, its atmosphere lacking in reverence for art, its inspiration and example directed mainly toward materialism. At least, that is how the change of scene affected him. He suffered, in fact, from the reaction following upon his privileges abroad, and more than once his heart failed him and he was on the point of returning to Europe. Again, however, he found friends.

For, considered unsentimentally, his position was simply that of an unknown man, newly launched into the maelstrom of New York, interested in something which the majority of people cared nothing about. Yet both his art and he himself had been recognized in a recent article in THE CENTURY. It was occasioned by an exhibition of photographic prints arranged by Stieglitz in the galleries of the National Arts Club, in its former home on Thirty-fourth Street. They represented the work of men and women whose originality, skill, and taste gave them the distinction of a group. Some one inquired if they represented an association. They did not; but it occurred to the fertile mind of Stieglitz that in effect they did, and that they might as well declare themselves to be united not only in spirit, but by the formalities of a society. It was thus that the "Photo-Secession" came into existence.

While waiting for recognition, Steichen had established himself in a little room at 291 Fifth Avenue, which is now one of the galleries of the "Photo-Secession." The turn of his fortunes came with the

From a photograph by Steichen. Copyright, 1907, by Eduard J. Steichen

PORTRAIT OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK

From a photograph by Steichen. Copyright, 1907, by Eduard J. Steichen

PORTRAIT OF RICHARD STRAUSS

sale of two or three of his oil-paintings, and a little later with an exhibition at the Glaenzer galleries on Fifth Avenue, which proved an artistic success, and brought him to the notice of a very discerning class of picture-lovers.

The following year he gave two exhibitions—one of his paintings and another of his prints. Of the former, seventeen out of twenty-two found purchasers, and of the latter some fifty per cent. of the total of exhibits. The price paid for the individual prints varied from $50 to $150, which, considering the number that were sold, represented the largest amount yet paid for photographic pictures. But people had begun to regard them in the spirit of the connoisseur, estimating them on their own merits, according to their technical qualities and capacity to satisfy the esthetic sense. They had got away from the idea of photographs that are turned out mechanically by the dozen, and had learned to scrutinize the individual print as they would an individual print in etching or engraving, and to discover that it possessed certain qualities that gave it uniqueness.

Meanwhile at exhibitions abroad, in Glasgow, London, Vienna, and other cities, Steichen's prints had been adding to his reputation. In fact, he had reached the point where in both of his arts he was winning the approval of those who counted most with him. Good painters encouraged him in his painting; good photographers, in his work with the camera. As far as he had gone, he had justified his mother's and his sister's belief in him, and he went West to pay them a long visit. Freed from immediate anxieties, renewed in hope, he was able to enjoy the first vacation he had ever known. Part of it he spent among the vastness and silence of the Rockies, seeking the greatness of nature, as he had been drawn toward the great among men, for the deepening and broadening of his own imagination.

After this vacation he started again for Paris, this time with his wife and child. There was much more that he wanted to learn, and he felt himself by this time fitter to profit by the influences abroad. Especially had his reverence for Rodin increased, and with it the desire for a closer knowledge of the man and the artist. This privilege he has enjoyed, for his letters home speak frequently of visits to Rodin's home and of M. and Mme. Rodin visiting his own. During the last summer he has been experimenting with the Lumière autochrome color plates, a description of which appeared in the January number of THE CENTURY. I am told by a friend who has lately returned from Paris that his recent oil-pictures show that he is not standing still, but is developing further skill in technic. Of one of them, it seems, M. Sizeranne, the art-critic, declared that it was the first time he had ever seen night truly represented. Just as I am finishing this review, a group of portrait-photographs has arrived for the members' exhibition of the Photo-Secession. I can only say of them here that they exhibit an unfailing resourcefulness in the conception of the composition and the handling of the medium. Each is unlike the others and repeats nothing that he has hitherto done. It is this constant freshness of invention, backed by incessant experiments with the various mediums, that has made the career of this artist-photographer so brilliant, and leaves one wondering to what further achievements it may lead.

MODEL OF A BRONTOSAURUS, A FIRST POSSESSOR OF THE EARTH'S LAND, IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

The fossil skeleton is 15 feet and 2 inches high and 66 feet and 8 inches long.

THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE

(MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE)

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

THE ORIGIN OF ORGANIC LIFE

UPON the fall of the temperature to the condensing point of water, occurred another event in the evolution of our planet, the earth, and one of great import to us: life began. For with the formation of water, protoplasm (the physical basis of all plants and animals) first became possible, what may be called the life molecule then coming into existence. By it, starting in a simple, lowly way, and growing in complexity with time, all vegetable and animal forms have since been gradually built up. In itself the organic molecule is only a more intricate chemical combination of the same elements of which the inorganic substances which preceded it are composed. It is thus carrying on the building-up process begun by the inorganic before it. Between the organic and the inorganic, increasing knowledge, by pushing back to greater and greater simplicity the forms of life discovered, has tended to break down the barrier man had assumed to exist. There is now no more reason to doubt that plants grew out of chemical affinity than to doubt that stones did. Spontaneous generation is as certain as spontaneous variation, of which it is in fact only an expression.

But it is not spontaneous generation in the popular sense. By that term many persons think of flies suddenly born of decaying meat, and this they know has been shown impossible. But this is simply because flies are far too advanced a product to be thus suddenly evolved. For them to be so produced would as directly controvert all we know of evolution as that, given the proper conditions, the lowest rudiments of life would not arise. That even the latter may nowhere be evolved on earth at the present time does not invalidate such origin for it when the conditions were other than they are to-day.

LIFE AN INEVITABLE PHASE OF PLANETARY EVOLUTION

FROM all we have learned of its constitution on the one hand, or of its distribu-

PLANT LIFE IN THE COAL MEASURES

From a fossil specimen in the American Museum of Natural History found in Illinois, here shown two thirds its size.

tion on the other, we know life to be as inevitable a phase of planetary evolution as is quartz or feldspar or nitrogenous soil. Each and all of them are only manifestations of chemical affinity resultant on condition, and considering the oneness of the stuff, it is the conditions alone we have to investigate if we would learn what is to come.

Virtually only six so-called elements go to make up the molecule of life. It is the number of its constituent atoms, and the intricacy of their binding together, that give it the instability to produce the vital actions. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and sulphur are all that is required. If a planet be capable of furnishing these under suitable temperature conditions, it seems as inevitable that life will ensue as that the two elements sodium and chlorin will unite to form common salt when the heat and the pressure are right. Now, on its face, it is suggestive of the universality of life that the elements that go to form it are of all the most widespread. Oxygen, the chief factor in all organisms, makes by weight one half the substance of the earth's surface; silicon, a large constituent of shells, comes next in amount; and the others follow in the constitution of life about in the order of their natural abundance. For proof of the continuity of the processes of both structure and change in the inorganic and organic alike, nothing at once more conclusive and more interesting can be recommended than the books of the great Haeckel, couched in language every educated person can understand.

WATER ESSENTIAL TO LIFE

Of all the conditions preparatory to life, the presence of water, composed of

PLANT LIFE OF THE UPPER DEVONIAN

From a fossil specimen in the American Museum of Natural History found in New Brunswick.

A TRILOBITE, SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIRST FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE

From the fossil specimen in Niagara shale, in the American Museum of Natural History, here shown two fifths natural size.

oxygen and hydrogen, is at once the most essential and the most world-wide. For if water be present, the presence of other necessary elements is probably assured. If water exist, that fact goes bail for the necessary temperature, the gamut of life being coextensive with the existence of water as such. It is so consequentially, life being impossible without water. Whatever the planet, this is of necessity true. But the absolute degrees of temperature within which life can exist vary according to the mass of the body, another of the ways in which mere size tells. On the earth 212° F. limits the range at the top, and 32° F. at the bottom in the case of fresh water, 27° F. in the case of salt. On a smaller planet both limits would be lowered, the top one the most. On Mars the boiling-point would probably be about 110° F. Secondly, from the general initial oneness of their constituents, a planet that still possesses water will probably retain the other substances that are essential to life: gases, for the reason that water-vapor is next to hydrogen and helium the lightest of them all; and solids because their weight would still more conduce to keep them there. Water, indeed, acts as solution to the whole problem.

Water plays a protagonist part in the origination and the development of protoplasm by constituting at least nine tenths of its substance. But, to begin with, it actually furnished the stage-setting for the drama of life by providing a medium in which it could evolve and function. This all-important use of water by living organisms is shown both by the present state of all animals and plants and by what science is discovering of their past history. There never was a time, and there apparently never will be a time, when plasm can do without that indispensable ingredient of life. At first, in the lowest unicellular plants and animals, it

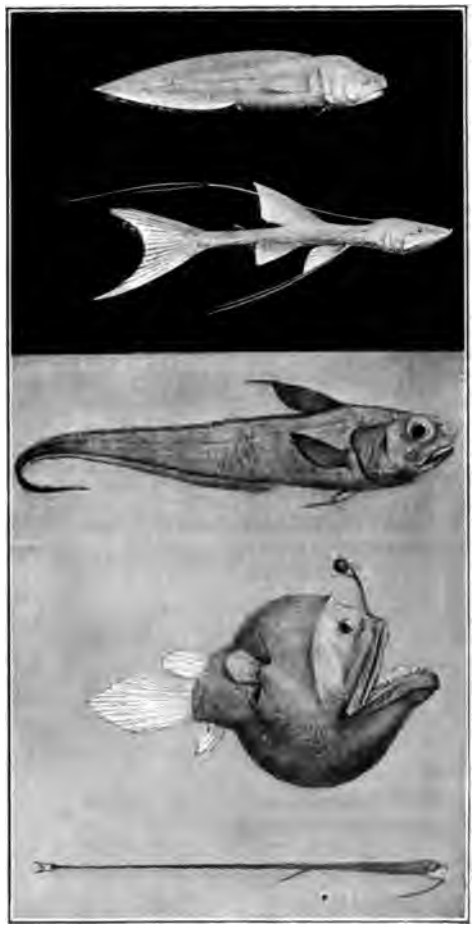
FOSSIL FOOTPRINTS OF REPTILES

From a slab reproduced in Professor Edward Hitchcock's "Report on the Sandstone of the Connecticut Valley."

forms the whole environment, completely enveloping the organism. Thus the simplest cells are found in the sea, in ponds, and even in hot-spring geysers nearly at the boiling-point. In fact, far from this last habitat being peculiar, it is in such warm baths that plasm undoubtedly first appeared; protophyte and protozoa lived in a sea that was hot.

SEAS THE EARLIEST HOME OF MUNDANE LIFE

HERE is the reason for the contemporaneous appearance of oceans and of life: the one was the necessary home of the other. The geologic record proves that life originated in the oceans, and lived there for long eons before it so much as crawled out upon the land. Seas were the nurseries of mundane life. Whether life might have generated on land we do not know; on earth it certainly did not, possibly because seas were intrinsically the better habitat in place and in time for the uniformity of the conditions they offered; possibly because they were all the home there was. For the land was a sorry spectacle in those days. Granite fringed by mud-flats affords no over-hospitable a sight. The seas were as they are now except for being warmer. Their equable temperature for wide localities and their slow accommodation to climatic change rendered them places of easy livelihood to simple organisms. In addition to which, food, inorganic at first, was floated past the baby plants or animals, and as constantly renewed. To its seas and oceans our planet, then, is largely, if not absolutely, indebted for the life which now teems everywhere upon its surface.



SPECIMENS OF DEEP-SEA FISH

The globular specimen is an angler-fish, which has kept to the habit of angling, but has changed its bait. These specimens were obtained by the *Challenger* Expedition from a depth of about 500 fathoms (3000 feet). They illustrate life formerly thought impossible.

Life, once started, continued the course of advancement just as itself was the continuance of the inorganic development which had gone before. And the *deus ex machina* was the same—a gradual lowering of temperature. Cooling was what occasioned increasingly high forms of life, and in two ways this was simultaneously brought about—by preparation of habitat and by prompting the organism to appropriate it.

The record written in the rocks of our own earth permits us to trace the history of the spread of life. With the gathering of the waters into their place began a new stage in the world's physiographic career—the stage of sedimentary formations. Until the seas were, no strata could be laid down; but with their advent both motive force and suitable sites were present, and, in consequence, what the streams tore down was deposited over the edges of the continents, now here, now there, according as upheaval or subsidence slightly changed the continental altitude toward the sea-level. One bed after another was thus made, until they were several thousand feet thick in places,

each being tucked into its long repose by later coverlets superposed upon it.

Entombed in these strata are the skeletons of all those animals that a not too flimsy structure permitted to survive the casualties of flood and commotion or the long disintegration of time. The softer ones have necessarily vanished, leaving as a rule no trace. The rocks are thus vast graveyards of life that once inhabited the earth. They give us the only direct record of the past, and a record which from the necessities of the case is perforce imperfect. Especially are the earlier chapters effaced for the gelatinous character of primeval protoplasm and the forms it first built up. Thus the earliest preserved remains of life are already somewhat advanced types, crustacea in the shape of trilobites being the most primordial specimens that have come down to us in unquestionable state. From this lowly start the line can be followed upward, unfolding through the strata, the marvelous thing being not the paucity, but the fullness, of the record thus written by the animals themselves. For animals and plants too perishable to endure have left their stamp behind, and even footprints of past reptiles confront us, legible still on the hardened sands of time, as if made yesterday in the spots they traversed hundreds of centuries ago.

UNIFORMITY OF PALEOZOIC FOSSILS

ACCORDING to their age, the rocks are designated by geologists as primary, secondary, or tertiary formations, representing paleozoic, mesozoic, and cænozoic eras; meaning the old, the middle and the new lifetimes, so called from the remains imbedded in them.

For our purpose, the most remarkable characteristic of the primary rocks consists in the world-wide uniformity of their contemporary life as exhibited in these fossils of the far past. In the earliest beds existent species prove to have been coevally wide-spread. In the Cambrian, the lowest of the primary strata exhibiting unmistakable organic remains, we find identical species of seaweeds and trilobites appearing, regardless of latitude, in France and Siberia; and indifferently on both sides of the equator, in the Argentine Republic, as in Europe and North America. In the beds above these, the Upper Silurian, it is the same story. Evidence of a like latitudinarianism is forthcoming in the Devonian deposits that followed them and in the early stages of the succeeding Carboniferous.

The fauna so distributed was a warmth-loving one, an attribute betrayed by the fact that their nearest relatives now extant live wholly within the tropics, huddled as it were about the equator. Coral-reefs, now not found outside of the warm equatorial seas, were reared then in spots now covered with perpetual ice, within eight degrees of the pole. A species of polyp coral, Lithostrotion by name, has been found as a fossil between Point Barrow and Kotzebue Sound, and others in Grinnell Land in latitude 81° 45′.

CARBONIFEROUS PLANT LIFE

PLANT life in the time of the coal measures corroborates the testimony of the animals of that day as to the climatic warmth which then existed. Gigantic ferns, fifty feet high; others, more lowly, thirty feet in spread; marsh-loving calamites; horsetails; and club-mosses, dignified to the dimensions of trees, spread their incipient leaves from well-nigh woodless stems, and grew, flourished, and decayed with almost Jack-and-the-beanstalk rapidity between latitude 33° and 70° N. Only a warm humid foothold and lambent air could have given them such luxuriance and impressed them with such speed.

In the vast marshes which constituted so large a portion of the continents this vegetation was singularly like. Not pretty, but profuse; dense, but not varied, cryptograms composed its greater part, attesting by the habit of the ferns of to-day to the shady half-light in which they must have lived. Grotesque rather than beautiful, no flowers touched with color their somber stems. No birds made the air about them half-sentient with song. Only shade-affecting insects, may-flies of mammoth wing, flitted through the gloom of these old forests, accentuating a heavy stillness they were powerless to dispel.

The twilight their character thus reveals is shown by the details of their structure to have been continuous. No seasons

diversified the work of wood-making, as the uniform stems of the few gymnosperms then present attest. No annual rings of growth encircle them, witnessing to intermediate times of rest. They minded not extraneous things, but grew right on, not to delight the world, but to make coal measures their industrious end, to which in their own blind way they excellently conformed. Blind in their habit they may be said to have been, for they were flowerless and much restricted of leaf.

Two attributes of the climate this state of things attests. First, it was warm everywhere with a warmth surpassing that of the tropics of to-day; and, second, the light was tempered to a half-light known now only under heavy clouds. And both these conditions were virtually general in locality and continuous in time. For such vegetation as it was the climate was ideal. No inforced hiemal torpor brought on by stalking delegates of frost compelled them constantly to stop. It is their less fortunate descendants only that are limited by nature's imposings to work only six months in the year.

LIGHT LESS AND HEAT MORE THAN NOW

THUS the records of the paleozoic rocks bespeak two seemingly incongruous things—both less light and more heat than is the earth's lot nowadays. Many hypotheses have been invoked to account for this warm dawn of the early geologic ages. Some of them are locally geologic, some broadly astronomic, advanced by geologists. But of the two kinds all the specimens alike fail.

Thus, merely a different distribution of land and sea will not explain it, because it was general, not local; and, secondly, because this leaves untouched the problem of less light. Equally impotent is a change of position in the axis of the earth; for were the axis so far changed as to point directly toward the sun, this would not do away with the seasons, but would accentuate them. Nor will an altered eccentricity in the earth's orbit, which has also been suggested, prove more effective.

Not less impossible is the suggestion due to M. Blandet, and to which De Lapparent has lent the weighty indorsement of his name, that the sun was then so large as to be able to look down on both poles of the earth at once, and so to give our globe equal day and night everywhere and, as he supposes, a substantially even temperature in consequence throughout. Here the beauty of that to many people deterrently austere and awe-enshrouded subject, mathematics, comes in. For it enables us to do that most important thing for any line of investigation—to subject it not simply to qualitative, but to quantitative, reasoning. When we thus calculate what this paleozoic sun must have been and what its effects, we are brought up on both counts against impossibilities. The sun must have filled all the space inside the orbit of Mercury and been only one fortieth as dense as hydrogen gas, while the earth had already solidified. The conception evolutionarily is quite incredible.

EFFECT ON THE EARTH

MATTERS are not bettered for the theory, if, passing by the results consequent on the sun, we calculate those ensuing to the earth.

We perceive, in the first place, that the exposure to the sun's rays in the arctic regions would be by no means uniform, but would vary greatly with the time of year. At latitude 82° N., for instance, the exposure would be virtually nothing at midwinter, 25 per cent. of what it would be at the equator at the vernal equinox, and 1.24 per cent. of that at the summer solstice. So that the play of the seasons would be much as now.

Secondly, we find that at the arctic circle the solar heat in midwinter would equal that at present in latitude 60° N., and even at the equinox 82°. N. in those times would be no more heated than is now 46° N. in midwinter. A Quebec winter six months long does not quite supply an adequate temperature for the bringing up of a polyp coral family within ten degrees of the pole.

So that, when subjected to mathematical treatment, the supposed paleozoic sun turns out to be quite impotent to the work demanded of it. The theory fails as regards the earth as much as it does with reference to the sun.

EARTH ITSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR PALEOZOIC HEAT

PLANETOLOGY, however, will give us the clue to this beclouded hothouse state of things. The earth's own heat, not directly on the crust, but directly on the water, and thence through its atmosphere, was responsible for paleozoic conditions. For consider the warmth we know must have existed while the recently precipitated seas still were hot. Their temperature would furnish a like habitat for organisms from the equator to the poles, and one which even the tropics fail to supply today. At the same time, a vast steaming must have gone up from the still warm waters, resulting in a welkin of great density. This would act in two ways to explain the phenomena. First, the welkin would keep the earth's own heat in; and, secondly, it would keep the sun's heat and light out. We should have a sort of perpetual tropical summer in a twilight of cloud; a climate superior to seasons because screened from direct dependence on the elevation of the sun. This is perfectly in accord with the half-light the vegetation vouches for, while the luxuriance of that vegetation testifies to the warmth and even suggests a further, though not the chief, reason for it in the great amount of carbonic dioxide its existence establishes as then present in the air. For carbonic dioxide is a great bar to the passage of heat. It was dank and dark in the carbonic forests because so seethingly steamy overhead.

That the oceans should have retained their heat so long is the less surprising when we reflect upon the great capacity that water has for heat. Its specific heat, which means the relative amount needed to raise it one degree in temperature, is five times that of stone, and ten times that of iron. So that it would have more to part with than its surroundings, and would still be warm and steamy after they had cooled.

EARTH, NOT SUN, THE MOTIVE FORCE IN EVOLUTION IN THE PALEOZOIC ERA

IN Paleozoic times, then, it was the earth itself, not the sun, to which plant and animal primarily stood beholden for existence. This gives us a most instructive glimpse into one planetologic process. To the planet's own internal heat is due the chief fostering of the beginnings of life upon its surface. Thus a planet is capable of at least beginning to develop organisms without more than a modicum of help from the central sun. We talk of the sun as the source of life; and so it is to-day in the sense of being its sustainer; but the real source was the earth itself, which also raised it through its babyhood.

A ONCE CLOUDY MARS

SOMETHING of the same history probably fell to the lot of Mars. Several circumstances render this likely. If its initial surface temperature was in the neighborhood of 2000° F., it was well above the production point of steam. So that a cloud-canopy would be possible when a general volcanic fervor of the surface was not. Then the apparent presence in those early days of seas would furnish the wherewithal of clouds. Thus Mars would seem to have possessed the necessary substance to its veiling, and the requisite conditions to that end. If a planet be big enough to bring forth life, it apparently provides a set of atmospheric swaddling-clothes in which that life goes through its early days.

LIFE OUTGROWS THE SEA

UNDER such paleozoic conditions life passed the first eons of its earthly existence. Gradually life outgrew the need of such careful housing, water within the organism remaining as necessary as before. Organic development proceeded from amœba to fish, attaining no mean height in the process. But at last a better habitat offered itself, and was speedily appropriated. Weathering of the land and constantly changing chemic processes prepared the continents for organic use. Plants gradually found foothold, and insects an abode. Then came the exodus from the sea. We may picture some adventurous fish, spurred blindly from within, essaying the shore in preference to the main. Tentatively at first he must have ventured, as became such bold endeavor. Finding the littoral not inhospitable, the pioneer was followed by others whom variation had specially endowed. This impulse toward the new, from the

promptings of altered character which we call spontaneous variation, is the motive principle of life. It probably derives from the instability of the plasmic molecule, forever rearranging its constitution afresh and finding itself thus adapted to novel relations. Thus arose the amphibia in the Carboniferous era, visitors only to the solid ground. From them came the reptiles, their descendants, in the Permian, who, from the temporary sojourners their fathers were, developed into permanent denizens of the new abode. From this aboriginal crawling out upon terra firma the organism progressed until finally it came to stand erect and call itself a man.

Changed habitat made all the later strides in intelligence possible. The very sameness that rendered the sea so inviting a habitat to simple souls made evolution beyond a certain point difficult, if not impossible. Change might develop in the organism, but it would find little encouragement to survive in its surroundings.

EFFECT OF ENVIRONMENT UPON EVOLUTION

It was the variety of conditions on land that gave rise to varying environment, and this in turn that conduced to organic differentiation. Life would have remained forever of a low, cold-blooded order if it had been constrained to continue in the sea. What made the broad ocean so excellent a nursery curtailed it as a field for action later on.

To appreciate how unsuited to high development of organism the sea was, we need only think how poor a place it is for bringing up a family. Fishes cast their spawn upon the waters, and leave the hatching of the eggs to chance. If one in a million survives this unparental treatment, it is all that nature expects. The fish has done well, and its tribe increase. This is taking but little thought for the morrow. The poor little egg is homeless as well as parentless from the start, lacking even that attenuated appreciation of home surroundings Gallicly expressed as *mal du pays*, since one tract of ocean only repeats another.

Very different is the care of their young exhibited by the higher land inhabitants, the mammalia. With them the mother begins by carrying the egg in the safest possible way, as a part of herself, until it has become to all intents and purposes an animal on its own account. It then sees the light, but not the limit of fostering care. She keeps it by her, suckling it till it is able to procure food for itself. Even then its guardianship is not in the highest forms foregone. In man parental help continues up to the point when the young is full grown, and even after that, on through life, till the next generation has become the dominant one of its day.

To say the least, life was an arduous, adventurous career amid the inhospitable homelessness of the sea. And this is shown not only by the leaving it at the first opportunity by those who could, but by only degenerates returning to it again. Only the poor relatives of the mammalia —the porpoises, dugongs, and whales— are now to be found there, having taken to it through stress of circumstances, elbowed off the better ground by their stronger associates.

That the outcasts still exist, however, proves the tenacity and adaptability of life. It goes everywhere, takes up with what it can get, and turns the least propitious *milieu* to its own ends. For life is more universal than is our usual conception of it. Our limited personal experience we take as measure of the whole, and say, "Thus far and no farther." But nature knows no such limit to her own possibilities. And we are gradually, one may almost say reluctantly, learning them of her. Go where he will upon the earth, man finds life of some sort there before him. He discovers new continents or seas merely to find out that they had been discovered by some poor relatives long ago, and appropriated by them. From burning Saharas to polar snows no spot is exempt from colonization, though some teem with immigrants more than others. In altitude it is the same story as in latitude. If man ascends, he meets with forms of life that rise with greater facility than he, and inhabit, too, what they explore. In descent it was until recently thought otherwise. One region was supposed free of such intrusion and to have remained as virginly azoic as when originally formed—the unstirred abysses of the vast oceanic basins, all that constitutes the great deep beyond the immediate vicinity

of the shore and below the hundred-fathom line. No life existed, man was sure, in the depths of the sea.

DEEP-SEA LIFE THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE FIFTY YEARS AGO

FIFTY years ago the absence of both flora and fauna from the deep seas was not only taken for granted, but believed on the most conclusive grounds to have been proved inevitable. The first of these was the enormous pressure to which any organisms resident there would be subjected. From the weight of the superincumbent water the pressure would increase at the rate of one ton per square inch for every thousand fathoms of descent.

Consequently at the bottom of the Atlantic it would be from two and a half tons to three and three quarters tons per square inch, and in the greater depths of the Pacific from three and one half to nearly five tons. On bodies at the earth's surface, living only under the ocean of air, it is but fifteen pounds to the square inch. From fifteen pounds to ten thousand is a far cry, and one it staggers imagination to understand. It was only too easily argued as prohibitive to life. Any organism there, it was thought, would simply be crushed out of existence.

EXTINCTION OF LIGHT

THE second bar was the total extinction of light. Below two hundred fathoms no sunlight could possibly penetrate. So it was calculated from the rate at which light is absorbed at lesser depths, and the calculation was amply borne out by observation. Experiments by Fal and Sarasin have fully demonstrated the unassailability of this deduction. On a sunny day in March they exposed bromo-gelatin plates for ten minutes at a depth of 200 fathoms without a trace of reaction. To those who know by experience how quickly plates fog in a dark-room, this immunity speaks for the more than Stygian darkness which must there prevail.

Now, the lack of light is distressing enough to any fauna, but to flora it is absolutely preclusive, since light is the necessary stimulus to chlorophyl reaction, and thus to the growth of the plant. But if all plants be absent, animals, it was confidently concluded, must be absent, too, since they could not live without plants, being unable to fashion their food out of inorganic substances. They must eat plants or other animals that have eaten plants. Therefore, after the stronger inhabitants of these abyssal depths, supposing any there, had eaten the weaker, they must themselves die of starvation.

These arguments seemed unanswerable, to say nothing of the abyssal cold. For the temperature falls as the thermometer descends until at a depth of a few hundred fathoms in the unbarriered ocean basins it reaches a temperature of 34° F., whence a slow falling further brings it to 29° F., or actually below the freezing-point of fresh water.

DEEP-SEA LIFE

WHEN it had thus been conclusively proved that no life could exist at the bottom of the sea, deep-sea dredges were invented, and no sooner were they let down than, behold! they came up teeming with life. Fish and crustacea, mollusks and echinoderms—life, in short, of all the usual pelagic kinds from protoplasmic molecules to marine monsters—were found to inhabit the abysmal depths. What could not be, just was.

The abyssal fauna thus disclosed proved to be in comfortable circumstances, in spite of the supposed impossibility of its existence at all. It had, it is true, no visible means of subsistence, but it subsisted, nevertheless. It was as wide-spread as it was abundant, enjoying a distribution unknown on land. The same species were found off the coast of Europe and about New Zealand, in the arctic seas as well as under the tropics. This was because of the uniformity of the habitat. Only seven degrees of difference in temperature distinguished one part of its huge domain from another. There was therefore no bar to migration; indeed, the sameness of the surroundings must have insidiously led the inhabitants on. A species was thus induced to become world-wide, while on land, even supposing a pathway to exist, the journey from one hemisphere to the other involved enduring a shift of

100° F. or 150° F. of temperature, made as it would be from winter in the one to summer in the other. No such temporalities as seasons disturb the pelagic denizens, nor can locality have meaning to them, even though they be associated with the bottom, which is only ooze or mud—ooze, the burial-ground of protozoa, and mud, the siftings of volcanic lava mixed with meteoric dust. One place is like another, bearing no earmark, and a fish returning to the very spot of its nativity would not know it again. Time and space are alike annihilated there, and both to sense made limitless. If any creatures can feel infinity, it must be these denizens of the deep sea.

BLINDNESS

THE supposed impossibilities of their abode nature has contrived to surmount. The pressure permeates them, and their parts are constructed to stand the strain. Yet so little change has been needed to adapt them that it is virtually imperceptible to the cursory eye. In another way nature has accommodated them to the illumination of their habitat. She has let them get on without seeing or she has provided them with lamps. By supplying senses other than the eye and allowing the animals to become blind, crustacea and fishes alike, she has made them independent of the darkness. Or she has done for them what man has accomplished for himself—supplied artificial illumination. That a blind fauna should exist in a vast domain with not so much as a one-eyed specimen for king, is interesting and suggestive of what nature can contrive to do without, but that she should undertake to light the region, and that by means of the creatures themselves, is yet more surprising.

PHOSPHORESCENT ORGANS

BUT this is precisely what she does, and with something akin to electricity, each animal carrying with it its own machine. Whole tracts are brilliantly lighted up by the inhabitants till they must resemble London or Paris seen by night, only that in these thoroughfares of the abysses of the sea the passers-by provide the illumination, each, as it swims about, swinging its own lantern as in old Japan, though better—a phosphorescent arc-light, as one may say. These devices are evident even when the fish, no longer living, reaches the surface in the dredge; much more brilliant they must be in their native wastes of abysmal water, where all is cold and dark and silent roundabout, as impressive as a mountain-top at midnight, standing confronted with the stars.

LESSON OF THE FISHING FISHES

How thoroughly the living by artificial light is now a part of their every-day existence, the occupation of angling practised as a means of livelihood by certain of the fish themselves—fish that fish and are known in consequence as angler-fish—will serve to show. On the surface the genus given to this profession are furnished with a long tentacle which, rising from the back, curves over by its weight till the end, which is lobed into a red bunch not unsuggestive of a tempting worm, dangles right in front of the fisher's mouth. Smaller fry, attracted by this bright bait, dart forward to gulp it, and are themselves snapped up by the expectant jaws.

Now, of these angler-fish one species proves to inhabit the abyssal zone; and this relative of the anglers above, instead of the red worm-like bait at the end of its rod, which would be useless in the Stygian darkness thereabout, has replaced it by a brilliant, phosphorescent light, which lures as certainly to destruction. Adaptation could offer no more expressive example of the insistence of life, even to the preservation of the very type, than this keeping of the fishing habit with only a change of bait.

After such an ingenious transformation, the substitution of lungs for gills when the aquatic animal changed into the terrestrial one, seems a forthright step in comparison. The swim-bladder, discarded when the descendants of the upper relatives of these animals emerged, leads to some curious experiences at the bottom of the sea—ones that induce new outlooks on life, and yet are the result of conditions alone. To us who live upon the solid crust, pulled downward constantly by gravity, danger lies in falling over precipices or down holes. Abyssal fish are exposed to no less a risk, but of

precisely the opposite character—that of tumbling upward. Within limits, the fish has control of his swim-bladder, but if in the excitement of the chase he gets carried by impetuosity farther up than he intended, he may reach regions where, for the lessened pressure, he can no longer control its distension, and is swept against his will higher and higher till his organs burst from the released strain. The fish tumbles upward, and is killed by the fall.

As for the flora, it simply does not exist. Nevertheless, the absence of a local food-supply is not fatal to these denizens of the deep. It would seem that what descends to them from the waters above is enough, meager as it may be. They feed off the crumbs that fall from the better-spread table of their littoral relatives, as is shown by their being the descendants of emigrants thence. For most of them have relatives still living in shallow water, the oldest abysmal species not dating farther back than Cretaceous times.

COSMIC CHARACTER OF LIFE

FROM such world-wide distribution of life over the earth under conditions which are antagonistically unlike, we realize its essentially cosmic character experimentally, if we may so put it, as well as theoretically. Modifications of it follow any and every change of environment, but nature strives to the last gasp to bring forth this, her highest product.

Each planet sets a different stage for the play of spontaneous variation. In no two is the scenery the same, but this is not essential to organic origin and growth. Nor are many of the environmental circumstances prohibitive, though at first they seem fatal to our particular species of life. Because a man, if suddenly transported to Mars, would gasp and die, is as beside the point in any inquiry into the existence of life there as the fact that no woman ever was the mother of a monkey is irrelevant to a discussion on the origin of man. We have here been evolving in keeping with the shapings of a certain environment. To suppose that we could instantly prove adapted to another quite diverse is to mistake the process upon which life depends.

Indeed, our most commonplace actions would there seem phantasmagoric. Personal experience of Mars on the surface of which gravity is only three eighths the earth's would take on a character akin to the grotesque. Everything there would become unnaturally light: lead would weigh no more than stone with us, stone than water, each substance appearing to be transmuted into something other than itself. It would prove at once a world imponderable, etherealized. Our actions would grow grandific. For with little effort we should accomplish the apparently impossible, endowed with an effectiveness increased manifold. Lastly, everything would take its time. Water would flow with hesitant and lazy current, and falling bodies sink with graceful moderation to the ground. After our first paranœac wonder, it would certainly impress us as a world as slow as it was flat.

Our very senses would seem estranged. Sight, indeed, and taste would be the only ones not to be shifted in their point of view. Touch, hearing, even smell, would all suffer a space-change and prove quite other than we know them now. We should be anything but at home. But this does not imply that life of some form would not. For consider how our own world must seem other than we know it to every animal upon its face. To the ant it stands a very different habitat from what the elephant conceives it. The grass-spires which tower as trees to the one, are trodden unnoticed underfoot by the other. Nor is it matter of mere magnification alone. The former feels both strength and limitations the latter quite ignores. The ant scales his grass-stem with an ease and assurance we should not know on trees, and falls off to the ground, if need be, completely unscathed from a relative height that would terminate our careers forthwith.

But though modified in feeling by size of habitant and modified in fact by size of habitat, life would go on superior to such detail were the planet only sizable enough to furnish it with its necessities.

So far as we have evidence, life is an inevitable outcome of the cooling of a globe, provided that globe be sufficiently large. For life did not reach this earth from without. No fanciful meteorite bore it the seeds which have since sprouted and overrun its surface. Me-

teorites gave it life, indeed, but in the more fundamental way in which all nature's processes are done, by supplying it with matter only from which by evolution life arose. Of this we are absolutely certain from the fact that while meteors were falling upon it in any numbers they were forming its mass, the full heat of which had not yet been evolved by their impact and subsequent condensation. The heat that thence ensued was excessive, many fold greater than sufficed to kill any germs that might have come to it housed in the meteorites themselves. Thus the action due the meteorites after they came must have annihilated any organic possibilities they may have brought with them. Those arriving after the heat had waned enough to make survival possible found life already started, since protoplasm formed the moment cooling permitted of it.

The proof that life was here spontaneously evolved appears at every stage in its history, not only in its origin, but at every step of its progress upward where a marked departure occurs from its previous course. It and the environment are observed to have changed together. Two short parallel columns, the one showing the changes that have occurred in the habitat, the other those supervening in the habitant, will make this not simply clear, but striking. As effective as the well-known deadly parallel of oratorical utterances, this life-giving one reaches the same certainty through the probabilities disclosed.

Occasion of this vital parallelism occurs at the very start. Indeed, we may go back of this and note agreement before the start. For until the conditions were such as could support life, no life appeared. This is the first coincidence. Another follows on its heels with the dawn both of conditions fit for some existence and of that existence itself. The waters were its birthplace. No other portion of the surface could then have offered it a home, and nowhere except in the sea is it then found.

The simultaneity of each new birth and each new cradle crops up again when a new field arose by the making of the land. As soon as this was suitable, plants appeared to take possession of it, and from that time on neglected more and more the sea.

The fourth parallel is found in the significant fact that the edible plants and the plant-eaters made their début on the scene together in Miocene times, the world having got along without both before that epoch. This entry hand in hand, so to speak, De Lapparent, the great French geologist, does not hesitate to link logically, and to regard the one as the necessary complement of the other. If this were not the case, there is certainly no reason why they should appear at the same instant of time. Food evokes its eater in fact as definitely as in phraseology.

The last of this procession of coincidences, man, came on the scene at the time when the cooling of the globe rendered his own extension possible at the least expense to himself. His brain allowed him to take advantage of conditions less intrinsically favorable than other animals could endure. His mind clothed his body and gave him fire, and with these two products he sallied forth into a world where antagonists were chiefly climatic, with which he was fitted to cope.

Thus all along the line we perceive that life and its domicile arose together. The second is necessary to the first and the first is always sufficient to the occasion. The coincidence of the possibility and its seizure, of the *posse* and the *esse*, seems to be a general principle of evolution. Endless variation is constantly in progress, and this variation takes advantage of any opportunity so soon as it occurs. Life but waits in the wings of existence for its cue, to enter the scene the moment the stage is set.

THE QUEST OF AUNT NANCY

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

Author of "Tales of Destiny," "May Iverson,—Her Book," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

IT was in a stuffy compartment of a night train approaching Paris that Jessica and I were privileged to look upon Aunt Nancy for the first time. Her obvious age would soon have attracted our attention, no doubt, and certainly the gallantry with which she carried her eighty years could not long have escaped the observation of two such earnest students of humanity as we believed ourselves to be. But the characteristic in her which at once caught my eye was her expression—a look of such keen alertness, such intense vitality, that even in the mental stagnation that accompanies night travel I wondered what, in her surroundings, could explain it.

The dingy carriage in which we sat was vaguely illuminated by an oil lamp, the insufficient rays of which brought out effective high lights on the bald head of one audibly slumbering German on our side of the compartment, and on the heavy face of a stout Frenchwoman who sat opposite him, next to the old lady upon whom I was concentrating my attention. The latter, obviously an American, the two foreigners, and ourselves, were the sole occupants of the compartment; and certainly in the appearance of none of her four fellow-passengers was there justification of the wide-awake intentness of the kind old eyes that now beamed on us through heavy, steel-rimmed spectacles. Pensively, as befitted the weary wanderer, I marveled. How could she look so alive, so wide-awake, so energetic, at one o'clock in the morning?

The bald-headed man slept on. The stout woman removed a shell comb from her back hair and composed herself for deeper slumber. Jessica presented to my lambent gaze a visage which besought unspoken sympathy, and mutely breathed a protest against travel in general and this phase of it in particular. Jessica in the "still small hours" was never really gay. It was dimly comforting to one of my companionable nature to turn from her to the little old woman opposite me. In figure and dress she might have posed for one of Leech's drawings of ancient dames, so quaintly prim was she, so precise in their folds were her little black mantle and her simple black gown, so effective a frame to her wrinkled face was the wide black bonnet she wore. On her hands, demurely crossed in her lap, were black lace mitts. Moreover, she was enveloped, so to speak, in a dim aroma of peppermint, the source of which was even then slightly distending one faded cheek. Irrepressibly I smiled at her, and at once a long-drawn sigh of pleasure floated across to me. In spontaneous good fellowship she leaned forward.

"It 's a real comfortable journey, ain't it?" she whispered, so evidently torn between a passionate desire to talk and consideration for the sleepers that my heart went out to her.

"Well, if you mean this especial journey—" I hesitated.

"Yes, I do," she insisted. "The seats are real comfortable. Everything is." She threw out her mittened hands with a gesture that seemed to emphasize a demand for approval. "I would n't change a single thing. Some say it 's hot; I don't think 't is. I would n't mind, though, if 't was. We 're gettin' a nice draught."

I looked through the open window at the French landscape, bathed in the glory of an August moon.

"THE SURPRISING SLOWNESS OF THE NATIVES TO GRASP INTELLIGENT REMARKS MADE IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE"

"That, at least, is very satisfactory," I admitted cheerfully.

She looked a little blank as she glanced around, and a queer expression of responsibility settled over her features, blurring their brightness like a veil.

"I see," she said slowly. "You mean France. Yes, 't is nice, an' they 's certainly a great deal to see in it." She hesitated a moment, and then went on more rapidly. "You know," she continued in her high-keyed, sibilant whisper, "it 's some different with me from what 't is with you. You can speak French. I heard you talkin' to the conductor. An' I suppose you 've been here often, an' like it. But this is the first time *I 've* come over to Europe. I 've always meant to, sometime, but things ain't been just so 's I *could* come. Now 't I 'm here, I can't stay long, an' I must say I feel kind of homesick. There 's so much to see it jest makes my head swim. I come for a purpose—a purpose of my own, but now 't I 'm here, I want to do my duty an' see things. I declare," she added shamefacedly, "I most hate to go to sleep nights, I 'm so afraid I 'll miss something an' hear about it when I git back."

I asked a conventional question, which evoked a detailed report of her journeyings. By this time Jessica had opened one eye; the two foreigners slept on peacefully. She had landed at Naples, the old lady told me; and from her subsequent remarks I gathered that she had found the Italians as a people deficient in the admirable qualities of cleanliness and modesty. She lamented, also, an over-preponderance of art galleries, and the surprising slowness of the natives to grasp intelligent remarks made in the English tongue. Aside from these failings, however, she had found Italy somewhat interesting, and she mentioned especially the grotto at Capri and the ascent of Vesuvius. She added casually that few of her fellow-tourists had made this latter excursion, as it was just after

the severest eruptions, and the air had been full of dust and cinders. Jessica opened the other eye. I began to experience vivid interest in the conversation.

Rome, she further revealed, meant to her the Campagna and the Catacombs. On the former she had taken walks, and in the very bowels of the latter she had seemingly burrowed for days, following some mysterious purpose of her own. Her favorite time for a promenade on the Campagna, and one she paused to recommend to me, was at dusk, the place then being quiet and peaceful, owing to the fact that tourists, foolishly fearing the fever, kept away from it after sunset.

At this point Jessica sat up, arranged a pillow comfortably behind her back, and gave her undivided attention to the monologue. At last she put a question. Was the lady traveling alone? The lady hastened to explain that she was not.

"My, no," she said briskly. "I 'm a tourist—that 's what they call 'em, you know, when they 're with a man. They 's eighteen in our party, and the man that is takin' us is Mr. James Henry Jackson. He 's real nice. He 's in one of the other cars on this train, an' they 's three gentlemen with him that belongs to us, too. All the rest stayed in Paris because they was tired. You see," she added explanatorily, "we done Lourdes in two days, an' we took it off our time in Paris. We ain't got much time in Paris, anyhow, so we went an' come back at night. I s'pose the rest thought it might be tryin' in the heat, so they stayed behind an' went to Fontingblow yesterday an' up the Seen to-day. But I saw the Black Forest when we was in Germany, an' the Rhine, too, an' some of us walked from Binjen to Cooblens, so 's we could git the view real well. So I thought I 'd let the French river an' forest go an' see Lourdes instead."

Jessica interrupted here.

"I beg your pardon," she asked earnestly, "but—have you really been traveling two nights and sight-seeing two days in that fearful crush at Lourdes without any sleep?"

Our new friend nodded slowly, as one to whose attention the matter had just been directed.

"Why, yes, that 's so," she conceded. "But I ain't a bit tired. Old folks don't

"'I AIN'T USED TO THAT WAITER MAN COMIN' RIGHT INTO MY ROOM'"

need much sleep, you know, an' I 'm pretty old. I was eighty-one last June."

Jessica dropped her pillow and sat up very straight, a slight flush upon her face. Our new friend prattled on until the lights of Paris appeared in the distance and Jessica and I began to collect the impressive array of impedimenta with which we had thoughtfully multiplied the discomfort of travel. As we pulled down packages of rugs, and tightened various straps the bright eyes of the little old woman watched us unswervingly through her spectacles. Grasping firmly a stout and serviceable umbrella, she was ready to disembark. If she had brought any baggage with her, which I doubted, it was evidently in the fostering care of Mr. James Henry Jackson.

"What hotel are you goin' to?" she asked suddenly. "I know a real good one."

I told her the name of the one I had selected, and her wrinkled face grew radiant.

"Well, now, I declare," she cried heartily, "*ain't* that nice! That 's jest where we 're stayin', an' I 'm as comfort'ble as I can be. I got a room with a window that looks right into the Twilry Gardens. Mr. Jackson says that I must have the best they is, because I 'm the oldest. 'Age before beauty,' he says, an' none of the other ladies minds a bit. They certainly are good to me. Of course I don't say 't I would n't like a more relishin' breakfast, because I would; an' I ain't used to that waiter man comin' right into my room with his trays before I 'm out of my bed, an' I never expect to be. But *'t is* a good hotel, an' the lady that runs it is real nice, if she is French."

"'YES, I 'M GOIN'"

The train swung into the great station as she spoke, and a round, perspiring, and very grimy masculine face presented itself at the door of our compartment.

"Well, Aunt Nancy," said the owner of this, with a sprightly effort at cheerfulness, "you alive yet? The rest of us are dead. You come right along with me now and I 'll whisk you up to the hotel in a cab. And if you take my advice, you 'll go to bed and stay there for two days, after this experience."

He tucked the old lady under his arm as he spoke, and she trotted off with him in high good humor, turning several times to nod and smile at us as she departed.

At eight o'clock the following morning I was awakened by Jessica, who stood at my bedside lightheartedly reminding me of my self-imposed duty of going early to the station to attend to the luggage, which we had omitted to do the night before. My replies to this suggestion, while they held Jessica's awe-struck attention for five minutes, would be of no interest here. Bitterly I rose, reluctantly and yawningly I dressed. At nine I stood at the entrance of our hotel signaling sleepily for a cab, and wilting already under the heat of the August sun. While I waited, a tourist coach drew up at the curb. It was gorgeous with red paint and conspicuous with large signs bearing the lettering *VERSAILLES*. The driver remained on the box. The guide, evidently there by appointment and sharply on time, leaped to the sidewalk, glanced at his watch, snapped the case shut with a satisfied nod, and stood

with his eyes on the hotel entrance. One tiny black figure came forth, greeted him with a blithe "Bong jure," and intrepidly began the perilous ascent of the ladder he hastened to place against the side of the coach for her convenience. It was Aunt Nancy, dressed as she had been the night before, but immaculately neat, and reflecting in her face the brightness of the morning. I greeted her, and in her glad surprise at seeing me again she remained suspended between earth and heaven to talk to me, incidentally revealing the whole of two serviceable gaiters, the tiny ruffle of an alpaca petticoat, and a long, flat section of gray-striped cotton hose.

"Well, well," she beamed. "Ain't this nice? Yes, I 'm goin'. The rest ain't ready yet, but I 've been awake since five, so I thought I 'd come right down an' watch the coach fill up. The men ain't goin'—they 're so tired, poor dears. Onri, my waiter, says every last one of 'em is in bed yit. But some of the ladies that went up the Seen yesterday is comin', so I guess we 'll have a real nice party. We 're goin' to see the palace an' the Treenon first, an' then I 'm goin' to the fair in the village. Mr. Jackson says a French fair is real interestin', but he ain't goin'. He said last night he had a great deal of work to do in his room to-day, an' he guessed we would n't none of us see him till dinner. Do you know,"—she lowered her voice mysteriously and cast an apprehensive eye about her as she went on,—"Onri says Mr. Jackson 's *asleep* this very minute, an' it 's most nine o'clock in the mornin'!"

These startling revelations were checked by the appearance of two of her fellow-tourists, and I seized the opportunity afforded by this interruption to depart upon my uncongenial task.

We did not see Aunt Nancy again until the morning of our third day in Paris, when I ran across her in the galleries of the Luxembourg. She was settled comfortably in a bright-red upholstered seat near the main entrance, and on her wrinkled face was an expression of perfect peace.

"Well, I 'm glad to see you resting at last," was my greeting.

"Yes, I 'm restin'," she conceded. "I always do in the art galleries," she added simply as I sat down beside her. "They 've got the comfort'blest chairs here of any, I think, though they was some nice ones in Florence, too; an' in one of the places in Rome they was a long seat where you could 'most lay down. I took a real nice nap there. You see," she continued, smoothing an imaginary wrinkle out of one lace mitt, "I don't know much about pictures, *anyway,* but I come right along with the others, an' when I git here I jest set down an' rest till they git through lookin' at 'em. I don't know what 's Michelangelo an' what *ain't,* an' 't seems to me it 's too late to find out now."

Jessica appeared at this moment and further revelations were checked by greetings, followed almost immediately by our reluctant departure to keep an appointment. Before we left, however, we learned that the day at Versailles had been followed by an evening "at one of them French kafes where women sing," and that fourteen hours of sight-seeing in Paris itself had dispelled the threatened ennui of the second day.

Late that evening Mr. James Henry Jackson tottered to the side of Jessica in the corridor of the hotel and addressed her, wiping his brow as he did so.

"It 's the old lady," he said—"Aunt Nancy Wheeler, you know. She asked me to ask you two ladies if you would n't like to join us in a drive this evening. She wants to see how Paris looks at night, an' I 've got to show her."

He swayed languidly against a pillar when we had accepted the invitation, and groaned in reply to Jessica's tribute to the old lady's activity.

"She 's active all right," he remarked grimly. "If there 's anything left of *me* after she gets through, it 'll be because I 've inherited an iron constitution from my mother. She 's worn out every other man in the party weeks ago. The worst of it is that I don't know why she does it. She really does n't care about anything; I 'm sure of that. But she 's got some object; so she goes from early morn till dewy eve, and of course some one 's got to go with her: we can't let her wander around alone. Besides, what I 'm afraid of is that she 'll go all to pieces some day—like the deacon's one-horse shay, you know, and there won't be anything

"AUNT NANCY AND THE PONY CONTINUED THE EXCURSION ALONE"

left but a little heap of alpaca clothes and congress gaiters. She 's worn out six pair of gaiters since we started," he added, with a wail. "I know, because I 've had to buy them. *She* has n't had time." He shook his head mournfully as he wandered away.

Jessica and I bade Aunt Nancy an affecting farewell that night, as we were leaving Paris the next day. For several weeks we heard no more of her, but in Scotland we crossed her trail again. The Highlands were full of rumors of an intrepid old dame who had "done" the lakes and the Trossachs as apparently they had never been done before. Was she an American? She was. Eighty years old, dressed in black, with a big bonnet, steel-rimmed spectacles, and gaiters? All was correct but the gaiters. Seemingly the gaiter supply had been exhausted by the constant demand. She wore shoes with heavy soles, and, our informant added happily, gray striped stockings. From the rumors of her achievements on land and water, Jessica and I glanced apprehensively over the surface of Scotland, fearing to see it strewn with exhausted boatmen, guides, and drivers; but apparently all her victims had survived, though they bore as a souvenir of their experience with her a haggard, and hunted look which Jessica declared she could detect from the top seat of the loftiest coach.

Drifting down through Ireland we heard another echo of Aunt Nancy. She had ridden on horseback through the Gap of Dunloe, no difficult feat in itself, and one achieved daily during Killarney's tourist season by old ladies of various countries and creeds. In Aunt Nancy's case, however, it appeared that she had been able to enjoy that variety which is so gratifying a feature of human experience. Notwithstanding the fact that she had never been on the back of a horse in her life, she unerringly selected the freshest and most frolicsome of the Irish ponies as her mount. It appears further that she was finally lifted to the saddle of this animal as the result of a distinct understanding between Mr. James Henry Jackson and her guide that the latter gentleman was not only to accompany the lady every foot of the route, but was meantime to cling valiantly to the bridle with both hands. Unfortunately, this arrangement, so deeply satisfying to all, was not ratified by the mettlesome Irish pony; the result being that, after the guide had been swept off his feet by a sudden and unexpected lift of the animal's forelegs, Aunt Nancy and the pony continued the excursion alone. Judging from the terse words of one of the observers, it must have been an exciting spectacle while it lasted, though it passed all too rapidly beyond the line of the beholders' longing vision.

"Ye c'u'd n't tell," remarked this gentleman, sadly, in relating the accident, "which was the harse an' which the auld lady, an' which the Gap of Dunloe!"

Excited pursuers did not "catch 'em," as they were urged to do by the frenzied Mr. Jackson, but they were rewarded by finding various portions of Aunt Nancy's wearing apparel scattered along the trail. Items: one black bonnet one cape, one handkerchief, one pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. Apparently only those garments securely fastened in place, such as shoes and lace mitts, had survived the experience. Apparently, also, Aunt Nancy had made in almost unbroken silence her exciting mountain ride. The exception seemingly occurred somewhere in the Dark Valley, where a mountain woman, seeing her fly by, had thoughtlessly urged her to stop and buy a glass of goat's milk. The woman's memory of the encounter was slightly vague, it having ended so abruptly, but she retained the impression that Aunt Nancy had expressed an unusual degree of regret at being unable to accept her invitation.

" 'T was n't till thin I saw the poor harse was crazy wid fright, an' the auld lady's close blowin' over his eyes," added the mountain woman sympathetically. "An' I could n't do nathin', becuz, begorra, whin I lifted me v'ice to call me big bye, the auld woman an' the harse was half-way down the valley."

Fortunately, five or six miles of this stimulating pace had a blighting effect on the wild Hibernian spirits of the pony, with the result that he and his rider ambled at a most sedate gait into the space where the rowboats were waiting their passengers for Ross Castle, and where the remaining members of the party were expected to meet. The remaining members of the party, for obvious reasons, were not yet there; and the long delay before their arrival gave Aunt Nancy time to replace the missing articles of her apparel with garments borrowed from the woman at the refreshment booth, and to eat a hearty luncheon. Thus refreshed, she was ready for the fourteen-mile journey in a rowboat to Ross Castle, which was the next item on the program of the day; and she made it that afternoon, notwithstanding the almost hysterical expostulations of Mr. James Henry Jackson.

It was not until we sailed for America, that we looked again into Aunt Nancy's dauntless eyes. She was the first passenger we saw when we reached the deck of the *Columbia,* and her joy in the encounter was as deep as our own. We chatted for a moment, and then she darted off to greet various members of her party from whom side excursions had temporarily separated her.

The sea was slumberously calm, bathed in hazy autumnal sunshine. Light-hearted men and women in white linen and pale flannel costumes strolled about the decks explaining to one another what good sailors they were, and how they hoped the sea would not remain monotonously smooth.

"One wants a little life and swing on a ship," explained one fat, blond man on whose face we were even then looking, though we knew it not, for the last time in seven sad days. To a unit the passengers poured into the dining-saloon at the first call for luncheon. To a unit they consumed everything on the bill of fare. All was peace and appetite.

That afternoon the sea roused herself drowsily, turned over, and yawned. The blue waves of the morning were gone. In their place were huge, oily, black swells, which lazily lifted the *Columbia,* held her suspended for a long minute, and then with slow, shuddering reluctance let her down, down, down. An interesting young Scotchman who was sitting by Jessica's side on deck stopped suddenly in the midst of an impassioned tribute to the character of Robert Bruce, looked in her face for an instant with eyes full of a horrible fear, and hastily joined a stout German in a spirited foot-race to the nearest companionway. A high-church English divine, who had met me half an hour before and had hastened to spare me future heartaches by explaining at once that he was married, rose abruptly from his chair beside me and wobbled uncertainly to the deck-rail, where he hung suspended in an attitude of pathetic resignation. Thus recalled to the stern realities of life, Jessica and I looked up and down the deck. It was deserted—deserted save for a little black figure that trotted rapidly past us, clutching occasionally at the empty air for support as she was hurled from one side to the other of the glistening deck, but cheerful, undaunted, and happy.

"I got to have some exercise," panted Aunt Nancy as she reclined for an in-

stant in my lap, where a lurch of the ship had deposited her; "so I 'm takin' a little walk." She was still walking when Jessica and I retreated hurriedly to our cabin.

The days that followed are too sad to be described by the most sympathetic pen. The sea, moved to her uttermost depths as she had not been in twenty-five years, resented fiercely the presence of the *Columbia* on her disturbed bosom. Madly she cast her from her; with feline treachery she drew her back again, and sought to tear apart her mighty timbers. Groaningly, agonizingly, pluckily, the *Columbia* bore all—and revenged herself on her passengers. She stood on her head, and sent them, so to speak, into her prow. She rose up on her stern, and scattered them aft. She stood still and shuddered. She lay down on her left side until she had imperiled the heart action of every person on board; she rolled over on her right side and started briskly toward the bottom of the sea. She recovered herself, leaped up and down a few times to prove that she was still intact, and did it all over again. Meanwhile the passengers, locked below and sternly commanded to keep to their cabins, held fast to the sides of their berths and prayed fervently for death.

Neither Jessica nor I was actively ill, but Jessica's indifference to food and social intercourse was marked in the extreme. Stretched on her back in the berth opposite my own she lay day and night with closed eyes and forbidding demeanor, rousing herself only long enough to repel fiercely any suggestion that she take nourishment. Also she furnished me with one life-long memory. From sheer ennui I ordered and devoured at noon on the third day a large portion of steamed peach dumpling, with hard sauce. The look which Jessica cast first upon this dish and then upon me will always, I think, remain the dominant feature of my most troubled dreams.

During this time I had not forgotten Aunt Nancy, though I am sure Jessica had. Her cabin, however, while on the same deck as our own, was at the other end of the ship, and I had grave doubts of my ability to safely cover the distance between. Finally I attempted it and, aside from the slight incidents of blacking one eye in an unexpected diversion to the rail, and subsequently being hurled violently against the back of an ax nailed to the wall, I made the passage in safety. Aunt Nancy was not in her cabin, but a hollow groan from the upper berth betrayed the fact that her room-mate was. From this lady I was unfortunately unable to extract much information. She seemed to feel that I was mercifully sent to chloroform her out of existence, and her disappointment over my failure to play this Samaritan rôle was so bitter that I was forced to withdraw lest she should utter things unbefitting a gentlewoman.

Down the long corridor, as I groped my way back, something blew toward me like a wraith from the sea. It wore a gray, woolly bath-robe, a tiny wisp of white hair fastened precariously with one hair-pin, and a pair of knitted bedroom slippers. It was Aunt Nancy, and we executed then and there an intricate *pas de deux* in our common efforts to meet. Finally the *Columbia* ceased her individual evolutions long enough to enable us to grasp the passage-rail.

"I 've been in your cabin," I explained above the roar of wave and wind, as we stood facing each other. "I was afraid you were ill."

Aunt Nancy looked almost pained at such a suspicion.

"My, no," she disavowed hastily; "but there 's them that is," she conceded. "I 've been to see—let me see—thirty of 'em to-day—men an' women both. Poor Mr. Jackson 's about the worst. I never *see* such a sick man. I got this cracked ice for him," she added, looking down at the glass she was clasping to her bosom with her free hand. "I 'd 'a' looked in on you," she added kindly, "if I had n't been so busy; but I heard you wa' n't neither of you sick."

I explained with some effort that I felt comfortable as long as I lay still, but that as soon as I was on my feet, the motion—We parted hurriedly.

On the morning of the sixth day Jessica turned over in her berth, removed from her spine a fork which had seemingly been there all the week, regarded it with strong disfavor, and announced briefly that she was going above. We went. The decks were still wet, and the

steamer-chairs were securely lashed in place. The sky was gray and lowering, but the sea had sulkily subsided, showing its continued resentment of the whole experience only in the upheaval of an occasional wave which broke over the ship-rail and perished at our feet. As the hours passed, pale wraiths appeared at the companionways, supported one another feebly to the nearest chairs, sank into them, and veiled their faces from one another's gaze. They seemed the ghosts of the happy men and women who had come on board the *Columbia* six long days ago. Languidly as the hours passed they revived and confided to one another the simple record of the voyage. No, they had not been ill. It was indeed singular how few of them had been disturbed by the voyage, though they had all noticed that it was rough. But they had been injured by being knocked about or thrown from their berths, or they had been caring for friends or relatives who were ill. Several of them paused at my side on their way to and from their cabins to indulge in these artless confidences. It remained, however, for Aunt Nancy to make the most interesting of all.

She came along the deck about five in the afternoon and dropped with serene satisfaction into the empty steamer-chair at my right. She was fully dressed in the inevitable black, even to her wide bonnet. With a sigh of pleasure she folded her mittened hands in her lap and began to talk.

"It 's been real interestin'," she said. "I must say I 'm 'most sorry to have it over. I want to go to Europe again in two years; I ain't really enjoyed this trip very much; but when I come again, I think I 'll like it better, now 't I know it. But of course at my age one can't really be sure one can come again."

She sank into silence for a moment, looking down at the mittened hands in her lap. Then her face brightened, and she turned to me again with her old alert eagerness of expression.

"I dunno why I should n't come, though," she added cheerfully. "I 'm real well. Before I left home I was some worried. I did n't seem to be as strong as I used to be. That 's why I come—to build up my health an' git strong. Lots of folks has wondered why I come, I guess, an' that was it, though I ain't told no one till now: I guess I did improve, too, for the stewardess told me with her own lips only this mornin' that she thought I was a healthy woman. But of course," she added with lowly humility, "I can't do what I did when I was young."

I was speechless. The *Columbia* paused on the top of a wave, hesitated a moment, and sailed unsteadily onward. With eyes filled with a solemn content, Aunt Nancy gazed out over the cold, wet sea.

THE FOUNDRY

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

ENCOILED in rails, that all confusedly
Run crisscross in and out its iron gates;
Topped with huge chimneys, grim duumvirates
That hold with legionry of smoke in fee
A drab suburban world; incredibly
Shapeless throughout its pyramidal vast;
Tri-daily in an air-convulsing blast
Articulate, like Doom, to things that be—
The foundry! Geyser bursts of steam by day,
And hells of flame by night! The incarnate age,—
Midwife to what cyclopean births?—behold!
What means this more than Oriental sway
O'er nature? Golden image, despot rage,
The Babylonian furnace fired sevenfold?

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

FOURTH PAPER: LONDON POLITICAL SOCIETY—FRIENDSHIPS WITH ENGLISH STATESMEN—THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE—CAMPAIGN EXPERIENCES

THE new Parliament of 1880 found us established with our household gods in the little house we had taken in London in St. James's Place. It was next door to Sir Stafford Northcote, then leader of the Opposition. Little did the kind old gentleman realize at that time his proximity to the hornets' nest which was being built by the Fourth Party.

Randolph had been reëlected for Woodstock, defeating the Liberal candidate, Mr. W. Hall. The contest was not an exciting one, although many of the constituents were dissatisfied and full of grumblings and complaints. They fancied themselves neglected, from the owners of Blenheim being absent in Ireland for so many years. Nevertheless, I was confident that we should win, having too many good friends in the constituency to fear a rebuff.

Randolph, whose interest in politics had become very keen during his stay in Ireland, now became entirely absorbed by them. I, too, caught the fever, and went frequently to the House of Commons, listening with growing interest to the debates. The Ladies' Gallery, for which one ballots, and the Speaker's Gallery, to which one is invited by the Speaker's wife, were not in those days the fashionable places of resort they have since become. Only a few ultra-political ladies frequented them. In the Speaker's Gallery, Mrs. Gladstone, picturesque and dignified, always occupied a reserved seat, from which she was seldom absent. Miss Balfour, too, was generally there. Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, a tall, handsome woman, whose flashing eyes and raven locks had gained for her among her friends the name of "Britannia," and whose son married Miss Livingston of New York, was also an habitué and literally seemed to live there. Later, Mrs. Chamberlain joined the group. But the gay butterflies of society thought it too serious a place for them. Now, however, this has quite changed. The present generation are full of the desire of being, or appearing to be, serious. For an interesting debate, or to hear a popular politician, they will make strenuous efforts to get into the Speaker's Gallery. On such an occasion, many of the youngest and prettiest women in London can be found there. Hidden in Eastern fashion from masculine sight, fifty or more will sometimes crowd into the small, dark cage to which the ungallant British legislators have relegated them. The ladies in the first row, in a cramped attitude, with their knees against the grille, their necks craned forward, and their ears painfully on the alert, if they wish to hear anything, are supposed to enjoy a great privilege. Those in the second row, by the courtesy of the first, may get a peep of the gods below. The rest have to fall back on their imagination or retire to a small room in the rear, where they can whisper and have tea. Some take the opportunity to polish off their correspondence, hoping, perhaps, that these letters, written on House of Commons paper, may convey a political

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE LADIES' GALLERY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

flavor to the unpolitical recipients. Silence is supposed to be *de rigueur*, but the thread of many an interesting speech has been lost in the buzz of stage whispers and the coming and going of restless ones. "Is that Mr. ——?" exclaims a pretty blonde to her neighbor. "Do lend me your glasses. Yes, it is he. I wonder if he would dine with me to-night." ("'Sh!" comes from a relative of the man who is speaking.) "We are thirteen —so tiresome. I think I must send him a note by the usher." ("'Sh!") "I can get the answer at once—*so* convenient." ("'Sh!" "'Sh!") "Who *is* that odious woman hushing me? Darling, keep my chair; I will return in a moment." and amid a jingling of beads and chains and a *frou-frou* of silk petticoats, the fair one flies to scribble her note. Meanwhile the front row settles down once more to the speech to which they are listening. "What an immoral argument! Just like a Radical's impudence to say such things!" exclaims in no dulcet tones a Conservative peeress, who would be better occupied waking up her lord in the Upper House, than crowding out the wife of some member of Parliament in the Lower.

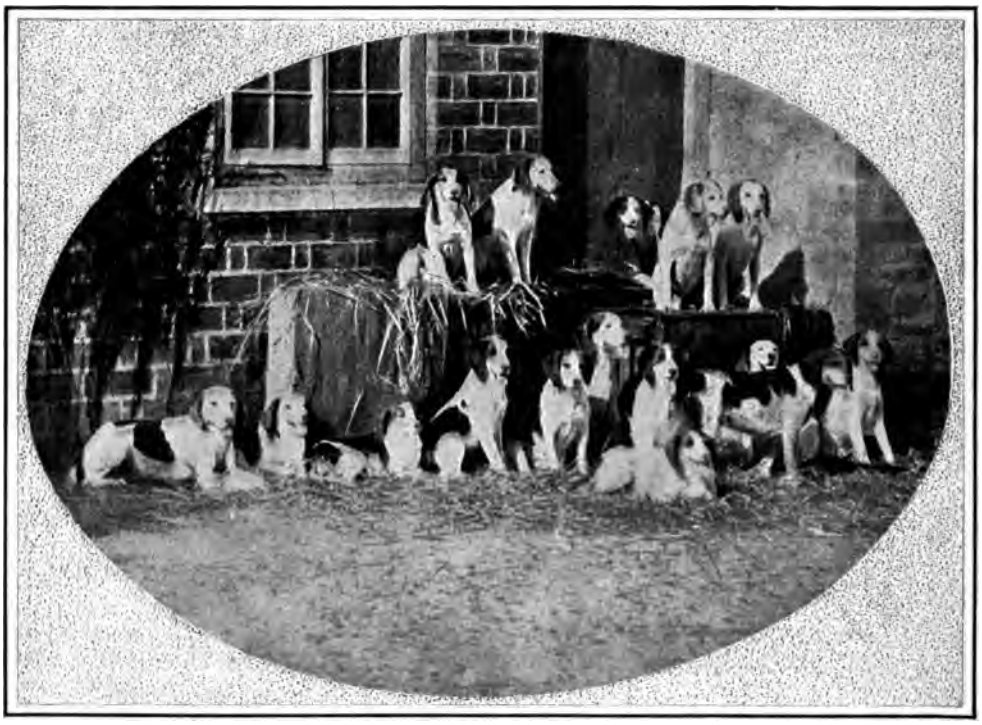
"Be careful!" says her neighbor; "his wife is next to you."

These are specimens of the remarks one sometimes hears. I remember an enthusiastic wife whose husband was making an important speech, betraying her too intimate knowledge of it by giving her unwilling listener the best points beforehand. Next to speaking in public oneself, there is nothing which produces such feelings of nervousness and apprehension as to hear one's husband or son make a speech. There is no doubt, however, that the frequent recurrence of it minimizes the ordeal, particularly if the speakers are sure

of themselves. In this respect I can claim to being specially favored, though Randolph, even after years of practice and experience, was always nervous before a speech until he actually stood up. This subject reminds me of a painful sight I once saw at a big political meeting. A young member of Parliament with more acres than brains, who sat for a family pocket borough, was making his yearly address to his constituents. Shutting his eyes tight and clenching his hands, he began in a high falsetto voice: "Brothers and sisters, Conservatives!" and for thirty minutes he recited, or rather gabbled, the speech he had learned by heart, while his wife, with her eyes riveted on him, and with tears pouring down her cheeks from nervousness, unconsciously, with trembling lips, repeated the words he was uttering.

Those years (1880-84) of political activity when the Fourth Party was at its zenith, were full of excitement and interest for me. Our house became the rendezvous of all shades of politicians. Many were the plots and plans which were hatched in my presence by the Fourth Party, who, notwithstanding the seriousness of their endeavors, found time to laugh heartily and often at their own frustrated machinations. How we used to chaff about the "goats," as we called the ultra-Tories and followers of Sir Stafford Northcote! Great was to be their fall and destruction.

Sir Henry Wolff, whom I had met at Cowes before my marriage, was a godsend if anything went wrong, and a joke from him saved many a situation. With a pink-and-white complexion that a girl might have envied, and a merry twinkle in his spectacled eyes, he was the best of company. But I confess I thought rather dangerous his habit of treating the most serious questions in a flippant manner, and of turning everything into ridicule. Sometimes, to hear him and Randolph discussing the situation, the uninitiated might have thought the subject was a game of chess. It is sad to think that Fortune has been so little kind to Sir Henry, for, notwithstanding his many services to the state and his pri-



THE HARRIERS AT BLENHEIM

vate life of unselfishness and abnegation, cares and misfortunes have come heavily upon him in his old age.

Sir John Gorst—then Mr. Gorst—was a very different type of man from Sir Henry Wolff. His stern countenance belied him, and he could make himself very pleasant. I remember his defending me in some trivial case in the County Court, and winning it; the appearance of a Queen's Counsel in silk gown and wig creating a sensation. Randolph accompanied us, and we drove away in a four-wheeler, feeling very triumphant until the wheel came off, and we were ignominiously precipitated into the street.

Sir John had a music-loving soul, and many were the occasions when he and I and Arthur Balfour went off to the "Monday Pops" together, to listen to the sweet strains of Joachim and Norman Neruda. My fashionable and frivolous friends, spying the three of us walking together, would tease me about my "weird" companions, one solemn with beard and eye-glass, the other esthetic with long hair and huge spats. Mr. Balfour's knowledge of music was remarkable, considering the little time he was able to devote to it, and he was no mean performer at the piano, reading and playing classical music. We often played together Beethoven or Schumann. But it was not without difficulty that he could get away from his parliamentary duties, which increased yearly, and often I was disappointed of his company, as shown by the following letter:

1883 *House of Commons.*

MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I am groaning and swearing on this beastly bench: while you are listening to Wagnerian discords, I am listening to Irish grumblings—there is a great deal of brass in both of them; otherwise there is not much resemblance! I *am* sitting next ——, I *might* be sitting next you! I am an unhappy victim. However, there is no choice. Monday night is a most unlucky one for Richter: the Irish have a talent for turning everything into an Irish debate: and when the Irish speak I must answer, as I have just been endeavoring to do!

Your miserable servant,

Arthur James Balfour.

As regards the Fourth Party, I was full of grievances against Mr. Balfour. He never seemed quite certain whether he belonged to it or not; it depended how Randolph, Wolff, and Gorst were behaving, how much his uncle, Lord Salisbury, remonstrated, or how political events were shaping themselves for the party. If badly, Mr. Balfour would, as I often had reason to tell him, *"retirer son épingle du jeu,"* and repudiate with indignation the idea that he was a member of it. This did not prevent him, however, from secretly hankering after the "wicked" three, whose company had for him all the fascination of forbidden fruit. Be it as it may, History, that often untruthful jade, will probably write him down as the fourth member of the party, although he may possibly have only coquetted with it.

During the time that Randolph and his friends were struggling in opposition, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain came frequently to our house. This was looked upon with much disapproval by the "goats," who regarded these politicians as very dangerous company for young people properly imbued with true Conservative principles. The Duke of Marlborough, my father-in-law, was particularly incensed, and took Randolph seriously to task for having had Mr. Chamberlain to dinner—"a man who was a Socialist, or not far from one; who was reputed to have refused to drink the Queen's health when Mayor of Birmingham," etc. "How could the influence of such a man be anything but pernicious?" Indeed, London society thought as much, and we, not being in favor at Court at that time, this association with advanced Radicals was made another subject of grievance against us. Randolph, however, pursued the even tenor of his way, and I am glad to think that, notwithstanding their sometimes very acute political differences, he remained to the end of his life an ardent admirer and friend of Mr. Chamberlain.

Sir William and Lady Harcourt used at that time to give the most delightful dinners and parties at their house in Grafton Street, restricted enough in numbers to make conversation possible. Unlike the present day, people were content to remain where they were being entertained, and were not troubled with the anxiety to be seen at half a dozen places in the course of one evening. The pleas-

antest people in London were to be met there, attracted not only by Sir William's wit and conversation, but also by Lady Harcourt's geniality and her art of making every one feel at home. I was always proud to think that the daughter of that most illustrious historian, Motley, was a compatriot.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT

From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, London

SIR CHARLES DILKE

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

I remember at one of these dinners having an amusing passage-at-arms with my host, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Chamberlain. At that period I had taken up painting very violently, martyrizing many models, paid and unpaid, covering miles of canvas with impossible daubs, and spending a small fortune in paints and pigments. My three Radical friends having been told of my artistic efforts, chaffingly implored me to hand them down to posterity by painting their portraits. "Why refuse to paint us?" "Where can you find more attractive or noble models!" "Come, here is a chance to immortalize yourself and us."

"Impossible," I cried. "I should fail; I could never paint you black enough."

I used to accompany Randolph to most of his political gatherings in the country. We would stay with some local magnate, who probably would be taking the chair at the meeting. Men on those occasions fare better than their women folk, for, on the plea of having to prepare speeches, they can seek the solitude of their rooms. Not so the wife, who has to sit, perhaps for hours, talking platitudes to the wives and daughters of the political supporters who have been invited to meet her. But their desire to

please, and the hospitality they so cordially extend to one, make up for the boredom naturally felt in the company of people with whom, perforce, one has little in common. On these social-political experiences, the late Lord Goschen, a personal friend, often compared notes with me. We would chaff about certain "whited fowls"—cold chicken covered with thick, white sauce—which invariably figured at the suppers after these political meetings, and exchange reminiscences of what we considered our failures.

House of Commons, S. W.
17th August.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I telegraphed to you yesterday to Penn, that I am extremely sorry that I could not accept your fascinating invitation. That is to say, this was the substance of the telegram: I did not put it so warmly to the telegraph clerk. We have a party of friends coming to us in the country to-day, so that I am due at home to entertain them—we are further from London than you, but not too far to get friends for the Sunday. I indeed want fresh air and a "rest from the House and all its inmates."

We hang on here in a deplorable condition, without amusements, and without ladies, without any interests except the dying interests of a dull Session. Sometimes a stray woman appears on the terrace, but what is that among so many? "Souls" and bodies have equally vanished. I wonder which Mr. Russell has said or written what about me, where? Anyhow, I do not know that I possess the particular characteristics you mention. But if I did, I should certainly not think you "one of my failures" . . .

I hope you gave me a moment's thought when you went home to supper at the ——; the "whited fowls" have become quite a link between us.

The division bell is ringing and disturbs my memories. Please remember that my pen is only dipped in a House of Commons inkstand, and not in such a romantic inkstand as that which emanated from your first literary earnings.[1] So you must forgive me if I have written a mere Philistine letter.

Yours very sincerely,
George G. Goschen.

[1] Speaking once of a common friend who was famous for his epistolary style, I had related to Lord Goschen how I had sent this friend a present of an inkstand (paid for out of my first literary earnings) as a gentle hint that I wished for a letter from him.

INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE CROWN OF INDIA

The jewels are diamonds, pearls, and turquoises. The insignia is worn with a light-blue ribbon edged with white.

Of all the statesmen I have met, I think the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone were the pleasantest companions at dinner. Both had the happy knack of seeming vastly interested in one's conversation, whatever the subject, or however frivolous. There was no condescension or "tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb" about it. At the same time, I must own that any feeling of elation for having had, as one considered, a success was speedily destroyed; for the next woman, whoever she might be, who had the privilege of sitting beside either of these great men, would receive exactly the same courteous attention. As for Mr. Gladstone, having once started him on his subject, an intelligent "Yes" of "No" was all that was required. But if you ventured a remark (to which he listened in grave silence), he had a disconcerting way of turning sharply round, his piercing eye fixed inquiringly upon you, and his hand to his ear, with the gesture so well known to the House of Commons. His Old-World manner was very attractive, and his urbanity outside the House remarkable. On the one occasion I had been at the House hearing Randolph make one of his fiery attacks on him, which he answered with equal heat and indignation. The hour was late, and Randolph and I had just time to rush home and dress to dine at Spencer House with Lord and Lady Spencer. The first person I met as I went in was Mr. Gladstone, who at once came up and said: "I hope Lord Randolph is not *too* tired after his magnificent effort." What an object lesson to those foreign politicians who would look upon it as an insult to be asked to meet in the same house!

The autumn of 1883 was marked by the formation of the Primrose League, which subsequently proved to be an event of great political importance, and a tower of strength to the Conservative Party.

From a lithograph published in "Vanity Fair"

"THE FOURTH PARTY" (IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS)

From left to right the persons are Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr Arthur Balfour, Sir Henry Wolff, Mr (later Sir) John Gorst.

The Fourth Party, with the exception of Mr. Balfour, and the addition of Sir Alfred Slade, had drawn up the statutes and ordinances of this new political society, which was to "embrace all classes and all creeds except atheists and enemies of the British Empire." Sir Henry Wolff, who had originated the idea from seeing Conservatives wearing primroses on the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death, came to Blenheim, where I was staying at the time.

All the female members of the family who happened to be there were enrolled as dames, and were given a badge and a numbered diploma. Mine was eleven. The Duchess of Marlborough was made President of the Ladies' Grand Council, which was being formed. I must say we laughed immoderately over the grandiloquent names—the "Knights Harbingers" (or "Night refuges," as we dubbed them), the "Ruling Councillors," the "Chancellor of the League," "Dames," "Dame President," "Habitations," and what not. We criticized freely the Brummagem gaudy badges and "ye ancient" diplomas printed on vellum. Little did we know the power the League was to become. Having joined the League and been duly enrolled a "dame," I was determined to do all I could to further its aims. The first years of its existence were a struggle. The wearing of the badge exposed one to much chaff, not to say ridicule; but we persisted. Recruits joined "surely, if slowly," and to-day, after twenty-one years of existence, the League can boast of having 1,703,708 knights, dames, and associates upon its rolls, and of having materially helped to keep the Conservative Party in power twenty years.

For many years I worked strenuously on behalf of the League. I became the "Dame President" of many Habitations, and used to go all over the country inaugurating them. The opening ceremonies were often quaint in their conceptions, a mixture of grave and gay, serious and frivolous—speeches from members of Parliament, interspersed with songs and even recitations, sometimes of a comical nature. The meeting would end with the enrolment of converts.

A strange medley, the laborer and the

local magnate, the county lady and the grocer's wife, would troop up and sign the roll. Politics, like charity, are a great leveler. The late Lady Salisbury, when President of the Ladies Executive Council of the Primrose League, once at a committee meeting rebuked a member who thought that a certain form of entertainment to be held at one of the Primrose League Habitations, though attractive to the masses, might be thought slightly vulgar. "Vulgar? Of course it is vulgar," exclaimed the President; "but that is why we have got on so well."

Among the many entertainments of this kind, I particularly remember going with Mr. Balfour to Manchester just before the several elections of 1886 to open a large Habitation. A few days later, on the seventh of June, Mr. Gladstone was defeated on his Home Rule Bill. In view of this, I permit myself to give my remarks on the occasion, as they proved prophetic.

Trembling with excitement, my notes hidden in my fan, I said:

"I am proud to have the privilege of inaugurating this most important Habitation. It is not necessary for me to dilate on the usefulness of the Primrose League. We have had ample proof of the great work it did at the recent general election (1885), and we shall soon have an opportunity of showing to our opponents that not only is its power undiminished, but that it is increased tenfold. However, in order to make this a certainty, I think that every member of the Primrose League must put his or her shoulder to the wheel. When Mr. Gladstone appears in his new rôle of undertaker, let us hope that, with the exception of a few hypocritical mourners, he may be left to bury his doomed Bill all alone. When that melancholy rite is accomplished, and he appeals to the country, I trust with all my heart that it will answer with one voice in favor of that party which is pledged to support all that is dear to England—religion, law, order, and the unity of the Empire."

The year 1883 saw us in a new house in Connaught Place. "Tyburnia," our friends called it, as on the railings opposite our windows, which faced Hyde Park, there was a small tablet to mark the site of Tyburn Gate. Often I thought of the thousands of poor wretches who had been hanged there, and sometimes wondered if the house would be full of wailing ghosts; but frankly I never saw or heard one.

I was very much occupied that winter furnishing, and disposing in the new house what my brother-in-law Blandford used to call my "stage properties." It is curious how fond one can become of inanimate objects apart from their intrinsic value. We had many nice bits of old furniture which we had picked up in Dublin, where they had found their way from the dismantled houses of impecunious Irish landlords. Things could be bought cheaply in those days, the artistic craze being confined to the eclectic few. Now collecting millionaires have bought up nearly everything, and what is left is held at fabulous prices. I remember coming across some large painted panels which I found in an old shop in the City. Although grimy and in a deplorable condition, I thought I detected in them real merit. My sojourn at Blenheim among those glorious pictures, I suppose, had educated my eye. The owner wanted some £300 for them, for which they were to be restored and put into good order. Full of my *trouvaille,* I rushed home with a glowing tale, in the hopes of persuading Randolph to buy them. I found him with Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Wolff, discussing the merits of "Elijah's Mantle," which he had just written for the "Fortnightly." The laughter it provoked reached my ears as I subsequently sat in my drawing-room looking at its bare walls, which, alas! had to remain so. "Three hundred pounds—preposterous! Besides, we cannot afford it"—so Randolph settled the question. I reluctantly gave up the panels, which were sold shortly afterward, and turned out to be Morland's, worth to-day perhaps £7000 or £8000!

London was very animated that season. Randolph's growing prominence in the political world was attracting considerable attention in the social, and we were bombarded with invitations of every kind. The fashionable world, which had held aloof, now began to smile upon us once more. In the course of a lifetime most people out of their experiences get to

know the real value of "the Mammon of unrighteousness," but few learn their lesson so early. We both profited by it, and personally I would never give up anything by which I really set store for the sake of its unsatisfactory approbation.

But a curious phase had come over society. Publicity became the fashion, although it was mild in comparison with that which exists to-day. The craze for exhibiting the photographs of "Ladies of Quality," as they would have been called in the eighteenth century, was a novelty which brought forth much comment. The first time mine found its way into a shop, I was severely censured by my friends, and told I ought to prosecute the photographer.

So great was the license allowed to the public that some ladies whose beauty had taken London by storm were publicly mentioned as "Professional Beauties." Conspicuous among them were Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Wheeler. A fierce war of opinion as to their rival merits raged about them.

Artists extolled Mrs. Langtry's classical Greek profile, golden hair, and wonderful columnlike throat, graced with the three *"plis de Vénus,"* made her an ideal subject for their brushes and chisels. So great was the enthusiasm created by the beauty of the "Jersey Lily," as she was called, that in the height of the season I have seen people standing on chairs in the Row to get a peep at her. Professor Newton on one occasion lectured at King's College on Greek art. Mrs. Langtry, as a living exponent of the Greek beauty which the professor was describing, sat in a prominent place facing the audience. I have before me a letter from Randolph, written to me while I was in Ireland, in which he says: "I dined with Lord Wharncliffe last night, and took in to dinner a Mrs. Langtry, a most beautiful creature, quite unknown, very poor, and they say has but one black dress."

Mrs. Wheeler was of a quite different type, with dark hair and deep gray-blue eyes, which held you by their gentle, appealing expression. She was very fascinating.

For a time no party was considered complete or successful without these ladies. People would receive invitations with "Do come; the P. Bs. will be there." This meant the certain attendance of all the most amusing elements of society. Although London has always been famous for the beautiful women of all nationalities that one can see there, I doubt their having been surpassed since the eighties. To pick and choose among such a bevy of lovely women is somewhat of an invidious task. But I can think of few nowadays who could really compare with the Duchess of Leinster and her sister, Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Londonderry, Lady Dalhousie, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Mary Mills, and Lady Gerard. Mrs. Cornwallis-West, whose daughters have inherited her beauty, held her own with the best of them. It was difficult to find a fault in her bright, sparkling face, as full of animation as her brown eyes were of Irish wit and fun. She had a lovely complexion, curly brown hair, and a perfect figure. In my humble estimation, however, the woman who will be handed down to posterity as the most beautiful woman of her generation is undoubtedly Georgina, Lady Dudley, whose commanding presence and small, aristocratic head still makes her an object of admiration wherever she goes. But on this subject of beauty, among royal ladies no one can dispute the palm being given to her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

In July, 1883, an otherwise pleasant season for us was suddenly turned into grief and mourning by the death of my father-in-law. Randolph had dined with him the previous night, when he appeared quite in his usual health. At eight o'clock next morning we heard a knock at our bedroom door, and a footman stammered out, "The Duke your father is dead!"

It was a great shock to Randolph, and until he arrived at his father's house, he could not realize it. I regretted the Duke very much, he had always been most kind and charming to me. After a few days spent at Blenheim, we hurried off to Gastein, taking our boy Winston with us. There we led the "simple life" with a vengeance, but after the rush of London, and the gloom of the preceding weeks, the peace and quiet were not unpleasant.

In our walks we frequently met Bismarck with his big boar-hound, two detectives following him closely. One day as he was walking rather slowly we tried to pass him, whereupon, much to my annoyance, the detectives rushed forward in a most threatening manner. I had no idea we looked like anarchists.

Beyond climbing the mountains and taking the baths, there was little to do. We made the acquaintance of Count Lehndorff, who introduced us to an old *Gräfin* who lived in a villa called "La Solitude." This lady was a great friend of the Emperor William of Prussia, and invited us one day to tea to meet him. The Emperor was a fine-looking man, notwithstanding his age, and he had that Old-World manner which is as attractive as it is rare. He was full of gaiety, and chaffed some of the young people present. It was a mystery to me how he survived what he ate and drank, although he was doing a cure. He began with poached eggs, and went on to potted meats and various strange German dishes, added many cups of strong tea, and ended with strawberries, ices, and sweet, tepid champagne. We talked *banalités;* it was not very exciting.

We spent the winter following the Duke's death more or less at Blenheim under the new régime. My brother-in-law, who had now succeeded to the family honors, was most kind and hospitable, and insisted that nothing should be altered as regarded us. He even persuaded Randolph to start some harriers. I thoroughly enjoyed the hunting, and was given the proud post of whipper-in. But I own to my discomfiture that I could never remember the names of the hounds; to me they all looked alike. Randolph, on the contrary, knew not only their names, but their characteristics.

In November, 1884, Randolph, wanting a rest from the arduous political work he had been indulging in, decided to go to India for a few months. He had been speaking at a good many meetings all over the country. At one of these, at Birmingham, took place the celebrated Aston Riots, which were organized by Mr. Chamberlain's agent, a Mr. Schnadhorst. How the meeting was broken up, the speakers (Sir Stafford Northcote, Colonel Burnaby, Randolph, and others) fleeing for their lives, is a matter of history. Notwithstanding Randolph's righteous indignation at such treatment, particularly from a friend, even though a political opponent, he made it up with Mr. Chamberlain before leaving for India. Amiable letters passed between them, and they shook hands. While Randolph was on the high seas, the Aston Riots question, which had already been discussed at length in the House of Commons, came up again. In view of the reconciliation which had just taken place, I was rather disappointed to hear Mr. Chamberlain warmly backing up his constituents. It may have been necessary from his point of view, but I agree with M. de Camors—*"La politique dessèche le cœur."* Sometimes, indeed, I think politics is a "sorry game." Too often its attributes are callousness and ingratitude, tricks and treachery. In any other "walk of life" these things would not be tolerated for a moment.

The press in those days attacked Randolph most viciously on every possible opportunity. Mr. Buckle, the editor of the "Times," who was by way of being a friend of ours, often, if not invariably, wrote slating articles on him. One night, a particularly poisonous leader having appeared that morning in the "Times," I met him at the Speaker's. Coming up, he half-chaffingly asked me if I intended to speak to him, or if I was too angry. "Angry? Not a bit," I replied. "I have ten volumes of press-cuttings about Randolph, all abusive. This will only be added to them."

I sometimes wonder if the power of the press is not greatly exaggerated. I have always observed that it has to follow a popular movement, not lead it, and great abuse of a public man only seems to help him to office. At the last general election (1906), with few exceptions the whole press of England preached protection, and yet free trade won all along the line. In all political matters indeed one may say with Omar Khayyám:

> "and heard great argument
> About it and about: but evermore
> Came out by the same door where in I went."

Randolph remained in India five months, enjoying himself immensely. He wrote me glowing accounts of his travels

and all he was seeing. These letters have been published in his "Life"; and the perusal of them made me greatly regret that I had not been able to accompany him.

Meanwhile, in his absence, the political horizon had grown very dark for the Liberal Government, which fell shortly after his return (1885). The triumphant Fourth Party now reaped the reward of their labors, all being included in the new Administration. Great was the excitement and many the *pourparlers* at Connaught Place. Randolph was offered the post of Secretary of State for India, by Lord Salisbury, and accepted it, but on the understanding that Sir Henry Wolff and Mr. Gorst, who had "borne the heat and burden of the day" with him, should be included. Lord Salisbury demurred, but finally gave way under pressure. Having joined the Government, Randolph was now obliged to seek reëlection at Woodstock. His new office giving him an enormous amount of work, he made up his mind not to contest it personally. I was therefore pressed into the service. Of nine elections in which I have taken a more or less active part (Woodstock twice, Birmingham three times, Paddington twice, Oldham and Manchester once each), if Birmingham was the most laborious, I think Woodstock was the one which left the pleasantest memories. Accompanied by my sister-in-law, the late Lady Howe—then Lady Curzon—we stayed at Blenheim, but had our committee rooms at the Bear Hotel in Woodstock.

There we held daily confabulations with the friends and members of Parliament who had come to help. We were most important, and felt that the eyes of the world were upon us. Reveling in the hustle and bustle of the committee rooms, marshaling our forces, and hearing the hourly reports of how the campaign was progressing, made me feel like a general holding a council-of-war with his staff in the heat of a battle. A. was doubtful, B. obdurate, while C.'s wife, a wicked, abominable Radical, was trying to influence her husband, whom we thought secure, to vote the wrong way. At once they must be visited and our arsenal of arguments brought to bear on them. Sometimes with these simple country folk a pleading look, and an imploring "Oh, please vote for my husband; I shall be so unhappy if he does not get in," or "If you want to be on the winning side, vote for us; as of course we are going to win," would be as effective as the election agent's longest speeches on the iniquity of Mr. Chamberlain's unauthorized program, or Mr. Gladstone's "disgraceful" attitude at the death of Gordon. In some ways the work was arduous enough.

The Primrose League was still in an embryonic state in Woodstock, and there was no "habitation" to furnish us with the Primrose Dames, who for the last twenty years have taken a prominent part at every election. The distances to cover were great, and motors were not in existence. Luckily, Lady Curzon, who was a beautiful driver, brought down her well-known tandem, and we scoured the country with our smart turnout, the horses gaily decorated with ribbons of pink and brown, Randolph's racing colors. Sometimes we would drive into the fields, and getting down, climb the hayricks, and fall upon our unwary prey at his work. There was no escaping us. Many of the voters of those days went no further than their colors. "I votes red" [radical] or "blue," [conservative] as the case might be, and no talking, however forcible or subtle could move them. Party feeling ran high, and in outlying districts we would frequently be pursued by our opponents, jeering and shouting at us; but this we rather enjoyed.

At the end of a tiring fortnight, Randolph was returned at the head of the poll. From the window of the Bear Hotel I made a little speech to the crowd, and thanked them "from the bottom of my heart" for returning my husband for the third time. I surpassed the fondest hopes of the Suffragettes, and thought I was duly elected, and I certainly experienced all the pleasure and gratification of being a successful candidate. I returned to London feeling that I had done a very big thing, and was surprised and astonished that the crowds in the streets looked at me with indifference. I often think that these must be the sensations of a newly made member of Parliament when

he first goes to the House of Commons, fresh from the hustings of his own meetings, where his dullest and silliest inanity is listened to and applauded. In the House he finds his level, alas! only too soon, and in a cold and inattentive audience realizes that perhaps he may not be the born orator he was led to believe.

The following letter from Lord James of Hereford, then Sir Henry James, may be of interest.

New Court, Temple, 1885.

MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

You must let me very sincerely and heartily congratulate you on the result of the election, especially as that result proceeded so very much from your personal exertions. Everybody is praising you very much.

But my gratification is slightly impaired by feeling I must introduce a new Corrupt Practices Act. Tandems must be put down and certainly some alteration—a correspondent informs me—must be made in the means of ascent and descent therefrom; then arch looks have to be scheduled, and nothing must be said "from my heart." The graceful wave of a pocket handkerchief will have to be dealt with in committee.

Still, I am very glad.

Yours most truly,

Henry James.

Of a very different order from Woodstock was the contest for Birmingham at the general election of 1885, when Randolph and Colonel Burnaby opposed Mr. John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain. During the election I had occasion to see a good deal of Colonel Burnaby, whose "Ride to Khiva" gave one an idea of his adventurous spirit. He was a gentle voiced, amiable man, notwithstanding an enormous frame and gigantic strength. I remember one night in Birmingham, that while walking back after a meeting to the hotel where we were staying, we encountered a crowd of opponents, who were inclined to be hostile, crowding around us in such an alarming manner that I became nervous; but, seemingly with the wave of his arm, Colonel Burnaby scattered them. Innumerable were the stories told about him. Once at Windsor Barracks, for a bet, he walked up a narrow staircase with a fair-sized pony under each arm. The dumb-bells he exercised with weighed two hundred pounds, and on one occasion, hearing a brother-officer (who, by the way, was six foot two) make some disparaging remark about him, he took him up and flung him across the room. Had it not been for the fact of landing on a sofa, the wretched man would have had his back broken. A few months after the election Colonel Burnaby was killed in action at Abu Klea.

The Duchess of Marlborough, my mother-in-law, came down to help me. It was the first time that women had ever indulged in any personal canvassing in Birmingham, and we did it thoroughly. Every house in the constituency was visited. The Duchess would go in one direction, and I in another; the constituency was a large one, and the work arduous. The voters were much more enlightened than the agricultural laborers of Oxfordshire; the men particularly were very argumentative and were well up in the questions of the day. The wives of the Radicals were also admirably informed, and on more than one occasion routed me completely. Sometimes I would be taken to a factory to address a few words to the men in their dinner-hour. Once I was received in sullen silence; when I inquired why, one, speaking for the rest, said they did not like being asked for their vote. "But you have something I want," I cried; "how am I to get it if I do not ask for it?" This struck them as quite reasonable and when I left they gave me cheers. Whether or not I secured any votes I shall never know.

The excitements and amusing incidents repaid one for the fatigue. During the whole of the election I never encountered a disagreeable incident or any rudeness, however poor the slum into which I went. Only once did I come across a Philistine—a publican who was in the cellar when I called. "Lady Churchill wants to see you," said the wife through the trap-door. "Oh, does she?" came in guttural tones from behind the barrels of beer. "Well, tell Mrs. Churchill to go to ——," at which I beat a hasty retreat. On the other hand I had a great success with a butcher, with whom I exchanged flowers; he gave me his vote and some time after the election I was the proud recipient of half a sheep, sent by my useful admirer. The election, alas! was not won, but to have brought down the great Mr.

Bright's majority to 400 was a virtual triumph. The Radical caucus and Mr. Chamberlain's stronghold were shaken to their foundation. In spite of his defeat, Randolph did not give up hope of contesting Birmingham again. He kept in touch with the constituency, and often held meetings there.

Of political and electioneering anecdotes one can often say, *"si non è vero è ben trovato."* But among true experiences amusing or otherwise, I remember one in particular. Being asked to help canvas for Mr. Burdett-Coutts, I was pleading with a waverer for his vote. Waggishly and with a sly look he said, "If I could get the same price as was once paid by the Duchess of Devonshire for a vote, I think I could promise." "Thank you very much," I replied, "I 'll let the Baroness Burdett-Coutts know at once."

About this time Sir Henry James, of whom we saw a good deal, although politically he was of the "other way of thinking," being a Liberal, was instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation between the Prince of Wales and Randolph. Friendly messages had already been conveyed from his Royal Highness, and the matter finally culminated in our giving a dinner for the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lord Rosebery, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Depew were among the guests. The dinner was animated, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chauncey Depew keeping the ball rolling. This reconciliation, I am happy to say, was a lasting one, all old wounds being healed. A few days later the peacemaker, delighted with his success, went off with Randolph for a little jaunt abroad. I cannot refrain from giving the letter Sir Henry James wrote me, which proves what good company he was.

Grand Hotel, Paris, Sunday.

MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

A word of our journey. At Charing Cross Station (Friday morning) the Inspector informed me it was blowing roughly from the S. E. in the Channel. R. C. derided the idea. "Nonsense! What a weak creature you are! Beautiful day." Arrived at Folkestone, captain's cabin reserved for two. Randolph spurned it. "Beastly place! I shall go on the bridge."

I reclined and read, and saw no more of my companion until we arrived at Boulogne. At first I could not find him. At last a sailor came up to me and said, "The gentleman is very ill, but he is trying to come up-stairs now." Then I saw a figure crawling out of the forecastle. He had been on the bridge, but had been literally washed off it and for a time had lain on the deck with the sea pouring over him. It had been the roughest passage known, I believe, for years. I rushed to my altered friend. He really was very ill, and placed a fixed gaze on the ground, still thinking of, and feeling, the horrors of that passage. A stout, red-haired man approached him. "Let me, as one of your most ardent admirers, shake hands with you." I much doubt if that man will ever make that request again. Propping himself up by means of my umbrella, tottering notwithstanding, sea water running away in large quantities from his great-coat, a new hat quite spoilt, Lord Randolph slightly inclined a fixed eye embedded in a ghastly countenance of a leaden yellow color upon that admirer, who fled. In the buffet old Baillie Cochrane quite cheerfully desired "to communicate something of great interest affecting the party." This time a slight groan was heard, so I knew my fellow-traveller was improving. At length he found his way into our carriage, reclining on cushions and covered with rugs. In two minutes he was asleep. Before Amiens he awoke, quite sprightly and with a good colour, and smoked two cigarettes, and abused Granville, so I knew he was quite well. We are enjoying ourselves very much—and behaving in a most exemplary manner.

If I had a decent pen and ink free from dust, I should have made this a most interesting letter.

Yours, dear Lady Randolph,
Henry James.

Among the many political meetings I attended with Randolph during those two years, I think the biggest and most imposing was that held in the Manchester drill hall. Eighteen thousand people filled the place to suffocation—no singer that ever lived can command the audience of a popular politician. If the building had held 40,000 or 50,000, it would still have been crowded. Most of the people had been standing for two hours before we arrived. Manchester gave Randolph a magnificent reception, thousands lined the streets and covered the roofs of the houses as we slowly drove through the town in a carriage drawn by four horses. Over 200,000 people were said to have turned out that day.

I felt very proud. Randolph's speech that night lasted for over two hours. The heat was great and on leaving the building the crowd pressed round the carriage to such an extent that two men were killed. I was also with Randolph at Sheffield, and heard the famous speech in which he asked Lord Hartington to abandon Gladstone and Home Rule and "come over and help us." This phrase led me later into trouble. Happening to meet Lord Hartington at dinner while he was still making up his mind as to whether he would join the Liberal Unionists or not, I asked him if he intended responding to Randolph's invitation. "I have not yet decided; but when I do, I suppose I shall be thought either a man or a mouse." "Or a rat," said I. Lord Hartington laughed, as the French say, *"d'un rire jaune."* Very pleased with what I considered my "bon-mot," I repeated it to Randolph, who, to my discomfiture, gave me a severe lecture on the iniquity of ill-timed jests. "Those are the sort of remarks which upset a coach," said he.

Many of our Liberal friends were in great trepidation at that time, torn between their hatred of Home Rule and their reluctance to leave the "Grand Old Man." The following letter from Sir Henry James is some indication of their feelings:

28, *Wilton Place*, Sunday.

MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

It is very kind of you and the Secretary of State to ask me to come to you on the 3d. Of course I will do so with the greatest pleasure. But unless the horizon clears I shall not, I warn you, be very lively.

I fear a ripple of scoffing laughter, but still I am really in very low spirits. I see no way out of the breakers—worse than breakers—which we have drifted into, and *where* is the Pilot?

I will regard No. 2 Connaught Place as a Lighthouse—but that fixed—forgive me for saying by way of correction—rotatory object will scarcely suffice.

Yours most truly,
Henry James.

And again later he writes:

Brooks's, St. James's Street.

MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

Of course I will come with the greatest pleasure on Sunday week.

Thanks for *your* sympathy on account of my Tuesday night vote. I want somebody's for I am having a little rough usage from candid friends. I know I intended to do right and I think and hope I did so.

Yours most truly,
Henry James.

This refers to the division on Mr. Jesse Collings's amendment to tho address which took place on Tuesday, January 26, 1886. By means of the amendment Mr. Gladstone sought to turn Lord Salisbury's Government out of office, in order that Home Rule might be brought forward. Knowing this, seventeen Liberals including Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, and Sir Henry James voted with the Government against Mr. Gladstone. Thus was laid the foundation of the Liberal Unionist Party.

While Randolph was at the India Office, I was told that the Order of the Crown of India would be given to me if he recommended me for it. This decoration, which was instituted by Queen Victoria and designed by the Duke of Albany, has a very pretty pearl and turquoise cipher attached to a pale-blue ribbon edged with white. I admit I thought it would be very nice to have it, but Randolph demurred at the idea of recommending his own wife for it, and therefore I sorrowfully gave up the idea. A few months later, however, much to my delight, the following letter arrived:

Windsor Castle,
November 30, 1885.

DEAR LORD RANDOLPH:

The Queen wishes to personally confer the Insignia of the Order of the Crown of India on Lady Randolph Churchill on Friday next the 4th of December at three o'clock.

Will she come here to luncheon?

The 1:10 train from Paddington is the most convenient one, and if Lady Randolph will let me hear whether she comes by that or another train, I will send the carriage to meet her here.

Yours very truly,
Henry Ponsonby.

On the appointed day I went to Windsor, having been duly apprised by a note received in the morning from a lady-in-waiting, as to what garments I should appear in.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL:

Bonnet and morning dress, gray gloves.

To kiss the Queen's hand after receiving the decoration, like the gentlemen to-day. A room will be prepared for her.

The Queen, with one of the Princesses and a lady-in-waiting, received me in a small room. She stood with her back to the window, wearing a long white veil which, against the light, made an aureole around her. Addressing a few kind words to me, to which in my embarrassment I made some inaudible answer, she proceeded to pin the order on my left shoulder. I remember that my black velvet dress was thickly embroidered with jet, so much so that the pin could find no hold and unwittingly the Queen stuck it straight into me. Although like the Spartan boy I tried to hide what I felt, I suppose I gave a start, and the Queen realizing what she had done was much concerned. Eventually the pin was put right and I curtsied myself out of the Royal Presence. As I reached the door, her Majesty suddenly stepped forward saying with a smile, "Oh! you have forgotten the case," holding it out to me at the same time. This little touch of nature relieved an otherwise somewhat formal ceremony. Remarking afterward to the lady-in-waiting that I was afraid I had been awkward and nervous, "You need not be troubled," she answered, "I know the Queen felt more shy than you did."

Shortly after this we were commanded to Windsor to dine and sleep. We dined in rather a small room, the walls of which were hung with family portraits by Winterhalter. Conversation was carried on in whispers, which I thought exceedingly oppressive and conducive to shyness. When the Queen spoke, even the whispers ceased. If she addressed a remark to you, the answer was given while the whole company listened.

There is a story (which I give for what it is worth) told of an officer who, being on guard at the Castle, was asked to dine. The whispered conversation and the stiffness of the proceedings beginning to weigh on him, he thought he would enliven them with a little joke. The Queen, hearing smothered laughter, asked what it was about. Scarlet and stammering, the poor man had to repeat his little tale, amid dead silence. Fixing a cold eye upon him, "We are not amused," was all the Queen said.

The night we were there, the household seemed slightly agitated, and the Queen retired earlier than usual; so they said. The next morning we understood the reason when we were told that a young Prince of Battenberg had been born that night in the Castle. Following the ancient custom which prescribes that a Cabinet Minister should be in attendance in the royal residence on such occasions, the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews, had been hastily sent for from London, in preference to Randolph, whom the Queen thought too young, although he was a married man and the father of a family, as well as a Cabinet Minister at the time, besides being actually in the house.

India and things Indian loomed largely in my eyes that winter, and I acquired more knowledge of the country and its history than I had ever known before. The Far East, although I had never been there, always had a great fascination for me, and Randolph's graphic descriptions of his travels made me very envious.

While he was at the India Office I was called upon to help Lady Dufferin with the fund she was getting up in aid of the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India. This was the beginning of a remarkable institution which is flourishing to-day. Besides giving employment to numbers of English female doctors, it opened, as Lady Dufferin pointed out, a career for native women, and alleviated some of the terrible sufferings of others. The Lord Mayor agreed to hold a meeting at the Mansion House in aid of the fund. Already I had collected a goodly sum. Randolph was delighted with my activity. He wrote to me from Scotland:

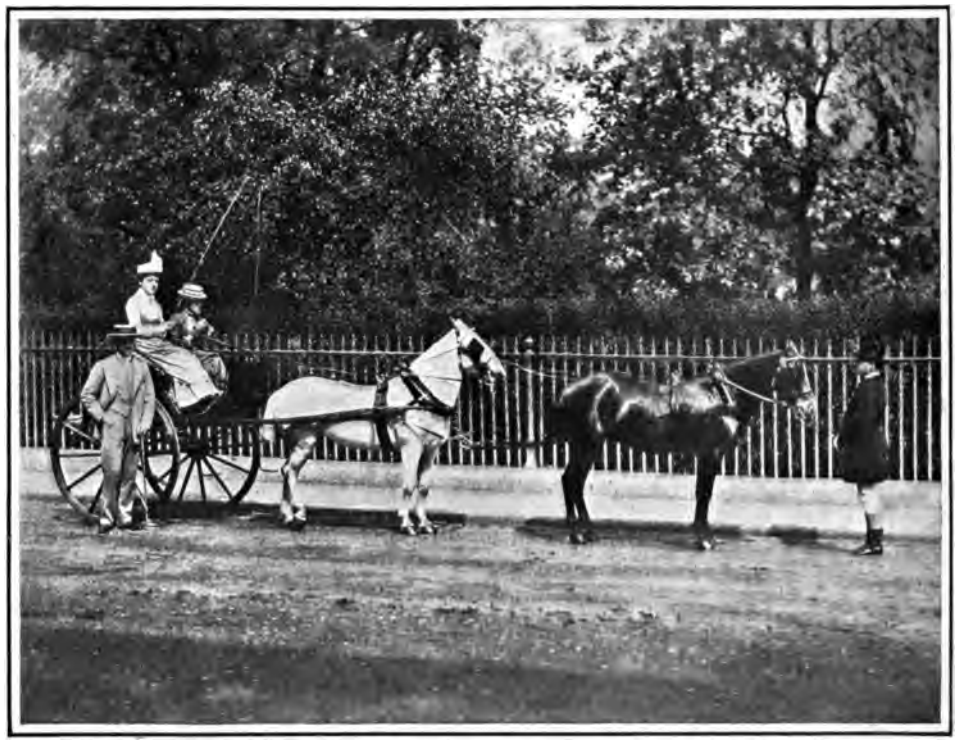
Auchnashellach,

. . . I have written twenty-one letters to-day, some of them long ones, so you won't be vexed if I only send you a short scrawl. I think your letter to Lady Dufferin admirable and all your plans with regard to her fund most excellent.

At the meeting at the Mansion House a handsome sum was subscribed. Among the many speeches, I remember thinking that Mrs. Fawcett's was by far the most eloquent, perhaps on account of its simplicity, free from any attempt at rhetori-

cal effect. There is no doubt that a woman's high pitched voice (in comparison with that of a man) carries very far, and when in the matter of delivery the manner is slightly deprecatory, it becomes very effective, particularly to the male sex. So I have found.

Lady Dufferin, who from afar was watching the progress of her fund, wrote me the following letter:



READY FOR AN ELECTIONEERING TOUR

Lady Curzon (the late Countess Howe) is seen driving the tandem used in the election contest for Woodstock in 1885. Lady Randolph Churchill sits beside her and Lord Curzon (now Earl Howe) stands at his wife's side.

Government House, Calcutta,
Jan. 4, 1886.

MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I had intended writing to you as soon as I should get to Calcutta, but I have let some time slip away without doing so. I hope Lord Randolph told you that I wished to congratulate you upon getting the Crown of India. I was so glad to see that you had it.

I am going to ask Sir Henry Ponsonby to pay the Queen's £100 into Coutts's, and you can have it acknowledged in the "Times" whenever you think it would be useful. My public meeting takes place on the 27th, and I will send you a report. When some notice of this appears in the English papers it might be a good time for a further effort. I heard from Sir Frederick Roberts that Lady Burdett-Coutts talked of subscribing. I particularly wish not to ask her myself, but I thought that I might mention the fact to you. We are getting on very well, and I am constantly hearing of little things being started in unexpected places.

The great Durbungha is going to build and keep up a dispensary, and has asked me to go down to lay the foundation-stone, and today a certain Sir Walter de Souza has promised an annual subscription of 2400 rupees for training women in Calcutta.

Another little place in Bengal has set up a dispensary—and so on throughout the country.

We are just entering upon the short and sharp labors of a season which is being cut up by visits to Delhi and Burmah; there are so very few English visitors here this winter, I suppose the election kept all travellers at home.

To-day Lord Dufferin has been employed in the unpleasant task of putting on an income tax, and so now we shall probably hear howls of execration on all sides.

I hope that Lord Randolph is quite rested

after all his election fatigues and is quite strong and ready for the parliamentary encounter.

I remain, dear Lady Randolph,
Yours sincerely,
Hariot Dufferin.

The political events which led to Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation of the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, which he held in Lord Salisbury's second administration, have been so well described elsewhere [1] that it is not necessary for me to dilate on them in these reminiscences. Although the recipient of many confidences, so little did I realize the grave step Randolph was contemplating, that I was at that moment occupied with the details of a reception we were going to give at the Foreign Office, which was to be lent to us for the occasion. Already the cards had been printed. The night before his resignation we went to the play with Sir Henry Wolff. Questioning Randolph as to the list of guests for the party, I remember being puzzled at his saying: "Oh! I should n't worry about it if I were you; it probably will never take place." I could get no explanation of his meaning, and shortly after the first act he left us ostensibly to go to the club, but in reality to go to the "Times" office and give them the letter he had written at Windsor Castle three nights before. In it he resigned all he had worked for for years, and, if he had but known it, signed his political death warrant. When I came down to breakfast, the fatal paper in my hand, I found him calm and smiling. "Quite a surprise for you," he said. He went into no explanation, and I felt too utterly crushed and miserable to ask for any, or even to remonstrate. Mr. Moore (the permanent Under-Secretary at the Treasury), who was devoted to Randolph, rushed in, pale and anxious, and with a faltering voice said to me, "He has thrown himself from the top of the ladder, and will never reach it again!" Alas! he proved too true a prophet.

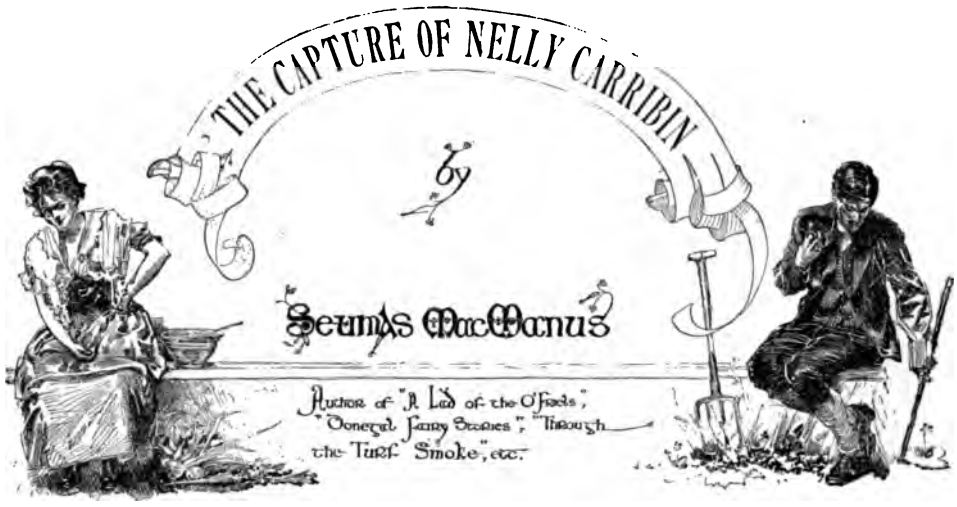
[1] Life of Lord Randolph Churchill by Winston Churchill.

(To be continued)

THE DECADENT

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

AMONG the virile hosts he passed along,
Conspicuous for an undetermined grace
Of sexless beauty. In his form and face,
God's mighty purpose somehow had gone wrong.
Then on his loom he wove a careful song,
Of sensuous threads, a web of wordy lace,
Wherein the primal passions of the race,
And his own sins, made wonder for the throng.
A little pen-prick opened up a vein,
And gave the finished mesh, a crimson blot—
The last consummate touch of studied art.
But those who knew strong passion and keen pain,
Looked through, and through the pattern, and found not
One single great emotion of the heart.


THE CAPTURE OF NELLY CARRIBIN
by
Seumas MacManus
Author of "A Lad of the O'Neals," "Donegal Fairy Stories," "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

PATRICK MELLY was a good boy; there is no gainsaying that. The farm he inherited from his father was one of the best in Donegal; that was not to be denied, either. It would make a fine "sittin'-down" for any prudent young woman. And Patrick was a brave, big, fine-looking fellow, worthy the best woman in the three parishes.

He was big-hearted and soft-hearted, was Patrick; simple-hearted, too, as a child, and shy—very shy for a young man of six-and-twenty. All the world was aware that Patrick had courted Nelly Carribin (in his mind, of course) for six years gone. He had never in all that time said a word or looked a look meant to signify his appreciation of Nelly. It was the words he did not say and the looks he did not look that convicted Patrick, and it was because he strove so hard to hide it that he made it all so obvious—to Nelly herself, not less than to an amused but sympathetic, heartily sympathetic, world.

Now, Nelly was a worthy girl, with an average share of good looks, and, what was perhaps more needful to Patrick, more than an average share of worldly wisdom. She looked with favor upon Patrick because she knew he was a very good boy who owned a good farm, and for the six years that Patrick courted her in imagination she, acting a maidenly part, set shyness against shyness till the parish named them "the most distan-

ate courtiers" known to local history. But half a dozen years of this kind of courting by imagination at length palled upon Nelly, and she observed that Patrick was as shy now, and as wide of the mark, as on the first day she had detected him. So it behoved her to take matters in her own hands—so far, that is, as she might do so without compromising her womanliness. And where there 's a will—especially if it be a woman's will—there 's sure enough a way.

One day little Jaimsy Kerrigan conveyed to Patrick Melly Mrs. Carribin's request that he might step over to her house when he had finished his work that evening, to arrange for the carting home of her corn. So Patrick found himself, an hour after night had fallen, with his heart in his mouth, lifting the latch of the Widow Carribin's door.

"Patrick Melly, in the name of all that 's wonderful, is it you that 's in it?" Nelly Carribin, nursing her knitting under an arm, was with her apron politely wiping her own chair, and setting it for him on a clean and cheery hearth in front of a blazing fire. "Musha, Patrick,"—giving it a final wipe after she had properly settled it for him,—"it 's welcome ye are—though you *are* a sight for sore eyes. Sit down there and take a gleed o' the fire."

Patrick, whose face was very red,—maybe from the reflection of the blaze,—did not raise his eyes to Nelly's as he effu-

"'SURE—SURE—SURE—I 'LL—I 'LL—'"

sively thanked her. He laid his hand hesitatingly on the chair-back, but did not seat himself. He said:

"I came to see—Nelly, I 've come to see—to see—"

"My mother," Nelly said with the very remotest flavor of asperity in her tone. "I know very well you have, Patrick. She has n't got aise nor paice for ten days gone talking of her corn that she wants in; so I told her the day to send for you at once, an' settle, an' be done with it. Won't you sit down, Patrick Melly?"

"Is n't your mother in, then?" said Patrick, with the tone and manner of one who was ready to make a run for the door if the answer should n't be satisfactory.

"MARY ROARTY OF THE LONG BOG"

"She 's not," Nelly said curtly; "but even so, I 'll guarantee that the chair 'on't bite ye."

Patrick hastily dropped into the chair. Then Nelly, with a sigh, took her seat by the side of the hearth as far from Patrick as maidenly prompting and hospitality would permit. She had her knitting on her knee, and was working away industriously as soon as she sat down. Taking it in with the tail of his eye, Patrick mentally admired the industry that prompted this girl not to waste one valuable moment. "Och," he thought, "Nelly Carribin would be a treasure in a king's chimley corner."

"Yes," Nelly said, without lifting an eye from her work—"yes—me mother got a message half an hour ago to go for to see Nancy Sheeran of Cruckmore, who was tuk sudden with bad pleurisy this mornin'. The minute you come in I was just wishin' you would n't come for an hour yet, beca'se my mother would be back then."

"Sure—sure—sure—I 'll—I 'll—" Patrick began stammering as he laid a hand on his chair to raise himself out of it.

"You 'll what?" said Nelly, staying her needles and looking at him sharply. "Do you think I 'm afeard of ye?" she added scornfully.

"Oh, no; oh, no," said Patrick, and subsided.

As she resigned herself to her knitting again, she casually remarked: "Not, indeed, but that I should be, if I took warning from all the stories I do be hearin' of how you act yourself, Patrick, when there 's a good-lookin' girl in question."

Patrick's spirits were lifted immediately. The great ambition of his heart was that, without throwing on him the onus of practical proof, Nelly should believe him to be a daredevil fellow among the girls.

"Nelly," said Patrick, in a brilliant burst of wit, "you should n't believe half the lies that 's goin' among the gossips."

"Never mind," said Nelly; "I can sometimes see as far through a millstone as the man that picked it, and I know well the slyness of you boys, who make believe butter would n't melt in your mouths."

"Nelly," Patrick said, feeling a wonderful access of courage under these coveted allegations, "I 'm not of the sort of the other boys, and don't think it."

"Kind father to you," said Nelly, "for crediting the rest of them so far!" The wit of this was too deep for Patrick. Nelly added after a moment: "That is your notorious modesty, though. I believe in my heart that you 're not a great deal worse than most of them."

Patrick was a bit nonplussed; his courage was inclined to ebb. "Do you think will your mother soon be in, Nelly?" he said.

"She may walk in any mortial minute," Nelly said warningly; "so you had better keep your good behavior."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Patrick. "Don't be afeard of me, Nelly," he said, with marvelous generosity.

"Neither I am afeard of ye," said Nelly, with bravery. And she added, "I 'm sure it 'll be very little more nor an hour till me mother 's home."

At this information silence suddenly fell upon Patrick. Nelly took no notice of it. She said, after an industrious plying of her needles, "My mother is a botheration to you, Patrick, every time she ever wants anything done."

"SALLY McCREADY OF ALTMORE"

"Don't say it, Nelly," Patrick said in all sincerity.

"I say it, and I will say it," said Nelly, "for I know it. I wish," she added with a sigh, "that we had a man fixed about the house, anyway."

Patrick bravely said, "Aye, Nelly, aye; I wish you had."

"It is why," said Nelly, "I often beg of my mother to marry again."

Patrick coughed.

"Don't you think she should?" Nelly queried quite innocently.

"I—I—I—I mean to say, of course she should," Patrick got out uncollectedly.

Nelly lifted her eyes from her work. Patrick's eyes were on the ground. She flashed an angry glance at the stupid fellow.

After some moments she resumed in quizzing tone: "Talkin' of marryin', I hear, Patrick, that they do be busy makin' matches for yourself lately."

"No, do they?" said Patrick, interestedly.

"Aye, do they!" said Nelly. "An' you look well purtendin' to know nothin' of it."

"Assure as there's powder in Derry, Nelly, I 'm on the first ground I heard of it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Nelly. "Simple Simey, ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"In troth, Nelly," Patrick said, "I never heard a word of it." Then he looked at her meaningly. "Who do they be matching me on, Nelly *asthore?*"

"You don't know, I suppose?"

"The devil a bit of me!" he replied, with an encouraging smile.

"Why," said Nelly, bending over her work, "you know very well that they do be matchin' ye on Mary Roarty of the Long Bog."

Patrick waxed hotly indignant at such

"ANNIE MARY MALONE OF THE BACK OF THE HILL"

slander. Nelly bent farther over her work, so that her face was quite invisible to Patrick. When he seemed almost to have expended his indignation, Nelly said, "And they do be matchin' you on Sally McCready of Altmore." This set Patrick off again. "An' likewise," Nelly added after a little, "on Annie Mary Malone of the Back of the Hill."

"It 's a lie," Patrick said. And then he apologized for his rudeness, explaining that he had been so guilty only under exceptional stress of temper. Nelly's countenance, bent well over her knitting, was still invisible to him.

"Ah, sure," she said at length, when Patrick's indignant asseverations and denials seemed nigh exhausted—"ah, sure," she said, "that 's the way with all you men—br'akin' hearts as if they were bits of delf, an' either forgettin' or denyin' it the next day after."

"It 's not the way with me, Nelly," said Patrick, chivalrously, and he felt very proud of himself to impress Nelly that though he might, if he chose to be cruel, amuse himself crumbling the hearts of the girls, he had a soul that rose above it. "No, it 's not the way with me."

"'NELLY, NELLY ASTHORE, WON'T YOU FORGIVE ME?'"

Nelly knitted away thriftily. Her head was still bent. "Aye, oh, to be sure you will say so. All of ye say that. They do be tellin' me, Patrick—now, when you dhrive me to it—that ye have a girl in every airt ever the wind blew from."

Patrick was glad that Nelly's eyes were too low to detect the play of pleased feeling which lighted up his countenance.

"Arrah, Nelly," he said, "why do you *even* the likes of that to me?"

"It 's not me that 's evenin' it at all, at all, to ye. Sure, it 's the parish talk."

"Then the parish talk is tellin' lies on me."

"Poor fellow! they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"Now, Nelly, you don't believe me?"

"I 'd be long loath to believe the likes of ye, ye connon desaiver."

"Well, well, well!" he said, with happy resignation.

"Do you know," said Nelly, "when you put your hand on the latch the night, I just guessed it was you was in it, an' I 'd have had the door barred on ye only ye were in on me too quick."

"Bar the door on me! An' for why, Nelly *asthore?*"

"That 's the why."

"What 's the why?"

"That 's the why; it 's on every one's tongue the bad habits ye have of kissing the girls."

"Oh, Nelly! Oh, Nelly!"

"An' do you see them tongs there? Do you see them tongs?" thrusting them

under his nose, the more emphatically to fix his attention on the article specified. "When I found you were too quick for me to have the door barred, I put me hand on them tongs, and says I to meself, 'the vagabone 'ill not have it all his own way, in troth, if he tries for to kiss me.' Do you hear that?" But it was plain to the most undiscerning that under Nelly's brave outward show there was lurking dire alarm. "Och," she said, "I wish my mother was home!"

A radiant smile was lighting up Patrick's countenance. He was surely a wonderful fellow among the girls.

He made great manifestation of moving his chair in the direction of Nelly; in fact, with three hitches, he got it forward to the extent of half an inch. Hereupon, Nelly sat up in alarm, and brandishing the tongs said:

"Don't dar', Patrick Melly! I 'll malavogue ye, if you come anether inch."

"Do you think me a coward?" Patrick said right dauntlessly.

"No matter whether or no. Keep your distance; for I don't want to hurt ye. Sit as ye are now. I don't want no truck with the likes of a boy like you—who has a rag on every bush."

Patrick, now vastly pleased, hereupon crossed his legs and folded his arms, and dissertated upon young men being young men, and being allowed to have their little frivolities, which, after all, signified but little. Even if, he granted, he had been a trifle light-headed in the past, and more than ordinarily a bit of a flirt, courting to a great extent merely for the fun of it, he had now, he said, decisively made up his mind to reduce himself to one girl, and court her not for fun, but in real earnest.

"Oh," Nelly said, "an' who 'll she be, Patrick?"

Patrick, instead of replying, turned his eyes upon Nelly. After a little while, under constraint, Nelly lifted her eyes from her work, and met Patrick's full upon her.

"I was saying, 'Who 'll she be?' Patrick," said Nelly, as if she had just looked up for the purpose of repeating the question.

"Nelly," said Patrick, very cautiously hitching his chair still nearer to her, "can you guess who she is?"

"I 'm sure I can't for the life of me."

"I 'll give you three guesses, Nelly," and the chair moved a bit nearer.

"Oh, then," Nelly said confidently, "I 'll name her in three guesses."

"Good!" said Patrick, slapping his leg.

But though Nelly deliberated deep before each guess, she failed lamentably to name the girl in three namings. "Then I give it up," she said in despair.

"Try again; I 'll give you another three guesses." And with another hitch Patrick's chair had got dangerously close to the chair of Nelly, who was too much preoccupied to be aware of her danger.

"There is n't a bit of use. I surely thought it was one or other o' them three. Tell me who is she, Patrick?"

"Well, if I must tell ye, I can only whisper it in your ear."

"Aisy with ye now, an' give over your foolin', Patrick Melly. Where *is* them tongs?"

But Patrick had caught her ear's attention, and he whispered something softly into it.

"Patrick, Patrick Melly," she said loud in alarm, "if you don't give over that foolin', I 'll cry!"

And instantly, without giving him time to benefit by her warning, poor Nelly began to weep.

"Nelly *asthore,*" said Patrick, appealingly, and involuntarily his arm stole around her even without Nelly's becoming aware of it—"Nelly, Nelly *asthore,* won't you forgive me? But sure I could n't help speakin' the truth that has been for a long, long time lyin' like a millstone on me mind."

In surprise and astonishment at such a disclosure, looking up through her tears, Nelly exclaimed, "Are n't ye or not ashamed of yourself, to take a hand at a poor lonely girl?"

"Nelly, Nelly, my heart, I tell ye I 've been dyin' for ye for five years."

"Ah, Patrick, do ye railly mane to tell me that 's so?" And then she wept again as Patrick soothingly assured her that it was.

"Who 'd ever have thought it?" she said between sobs.

"No," Patrick said, "you never could have thought it. No one ever could have thought it—beca'se, ye see, I was so deep that I never showed the smallest little

sign of it. But, Nelly *agrah,* it was there all the same."

"Well, well, well, who 'd ever have thought it! Who 'd ever have thought it! Och, Patrick, Patrick, Patrick, but you are the wonderful close fellow to hold that on your mind all this long time, an' never show trace, track, or sign of it!"

"Nelly," said Patrick, "you were talkin' a little while ago of having a man about the house."

"Aye, indeed." Nelly blushed. Then she said: "So I was. I think me mother might very well marry. Won't ye help me to persuade her, Patrick?" And poor Patrick's countenance, which had been fast brightening, suddenly fell.

"Nelly," he said after a pause, during which Nelly had been working with wonderful industry, "there 's more ways of coaxin' a man about the house than marryin' your mother on him."

"Indeed, is there, Patrick?"

"Ye-ye-yes." Then Patrick lost his speech.

After Nelly had waited in vain for him to find it again, it suddenly dawned on her: "Oh, you mean, Patrick, for us to get a hired man? Ah, but we can't afford that at all, at all, you know."

"No, no, no," Patrick said; "I was n't thinkin' of a hired man."

Nelly stopped her needles, leaned her elbow on her knee, and scrutinized the blaze, as if she were trying to read from it the solution of a very knotty problem.

Patrick took his courage in both hands, leaned over, and said in her ear, "Nelly, I mane myself."

Nelly gave a great start, and said in alarm, "Oh, Patrick!"

The knitting dropped from her hands, both of which went up, as the hands of an alarmed person will, and then by awkward accident fell (of all places in the world) into Patrick's hands, which were slightly advanced toward her. They were instantly imprisoned, and Patrick said, "Well, Nelly, what do you say?"

"Och, och," she gasped in still wilder alarm, "sure, I don't know what to say at all, at all! Patrick, ye have taken the breath from me. Sure, I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Sure, I know you did n't, Nelly."

"Sure, I never meant to marry at all, at all; but, Patrick,"—turning reproachful eyes upon him,—"you are such a divil—an' have such a way with ye,—that—that—och, don't ax me!"

"But," he said resolutely, "I will ax ye, and I dar' ye to refuse."

"Och, I would like to refuse you—if I could, Patrick; that is—but—but—but—och, bad cess to my mother! What drove her out the night anyway?"

"Come, Nelly," he urged encouragingly.

"Och, Patrick, this is neither manly nor fair of ye. Sure, I have n't any backin' at all—and—I suppose—I must—must—say yes—an'—bad cess to my mother!"

THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

FIRST PAPER: THE PYRAMIDS—THE SPHINX-SAKKARA—ABYDOS

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

WHY do you come to Egypt? Do you come to gain a dream, or to regain lost dreams of old; to gild your life with the drowsy gold of romance, to lose a creeping sorrow, to forget that too many of your hours are sullen, gray, bereft? What do you wish of Egypt?

The Sphinx will not ask you, will not care. The Pyramids, lifting their unnumbered stones to the clear and wonderful skies, have held, still hold, their secrets; but they do not seek for yours. The terrific temples, the hot, mysterious tombs, odorous of the dead desires of men, crouching in and under the immeasurable sands, will mock you with their brooding silence, with their dim and somber repose. The brown children of the Nile, the toilers who sing their antique songs by the shadoof and the sakieh, the dragomans, the smiling goblin merchants, the Bedouins who lead your camel into the pale recesses of the dunes—these will not trouble themselves about your deep desires, your perhaps yearning hunger of the heart and the imagination.

Yet Egypt is not unresponsive.

I came back to her with dread, after fourteen years of absence—years filled for me with the rumors of her changes. And on the very day of my arrival she calmly reassured me. She told me in her supremely magical way that all was well with her. She taught me once more a lesson I had not quite forgotten, but that I was glad to learn again—the lesson that Egypt owes her most subtle, most inner beauty to Kheper, although she owes her marvels to men; that when he created the sun which shines upon her, he gave her the luster of her life, and that those who come to her must be sun-worshipers if they would truly and intimately understand the treasure of romance that lies heaped within her bosom.

Thoth, says the old legend, traveled in the Boat of the Sun. If you would love Egypt rightly, you, too, must be a traveler in that bark. You must not fear to steep yourself in the mystery of gold, in the mystery of heat, in the mystery of silence that seems softly showered out of the sun. The sacred white lotus must be your emblem, and Horus, the hawk-headed, merged in Ra, your special deity. Scarcely had I set foot once more in Egypt before Thoth lifted me into the Boat of the Sun and soothed my fears to sleep.

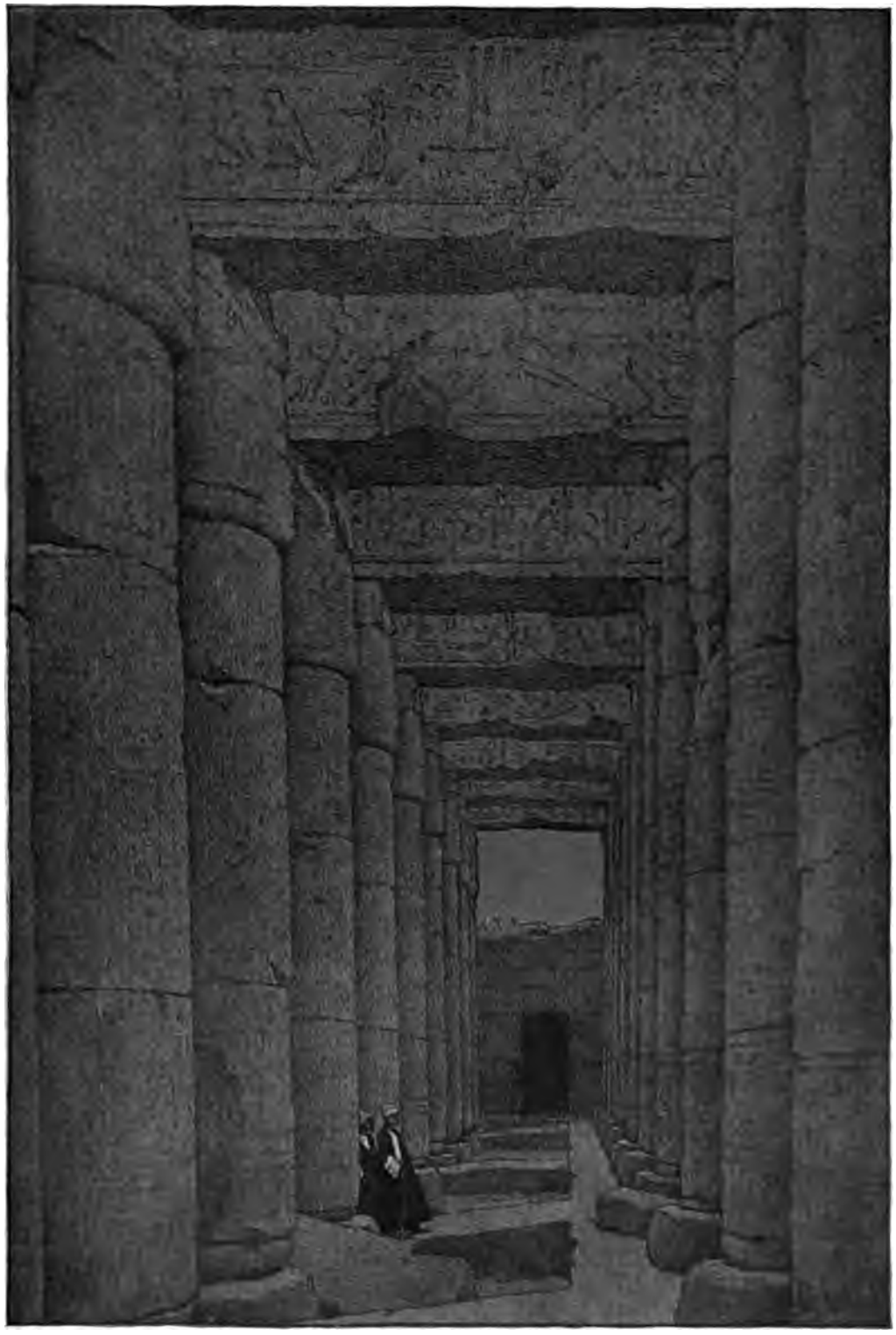
I arrived in Cairo. I saw new and vast hotels; I saw crowded streets; brilliant shops; English officials driving importantly in victorias, surely to pay dreadful calls of ceremony; women in gigantic hats, with Niagaras of veil, waving white gloves as they talked of—I guessed—the latest Cairene scandal. I perceived on the right hand and on the left waiters created in Switzerland, hall porters made in Germany, Levantine touts, determined Jews holding false antiquities in their lean fingers, an English Baptist minister, in a white helmet, drinking chocolate on a terrace, with a guide-book in one fist, a ticket to visit monuments in the other. I heard Scottish soldiers playing, "I 'll

be in Scotland before ye!" and something within me, a lurking hope, I suppose, seemed to founder and collapse—but only for a moment. It was after four in the afternoon. Soon day would be declining. And I seemed to remember that the decline of day in Egypt had moved me long ago—moved me as few, rare things have ever done. Within half an hour I was alone, far up the long road—Ismail's road—that leads from the suburbs of Cairo to the Pyramids. And then Egypt took me like a child by the hand and reassured me.

It was the first week of November, high Nile had not subsided, and all the land here, between the river and the sand where the Sphinx keeps watch, was hidden beneath the vast and tranquil waters of what seemed a tideless sea—a sea fringed with dense masses of date-palms, girdled in the far distance by palm-trees that looked almost black, broken by low and tiny islands on which palm-trees kept the white and the brown houses in their feathery embrace. Above these isolated houses pigeons circled. In the distance the lateen sails of boats glided, sometimes behind the palms, coming into view, vanishing, mysteriously reappearing among their narrow trunks. Here and there a living thing moved slowly, wading homeward through this sea: a camel from the sands of Ghizeh, a buffalo, two donkeys, followed by boys who held with brown hands their dark blue skirts near their faces, a Bedouin leaning forward upon the neck of his quickly stepping horse. At the moment I seemed to look upon the lagoons of Venice, a watery vision full of a glassy calm. There the palm-trees in the water, and growing to its edge, the pale sands that, far as the eyes could see, from Ghizeh to Sakkara and beyond, fringed it toward the west, made me think of the Pacific, of palmy islands of a paradise where men grow drowsy in well-being, and dream away the years. And then I looked still farther, beyond the pallid line of the sands, and I saw a Pyramid of gold, the wonder Khufu had built. As a golden wonder it saluted me after all my years of absence. Later I was to see it gray as gray sands, sulphur color in the afternoon from very near at hand, black as a monument draped in funereal velvet for a mourning under the stars at night, white as a monstrous marble tomb soon after dawn from the sand-dunes between it and Sakkara. But as a golden thing it greeted me, as a golden miracle I shall remember it.

Slowly the sun went down. The second Pyramid seemed also made of gold. Drowsily splendid it and its greater brother looked set on the golden sands beneath the golden sky. And now the gold came traveling down from the desert to the water, turning it surely to a wine like the wine of gold that flowed down Midas's throat; then, as the magic grew, to a Pactolus, and at last to a great surface that resembled golden ice, hard, glittering, unbroken by any ruffling wave. The islands rising from this golden ice were jet black, the houses black, the palms and their shadows that fell upon the marvel black. Black were the birds that flew low from roof to roof, black the wading camels, black the meeting leaves of the tall lebbek-trees that formed a tunnel from where I stood to Mene House. And presently a huge black Pyramid lay supine on the gold, and near it a shadowy island seemed more humble than it, but scarcely less mysterious. The gold deepened, glowed more fiercely. In the sky above the Pyramids hung tiny cloud wreaths of rose red, delicate and airy as the gossamers of Tunis. As I turned, far off in Cairo I saw the first lights glittering across the fields of doura, silvery white, like diamonds. But the silver did not call me. My imagination was held captive by the gold. I was summoned by the gold, and I went on, under the black lebbek-trees, on Ismail's road, toward it. And I dwelt in it many days.

The wonders of Egypt man has made seem to increase in stature before the spirits' eyes as man learns to know them better, to tower up ever higher till the imagination is almost stricken by their looming greatness. Climb the great Pyramid, spend a day with Abou on its summit, come down, penetrate into its recesses, stand in the king's chamber, listen to the silence there, feel it with your hands,— is it not tangible in this hot fastness of incorruptible death?—creep, like the surreptitious midget you feel yourself to be, up those long and steep inclines of polished stone, watching the bloomy darkness of the narrow walls, the far-off pinpoint of light borne by the Bedouin who



THE GREAT HALL OF ABYDOS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

guides you, hear the twitter of the bats that have their dwelling in this monstrous gloom that man has made to shelter the thing whose ambition could never be embalmed, though that, of all its qualities, should have been given here, in the land it dowered, a life perpetual. Now you know the great Pyramid. You know that you can climb it, that you can enter it. You have seen it from all sides, under all aspects. It is familiar to you.

No, it can never be that. With its more wonderful comrade, the Sphinx, it has the power peculiar, so it seems to me, to certain of the rock and stone monuments of Egypt, of holding itself ever aloof, almost like the soul of man which can retreat at will, like the Bedouin retreating from you into the blackness of the Pyramid, far up, or far down, where the pursuing stranger, unaided, cannot follow.

One day at sunset I saw a bird trying to play with the Sphinx—a bird like a swallow, but with a ruddy brown on its breast, a gleam of blue somewhere on its wings. When I came to the edge of the sand basin where perhaps Khufu saw it lying nearly four thousand years before the birth of Christ, the Sphinx and the bird were quite alone. The bird flew near the Sphinx, whimsically turning this way and that, flying now low, now high, but ever returning to the magnet which drew it, which held it, from which it surely longed to extract some sign of recognition. It twittered, it poised itself in the golden air, with its bright eyes fixed upon those eyes of stone which gazed beyond it, beyond the land of Egypt, beyond the world of men, beyond the center of the sun to the last verges of eternity. And presently it alighted on the head of the Sphinx, then on its ear, then on its breast; and over the breast it tripped jerkily, with tiny, elastic steps, looking upward, its whole body quivering apparently with a desire for comprehension—a desire for some manifestation of friendship. Then suddenly it spread its wings and, straight as an arrow, it flew away over the sands and the waters toward the doura-fields and Cairo.

And the sunset waned, and the afterglow flamed and faded, and the clear, soft African night fell. The pilgrims who day by day visit the Sphinx, like the bird, had gone back to Cairo. They had come, as the bird had come; as those who have conquered Egypt came; as the Greeks came, Alexander of Macedon, and the Ptolemies; as the Romans came; as the Mamelukes, the Turks, the French, the English came.

They had come—and gone.

And that enormous face, with the stains of stormy red still adhering to its cheeks, grew dark as the darkness closed in, turned brown as a fellah's face, as the face of that fellah who whispered his secret in the Sphinx's ear, but learnt no secret in return; turned black almost as a Nubian's face. The night accentuated its appearance of terrible repose, of superhuman indifference to whatever may befall. In the night I seemed to hear the footsteps of the dead—of all the dead warriors and the steeds they rode, defiling over the sand before the unconquerable thing they perhaps thought that they had conquered. At last the footsteps died away. There was a silence. Then, coming down from the Great Pyramid, surely I heard the light patter of a donkey's feet. They went to the Sphinx and ceased. The silence was profound. And I remembered the legend that Mary, Joseph, and the Holy Child once halted here on their long journey, and that Mary laid the tired Christ between the paws of the Sphinx to sleep. Yet even of the Christ the soul within that body could take no heed at all.

It is, I think, one of the most astounding facts in the history of man that a man was able to contain within his mind, to conceive, the conception of the Sphinx. That he could carry it out in the stone is amazing. But how much more amazing it is that before there was the Sphinx he was able to see it with his imagination! One may criticize the Sphinx. One may say impertinent things that are true about it: that seen from behind at a distance its head looks like an enormous mushroom growing in the sand, that its cheeks are swelled inordinately, that its thin-lipped mouth is legal, that from certain places it bears a resemblance to a prize bulldog. All this does not matter at all. What does matter is that into the conception and execution of the Sphinx has been poured a supreme imaginative power. He who created it looked beyond Egypt, be-

yond the life of man. He grasped the conception of Eternity, and realized the nothingness of Time, and he rendered it in stone.

I can imagine the most determined atheist looking at the Sphinx and, in a flash, not merely believing, but feeling that he had before him proof of the life of the soul beyond the grave, of the life of the soul of Khufu beyond the tomb of his Pyramid. Always as you return to the Sphinx you wonder at it more, you adore more strangely its repose, you steep yourself more intimately in the aloof peace that seems to emanate from it as light emanates from the sun. And as you look on it at last perhaps you understand the infinite; you understand where is the bourne to which the finite flows with all its greatness, as the great Nile flows from beyond Victoria Nyanza to the sea.

And as the wonder of the Sphinx takes possession of you gradually, so gradually do you learn to feel the majesty of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, unlike the Step Pyramid of Sakkara, which, even when one is near it, looks like a small mountain; part of the land on which it rests. The Pyramids of Ghizeh look what they are—artificial excrescences, invented and carried out by man, expressions of man's greatness. Exquisite as they are as features of the drowsy golden landscape at the setting of the sun, I think they look most wonderful at night, when they are black beneath the stars. On many nights I have sat in the sand at a distance and looked at them, and always, and increasingly, they have stirred my imagination. Their profound calm, their classical simplicity, are greatly emphasized when no detail can be seen, when they are but black shapes towering to the stars. They seem to inspire then like prayers prayed by one who has said, "God does not need my prayers, but I need them." In their simplicity they suggest a crowd of thoughts, of aspirations. Guy de Maupassant has said that of all the arts architecture is perhaps the most esthetic, the most mysterious, and the most nourished by ideas. How true this is you feel as you look at the Great Pyramid by night. It seems to breathe out mystery. The immense base recalls to you the labyrinth within; the long descent from the tiny slit that gives you entrance, your uncertain steps in its hot, eternal night, your falls on the ice-like surfaces of its polished blocks of stone, the crushing weight that seemed to lie on your heart as you stole uncertainly on, summoned almost as by the desert; your sensation of being forever imprisoned, taken and hidden by a monster from Egypt's wonderful light, as you stood in the central chamber, and realized the stone ocean into whose depths, like some intrepid diver, you had dared deliberately to come. And then your eyes travel up the slowly shrinking walls till they reach the dark point which is the top. There you stood with Abou, who spends half his life on the highest stone, hostages of the sun, bathed in light and air that perhaps came to you from the Gold Coast. And you saw men and camels like flies, and Cairo like a gray blur, and the Mokattam hills almost as a higher ridge of the sands. The mosque of Mohammed Ali was like a cup turned over. Far below slept the dead in that graveyard of the Sphinx, with its pale stones, its sand, its palm, its "Sycamores of the South," once worshiped and regarded as Hathor's living body. And beyond them on one side were the sleeping waters, with islands small, surely, as delicate Egyptian hands, and on the other the great desert that stretches, so the Bedouins say, on and on "for a march of a thousand days."

That base and that summit—what suggestion and what mystery in their contrast! What sober, eternal beauty in the dark line which unites them, now sharply, yet softly, defined against the night, which is purple as the one garment of the fellah! That line leads the soul irresistibly from earth to the stars.

It was the "Little Christmas" of the Egyptians as I rode to Sakkara, after seeing a wonderful feat, the ascent and descent of the second Pyramid in nineteen minutes by a young Bedouin called Mohammed Ali, who very seriously informed me that the only Roumi who had ever reached the top was an "American gentlemens" called Mark Twain, on his first visit to Egypt. On his second visit, Ali said, Mr. Twain had a bad foot, and declared he could not be bothered with the second Pyramid. He had been up and down it once without a guide; he had dis-

turbed the jackal which lives near its summit, and which I saw running in the sunshine as Ali drew near its lair, and he was satisfied to rest on his immortal laurels. To the Bedouins of the Pyramids Mark Twain's world-wide celebrity is owing to one fact alone: he is the only Roumi who has climbed the second Pyramid. That is why his name is known to every one.

It was the "Little Christmas," and from the villages in the plain the Egyptians came pouring out to visit their dead in the desert cemeteries as I passed by to visit the dead in the tombs far off on the horizon. Women, swathed in black, gathered in groups and jumped monotonously up and down, to the accompaniment of stained hands clapping, and strange and weary songs. Tiny children blew furiously into tin trumpets, emitting sounds that were terribly European. Men strode seriously by, or stood in knots among the graves, talking vivaciously of the things of this life. As the sun rose higher in the heavens, this visit to the dead became a carnival of the living. Laughter and shrill cries of merriment betokened the resignation of the mourners. The sand-dunes were black with running figures, racing, leaping, chasing one another, rolling over and over in the warm and golden grains. Some sat among the graves and ate. Some sang. Some danced. I saw no one praying, after the sun was up. The Great Pyramid of Ghizeh was transformed in this morning hour, and gleamed like a marble mountain, or like the hill covered with salt at El-Outaya, in Algeria. As we went on, it sank down into the sands, until at last I could see only a small section with its top, which looked almost as pointed as a gigantic needle. Abou was there on the hot stones in the golden eye of the sun—Abou who lives to respect his Pyramid, and to serve Turkish coffee to those who are determined enough to climb it. Before me the Step Pyramid rose, brown almost as bronze, out of the sands here desolate and pallid. Soon I was in the house of Marriette, between the little sphinxes.

Near Cairo, although the desert is real desert, it does not give, to me, at any rate, the immense impression of naked sterility, of almost brassy, sunbaked fierceness, which often strikes one in the Sahara to the south of Algeria, where at midday one sometimes has a feeling of being lost upon a waste of metal, gleaming, angry, tigerish in color. Here, in Egypt, both the people and the desert which they dread seem gentler, safer, more amiable. Yet these tombs of Sakkara are hidden in a desolation of the sands, peculiarly blanched and mournful; and as you wander from tomb to tomb, descending and ascending, stealing through great galleries beneath the sands, creeping through tubes of stone, crouching almost on hands and knees in the sultry chambers of the dead, the awfulness of the passing away of dynasties and of races comes, like a cloud, upon your spirit. But this cloud lifts and floats from you in the cheerful tomb of Thi, that royal councilor, that scribe and confidant, whose life must have been passed in a round of serene activities, amid a sneering, though doubtless admiring, population.

Into this tomb white, vivacious figures, gay almost, though never wholly frivolous, for these men were full of purpose, full of an ardor that seduces even where it seems grotesque, I took with me a child of ten called Ali, from the village of Kafiah; and as I looked from him to the walls around us, rather than the passing away of the races, I realized the persistence of type. For everywhere I saw the face of little Ali, with every feature exactly reproduced, bending over a sacrifice, leading a sacred bull, feeding geese from a cup, roasting a chicken, pulling a boat, carpentering, polishing, conducting a monkey for a walk, or merely sitting bolt upright and sneering. There were lines of little Ali's with their hands held to their breasts, their faces in profile, their knees rigid, in the happy tomb of Thi; but he glanced at them unheeding, did not recognize his ancestors. And he did not care to penetrate into the tombs of Mera and Meri-Ra-ankh, into the Serapeum and the Mestaba of Ptah-hotep. Perhaps he was right. The Serapeum is grand in its vastness, with its long and high galleries and its mighty vaults containing the huge granite sarcophagi of the sacred bulls of Apis; Mera, red and white, welcomes you from an elevated niche benignly; Ptah-hotep, priest of the fifth dynasty, receives you, seated at a table that resembles a rake with long, yellow

teeth standing on its handle, and drinking stiffly a cup of wine. You see upon the wall near by, with sympathy, a patient being plied by a naked and evidently an unyielding physician with medicine from a jar that might have been visited by Morgiana, a musician playing upon an instrument like a huge and stringless harp. But it is the happy tomb of Thi that lingers in your memory. In that tomb one sees proclaimed with a marvelous ingenuity and expressiveness the joy and the activity of life. Thi must have loved life; loved prayer and sacrifice, loved sport and war, loved feasting and gaiety, labor of the hands and of the head, loved the arts, the music of flute and harp, singing by the lingering and plaintive voices which seem to express the essence of the East, loved sweet odors, loved sweet women,—do we not see him sitting to receive offerings with his wife beside him?—loved the clear nights and the radiant days that in Egypt make glad the heart of man. He must have loved the splendid gift of life, and used it completely. And so little Ali did very right to make his sole obeisance at Thi's delicious tomb, from which death itself seems banished by the soft and embracing radiance of the almost living walls.

This delicate cheerfulness, a quite airy gaiety of life, is often combined in Egypt, and most beautifully and happily combined, with tremendous solidity, heavy impressiveness, a hugeness that is well-nigh tragic; and it supplies a relief to eye, to mind, to soul, that is sweet and refreshing as the trickle of a tarantella from a reed flute heard under the shadows of a temple of Hercules. Life showers us with contrasts. Art, which gives to us a second and a more withdrawn life, opening to us a door through which we pass to our dreams, may well imitate life in this.

Through a long and golden noontide, and on into an afternoon whose opulence of warmth and light it seemed could never wane, I sat alone, or wandered gently quite alone, in the Temple of Seti I at Abydos. Here again I was in a place of the dead. In Egypt one ever seeks the dead in the sunshine, black vaults in the land of the gold. But here in Abydos I was companioned by whiteness. The general effect of Seti's mighty temple is that it is a white temple when seen in full sunshine and beneath a sky of blinding blue. In an arid place it stands, just beyond an Egyptian village that is a maze of dust, of children, of animals, and flies. The last blind houses of the village, brown as brown paper, confront it on a mound, and as I came toward it a girl-child swathed in purple, with ear-rings, and a twist of orange handkerchief above her eyes, full of cloud and fire, leaned from a roof, sinuously as a young snake, to watch me. On each side, descending, were white, ruined walls, stretched out like defaced white arms of the temple to receive me. I stood still for a moment and looked at the narrow, severely simple doorway, at the twelve broken columns advanced on each side, white and grayish white with their right angles, their once painted figures now almost wholly colorless.

Here lay the Osirians, those blessed dead of the land of Egypt, who worshiped the Judge of the Dead, the Lord of the Underworld, and who hoped for immortality through him—Osiris, husband of Isis, Osiris, receiver of prayers, Osiris the sun who will not be conquered by night, but eternally rises again, and so is the symbol of the resurrection of the soul. It is said that Set, the power of Evil, tore the body of Osiris into fourteen fragments and scattered them over the land. But multitudes of worshipers of Osiris believed him buried near Abydos and, like those who loved the sweet songs of Hafiz, they desired to be buried near him whom they adored; and so this place became a place of the dead, a place of many prayers, a white place of many longings.

I was glad to be alone there. The guardian let me in, and soon left me in perfect peace. I happily forgot him. I sat down in the shadow of a column upon its mighty projecting base. The sky was blinding blue. Great bees hummed, like bourdons, through the silence, deepening the almost heavy calm. These columns, architraves, doorways, how mighty, how grandly strong they were! And yet soon I began to be aware that even here, where surely one should read only the Book of the Dead, or bend down to the hot ground to listen if perchance one might hear the dead themselves murmur-

THE PYRAMID OF SAKKARA

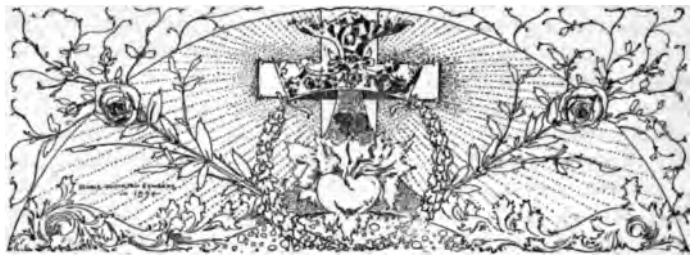
PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

ing over the chapters of Beatification far down in their hidden tombs, there was a lightness, a gentle gaiety of life, as in the tomb of Thi. The effect of solidity was immense. These columns bulged, almost like great fruits swollen out by their heady strength of blood. They towered up in crowds. The heavy roof, broken in places most mercifully to show squares and oblongs of that perfect, calling blue, was like a frowning brow. And yet I was with grace, with gentleness, with lightness, because in the place of the dead I was again with the happy, living walls. Above me, on the roof, there was a gleam of palest blue, like the blue I have sometimes seen at morning on the Ionian sea just where it meets the shore. The double rows of gigantic columns stretched away, tall almost as forest trees, to right of me and to left, and were shut in by massive walls, strong as the walls of a fortress. And on these columns, and on these walls, dead painters and gravers had breathed the sweet breath of life. Here in the sun, for me alone, as it seemed, a population followed their occupations. Men walked, and kneeled, and stood, some white and clothed, some nude, some red as the red man's child that leaped beyond the sea. And here was the lotus-flower held in reverent hands, not the rose-lotus, but the blossom that typified the rising again of the sun, and that, worn as an amulet, signified the gift of eternal youth. And here was hawk-faced Horus, and here a priest offering sacrifice to a god, belief in whom has long since passed away. A king revealed himself to the adoring Ptah, "Father of the beginnings," who established upon earth, my figures thought, the everlasting justice, and again at the knees of Amen burning incense in his honor. Isis and Osiris stood together, and sacrifice was made before their sacred bark. And Seti worshiped them, and Seshta, goddess of learning, wrote in the book of eternity the name of the king.

The great bees hummed, moving slowly in the golden air among the mighty columns, passing slowly among these records of lives long over, but which seemed still to be. And I looked at the lotus-flowers which the little grotesque hands were holding, had been holding for how many years—the flowers that typified the rising again of the sun and the divine gift of eternal youth. And I thought of the bird and the Sphinx, the thing that was whimsical wooing the thing that was mighty. And I gazed at the immense columns and at the light and little figures all about me. Bird and Sphinx, delicate whimsicality, calm and terrific powers! In Egypt the dead men have combined them, and the combination has an irresistible fascination, weaves a spell that entrances you in the sunshine and beneath the blinding blue. At Abydos I knew it. And I loved the columns that seemed blown out with exuberant strength, and I loved the delicate white walls that, like the lotus-flower, give to the world a youth that seems eternal—a youth that is never frivolous, but that is full of the divine, and yet pathetic, animation of happy life.

The great bees hummed more drowsily. I sat quite still in the sun. And then presently, moved by some prompting instinct, I turned my head, and, far off, through the narrow portal of the temple, I saw the girl-child swathed in purple still lying, sinuously as a young snake, upon the palm-wood roof above the brown earth wall to watch me with her eyes of cloud and fire.

And upon me, like cloud and fire—cloud of the tombs and the great temple columns, fire of the brilliant life painted and engraved upon them, there stole the spell of Egypt.



HIS CONVERT

BY MARK F. WILCOX

THE Reverend Mr. Probert, missionary to the Zulus at Mapumulo, had been so used to seeing the brown hut of Umnyamani perched like an ant heap on the hillside, that when he mounted the opposing hill and beheld only a black spot in the midst of the yellow dust of the kraal, he pulled his wiry beard and stood still, as though by sufficient patience he could again produce the missing habitation. Umnyamani had lost an upright house on that very spot only a year before, and it seemed impossible that he should be burned out again.

"The afflictions of Job!" exclaimed the missionary, and hurried across the valley with his mind in a whirl of compassionate interest for his protégé.

Supposing that, Zulu-fashion, he was moping in the grass somewhere, squatting on his hams, with his head between his knees, the missionary began to look for him. But though he went carefully over the scrawny hillside, where the parched mealie-stalks drooped thirsty heads beneath the hot sun, though he searched the narrow kloof that cut a red gash in the hill beyond the kraal, and though he even peered into the cobwebby corners of the skeleton house that Umnyamani had never had time to finish, and disturbed therefrom a sleepy, fat puff-adder that swelled angrily a moment and then slipped off into the grass before he could come back at it with a stick, he found no Umnyamani; and, what was even stranger, not even his wife or child.

He stood on the edge of the yard, combing his beard with his horny fingers, and staring about him in the brilliant sunshine from beneath shaggy, perplexed brows. Most certainly the place was deserted; but why and how? He had just returned the night before from a week's attendance on a conference of clergymen in Durban, where he had argued vainly for some kind of intervention, in order that the Government might not grind down the natives to the limits of destruction and revolt. If he had foreseen this disappearance of his most faithful convert, he could have argued even more strongly.

He went over and stirred the ashes with his foot. They were stone-cold. The fire was at least twelve hours dead. A big clay pot cast a dejected gleam over what was once the threshold; another lay neatly quartered in the center of the ruins; while a third, over to one side, caused Probert to shudder, for the fire had turned it into a striking resemblance to a skull.

That appearance made him feel suddenly very much alone, as though he were in the midst of the devastation of a world; and the unexpected coming of a lean, filthy, white cat, which yowled all

at once out of nowhere, and rubbed its dirty sides against the missionary's legs before he could see it, served to increase his sense of utter abandonment. Feeling that there was nothing further to be gained by staying there any longer, he abruptly turned toward home. The cat got in his way; he gave it a nervous kick that made it squall and him so sorry that he wanted to take it along with him. Stooping down, he was about to pick it up, when he observed, stretching across the yard, two broad, shallow lines such as a python might make in sand, but that no snake, however large, could have made on that sun-baked clay. Their peculiarity made him wonder that he had not seen them before, and he immediately followed them.

In the midst of a patch of long and matted thatch-grass on the edge of the yard nearest the frame of the house they ended, and there Probert stumbled against a shoe—an English shoe, solid and heavy, as though it inclosed a human foot. Hidden in the grass lay the body, a white man, a mounted policeman completely dressed in the regulation khaki uniform, with leggings and pith helmet, which last he perceived, as he dragged the thing back into the yard, was crushed in at the back.

He was an ugly-looking fellow, with face all jawbone, and lips stretched in a yellow-tusked snarl like a hyena's; and Probert could not help but feel that he deserved his fate. But the horror coming at the end of all this mystery was too much for the man's nerves, and hardly realizing what he was doing, he yelled—yelled right out as one sometimes does in his sleep, and is more frightened at the noise he makes than at his nightmare. The cat, which had been snuffing fearfully about the body, panic-stricken and with bushy tail in air, vanished into the grass. Then Probert heard an answering scream, and Umnyamani's wife was at his feet.

"Where—where is Umnyamani?" he gasped in the vernacular.

"Oh, *Umfundisi!*" she sobbed, "I thought thou wert that man; and I lay very still within the hole where we store our beans in winter. And I have lain there, Umfundisi, I know not how long—for one whole day, I believe. I have been so afraid! And Umnyamani went away on the man's horse, and I feared that the man would come at me again, even though Umnyamani did hit him hard. Umnyamani crept up behind him suddenly, and hit him, Umfundisi—hit him with his bare fist; but he put all his strength into the blow. *Wey baba!* The man fell like a buffalo. He fell with a great crash like a tree falling. *Mi ye babo!* Oh, it was awful, awful, awful!" The Zulu words burst from her lips with all the explosive emphasis the natural clicks of the language could give it. Then she became hysterical, and the missionary could get nothing further out of her until he had led her to his home and soothed her with liberal doses of strong tea. It was a terrible tale that he finally wrung from her in the midst of sighs and sobs and hysterical periods.

The policeman had ridden up to the hut at noon the day before, and had presented a statement to the effect that Umnyamani's taxes were overdue, and that, therefore, he must pay immediately, with a pound fine in addition, or else enter the chain-gang again. Umnyamani, seated on a mat outside his hut, with his back against the wall, laughed at his own utter helplessness to fulfil any of these demands; for he was half-sick with worry and overwork. The guard had grown angry thereat, and had struck him in the mouth with his riding-whip.

"May God forgive you!" mumbled Umnyamani, wiping his bleeding lips on the back of his hand.

The guard, uncertain of the Zulu idiom, must have thought he was being sworn at, for he struck at him again, and before any one realized what he was doing, he applied a match to the dry thatch right above the Zulu's head. Luckily, it flared upward at first, so that Umnyamani had time to dive away. In an instant the hut was a dome of fire.

"Since you cannot pay for your hut, you cannot keep it!" roared the insane white man.

Umnyamani seemed not to hear. He was on his hands and knees, several feet away, his head shaking from side to side like that of a wounded bull and his lips still muttering: "May God forgive him! God forgive him!"

"Wey baba!" wailed the woman, telling the story; "I was right there by the door, grinding *amabele* [kafir corn], on my stone, and I saw it all. I, too, sprang away from the fire. And then, Umfundisi, I remembered my child—my only child! And I had already lost two with the whooping-cough; and there was only the one-year-old babe left. I had grown weary of carrying him on my back, as every good mother should, and it was asleep, and I had laid it down only for a little while in the hut. But the punishment is too great! I laid it down only for a moment, only for a breath! And then the hut was all aflame!"

Again she became hysterical, and Mrs. Probert, with tears streaming down her cheeks, clasped her in her arms and said in English: "My poor dear! My poor, poor dear!" As for the missionary himself, he thought of the thing he had mistaken among the ashes of the hut for a charred pot, and he clenched his fists and held his breath in order to control his feelings.

The end of the story was that the frenzied woman had tried to enter the house of flame, and the policeman had held her back with force of arms and a torrent of cynical abuse meant to console her. In the midst of it all, Umnyamani had crept up and delivered his vengeful blow. Then without a word, and looking as wild and savage as a bereaved lion, he had dragged the man into the grass, taken his horse, and seized his weapons. When the grief-crazed wife was able to ask him a question, he was already in the saddle. "I am going to kill the white dogs!" he had bellowed; and then he had ridden off in the direction of the Esidumbini hills, while the woman, in a frenzy of despair, fear, and loneliness, had crept into the grain-pit, and lain there for twenty hours.

She had hardly finished her story when a company of two mounted white guards and five native runners came to the station. The missionary closed the door on the women and went out on the veranda to meet them. They were looking for one named Ruggs, a member of the force who had been detailed to collect arrears in this neighborhood. Had the missionary seen or heard anything in regard to him? The Reverend Mr. Probert, looking past them into the orange-trees of the yard, thought a moment and said:

"You will find him lying on the edge of Umnyamani's kraal. I have just returned from investigating the case. He has met with quite an accident."

"What! Did Umnyamani kill him?" asked the shorter of the two.

"Do you know Umnyamani?" quietly returned the missionary.

The guard laughed sneeringly, and looked at his partner. "Yes," he said; "I know that he 's got quite a 'rep' for being good. Meek as Moses, they say; but of course it 's the confounded good kind that make the worst devils."

Looking him square in the eye, Mr. Probert said: "Umnyamani is certainly too good for you to know anything about. Of course he did not kill the man. Just as Ruggs was about to mount his horse, it wheeled and kicked him; and then it ran away. If it has n't yet returned to its stable, you will find it there before very long. No; you won't find Umnyamani there. You know how superstitious they are about the dead. He has burned his hut, and gone with his family up north toward the Tugela country."

As the posse was making its way over the hill beyond the station, the missionary went back into the house with a strange look on his face.

"Helen," he said to his wife, "I lied! I lied twice! I told those men that Umnyamani did not kill the policeman, and that he has gone north, when he has really gone west. Well, I had to give him a chance for his life. And now I am going to see if I can find him and make him repent, in order that he may not lose his soul."

For nearly a week after that the missionary, on his sturdy Basuto pony, was scouring the rugged country between the Indian Ocean and the Noodsberg, which is known as Esidumbini. But though several times he seemed on the eve of finding Umnyamani, the days passed and still he had not caught the runaway. No one would swear that he had seen him; few would even confess that they knew him. Whatever Umnyamani was planning to do, he had succeeded in keeping it very secret. It was the unfathomable mystery that caused Probert to fear for the worst. And yet, too, there was the

possibility that nothing was known because the Zulu had done nothing. His prevailing meekness of temperament had perhaps again asserted itself, and he was now in hiding, crushed by the realization of the enormity of his crime.

Riding over the lean, desolate hills, not meeting a soul, perhaps, in half a day's ride, the missionary had ample time to wrestle with these problems. The longer he thought it over, the more probable did it seem to him that Umnyamani was lying somewhere in the sackcloth and ashes of true repentance, and not stirring up some tribe to revolt. He had known the Zulu several years before he had come to the station, and from the time he had first come seeking the gospel light during a memorable evangelistic service conducted by Probert seven years ago, all the native's actions had pointed toward an invincible good will. Then, the cheerful fortitude with which Umnyamani had borne the trouble of these later years caused the missionary to feel that the man, even though a Zulu, would not be so inconsistent as to be planning so wide and sweeping a revenge as all this strange hiding and elusiveness would indicate.

Probert thought he could see, as though the scintillating light on the flat-topped hills over which he rode were helping him to a clearer mental vision, that that blow at the kraal was not a thing of hate or revenge, but simply the blind, unreasoning madness that sometimes overtakes human beings in their weakness of mortal feelings. The inevitable reaction had come, or at least must come, even as it had come on the occasion when Umnyamani had kicked two paraffin-tins full of water into the flames of his burning house, and then, folding his arms and looking into the smoke-ridden sky, had sung an English hymn. Perhaps even now the Zulu was on his knees in some dark cave, singing that same favorite of his:

> Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
> By the Cross are sanctified.

The missionary sat up suddenly in the hot, creaking saddle, and brushed his hand across his eyes. "The patience of Job!" he exclaimed, full of a great pity for his convert. "The patience of Job!"

That evening found him about seven miles from the sea, at the little hamlet of Umhlali. As it was on the main road up the coast to his station at Mapumulo, he decided to abandon his quest and return home the next day, trusting that he might even find Umnyamani there before him. Having thus settled his plans, he turned his attention to the enjoyment of the curry and rice the beaming little landlady served for him in the low, white-washed dining-room.

After supper he sat a few moments with the other inmates of the house on the wide, stone-flagged veranda that extended along the entire front of the one-storied inn; with the sea-breeze in his face, the missionary found it fairly comfortable. But there were a couple of noisy policemen drinking and smoking near him, and, rather than endure their company, he decided to go to bed. The landlord, as stubby and red-faced as his wife, accompanied him, with a flaring candle, to his room. Placing it on the plain white washstand in the tiny room, he turned and addressed Probert unexpectedly with, "You 're the missionary from Mapumulo, are n't you?"

"What 's that?. Yes. Why—yes."

"Well, can you tell me whether there is any truth in these here stories about a native massacree? We 've been gettin' all kinds of reports lately, and though I 've sent for more guns, we only have a shot-gun in the house."

Probert laughed sadly. "Why, there is no more revolution up there than there is in your own kitchen. Those poor children don't know what it is to fight for their own rights. I don't see how such a report got circulated, unless it was on account of the accident to the man named Ruggs last week."

"Was there only one man killed?"

"Only one." Probert decided not to let out the whole truth at present. "And that was an accident," he concluded.

The landlord's fat face cleared of its perplexed frown. "Thank 'ee," he said. "I have been so worried. And such rummy stories, too!" In a burst of confidence he continued: "Why, they even says as how you had gone off with a great big giant called Yamiyama, or something like that, and that you was gettin' ready to massacree some of these towns wot 's nearest you."

"What 's that?" Probert stared open-mouthed at the man.

"Of course I don't take no stock in these here rumors," protested the man; "if I did, I would n't be a-trustin' of you here in the same house with me."

"Thank you," said the missionary, not knowing what else to say. "Of course I sympathize most heartily with the natives; but that any one should believe that I want them to revolt, or should be even leading them on, I don't see how that can be possible. I would not be teaching the gospel of Christ if I did that. Don't you see that salvation and rebellion are inconsistent?"

"Yes, yes; that 's so," said the landlord, as though he had never thought of that before, and then he waddled away with the self-assured air of a well-fed duck.

Probert could not help feeling annoyed that such reports should be circulating; but he thought he saw in it the result of the falsehood that had already cost him many an anxious thought. If he had only told the whole truth, and had then gone forth on his quest in the company of the posse, there would have been no ground of fact on which to erect such a rumor. "I must take my medicine," he told himself; but it was a bitter pill to swallow, and the whole house was still before he finally fell asleep.

He seemed hardly to have closed his eyes when he was aroused by a most frightful uproar, which began without warning, and seemed to be everywhere at once. There were rifle-shots, the sound of pounding wood and breaking glass, the screaming of women and children, and, above all, the sound as of men chanting in a chorus.

"Oh, my God! My God! Has it come to this!" he groaned, knowing instinctively that it was the Zulu uprising.

A red glare filled the windows, by which light he was able swiftly to throw himself into his clothes. The room had a door opening upon the veranda, and emerging therefrom, he saw first of all across the road a burning building, which lighted up the gleaming figures of half-naked black men moving about.

A fusillade of shots directed his attention to the middle of the long veranda, where a mass of dark forms were struggling in front of the main door. A gleam from the rear increased suddenly to a broad flare of light, and instantly there broke forth a cry from within: "The lodge is on fire!"

In another moment the door swung open, and a little band of men and women, among whom Probert recognized the two policemen and the landlord and his wife, plunged forth into a sea of waving clubs and stabbing assegais. They came forth with a volley from the policemen's rifles and the landlord's shot-gun opening a path for them, and running swiftly down it, they came at bay about a huge intombi-tree at the edge of the yard.

All this happened in the space of time that it had taken the missionary to open his door, luckily in the shade of a thick vine, and look about him. He had not yet decided what to do when he saw, coming across the road toward the intombi, Umnyamani himself! Without stopping to think of his own danger, Probert ran toward him, shouting his name. The big Zulu stood as if petrified until the missionary had almost reached him, then he sprang suddenly toward the white man with a spear upraised. "Umnyamani," exclaimed Probert, with the bitterest reproach of which his voice was capable, "what are you doing!"

Suddenly dropping his weapon, the Zulu took him by the arm and whisked him off into the shade of a row of wattles on the other side of the yard opposite the intombi.

"What are you doing!" repeated the missionary, the one Zulu word *wenzani* expressing the idiom coming forth with a good deal of asperity.

"If thou dost not want to be killed, stay here," commanded the Zulu.

"Umnyamani, for Christ's sake, stop committing murder!"

"They are needing me; for my sake, stay where thou art."

The missionary watched the Zulu stride away, and his soul was wrapped in a great turmoil of emotion. This, then, was the end of all his training and prayerful supervision—this monster that slaughtered human beings as though he were God's appointed angel! This was the consummation of his hopes, the acme of his evangelical service, the realization of his fondest ideal! This was the shining

light of Christian patience and forbearance! And yet Umnyamani had reason. The Government had committed the first sin in levying extortionate taxes, and then sending forth pitiless brutes to collect them. The Israelites had rebelled, and found favor with God. Then why not Umnyamani and his people? Such was the flood of ideas that troubled Probert as he watched his convert hurry to the slaughter of the white men. Swiftly the torrent passed and left him with this clear residue of thought: "Umnyamani is doing murder, and I am his missionary. I must stop it, or else I am to blame."

Even as he was casting about for means with which to compel Umnyamani to give up his fanaticism, his eyes encountered a good-sized stone, as large as his two fists, lying on the edge of the dark shadow cast by the trees. Immediately picking it up, he sprang forth with the cry, "God help me!"

He had almost reached the leader, who was moving swiftly about, giving short, sharp orders, when a stocky Zulu, dressed in a feather topknot and a *mootya,* or breech-cloth, got in his path, brandishing a spear. In self-defense he threw the stone; but the Zulu dodged, and bore down upon him with a hideous grin. He had only time to shout, "Umnyamani, stop!" when he felt a dull, sickening pain in his right shoulder, and fell, clutching the spear-shaft, which wabbled horribly over his breast.

It was day. The missionary was lying in the shade of an overhanging rock at the bottom of a deep, narrow kloof, and Umnyamani was bending over him.

"*Wey,* Umfundisi," reproached the Zulu, tenderly, "thou should'st have stayed where I left thee; then this would have happened never. Now thou art hurt, and all is lost."

Seeing Probert's uncomprehending stare, he went on to explain: "I saw thee fall, Umfundisi; and I could not thee leave to be there trampled upon. And while I was gone, the cowardly bush-babies that I have for men were seized with a panic. I could do nothing with them. They all deserted me. That is the price one must pay for taking men of another tribe. The Amauli are cows, and I should not have trusted them. They all deserted me; not a man stayed; and so I carried thee to this place, which is well hidden. But why didst thou interfere? I could have killed the white monkeys, all of them, were it not for thee."

"Thank God!" gasped the missionary in English, and he strained slowly to a sitting position. "Umnyamani, don't you feel sorry?" His voice was harsh with the effort it cost him to sit up.

"For what?" The surprise of the native seemed genuine, and Probert groaned.

"You have made a killing, Umnyamani; and the Word says, 'Thou shalt not kill!' " the missionary replied still in English, for though Umnyamani could not readily speak the language, he understood it perfectly.

"But the Word also says 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'; and thou knowest that I have been greatly wronged. If it was not lawful, why did Moses kill the Egyptian? Why did Sampson kill the Philistines? Why did David kill Goliath? The *Izinglesi* are Philistines, and I am treating them as the Midianites did Gideon treat." He rattled off the words as glibly as though he were repeating a formula or a watchword, and the missionary saw in a flash that the Zulu had made of his revenge a religion.

"But what does Christ say?" he contested; " 'If thine enemy hunger—' "

"I know," broke in the native; "but remember my wrongs! For three years I have suffered. I have not been allowed to eat of the fruit of my own labor, but I must needs pay it all out in taxes. I have been forced to work in the chain-gang when my children most needed my care; and I was compelled to pay taxes even when I had nothing to pay; and then, when my two children fell sick, I had nothing at all with which to buy medicine or food. When I lost them and when the house I had built burned down, it seemed more than I could bear; and yet I did bear it. Then, only last week, that demon policeman set fire to my hut —and my babe was in it! *Wey baba!* The only child that I had left! And he burned it to death! By the Fatherhood of God! had I not reason to strike, and strike hard; and had I not reason to swear eternal hatred against thy race?"

The missionary sighed and buried his head in his hands. "Great is your excuse," he said at last; "but see how much

greater would have been the glory if you had remained true. You have endured much, but think on the wrongs suffered by the Master, who chose rather to be nailed on a tree than to take His revenge. O Umnyamani, how could you—but, then, I can't blame you when my own countrymen set you so un-Christian an example. And yet I wish I could make you feel sorry for the murder that you have done!"

"It is too late, Umfundisi," moodily returned the big Zulu. "My heart is hard and full of hate, and I do not wish to change it."

Probert was silent, though his eyes were closed and his lips were moving as though in a concentrated effort to think. "How far is it to Umhlali?" he asked, suddenly opening his eyes.

"Four miles, Umfundisi."

"Which way?"

"Follow this donga to the mouth, and thou wilt be upon the river bank, which will lead thee directly past Brampurtra's store, when thou wilt be in the village. But why dost thou ask?"

"I am going back to pay myself for what you have done," gravely declared Probert, and staggering to his feet, he began to walk slowly down the ravine, with one hand on his breast and the other thrust out against the steep bank to keep him from falling.

"Nay, Umfundisi; but I will not let thee go!" said Umnyamani, starting after him and laying a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"Let me alone!" thundered the missionary, and the look of holy wrath accompanying the words was sufficient to make the Zulu quail and fall back.

Out on the bank of the slow, dirty stream that made its way through the village, Probert was able to see the white roofs of Umhlali topping a low hill in the distance; but there was nothing to lean against in the open, and the sun beat down mercilessly on his unprotected head. His wound throbbed torturingly, and strange lights began to dance before his eyes. It was not long before he was compelled to sit down on a convenient ant heap. When he attempted to rise again, the stagnant river, the dry grass, and the solid horizon arose with him and danced crazily about. The next thing he knew he was lying on his face, feeling very hot, very sick, and very tired.

Still he struggled on, crawling painfully through the grass that seemed now composed of sharp needle-points stabbing his hands and knees. Then suddenly something seemed to give way in his wounded side.

When next he opened his eyes, he found himself in the arms of Umnyamani, and realized that he was being carried by the Zulu as easily, yet as carefully, as though he were a baby.

"Let me alone," he whimpered. "I have got to go back."

"Lie still, Umfundisi; I am taking thee back. We are nearly opposite the store of Brampurtra, and soon we will have thee where thou canst obtain a soft bed and the genuine white man's medicine."

The surprised missionary looked up and beheld, only a few hundred yards ahead, a corrugated-iron building, with a wide veranda jutting into the dusty road that crossed the river on a low, rusty iron bridge. There was a transport wagon drawn up before the store, and a knot of men were standing on the veranda, staring and gesticulating in their direction.

"Leave me and run, Umnyamani!" exclaimed Probert. "They see us already, and if you are caught—"

"I am prepared to die," interposed the Zulu, calmly. "Didst thou think I would be carrying thee back, if I were not ready myself to give up?"

"O Umnyamani, have you repented?" gasped the missionary ecstatically.

The Zulu looked down on him, a strange smile lighting up his stern, rugged features. "I know not, Umfundisi," he said softly; "but now I feel as I did on the day when I sang a hymn as my house burned down. I am sorry that I have caused thee so much of pain, and I no longer desire to kill." Then raising his head and clearing his throat, he greeted the astounded white men at the store with a great burst of song—an English hymn it was, though the words were garbled almost beyond recognition in his native dialect:

E-e-en de-a Cross ob Criss I glo-o-ory,
Tow'ring o-or de-a wra-ak ob time!
All de-a light ob sa-a-a-a-crid sto-o-ory
Ga-a-aders roun' iss head su-l-i-ime!

Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'UMNYAMANI,' EXCLAIMED PROBERT . . . 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING?'"

"SENSE AND SENSIBILITY"

BY HELEN KELLER

IN the maturity of her intellectual powers, Miss Helen Keller has concluded to give to her friends and the world the most intimate and detailed account she has yet prepared of her experiences in an existence where, deprived of the senses of sight and hearing, she is restricted to the three other senses of touch, taste, and smell. Owing to Miss Keller's remarkable skill and literary expression, this account (comprised in two articles in prose, to be followed by her first published poem) will be found to be unique in literature—a "human document" of the highest interest and importance.—THE EDITOR.

SOME months ago, in a newspaper which announced the publication of the "Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind," appeared the following paragraph:

"Many poems and stories must be omitted because they deal with sight. Allusions to moonbeams, rainbows, starlight, clouds, and beautiful scenery may not be printed, because they serve to emphasize the blind man's sense of his affliction."

That is to say, I may not talk about beautiful mansions and gardens because I am poor. I may not read about Paris and the West Indies because I cannot visit them in their territorial reality. I may not dream of heaven because it is possible that I may never go there. Yet a venturesome spirit impels me to use words of sight and sound whose meaning I can guess only from analogy and fancy. This hazardous game is half the delight, the frolic, of daily life. I glow as I read of splendors which the eye alone can survey. Allusions to moonbeams and clouds do not emphasize the sense of my affliction: they carry my soul beyond affliction's narrow actuality.

Critics delight to tell us what we cannot do. They assume that blindness and deafness sever us completely from the things which the seeing and the hearing enjoy, and hence they assert we have no moral right to talk about beauty, the skies, mountains, the song of birds, and colors. They declare that the very sensations we have from the sense of touch are "vicarious," as though our friends felt the sun for us! They deny *a priori* what they have not seen and I have felt. Some brave doubters have gone so far even as to deny my existence. In order, therefore, that I may know that I exist, I resort to Descartes's method: "I think, therefore I am." Thus I am metaphysically established, and I throw upon the doubters the burden of proving my nonexistence. When we consider how little has been found out about the mind, is it not amazing that any one should presume to define what one can know or cannot know? I admit that there are innumerable marvels in the visible universe unguessed by me. Likewise, O confident critic, there are a myriad sensations perceived by me of which you do not dream.

Necessity gives to the eye a precious power of seeing, and in the same way it gives a precious power of feeling to the whole body. Sometimes it seems as if the very substance of my flesh were so many eyes looking out at will upon a world new created every day. The silence and darkness which are said to shut me in, open my door most hospitably to countless sensations that distract, inform, admonish, and amuse. With my three trusty guides, touch, smell, and taste, I make many excursions into the borderland of experience which is in sight of the city of Light. Nature accommodates itself to every

THE MEDALLION

THE BAS-RELIEF ON THE WALL IS A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF SPAIN WHICH HER MAJESTY HAD MADE FOR MISS KELLER

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man's necessity. If the eye is maimed, so that it does not see the beauteous face of day, the touch becomes more poignant and discriminating. Nature proceeds through practice to strengthen and augment the remaining senses. For this reason the blind often hear with greater ease and distinctness than other people. The sense of smell becomes almost a new faculty to penetrate the tangle and vagueness of things. Thus, according to an immutable law, the senses assist and reinforce one another.

It is not for me to say whether we see best with the hand or the eye. I only know that the world I see with my fingers is alive, ruddy, and satisfying. Touch brings the blind many sweet certainties which our more fortunate fellows miss, because their sense of touch is uncultivated. When they look at things, they put their hands in their pockets. No doubt that is one reason why their knowledge is often so vague, inaccurate, and useless. It is probable, too, that our knowledge of phenomena beyond the reach of the hand is equally imperfect. But, at all events, we behold them through a golden mist of fantasy.

There is nothing, however, misty or uncertain about what we can touch. Through the sense of touch I know the faces of friends, the illimitable variety of straight and curved lines, all surfaces, the exuberance of the soil, the delicate shapes of flowers, the noble forms of trees, and the range of mighty winds. Besides objects, surfaces, and atmospherical changes, I perceive countless vibrations. I derive much knowledge of everyday matter from the jars and jolts which are to be felt everywhere in the house.

FOOTSTEPS AND VIBRATIONS

Footsteps, I discover, vary tactually according to the age, the sex, and the manners of the walker. It is impossible to mistake a child's patter for the tread of a grown person. The step of the young man, strong and free, differs from the heavy, sedate tread of the middle-aged, and from the step of the old man, whose feet drag along the floor, or beat it with slow, faltering accents. On a bare floor a girl walks with a rapid, elastic rhythm which is quite distinct from the graver step of the elderly woman. I have laughed over the creak of new shoes and the clatter of a stout maid performing a jig in the kitchen. One day, in the dining-room of a hotel, a tactual dissonance arrested my attention. I sat still and listened with my feet. I found that two waiters were walking back and forth, but not with the same gait. A band was playing, and I could feel the music-waves along the floor. One of the waiters walked in time to the band, graceful and light, while the other disregarded the music and rushed from table to table to the beat of some discord in his own mind. Their steps reminded me of a spirited war-steed harnessed with a cart-horse.

Often footsteps reveal in some measure the character and the mood of the walker. I feel in them firmness and indecision, hurry and deliberation, activity and laziness, fatigue, carelessness, timidity, anger, and sorrow. I am most conscious of these moods and traits in persons with whom I am familiar.

Footsteps are frequently interrupted by certain jars and jerks, so that I know when one kneels, kicks, shakes something, sits down, or gets up. Thus I follow to some extent the actions of people about me and the changes of their postures. Just now a thick, soft patter of bare, padded feet and a slight jolt told me that my dog had jumped on the chair to look out of the window. I do not, however, allow him to go uninvestigated; for occasionally I feel the same motion, and find him, not on the chair, but trespassing on the sofa.

When a carpenter works in the house or in the barn near by, I know by the slanting, up-and-down, toothed vibration, and the ringing concussion of blow upon blow, that he is sawing or hammering. If I am near enough, a certain vibration, traveling back and forth along a wooden surface, brings me the information that he is using a plane.

A slight flutter on the rug tells me that a breeze has blown my papers off the table. A round thump is a signal that a pencil has rolled on the floor. If a book falls, it gives a flat thud. A wooden rap on the balustrade announces that dinner is ready. Many of these vibrations are obliterated out of doors. On a lawn or

HELEN KELLER AND THE HORSE KING

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the road, I can feel only running, stamping, and the rumble of wheels.

By placing my hand on a person's lips and throat, I gain an idea of many specific vibrations, and interpret them: a boy's chuckle, a man's "Whew!" of surprise, the "Hem!" of annoyance or perplexity, the moan of pain, a scream, a whisper, a rasp, a sob, a choke, and a gasp. The utterances of animals, though wordless, are eloquent to me—the cat's purr, its mew, its angry, jerky, scolding spit; the dog's bow-wow of warning or of joyous welcome, its yelp of despair, and its contented snore; the cow's moo; a monkey's chatter; the snort of a horse; the lion's roar, and the terrible snarl of the tiger. Perhaps I ought to add, for the benefit of the critics and doubters who may peruse this essay, that with my own hand I have felt all these sounds. From my childhood to the present day I have availed myself of every opportunity to visit zoölogical gardens, menageries, and the circus, and all the animals, except the tiger, have talked into my hand. I have touched the tiger only in a museum, where he is as harmless as a lamb. I have, however, heard him talk by putting my hand on the bars of his cage. I have touched several lions in the flesh, and felt them roar royally, like a cataract over rocks.

To continue, I know the *plop* of liquid in a pitcher. So if I spill my milk, I have not the excuse of ignorance. I am also familiar with the pop of a cork, the sputter of a flame, the tick-tack of the clock, the metallic swing of the windmill, the labored rise and fall of the pump, the voluminous spurt of the hose, the deceptive tap of the breeze at door and window, the crash of thunder, and many other vibrations past computing.

There are tactual vibrations which do not belong to skin-touch. They penetrate the skin, the nerves, the bones, like pain, heat, and cold. The beat of a drum smites me through from the chest to the shoulder-blades. The din of the train, the bridge, and grinding machinery retains its "old man of the sea" grip upon me long after its cause has been left behind. If vibration and motion combine in my touch for any length of time, the earth seems to run away while I stand still. When I step off the train, the platform whirls round, and I find it difficult to walk steadily.

Every atom of my body is a vibroscope. But my sensations are not infallible. I reach out, and my fingers meet something furry, which jumps about, gathers itself together as if to spring, and acts like an animal. I pause a moment for caution. I touch it again more firmly, and find it is a fur coat fluttering and flapping in the wind. To me, as to you, the earth seems motionless, and the sun appears to move; for the rays of the afternoon withdraw more and more, as they touch my face, until the air becomes cool. From this I understand how it is that the shore seems to recede as you sail away from it. Hence I feel no incredulity when you say that parallel lines appear to converge, and the earth and sky to meet. My few senses long ago revealed to me their imperfections and deceptivity.

Not only are the senses deceptive, but numerous usages in our language indicate that people who have five senses find it difficult to keep their functions distinct. I understand that we hear views, see tones, taste music. I am told that voices have color. Tact, which I had supposed to be a matter of nice perception, turns out to be a matter of taste. Judging from the large use of the word, taste appears to be the most important of all the senses. Taste governs the great and small conventions of life. Certainly the language of the senses is full of contradictions, and my fellows who have five doors to their house are not more surely at home in themselves than I. May I not, then, be excused if this account of my sensations lacks precision?

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

I HAVE spoken of the numerous jars and jolts which daily minister to my faculties. The loftier and grander vibrations which appeal to my emotions are varied and abundant. I listen with awe to the roll of the thunder and the muffled avalanche of sound when the sea flings itself upon the shore. And I love the instrument by which all the diapasons of the ocean are caught and released in surging floods—the many-voiced organ. If music could be seen, I could point where the organ-notes go, as they rise and fall, climb up

and up, rock and sway, now loud and deep, now high and stormy, anon soft and solemn, with lighter vibrations interspersed between and running across them. I should say that organ-music fills to an ecstasy the act of feeling.

There is tangible delight in other instruments, too. The violin seems beautifully alive as it responds to the lightest wish of the master. The distinction between its notes is more delicate than between the notes of the piano.

I enjoy the music of the piano most when I touch the instrument. If I keep my hand on the piano-case, I detect tiny quavers, returns of melody, and the hush that follows. This explains to me how sounds can die away to the listening ear:

> . . . How thin and clear,
> And thinner, clearer, farther going!
> O sweet and far from cliff and scar
> The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

I am able to follow the dominant spirit and mood of the music. I catch the joyous dance as it bounds over the keys, the slow dirge, the reverie. I thrill to the fiery sweep of notes crossed by thunderous tones in the "Walküre," where *Wotan* kindles the dread flames that guard the sleeping *Brunhild*. How wonderful is the instrument on which a great musician sings with his hands! I have never succeeded in distinguishing one composition from another. I think this is possible; but the concentration and strain upon my attention would be so great that I doubt if the pleasure derived would be commensurate to the effort.

Nor can I distinguish easily a tune that is sung. But by placing my hand on another's throat and cheek, I enjoy the changes of the voice. I know when it is low or high, clear or muffled, sad or cheery. The thin, quavering sensation of an old voice differs in my touch from the sensation of a young voice. A Southerner's drawl is quite unlike the Yankee twang. Sometimes the flow and ebb of a voice is so enchanting that my fingers quiver with exquisite pleasure, even if I do not understand a word that is spoken.

On the other hand, I am exceedingly sensitive to the harshness of noises like grinding, scraping, and the hoarse creak of rusty locks. Fog-whistles are my vibratory nightmares. I have stood near a bridge in process of construction, and felt the tactual din, the rattle of heavy masses of stone, the roll of loosened earth, the rumble of engines, the dumping of dirt-cars, the triple blows of vulcan hammers. I can also smell the fire-pots, the tar and cement. So I have a vivid idea of mighty labors in steel and stone, and I believe that I am acquainted with all the fiendish noises which can be made by man or machinery. The whack of heavy falling bodies, the sudden shivering splinter of chopped logs, the crystal shatter of pounded ice, the crash of a tree hurled to the earth by a hurricane, the irrational, persistent chaos of noise made by switching freight-trains, the explosion of gas, the blasting of rock, and the terrific grinding of rock upon rock which precedes the collapse—all these have been in my touch-experience, and contribute to my idea of Bedlam, of a battle, a waterspout, an earthquake, and other enormous accumulations of sound.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

Touch brings me into contact with the traffic and manifold activity of the city. Besides the bustle and crowding of people and the nondescript grating and electric howling of street-cars, I am conscious of exhalations from many different kinds of shops; from automobiles, drays, horses, fruit stands, and many varieties of smoke.

> Odors strange and musty,
> The air sharp and dusty
> With lime and with sand,
> That no one can stand,
> Make the street impassable,
> The people irascible,
> Until every one cries,
> As he trembling goes
> With the sight of his eyes
> And the scent of his nose
> Quite stopped—or at least much diminished—
> "Gracious! when will this city be finished?"[1]

The city is interesting; but the tactual silence of the country is always most welcome after the din of town and the irritating concussions of the train. How noiseless and undisturbing are the

[1] George Arnold.

"Listening" to the Trees.

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F. I. BENNETT

demolition, the repairs and the alterations, of nature! With no sound of hammer or saw or stone severed from stone, but a music of rustles and ripe thumps on the grass come the fluttering leaves and mellow fruits which the wind tumbles all day from the branches. Silently all droops, all withers, all is poured back into the earth that it may recreate; all sleeps while the busy architects of day and night ply their silent work elsewhere. The same serenity reigns when all at once the soil yields up a newly wrought creation. Softly the ocean of grass, moss, and flowers rolls surge upon surge across the earth. Curtains of foliage drape the bare branches. Great trees make ready in their sturdy hearts to receive again birds which occupy their spacious chambers to the south and west. Nay, there is no place so lowly that it may not lodge some happy creature. The meadow brook undoes its icy fetters with rippling notes, gurgles, and runs free. And all this is wrought in less than two months to the music of nature's orchestra, in the midst of balmy incense.

The thousand soft voices of the earth have truly found their way to me—the small rustle in tufts of grass, the silky swish of leaves, the buzz of insects, the hum of bees in blossoms I have plucked, the flutter of a bird's wings after his bath, and the slender rippling vibration of water running over pebbles. Once having been felt, these loved voices rustle, buzz, hum, flutter, and ripple in my thought forever, an undying part of happy memories.

Between my experiences and the experiences of others there is no gulf of mute space which I may not bridge. For I have endlessly varied, instructive contacts with all the world, with life, with the atmosphere whose radiant activity enfolds us all. The thrilling energy of the all-encasing air is warm and rapturous. Heat-waves and sound-waves play upon my face in infinite variety and combination, until I am able to surmise what must be the myriad sounds that my senseless ears have not heard.

WIND AND RAIN

THE air varies in different regions, at different seasons of the year, and even different hours of the day. The odorous, fresh sea-breezes are distinct from the fitful breezes along river banks, which are humid and freighted with inland smells. The bracing, light, dry air of the mountains can never be mistaken for the pungent salt air of the ocean. The rain of winter is dense, hard, compressed. In the spring it has new vitality. It is light, mobile, and laden with a thousand palpitating odors from earth, grass, and sprouting leaves. The air of midsummer is dense, saturated, or dry and burning, as if it came from a furnace. When a cool breeze brushes the sultry stillness, it brings fewer odors than in May, and frequently the odor of a coming tempest. The avalanche of coolness which sweeps through the low-hanging air bears little resemblance to the stinging coolness of winter.

The rain of winter is raw, without odor and dismal. The rain of spring is brisk, fragrant, charged with life-giving warmth. I welcome it delightedly as it visits the earth, enriches the streams, waters the hills abundantly, makes the furrows soft with showers for the seed, elicits a perfume which I cannot breathe deep enough. Spring rain is beautiful, impartial, lovable. With pearly drops it washes every leaf on tree and bush, ministers equally to salutary herbs and noxious growths, searches out every living thing that needs its beneficence.

The senses assist and reinforce each other to such an extent that I am not sure whether touch or smell tells me the most about the world. Everywhere the river of touch is joined by the brooks of odor-perception. Each season has its distinctive odors. The spring is earthy and full of sap. July is rich with the odor of ripening grain and hay. As the season advances, a crisp, dry, mature odor predominates, and golden-rod, tansy, and everlastings mark the onward march of the year. In autumn, soft, alluring scents fill the air, floating from thicket, grass, flower, and tree, and they tell me of time and change, of death and life's renewal, desire and its fulfilment.

SMELL IS A FALLEN ANGEL

FOR some inexplicable reason the sense of smell does not hold the high position it

deserves among its sisters. There is something of the fallen angel about it. When it woos us with woodland scents and beguiles us with the fragrance of lovely gardens, it is admitted frankly to our discourse. But when it gives us warning of something noxious in our vicinity, it is treated as if the demon had got the upper hand of the angel, and is relegated to outer darkness, punished for its faithful service. It is most difficult to keep the true significance of words when one discusses the prejudices of mankind, and I find it hard to give an account of odor-perceptions which shall be at once dignified and truthful.

In my experience smell is most important, and I find that there is high authority for the nobility of the sense which we have neglected and disparaged. It is recorded that the Lord commanded that incense be burnt before Him continually with a sweet savor. I doubt if there is any sensation arising from sight more delightful than the odors which filter through sun-warmed, wind-tossed branches, or the tide of scents which swells, subsides, rises again wave on wave, filling the wide world with invisible sweetness. A whiff of the universe makes us dream of worlds we have never seen, recalls in a flash entire epochs of our dearest experience. I never smell daisies without living over again the ecstatic mornings that my teacher and I spent wandering in the fields, while I learned new words and the names of things. Smell is a potent wizard that transports us across a thousand miles and all the years we have lived. The odor of fruits wafts me to my Southern home, to my childish frolics in the peach orchard. Other odors, instantaneous and fleeting, cause my heart to dilate joyously or contract with remembered grief. Even as I think of smells, my nose is full of scents that start awake sweet memories of summers gone and ripening grain fields far away.

The faintest whiff from a meadow where the new-mown hay lies in the hot sun displaces the here and the now. I am back again in the old red barn. My little friends and I are playing in the haymow. A huge mow it is, packed with crisp, sweet hay, from the top of which the smallest child can reach the straining rafters. In their stalls beneath are the farm animals. Here is Jerry, unresponsive, unbeautiful Jerry, crunching his oats like a true pessimist, resolved to find his feed not good—at least not so good as it ought to be. Again I touch Brownie, eager, grateful little Brownie, ready to leave the juiciest fodder for a pat, straining his beautiful, slender neck for a caress. Near by stands Lady Belle, with sweet, moist mouth, lazily extracting the sealed-up cordial from timothy and clover, and dreaming of deep June pastures and murmurous streams.

The sense of smell has told me of a coming storm hours before there was any sign of it visible. I notice first a throb of expectancy, a slight quiver, a concentration in my nostrils. As the storm draws nearer, my nostrils dilate the better to receive the flood of earth-odors which seem to multiply and extend, until I feel the splash of rain against my cheek. As the tempest departs, receding farther and farther, the odors fade, become fainter and fainter, and die away beyond the bar of space.

I know by smell the kind of house we enter. I have recognized an old-fashioned country house because it has several layers of odors, left by a succession of families, of plants, perfumes, and draperies.

In the evening quiet there are fewer vibrations than in the daytime, and then I rely more largely upon smell. The sulphuric scent of a match tells me that the lamps are being lighted. Later, I note the wavering trail of odor that flits about and disappears. It is the curfew signal; the lights are out for the night.

WAYSIDE SCENTS

Out of doors I am aware by smell and touch of the ground we tread and the places we pass. Sometimes, when there is no wind, the odors are so grouped that I know the character of the country, and can place a hayfield, a country store, a garden, a barn, a farm-house with the windows open, a grove of pines.

The other day I went to walk toward a familiar wood. Suddenly a disturbing odor made me pause in dismay. Then followed a peculiar, measured jar, fol-

lowed by dull, heavy thunder. I understood the odor and the jar only too well. The trees were being cut down. We climbed the stone wall to the left. It borders the wood which I have loved so long that it seems to be my peculiar possession. But to-day an unfamiliar rush of air and an unwonted outburst of sun told me that my tree friends were gone. The place was empty, like a deserted dwelling. I stretched out my hand. Where once stood the steadfast pines, great, beautiful, sweet, my hand touched raw, moist stumps. All about lay broken branches, like the antlers of stricken deer. The fragrant, piled-up sawdust swirled and tumbled about me. An unreasoning resentment flashed through me at this ruthless destruction of the beauty that I love. But there is no anger, no resentment in nature. The air is equally charged with the odors of life and of destruction, for death equally with growth forever ministers to all-conquering life. The sun shines as ever, and the winds riot through the newly opened spaces. I know that a new forest will spring where the old one stood, as beautiful, as beneficent.

Touch sensations are permanent and definite. Odors deviate and are fugitive, changing in their shades, degrees, and location. There is something else in odor which gives me a sense of distance. I should call it horizon—the line where odor and fancy meet at the farthest limit of scent.

Smell gives me more idea than touch or taste of the manner in which sight and hearing probably discharge their functions. Touch seems to reside in the object touched, because there is a contact of surfaces. In smell there is no notion of relievo, and odor seems to reside not in the object smelt, but in the organ. Since I smell a tree at a distance, it is comprehensible to me that a person sees it without touching it. I am not puzzled over the fact that he receives it as an image on his retina without relievo, since my smell perceives the tree as a thin sphere with no fullness or content. By themselves, odors suggest nothing. I must learn by association to judge from them of distance, of place, and of the actions or the surroundings which are the usual occasions for them, just as I am told people judge from color, light, and sound.

THE ELUSIVE PERSON-ODOR

FROM exhalations I learn much about people. I often know the work they are engaged in. The odors of wood, iron, paint, and drugs cling to the garments of those that work in them. Thus I can distinguish the carpenter from the iron-worker, the artist from the mason or the chemist. When a person passes quickly from one place to another I get a scent impression of where he has been—the kitchen, the garden, or the sick-room. I gain pleasurable ideas of freshness and good taste from the odors of soap, toilet water, clean garments, woolen and silk stuffs, and gloves.

I have not, indeed, the all-knowing scent of the hound or the wild animal. None but the halt and the blind need fear my skill in pursuit; for there are other things besides water, stale trails, confusing cross tracks to put me at fault. Nevertheless, human odors are as varied and capable of recognition as hands and faces. The dear odors of those I love are so definite, so unmistakable, that nothing can quite obliterate them. If many years should elapse before I saw an intimate friend again, I think I should recognize his odor instantly in the heart of Africa, as promptly as would my brother that barks.

Once, long ago, in a crowded railway station, a lady kissed me as she hurried by. I had not touched even her dress. But she left a scent with her kiss which gave me a glimpse of her. The years are many since she kissed me. Yet her odor is fresh in my memory.

It is difficult to put into words the thing itself, the elusive person-odor. There seems to be no adequate vocabulary of smells, and I must fall back on approximate phrase and metaphor.

Some people have a vague, unsubstantial odor that floats about, mocking every effort to identify it. It is the will-o'-the-wisp of my olfactive experience. Sometimes I meet one who lacks a distinctive person-scent, and I seldom find such a one lively or entertaining. On the other hand, one who has a pungent odor often possesses great vitality, energy, and vigor of mind.

Masculine exhalations are as a rule stronger, more vivid, more widely differentiated than those of women. In the

odor of young men there is something elemental, as of fire, storm, and salt sea. It pulsates with buoyancy and desire. It suggests all things strong and beautiful and joyous, and gives me a sense of physical happiness. I wonder if others observe that all infants have the same scent —pure, simple, undecipherable as their dormant personality. It is not until the age of six or seven that they begin to have perceptible individual odors. These develop and mature along with their mental and bodily powers.

What I have written about smell, especially person-smell, will perhaps be regarded as the abnormal sentiment of one who can have no idea of the "world of reality and beauty which the eye perceives." There are people who are color-blind, people who are tone-deaf. Most people are smell-blind-and-deaf. We should not condemn a musical composition on the testimony of an ear which cannot distinguish one chord from another, or judge a picture by the verdict of a color-blind critic. The sensations of smell which cheer, inform, and broaden my life are not less pleasant merely because some critic who treads the wide, bright pathway of the eye has not cultivated his olfactive sense. Without the shy, fugitive, often unobserved, sensations and the certainties which taste, smell, and touch give me, I should be obliged to take my conception of the universe wholly from others. I should lack the alchemy by which I now infuse into my world light, color, and the Protean spark. The sensuous reality which interthreads and supports all the gropings of my imagination would be shattered. The solid earth would melt from under my feet and disperse itself in space. The objects dear to my hands would become formless, dead things, and I should walk among them an invisible ghost.

RELATIVE VALUES OF THE SENSES

I WAS once without the sense of smell and taste for several days. It seemed incredible, this utter detachment from odors, to breathe the air in and observe never a single scent. The feeling was probably similar, though in a less degree, to that of one who first loses sight and cannot but expect to see the light again any day, any minute. I knew I should smell again some time. Still, after the wonder had passed off, a loneliness crept over me as vast as the air whose myriad odors I missed. The multitudinous subtle delights that smell makes mine became for a time wistful memories. When I recovered the lost sense, my heart bounded with gladness. It is a fine dramatic touch that Hans Andersen gives to the story of Kay and Gerda in the passage about flowers. Kay, whom the wicked magician's glass has blinded to human love, rushes away fiercely from home when he discovers that the roses have lost their sweetness.

The loss of smell for a few days gave me a clearer idea than I had ever had what it is to be blinded suddenly, helplessly. With a little stretch of the imagination I knew then what it must be when the great curtain shuts out suddenly the light of day, the stars, and the firmament itself. I see the blind man's eyes strain for the light, as he fearfully tries to walk his old rounds, until the unchanging blank that everywhere spreads before him stamps the reality of the dark upon his consciousness.

My temporary loss of smell proved to me, too, that the absence of a sense need not dull the mental faculties and does not distort one's view of the world, and so I reason that blindness and deafness need not pervert the inner order of the intellect. I know that if there were no odors for me I should still possess a considerable part of the world. Novelties and surprises would abound, adventures would thicken in the dark.

In my classification of the senses, smell is a little the ear's inferior, and touch is a great deal the eye's superior. I find that great artists and philosophers agree with me in this. Diderot says:

> Je trouvais que de tous les sens, l'œil était le plus superficiel; l'oreille, le plus orgueilleux; l'odorat, le plus voluptueux; le goût, le plus superstitieux et le plus inconstant; le toucher, le plus profond et le plus philosophe.[1]

A friend whom I have never seen sends me a quotation from Symonds's "Renaissance in Italy":

[1] I found that of the senses, the eye is the most superficial, the ear the most arrogant, smell the most voluptuous, taste the most superstitious and fickle, touch the most profound and the most philosophical.

Lorenzo Ghiberti, after describing a piece of antique sculpture he saw in Rome adds, "To express the perfection of learning, mastery, and art displayed in it is beyond the power of language. Its more exquisite beauties could not be discovered by the sight, but only by the touch of the hand passed over it." Of another classic marble at Padua he says, "This statue, when the Christian faith triumphed, was hidden in that place by some gentle soul, who, seeing it so perfect, fashioned with art so wonderful, and with such power of genius, and being moved to reverend pity, caused a sepulchre of bricks to be built, and there within buried the statue, and covered it with a broad slab of stone, that it might not in any way be injured. It has very many sweet beauties which the eyes alone can comprehend not, either by strong or tempered light; only the hand by touching them finds them out."

Hold out your hands to feel the luxury of the sunbeams. Press the soft blossoms against your cheek, and finger their graces of form, their delicate mutability of shape, their pliancy and freshness. Expose your face to the aërial floods that sweep the heavens, "inhale great draughts of space," wonder, wonder at the wind's unwearied activity. Pile note on note the infinite music that flows increasingly to your soul from the tactual sonorities of a thousand branches and tumbling waters. How can the world be shriveled when this most profound, emotional sense, touch, is faithful to its service? I am sure that if a fairy bade me choose between the sense of sight and that of touch, I would not part with the warm, endearing contact of human hands or the wealth of form, the nobility and fullness that press into my palms.

(To be continued)

THE DEAD CHILD

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

("I believe in the resurrection of the body.")

HOW young you are for such lone majesty
Of silence and repose!
That lip was vowed to laughter, and that eye;
That white cheek to the rose.

What age your spirit hath—who thinks to say?
If young, or young no more;
But all for merriment—oh, all for play—
That new, sweet shape it wore!

So in His time, to whom all time is now,
From flower and wind and steep
Shall He not summon you to keep your vow,
Since He has made you sleep?

THE ROAD TO THOSE BELOW

A TALE OF THE COLORADO CAÑON

BY E. P. CAMPBELL

"A tale that is told is a true tale as long as the telling lasts."
Gobind of Dhunni Bhagat's Chubára.

THE Supais are a tranquil people who live in a branch cañon very much by themselves. They endure the white man's domination until those from above, descending through the gates of that cañon that even the maps acknowledge Grand, shall give them back the desert for their heritage. Meantime, they keep their own secrets, and are reservedly courteous to visitors.

Yet once they made a white man blood brother, took him to their hearts, and told him tribal tales. Laird was not only a member of the Smithsonian Institution and a scientist that German professors quoted with qualified approbation, but a man that men loved. Thus it came to pass that the tribal secrets were written out under the heading, "The Psychology of Anthropomorphic Beliefs as Exemplified in the Havasupai Origin Legends," and buried in the black books of the "United States Ethnological Reports," p. 79, vol. 253, where you may find them, if you look, with many emendations in fine print. It did not occur to Laird that even an Indian could consider this a betrayal of secrets. But there came rummaging among the reports a man who had never been off fenced roads in his life. Because he had many bills to pay, and because the tales were novel to the folk who walk on fenced roads, he rewrote them in comprehensible language, and sent them to a popular magazine. The popular magazine accepting promptly, he paid his bills, was well satisfied with his day's work, and so passes out of the story.

Now it happens that you may buy all the popular magazines at the stand in the office of the Bright Angel Hotel on the rim of the Grand Cañon. Also, you may see government-school members of the Supai tribe, with short hair, civilized clothes, and much gold filling in their teeth, diligently carrying tourists' suitcases through that same office. Wherefore it is perhaps not surprising that after Roper Jones, with a white man's delicacy, had amused himself in jeering the brown men about the sunset placard which announced the magazine's account of their people's secrets, he went out for a stroll along the cañon's edge one evening and did not come back.

"Doubtless he has gone to Those Below," placidly remarked a government-school Indian from behind the gleam of his gold teeth. "So it happens to those who speak of the forbidden things." After that there was no more jeering.

So much for an introduction. I learned it all by way of conclusion.

The rickety little engine on the branch line from Williams jerked our excursion train over sixty miles of barren levelness, to dump us finally in the midst of a scattered pine forest, with no more cañon, or place for a cañon, than the middle of the Atlantic. Dr. and Mrs. Evans of Bangor, Laird, Deane, a student on his vacation from Technology, and I, strangers at starting, had drawn together during the four days out from New York, and now, stranded together in this dusty, cañonless, flat country, felt like lifelong friends. Of the magnificent, the awful, the sub-

lime, the quintessential, and supra-superlative spectacle of grandeur we had been led to expect by flaming posters at every station west of the Mississippi, we saw no sign. Laird alone had been at the cañon before, but he said nothing. A deep blueness ahead through the trees might have warned us, had we but known, as the booming of cannon warns men hurrying to the battlefield. As it was, we followed the crowd up the board walk toward the hotel, chattering of rooms and meals. There it lay beside the walk! I saw Mrs. Evans steady herself by her husband's shoulder; somebody behind me caught his breath with a choke. There beside us it lay, so close that I could stretch my arm out over it—no fence, no railing, nothing between us and it. And it was nothing—a mile of nothing straight down into the earth, coiling out of the horizon on the east, and into it again on the west, a vast, inverted mountain-chain of nothing, bluer than ice-caves, but with many colors shining through. Yet it gave no feeling of nothingness; rather it seemed very much something—some gigantic, unimagined spirit, air-monster, lying so still; a terrible, quiet creature that drew the life out of us for but looking at it.

"Come," said Laird, kindly, after long ages, "you can look at it all day tomorrow, but now the other people are getting the rooms."

A three-days' religious ceremony, which the Supais had come from their village to hold at a point about half a mile from the hotel, was to begin that evening with a fire-dance. Laird could tell us but little about it. He had been summoned from Washington to witness a man sent to Those Below, though he could not explain the expression. Nor had he previously known that the spot near the hotel had any sacred associations in the Supai religion, or that they had a fire-dance in their ceremonial. He was extremely interested in this latter impossibility; indeed, he expected to make discoveries of great scientific value during the next three days. "I may turn Indian this evening," he explained, "and shall not turn white again until the ceremony is over. Don't be alarmed at any wild thing that happens. Remember, I am one of the tribe, and perfectly safe."

Arrived at the Supai encampment in the early moonlight, with a few others of the hotel guests who, to their great surprise, had obtained a ready permission from the shamano to witness the opening of the ceremonial, we were greeted with dignity by the leaders,—Laird not differently from the rest of us,—and seated near the cañon's edge, in a semicircle about a pile of brush and logs a good eight feet high. Presently a crowd of Indian women voicelessly slipped into the semicircle behind us, a group of men filled out the circle on the other side, and the chiefs stood between. So we waited, dark folk and light together, while the moon dropped down the tree-trunks. No Indian moved, but there was constant restlessness among the whites.

"This is getting to be a bore," somebody yawned at length. "We can dance to this tune in Vermont."

A tiny, quivering bright something or other at the top of the log-pile caught my eye, and I puzzled over it idly. A bangle hung unsteadily in the breeze; a bit of broken mirror: no. I could not quite make it out. I rather strained my eyes for a moment endeavoring to see. Then I fell to wondering how many heart-beats I could count before the moonlight, slowly descending toward the logs, would reveal what it was. I had not reached seventeen when a twig broke into silver out of the shadow. But my question went unanswered. At the touch of the pale light, as at the touch of a match to oil-soaked wood, the whole pile blazed from top to bottom, and a column of orange flame reeled roaring against the moon. Whites and Indians, the needles of the pines and the long vistas of the forest, shot forward. Only the black chasm lay indifferently beside us, unchanged by the light.

Heathenishly painted creatures gathered into a procession among the trees and rocked toward us, one after the other, with sullen, awkward motion. The band of Supai women moaned in time. As the line swept inside the circle, each man drew out a flexible strip of bark from a bundle beside one of the chiefs, and at the touch of the painted hands the wood sizzled into flames. Thus blazing, the torch-bearers bent around the fire in a spiral, three coils deep. From them,

through the clean desert air, came a heated odor of strange unguents, and whiffs of undistinguishable oils which were not clean. Each man of these dancers, as he passed us, leaned toward us and leered, and the thick paint on his face cracked and parted, then closed again as the muscles underneath returned to place. As the moaning of the women broke out into loud chanting, with the thudding of unshod feet, the procession tied itself into precisely the same pretty tangles that children are taught at dancing-school.

I shook Laird's arm. "You 're the showman," I whispered: "translate for us; tell us what it 's all about."

His eyes wandered to my face without seeing me; he was evidently thinking so hard he had forgotten his companions. But he came to himself with that sudden look of dawning intelligence that marks the habitually absent-minded.

"Translate for you? Oh, yes, yes. I 'd forgotten you can't understand. I 'll do the best I can, but there 's lots of it I don't see through myself. It 's a song they are singing; you won't find much sense in it. It goes like this:

"Those Below they wait for him,
At the foot of the road—path—trail. Trail,
—that 's it,—
At the foot of the trails they wait for him;
At the End of All Trails they wait for him.
Angry are Those Below.

"Who in thunder are Those Below?" he said. "I thought I knew the mythology of this tribe from A to Z; but it seems I don't. Well, well, now then:

"Three go forth on the trails of air;
Three there are on the trails of air,
Two there are on the trails of air,
On the Road to Those Below.

"I should n't think you would find this sort of thing very interesting. Its endless repetition: that 's the fashion with savages. There comes some more of it,

"Those Below they have—"

His voice stopped as his interest abruptly swamped his consciousness of our presence again. For there had come a shift in the chanting. The responsive line of the dancers drew closer about that log-pile fired by the moon, each man raised his flaming whip, and striking it down squarely on the back of the man in front of him, drew it leisurely across. The sparks flew like dust, and the brands burned brighter at the impact. Again came that shift in the women's voices. Again the great brands fell on the dark skins. The song beat rapidly, with rising volume. The men stroked and caressed one another with the burning bark; beat themselves and one another; lashed furiously; whirled themselves into madness; leaped into the central fire, and sprawled at length on the white coals as on a couch; dashed jerkily to their feet again, and back to the circling tumult, while their torches, blown by the swift movements, trailed streamers of flame through their hair. No man was burned. Had I not looked down into the cañon that afternoon, had it not lain indifferent and illimitable beside those dancers, beribboned with fire, I should have regarded the whole thing as an extraordinarily interesting piece of primitive quackery. As it was, the cañon had turned my ordinary, civilized levels of thought on edge, as it had turned the desert floors, and left dark places exposed. I gazed at the dancers with an acceptance of what I saw as unquestioning as a child's.

Then they came for Laird. Two fiends, jingling with silver-set turquoises, with grinning faces that cracked, pranced down to us. A spark from their torches dropped on my hand and stung a red scar across the back before I could knock it off.

"Remember, I 'm all right, and finding out how it 's done," I heard Laird call as they whirled him away in a veil of flame.

They stripped off his coat and shirt and splashed him over with bars and moons of yellow paint, then sprang with him through the central fire. As they came out, I saw that the bars and moons had turned red, and that he also carried a blazing torch. The dance burst into a fury of confusion, maddened by the triumphant shriek of the chant. Constantly, through the writhing mass of bodies and fire, I caught glimpses of Laird's face, keen, delicate, long-jawed, double lines like knife-cuts between the brows, great grooves of wrinkles across

Drawn by Remington Schuyler. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THREE GO FORTH ON THE TRAILS OF AIR . . . ON THE ROAD TO THOSE BELOW"

the forehead, eyes astart at every passing movement, yet remote with thought—the face of a man from whom the passion of understanding has consumed away fear. Whatever else the rest of us might feel in the presence of this outburst of prehistoric impossibility, State of Arizona, U. S. A., Laird was in his laboratory, cool with the intensity of intellectual excitement, alert, a scientist.

With the sight of his dominant face, white among those leering faces as though lighted from within, a sense of responsibility crept across the blur of elementary emotion that had numbed me. "That fire burned me," I meditated aloud; "I must watch and see that it does n't burn him, for all he said." My voice roused the others.

"Oh," murmured Mrs. Evans, "I never dreamed it would be like this. It is awful, awful."

"It 's damnable," retorted Deane. "Look! What are they up to now?"

The central fire had died into a heap of nervously flaming coals. The dancers one by one drew off into the shadow of the woods, pitching the stocks of their torches into the fire as they went. The high chanting of the women sank into a whine, changed with a sob into a crooning sweetness, and went to sleep somewhere in the distance. Only Laird and the two who danced with him were left. They stood still awhile. Laird's clothes were scorched to rottenness, the soles of his shoes were charred off. He himself was panting with exertion, but the restrained eagerness of his face was not lessened, and he had neither eyes nor thought for us.

For awhile the three stood so, facing the cañon, about sixty feet from its edge. Then they began to move. They walked straight forward, straight forward—

Mrs. Evans hid her face with a moan. Deane started to his feet, then stopped, fixed, one leg doubled under him, mouth open, a gaping absurdity. The three had walked off the edge!

"Look out there!" I yelled as they bobbed over, then laughed with hoarse jerks of sound. In that crowning nightmare of savagery my own commonplace English warning struck me as inexpressibly funny. I shook back and forth with cackling laughter as I watched them; *for they had not fallen.* When they first went over the edge, they sank a foot or so, then rose as a block of wood held under water rises when released, caught their balance, and walked steadily away on the blue air.

"Oh, Jack," sobbed Mrs. Evans, "take me away! Please take me away!"

Evans growled, reached across her, and jerked Deane back into his seat, then seized my arm.

"Shut up, you blithering idiot!" he shouted. "You 'll have the whole crowd in hysterics. Don't you know hypnotism when you see it?"

I endeavored to explain how funny it was, but his angry face staring into mine prevented me.

"Hypnotism? Oh, yes, yes," I admitted mechanically, "of course it 's hypnotism—most interesting example—modern discovery utilized—amazing—by a—a—primitive." And I settled myself to watch very soberly those three little bobbing figures out there in the blue.

They had passed beyond the red of the firelight, but we saw their muscles polished in the moonlight. Directly away from us, directly toward the opposite wall of the cañon they went. We could see beneath their feet the shadows of turrets and precipices eight miles away. A mile beneath them wound the black, soft shadow of the lowest groove of the cañon, in the bottom of which lay the river. There was no sound but the putter of the flames and the hard breathing of the watchers. The three little shapes flickered in the moonlight, smaller minute by dragging minute. They were not three shapes; they were one, very tiny. A black speck flitted away from us, vanishing. Three breaths more, and it passed in front of a shadow on the farther wall, out of sight.

"Hypnotism," I whispered over and over to myself, as I stared with fixed eyeballs at the shadow against which that infinitesimal dot had vanished. "Hypnotism, that 's what this is—hypnotism."

Not even the breathing of the circle could be heard now. The wind blew out of the great chasm beside us, and the bats began to flicker back and forth over its edge. One, blundering up out of the abyss into the firelight, beat an instant with loathsome body against my cheek.

"There they are!" whispered Deane,

while the rest of us saw still the blank shadow. Then we saw them. As they had gone, so they came, small, flittering, growing larger. I thought I could make out two of the figures, one separate from the others, perhaps.

"So that 's the trick you 've played us!" suddenly I heard Evans exclaim.

"You call it trick!" snapped Deane.

The two dots grew, came nearer, I could make out a resemblance to men's forms; they were two men clearly. I leaped to my feet, and every soul followed.

"Look! look!" I shrieked, "there are only two!"

"A-a-ah!" an animal's sound of fury and terror burst from those men and women. The whole semicircle surged a step forward, and then stopped helpless. The two out there on the air were clear now, walking swiftly, steadily on nothing, toward us.

"Evans, Deane, all of you," I blurted out, "let 's get at the bottom of this thing; let 's make them pay for this," and I flung off my coat in a passion of action. The rest sprang to my side. That horror of inactivity was broken.

The two came toward us. We could see the gleam of their muscles in the moonlight, shifting as they walked; they were within range of the firelight, with the red glow on them again; I noted the senseless bend and spring of their feet, pushing against nothing; I heard the clinking of their turquoise ornaments; I saw them set foot on the cliff's edge; I looked into their eyes. We men sprang at them with a snarl.

As completely, as suddenly as they had vanished before the shadow out over the abyss, so they vanished now. They were gone.

It was Evans who pulled us together, Evans who shuffled us back to the hotel, lighted five lamps,—nickel-plated, glass-chimneyed, blessed, civilized, kerosene lamps—in the office, and rounded us up while he poured a bracer down the throat of each one of us.

"Did n't Laird warn us things might seem to happen," he blustered. "It 's absurd, absolutely absurd, how we mortal fools can let our senses get the better of us, can get ourselves into a panic over what we know is just a lot of melodramatic lies." Then he set out to ridicule us back to sanity, the bottle in one hand tinkling a shaky accompaniment to his words against the tumbler in the other. Four or five swore they would make a night of it in the office, their guns across their knees; but most of us finally got into shape enough to feel some shame, and we sneaked off into our rooms aquiver at the sound of our own feet on the floor.

There is not much more to tell, but that little is greatly to the point. The doctor's ridicule rang through the night-watches, shame of credulity grew, and in the bland morning sunlight a group of sheepish men and women gathered in the hotel office. The Supai ceremonies for the day were secret. Now the night before I had firmly determined to form an armed party and go search that odorous, fiends' camp with guns until we found Laird, and packed him off to his anthropological chair as fast as steam could carry him. I did nothing of the kind. I meekly ordered my luncheon, and with the rest joined the party that was gathering for a day's trip down into the cañon.

The guides put us on our horses, flung the reins over the horns of the saddles, and told us to keep our hands off. There was a spider's web looped about those cliffs; a dodging, infinitesimally narrow thread of a thing derisively called a trail. It clung to every ledge and crevice like ivy, twisted itself into loops as contorted as the strata of the precipices. Down it we dropped for hours. Our scrawny, fat-stomached little Western ponies, as agile as squirrels, knew every turn of the path as a doctor's nag knows the houses of the chronic invalids. Once we ducked into a solitary fissure in a gold-and-cream-colored, mile-long face of rock as smooth as the walls of heaven. Once we slid along a jutting red ledge of sandstone that fell away to the gorge on each side.

"If I were twenty feet tall, I 'd straddle this thing," remarked Deane, who was in front of me, next to the leading guide, "and kick my heels over eternity on both sides."

We slid off it on to another ledge, doubled around the cliff on some rough log stairs, and passed back beneath our own tracks. On one side rose the crags

of rock whence came the voices of the rear-guard of the party; on the other I stretched out my hand over blue air.

"When shall we reach the bottom?" queried Mrs. Evans' voice, plaintively, from behind. "Oh, Jack, why did you ever bring me to this fearful place?"

"We are on the lower terrace now," called back the guide. "Four thousand feet below the hotel, and two thousand above the river."

Surely we were. We had reached the bottom of the side cañon down which we had come, a mere crinkle in the walls of the cañon itself, and a moment more were treading almost level ground, through a tall brush of scrub willows, out on to the wide terrace where the cliffs pause to take their breath before their final plunge down to the river.

Deane and the guide vanished behind a bend of the trail. I heard the snort of a terrified horse, the bushes quivered as some animal plunged against them. Deane burst through, his face utterly colorless, his horse sweating with fear.

"For heaven's sake! stop the women!" he shouted. On thinking it over afterward, I considered this the most instinctively chivalrous act I had ever known. "Galloway! Evans! this is a case for you! Come, oh, come!" and he reeled from his saddle sickened and fainting, like a medical student at a first operation.

Now, I do not mean to enlarge upon what we found beyond the bend in the trail. It is enough to say that it was not nice, but Evans identified it as human. It had fallen a very great way, whether one thousand feet or four was a matter of pure conjecture. In the mass there were bits of clothing scorched to rottenness, a shoe with a sole charred off, wheels of a Geneva watch, name of maker melted completely, but the number, 396,872, still distinguishable, part of the handle of a small, pearl penknife, two or three bent pencil heads, the wood splintered off, remnants of a fountain-pen, several buttons, and other civilized appurtenances. Also, in almost perfect condition, the fourth finger of a left hand. The owner of the finger had unmistakably been white.

I have never explained the affair, but I am no psychological expert. Possibly were I properly familiar with dual, nay, triple, quadruple, sextuple personalities, collective hypnotism, subconscious selves as deeply underlaid as the bottom of the cañon, and all the rest of the capabilities of a well-equipped modern soul, I might find no trouble in expounding to you just how it all happened. None the less, in my subsequent wanderings among Southwestern tribes I have diligently striven to forget such tribal secrets as I may have stumbled upon, and whenever placid mention has been made of sending a man to Those Below, as has happened twice, I have immediately mounted my horse and gone very far away.

CONTRAST

BY ETHEL COLEMAN

ONE sang of sorrow, one without a care;
And many said, with pitying eyes and dim,
"How deeply hast thou suffered, friend!" nor knew
It was their grief which found a voice in him.

Years passed, and all the anguish of his songs
Became his own, yet caroled he of bliss;
Men said, "How gay, how joyful, is thy soul!"
He made reply, "I sing of what I miss."

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

III

ON reaching Mrs. Swanwick's home in the afternoon, the vicomtesse went at once to her room, where the cleanliness and perfect order met her tacit approval, and still more the appetizing meal which the hostess herself brought to the bedside of her tired guest.

Mr. Schmidt, the other boarder, was absent at supper, and the evening meal went by with little talk beyond what the simple needs of the meal required. De Courval excused himself early and, after a brief talk with his mother, was glad of a comfortable bed, where he found himself thinking with interest of the day's small events and of the thin, ruddy features, bright, hazel eyes and red hair, of the tall Virginia statesman, the leader of the party some of whose baser members had given the young vicomte unpleasant minutes at Oeller's Hotel.

When very early the next day De Courval awakened and looked eastward from his room in the second story of Mrs. Swanwick's home, he began to see in what pleasant places his lot was cast. The house, broad and roomy, had been a country home. Now commerce and the city's growth were contending for Front Street south of Cedar, but being as yet on the edge of the town, the spacious Georgian house, standing back from the street, was still set round with ample gardens, on which just now fell the first sunshine of the May morning. As De Courval saw, the ground at the back of the house fell away to the Delaware River. Between him and the shore were flowers, lilacs in bloom, and many fruit-trees. Among them, quite near by, below the window, a tall, bareheaded man in shirt-sleeves was busy gathering a basket of the first roses. He seemed particular about their arrangement, and while he thus pleased himself, he talked aloud in a leisurely way, and with a strong voice, now to a black cat on the wall above him, and now as if to the flowers. De Courval was much amused by this fresh contribution to the strange experiences of the last two days. The language of the speaker was also odd.

As De Courval caught bits of the soliloquy under his window, he thought of his mother's wonder at this new and surprising country.

What would she write Rochefoucauld d'Entin? She was apt to be on paper, as never in speech, emotional and tender, finding confession to white paper easy and some expression of the humorous aspects of life possible, when, as in writing, there needed no gay comment of laughter. If she were only here, thought the son. Will she tell the duke how she is "thou" to these good, plain folk, and of the prim welcomes, and of this German, who must be the Friend Schmidt they spoke of,—no doubt a Quaker, and whom he must presently remind of his audience? But for a little who could resist so comic an opportunity? "Gute Himmel, but you are beautiful!" said the voice below him. "Oh, not you," he cried to the cat, "wanton of midnight! I would know if, Madame Red Rose, you are jealous of the white-bosomed rose maids. If all women were alike fair as

you, there would be wild times, for who would know to choose? Off with you, Jezebel, daughter of darkness! 'Sh! I love not cats. Go!" and he cast a pebble at the sleepy grimalkin, which fled in fear. This singular talk went on, and De Courval was about to make some warning noise when the gardener, adding a rose to his basket, straightened himself, saying: "Ach, Himmel! My back! How in the garden Adam must have ached!"

Leaving his basket for a time, he was lost among the trees, to reappear in a few minutes far below, out on the water in a boat, where he undressed and went overboard.

"A good example," thought De Courval. Taking a towel, he slipped out noiselessly through the house, where no one was yet astir, and finding a little bath-house open below the garden, was soon stripped, and, wading out, began to swim. By this time the gardener was returning, swimming well and with the ease of an expert when the two came near one another a couple of hundred yards from shore.

As they drew together, De Courval called out in alarm: "Look out! Take care!"

Two small lads in a large Egg Harbor skiff, seeing the swimmer in their way, made too late an effort to avoid him. A strong west wind was blowing. The boat was moving fast. De Courval saw the heavy bow strike the head of the man, who was quite unaware of the nearness of the boat. He went under. De Courval struck out for the stern of the boat, and in its wake caught sight of a white body near the surface. He seized it, and easily got the man's head above water. The boat came about, the boys scared and awkward. With his left hand, De Courval caught the low gunwale and with his right held up the man's head. Then he felt the long body stir. The great, laboring chest coughed out water, and the man, merely stunned and, as he said later, only quarter drowned, drew deep breaths and gasped, "Let them pull to shore." The boys put out oars in haste, and in a few minutes De Courval felt the soft mud as he dropped his feet and stood beside the German. In a minute the two were on the beach, the one a young, white figure with the chest muscles at relieving play; the other a tall, gaunt, bronzed man, shaking and still coughing as he cast himself on the bordering grass without a word.

"Are you all right?" asked De Courval, anxiously.

For a moment the rescued man made no reply as he lay looking up at the sky. Then he said: "Yes, or will be presently. This sun is a good doctor and sends in no bill. Go in and dress. I shall be well presently. My boat! Ah, the boys bring it. Now my clothes. Do not scold them. It was an accident.

"That is of the past," he said in a few moments as De Courval rejoined him, "a contribution to experience. Thank you," and he put out a hand that told of anything but the usage of toil as he added: "I was wondering, as I dressed, which is the better for it, the helper or the helped. Ach, well, it is a good introduction. You are mein Herr de Courval, and I am Johann Schmidt, at your honorable service now and ever. Let us go in. I must rest a little before breakfast. I have known you,"—and he laughed,—"shall we say five years? We will not trouble the women with it."

"I? Surely not."

"Pardon me. I was thinking of my own tongue, which is apt to gabble, being the female part of a man's body."

"May I beg of you not to speak of it," urged De Courval, gravely.

"How may I promise for the lady?" laughed Schmidt as they moved through the fruit-trees. "Ah, here is the basket of roses for the Frau Von Courval."

A singular person, thought the vicomte, but surely a gentleman.

Madame de Courval, tired of looking for a home, had resolved to give no trouble to this kindly household and to accept their hours—the breakfast at seven, the noonday dinner, the supper at six. She was already dressed when she heard the step outside of her door, and looking up from her Bible, called *"Entrez,* my son. Ah, roses, roses! Did you gather them?"

"No; they are for you, with the compliments of our fellow-lodger, a German, I believe, Mr. Schmidt; another most strange person in this strange land. He speaks English well, but, *mon Dieu,* of

the oddest. A well-bred man, I am sure; you will like him."

"I do not know, and what matters it? I like very few people, as you know, René; but the place does appear to be clean and neat. That must suffice."

He knew well enough that she liked few people. "Are you ready, *maman?* Shall we go down?"

"Yes, I am ready. This seems to me a haven of rest, René—a heaven of rest, after that cruel sea."

"It so seems to me, *maman;* and these good Quakers. They *tutoyer* every one—every one. You must try to learn English. I shall give you lessons, and there is a note from Mr. Wynne, asking me to call at eleven. And one word more, *maman*—"

"Well, my son?"

"You bade me put aside the past. I shall do so; but you—can not you also do the same? It will be hard, for you made me make it harder."

"I know—I know, but you are young—I old of heart. Life is before you, my son. It is behind me. I can not but think of my two lonely little ones in the graveyard and the quiet of our home life and, my God! of your father!" To his surprise, she burst into tears. Any such outward display of emotion was in his experience of her more than merely unusual. "Go down to breakfast, René. I shall try to live in your life. You will tell me everything—always. I shall follow you presently. We must not be late."

"Yes," he said; but he did not tell her of his morning's adventure. Even had he himself been willing to speak of it, the German would not like it, and already Schmidt began to exercise over him that influence which was more or less to affect his life in the years yet to come. As he went down to the broad hall, he saw a floor thinly strewn with white sand, settles on both sides, a lantern hanging overhead, and the upper half of the front door open to let the morning air sweep through to the garden.

A glance to right and left showed on one side a bare, whitewashed front room, without pictures or mirrors, some colonial chairs with shells carved on feet and knees, and on a small table a china bowl of roses. The room to right he guessed at once to be used as a sitting-room by Schmidt.

The furniture was much as in the other room, but there were shining brass firedogs, silver candlesticks on the mantel, and over it a pair of foils, two silver-mounted pistols, and a rapier with a gold-inlaid handle. Under a window was a large secretary with many papers. There were books in abundance on the chairs and in a corner case. The claw-toed tables showed pipes, tobacco-jars, wire masks, and a pair of fencing-gloves. On one side of the hall a tall clock reminded him that he was some ten minutes late.

The little party was about to sit down at table when he entered. "This is Friend de Courval," said the widow.

"We have met in the garden," returned Schmidt, quietly.

"Indeed. Thou wilt sit by me, Friend de Courval, and presently thy mother on my right." As she spoke, Madame de Courval paused at the door while the hostess and her daughter bent in the silent grace of Friends. The new-comer took her place with a pleasant word of morning greeting in her pretty French; an old black woman brought in the breakfast. A tranquil courtesy prevailed.

"Will thy mother take this or that? Here are eggs my uncle sent from the country, and shad, which we have fresh from the river, a fish we esteem."

There was now for a somewhat short time little other talk. The girl of over sixteen shyly examined the new-comers. The young man approved the virginal curves of neck and figure, the rebellious profusion of dark chestnut-tinted hair, the eyes that could hardly have learned their busy attentiveness in the meeting-house. The gray dress and light gray silk kerchief seemed devised to set off the roses which came out in wandering isles of color on her cheeks. Madame's ignorance of English kept her silent, but she took note of the simple attire of her hostess, the exquisite neatness of the green apron, then common among Friends, and the high cap. The habit of the house was to speak only when there was need. There was no gossip even of the mildest.

"June was out all night," said Mrs. Swanwick. "That is our cat," she explained to De Courval.

"But she brought in a dead mouse,"

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT SHE THREW THE BIG STALLION IN FRONT OF ÇA IRA"

said the girl, "to excuse herself, I suppose." Schmidt smiled at the touch of humor, but during their first meal was more silent than usual.

"I did not tell thee, Margaret," said Mrs. Swanwick, "that William Westcott was here yesterday at sundown. I have no liking for him. I said thou wert out."

"But I was only in the garden."

"I did say thou wert out, but not in the garden."

Schmidt smiled again as he set his teaspoon across his cup, the conventional sign that he wished no more tea.

Then the girl, with fresh animation, asked eagerly: "Oh, mother, I forgot; am I to have the book Ann Bingham thought delightful, and her father told thee I should read?"

"I am not so minded," replied the mother, and this seemed to end the matter. De Courval listened, amused, as again the girl asked cheerfully:

"Aunt Gainor will be here to take me with her to see some china, mother, at twelve. May I not go?"

"No, not to-day. There is the cider of last fall we must bottle, and I shall want thy help. The last time," she said, smiling, "thou didst fetch home a heathen god—green he was, and had goggle eyes. What would Friend Pennington say to that?"

"But I do not pray to it."

"My child!" said the mother, and then: "If thou didst pray to all Aunt Gainor's gods, thou wouldst be kept busy. I have my hands full with thee and Gainor Wynne's fal-lals and thy Uncle Langstroth's follies." She smiled kindly as she spoke, and again the girl quietly accepted the denial of her request, while De Courval listened with interest and amusement.

"I shall go with Miss Wynne," said Schmidt, "and buy you a brigade of china gods. I will fill the house with them, Margaret." He laughed.

"Thou wilt do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Swanwick.

"Well, Nanny would break them pretty soon. Brief would be the lives of those immortals. But I forgot; I have a book for thee, Pearl."

De Courval looked up. "Yes," he thought; "the Pearl, Marguerite. It does seem to suit."

"And what is it?" said the mother. "I am a little afraid of thee and thy books."

"'The Vicar of Wakefield' it is called; not very new, but you will like it, Pearl."

"I might see it myself first."

"When Pearl and I think it fit for thee," said Schmidt, demurely. "I did see also in the shop Job Scott's 'The Opening of the Inward Eye, or Righteousness Revealed.' I would fetch thee that—for thyself."

The hostess laughed. "He is very naughty, Friend de Courval," she said, "but not as wicked as he seems." Very clearly Schmidt was a privileged inmate. Madame ate with good appetite, pleased by the attention shown her, and a little annoyed at being, as it were, socially isolated for want of English. As she rose she told her son that she had a long letter she must write to Cousin Rochefoucauld, and would he ask Mr. Wynne how it might be sent. Then Schmidt said to De Courval: "Come to my room. There we may smoke, or in the garden, not elsewhere. There is here a despotism; you will need to be careful."

"Do not believe him," said the Pearl. "Mother would let him smoke in meeting, if she were overseer."

"Margaret, Margaret, thou art saucy. That comes of being with the Willing girls and Gainor, who is grown old in sauciness—world's people!" and her eyebrows went up, so that whether she was quite in earnest or was the prey of some sudden jack-in-the-box of pure humor, De Courval did not know. It was all fresh, interesting, and somehow pleasant. Were all Quakers like these?

He followed Schmidt into his sitting-room, where his host closed the door. "Sit down," he said. "Not there. These chairs are handsome. I keep them to look at and for the occasional amendment of slouching manners. Five minutes will answer. But here are two of my own contrivance, democratic, vulgar, and comfortable. Ah, do you smoke? Yes, a pipe. I like that. I should have been disappointed if you were not a user of the pipe. I am going to talk, to put you in *pays de connaissance*, as you would say. And now for comments! My acquaintance of five years,—or five minutes, was it, that I was under water?—may justify

the unloading of my baggage of gossip on a man whom I have benefited by the chance of doing a good deed, if so it be—or a kind one at least. You shall learn in a half-hour what otherwise might require weeks."

De Courval, amused at the occasional quaintness of the English, which he was one day to have explained, blew rings of smoke and listened.

"I shall be long, but it will help you and save questions."

"Pray go on, sir. I shall be most thankful."

"*Imprimis,* there is Mrs. Swanwick, born in the Church of England, if any are born in church—Cyrilla Plumstead. She was brought up in luxury, which came to an end before they married her to a stiff Quaker man who departed this life with reasonable kindness, after much discipline of his wife in ways which sweeten many and sour some. She has held to it loyally—oh, more or less. That is the setting of our Pearl, a creature of divine naturalness, waiting until some Quaker Cupid twangs his bow. Then the kiss-defying bonnet will suffer. By the way, Mrs. Swanwick is a fair French scholar, but a bit shy with you as yet.

"Soon thou wilt see Josiah Langstroth, uncle of Mrs. Swanwick. Ah, there 's a man that mocks conjecture; for, being a Quaker by pride of ancestral damnation, he goes to meeting twice a year, swears a little to ease his soul, toasts George the Third of Sundays, and will surely tell you how, driven out of the country, he went to London and was presented to the king and triumphantly kept his hat on his head. He is rich and would provide for his niece, who will take help from no one. He does at times offer money, but is ever well pleased when she refuses. As for Hugh Wynne, I will go with you to see him, a Welsh squire to this day, like the best of them here. I shall leave you to make him out. He is a far-away cousin of Margaret's mother.

"It is a fine menagerie. Very soon you will hear of Aunt Gainor Wynne,—every one calls her aunt; I should not dare to do so,—a sturdy Federalist lady, with a passion for old china, horses, and match-making, the godmother of Mrs. Swanwick. Take care; she will hate or love you at sight, and as great a maker of mischief as ever perplexed good sense; as tender an old woman at times as ever lacked need of onions to fetch tears; a fine lady when she chooses.

"There, I have done you a service and saved your wits industry. You listen well. There is a savor of grace in that. It is a virtue of the smoker. Question me if you like."

Nothing could better have pleased the young man.

"I would know more of this town, sir," and he told of his quest of a tavern. The German laughed.

"A good lesson—Federalists and ape democrats—wild politics of a nation in its childhood. Three great men,—Washington, Hamilton, James Wilson, and perhaps John Adams; well—great merchants, Willings, Bingham, and Girard; and besides these, Quakers, many of them nobler for a creed unworkable in a naughty world, with offshoots of 'world's people,' which saved some fortunes in the war; and, ah, a sect that will die away,—Free Quakers, high-minded gentlemen who made up for a century of peace when they elected to draw the sword. I fear I have been tedious."

"No, not at all; you are most kind, sir, and most interesting. I am sure to like it all. I hope my mother will be contented. We have never of late years been used to luxuries."

"She can hardly fail to be satisfied; but it is a simple life. There are only two servants, Cicero, and Nanny, once a slave, now, as Mrs. Swanwick says, a servant friend—ah, and a stiff Episcopal. She has never ceased to wonder why her mistress ever became a Quaker. I am much of her way of thinking. Are you of a mind to walk and see a little of the city? Later we will call upon Mr. Wynne." As they rose, he added: "I did not speak of the wrecks of French nobles cast on these shores—only a few as yet. You will see them by and by. They are various—but in general perplexed by inheritance of helplessness. Once for all you are to understand that my room is always and equally yours. Of course you use the foils. Yes; well, we shall fence in the garden. And now come; let us go out."

"I forgot, sir. My mother bade me thank you for the roses. She has as yet

no English, or would herself have thanked you."

"But I myself speak French—of a kind. It will serve to amuse madame; but never will you hear French at its best until Miss Wynne does talk it."

IV

As they went northward on Front Street, with the broad Delaware to the right, for as yet no Water Street narrowed the river frontage, the German said: "I left out of my portrait gallery one Schmidt, but you will come to know him in time. He has a talent for intimacy. Come, now; you have known him five years. What do you think of him?"

More and more strange seemed this gentleman to his young companion. He glanced aside at the tall, strongly built man, with the merry blue eyes, and, a little embarrassed and somewhat amused, replied with habitual caution, "I hardly know as yet, but I think I shall like him."

"I like the answer. You will like him, but we may leave him and time to beget opinion. How dignified these Georgian fronts are, and the stoops! Once folks sat on them at evening, and gossiped of the miseries of war. Now there are changed ways and more luxury and a new day—less simpleness; but not among the good people we have left. No. They are of the best, and aristocrats, too, though you may not suspect it. The habit of hospitality in a new land remains. A lady with small means loses no social place because, like our hostess, she receives guests who pay. Here will come rich kinsfolk and friends, visitors on even terms—Whartons, Morrises, Cadwaladers, Logans,—the old, proud Welsh, grandsons of Welsh, with at times Quaker people and the men in office, for madame is clever and well liked. I tell her she has a Quaker salon, which is not my wit, but true."

"I had supposed Friends too rigid for this."

"Oh, there are Quakers and Quakers, and sometimes the overseers feel called upon to remonstrate; and then there is an unpleasantness, and our hostess is all of a sudden moved by the spirit to say things, and has her claws out. And my rose, my rose Pearl, can be prickly, too."

"She does not look like it, sir."

"No? When does a young woman look like what she is or may be? She is a good girl—as good as God makes them; her wits as yet a bit muzzled by the custom of Friends. A fair bud—prophetic of what the rose will be."

They wandered on to Arch Street and then eastward. "Here," said Schmidt, as they turned into the open entrance of a graveyard—"here I come at evening sometimes. Read that. There are sermons in these stones, and history."

De Courval saw on a gray slab, "Benjamin Franklin and Deborah, his wife." He took off his hat, saying as he stood: "My father knew him. He came to Normandy once to see the model farms of our cousin, Rochefoucauld Liancourt."

"Indeed. I never knew the philosopher, but the duke—I knew the duke well,—in Paris,—oh, very well, long ago; a high-minded noble. We will come here again and talk of this great man, under the marble, quiet as never in life. You must not be late for Wynne. He will not like that."

Turning southward and walking quickly, they came in half an hour to the busy space in front of Wynne's warehouse. He met them at the door, where Schmidt, leaving them, said, "I leave you a man, Colonel Wynne."

Wynne said, smiling: "I am no longer a colonel, Vicomte, but a plain merchant. Have the kindness to follow me, Vicomte," and so passed on through a room where clerks were busy and into a small, neatly kept office.

"Sit down, Vicomte. We must have a long talk and come quickly to know one another. You speak English, I observe, and well, too. And, now, you have a letter of exchange on me for five thousand livres, or, rather, two hundred pounds. Better to leave it with me. I can give you interest at six per cent., and you may draw on me at need. Have you any present want?"

"No, sir; none—just yet none."

"I am told that you left France for England and have had, pardon me, much to lament."

"Yes, we have suffered like many others." He was indisposed to be frank where there was no need to say more.

"What do you purpose to do? A few thousand livres will not go far."

"I do not know. Anything which will help us to live."

"Anything? You may teach French like De Laisne, or fencing like Du Vallon, or dancing like the Marquis de Beau Castel. I offered him a clerkship."

"Offer me one," said De Courval. "I write a good hand. I speak and write English. I can learn, and I will."

Wynne took stock, as he would have said, of the rather serious face, of the eyes of gray which met his look, of a certain eagerness in the young man's prompt seizure of a novel opportunity.

"Can you serve under a plain man like my head clerk, run errands, obey without question—in a word, accept a master?"

"I have had two bitter ones, sir, poverty and misfortune."

"Can you come at eight thirty, sweep out the office, make the fires at need in winter, with an hour off, at noon, and work till six? Such is our way here."

The young man flushed. "Is that required?"

"I did it for a year, Vicomte, and used the sword for five years, and came back to prosper."

De Courval smiled. "I accept, sir; we have never been rich, and I ought to say that we are not of the greater noblesse. When our fortunes fell away, I worked with our peasants in the field. I have no false pride, and my sword is in a box in Mrs. Swanwick's attic. I fancy, sir, that I shall have no use for it here. Why gentlemen should prefer to teach French or dancing to good steady work I cannot understand."

"Nor I," said Wynne, beginning to like this grave and decisive young noble. "Think it over," he said.

"I have done so."

"Very good. You will receive thirty dollars a month—to be increased, I trust. When will you come?"

"To-morrow—at eight and a half, you said."

"Yes; but to-morrow a little earlier. The junior clerk you replace will tell you what you are to do, and for the rest Mr. Potts will give you your orders. A word more: you had better drop your title and be plain Mr. de Courval. When, as will chance, you go among our friends, it would be an affectation. Well, then, to-morrow; but,—and you will pardon me, —to-day we are two gentlemen, equals; to-morrow, here at least, you are a simple clerk among exact and industrious people, and I the master. Let us be clear as to this. That is all."

"I think I understand. And now may I ask how I may find the French minister? There is a letter my mother would send to her cousin, and I am at a loss, for I fear there are no mails I can trust."

"Jean de Ternant is the French minister, but he will hardly be likely to oblige a *ci-devant* vicomte. They talk of a new one. Give it to me; I will see that it goes by safe hands." With this he rose and added: "Mrs. Wynne will have the honor to call on the vicomtesse, and we shall be at her service."

"Thank you," said De Courval, a little overcome by his kindness. "My mother is in mourning, sir. She will, I fear, be unwilling to visit."

"Then my wife will come again. We may leave two good women to settle that; and now I must let you go." Then, seeing that De Courval lingered, he added, "Is there anything else?"

"Only a word of thanks, and may I ask why you are so good to us? I am—sadly unused to kindness. There was not much of it in England."

Wynne smiled. "I have heard a little about you—some things I liked—from my correspondents in Bristol and London; and, Vicomte, my mother was French. When you visit us at Merion you shall see her picture Stuart made for me from a miniature, and then you will understand why my heart goes out to all French people. But they are not easy to help, these unlucky nobles who will neither beg nor do a man's work. Oh, you will see them, and I, too, more and more, I fear. Good morning."

With this the young man walked thoughtfully away. Hugh Wynne watched him for a moment, and said to himself, "A good deal of a man, that; Schmidt is right." And then, having seen much of men in war and peace, "there must be another side to him, as there was to me. I doubt he is all meekness. I must say a word to Mary Swanwick," and he remembered certain comments his wife had made on Margaret's budding beauty. Then he went in.

The thoughts of the young man were

far from women. He went along the road beside Dock Creek, and stood a moment on the bridge, amused at the busy throng of which he was now to become a part. On the west side of Second Street a noisy crowd at a shop door excited his curiosity.

"What is that?" he asked a passing mechanic. "I am a stranger here."

"Oh, that 's a vandoo of lottery shares. The odd numbers sell high, specially the threes. That 's what they 're after."

"Thank you," said De Courval, and then, as he drew nearer, exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu!*" The auctioneer was perched on a barrel. Just below him stood a young Frenchman eagerly bidding on the coveted number 33. Not until De Courval was beside him was he disillusioned. It was not Carteaux, nor was the man, on nearer view, very like him. When clear of the small crowd, De Courval moved away slowly, vexed with himself and disturbed by one of those abrupt self-revelations which prove to a man how near he may be to emotional insurrection.

"If it had been he," he murmured, "I should have strangled him, ah, there at once." He had been imprudent, lacking in intelligence. He felt, too, how slightly impressed he had been by his mother's desire that he should dismiss from his life the dark hour of Avignon. More than a little dissatisfied, he put it all resolutely aside and began to reconsider the mercantile career before him. He was about to give up the social creed and ways in which he had been educated. He had never earned a sou, and was now to become a part of the life of trade, a thing which at one time would have seemed to him impossible. Would his mother like it? No; but for that there was no help, and some of it he would keep to himself. Thirty dollars would pay his own board, and he must draw on his small reserve until he made more. But there were clothes to get and he knew not what besides; nor did he altogether like it himself. He had served in the army two years, and had then been called home, where he was sorely needed. It would have been strange if, with his training and traditions, he had felt no repugnance at this prospect of a trader's life. But it was this or nothing, and having made his choice, he meant to abide by it. And thus, having settled the matter, he went on his way, taking in with observant eyes the wonders of this new country.

He made for his mother a neat little tale of how he was to oblige Mr. Wynne by translating or writing French letters. Yes, the hours were long, but he was sure he should like it, and Mrs. Swanwick would, she had said, give him breakfast in time for him to be at his work by half after eight o'clock; and where was the letter which should be sent, and Mrs. Wynne would call. The vicomtesse wished for no company, and least of all for even the most respectable bourgeois society; but she supposed there was no help for it, and the boarding-house was very well, indeed, restful, and the people quiet. Would she be expected to say thou to them? Her son thought not, and after a rather silent noon dinner went out for a pull on the river with Schmidt, and bobbed for crabs to his satisfaction, while Schmidt at intervals let fall his queer phrases as the crabs let go the bait and slid off sidewise.

"There is a man comes here to pester Mrs. Swanwick at times: He goes out of the doors sideways, there, like that fellow in the water—Monsieur Crab, I call him. He is meek and has claws which are critical and pinch until madame boils over, and then he gets red like a crab. That was when Pearl had of Miss Gainor a gold locket and a red ribbon, and wore it on a day when with Miss Gainor the girl was by evil luck seen of our Quaker crab.

"But not all are like that. There is one, Israel Morris, who looks like a man out of those pictures by Vandyke you must have seen, and with the gentleness of a saint. Were I as good as he, I should like to die, for fear I could not keep it up. Ah, you got a nip. They can bite. It can not be entirely true—I mean that man's goodness; but it is naturally performed. The wife is a fair test of humility. I wonder how his virtue prospers at home."

De Courval listened, again in wonder where had been learned this English, occasionally rich with odd phrases; for usually Schmidt spoke a fluent English, but always with some flavor of his own tongue.

The supper amused the young man, who was beginning to be curious and observant of these interesting and straight-

forward people. There were at times long silences. The light give and take of the better chat of the well-bred at home in France was wanting. His mother could not talk, and there were no subjects of common interest. He found it dull at first, being himself just now in a gay humor.

After the meal he ventured to admire the buff-and-gold china in a corner cupboard, and then two great silver tankards on a sideboard. Mrs. Swanwick was pleased. "Yes," she said, "they are of Queen Anne's day, and the arms they carry are of the Plumsteads and Swanwicks."

He called his mother's attention to them. "But," she said, of course in French, "what have these people to do with arms?"

"Take care," he returned under his breath. "Madame speaks French."

Mrs. Swanwick, who had a fair knowledge of the tongue, quickly caught her meaning, but said with a ready smile: "Ah, they have had adventures. When my husband would not pay the war tax, as Friends would not, the vendue master took away these tankards and sold them. But when the English came in, Major André bought them. That was when he stole Benjamin Franklin's picture, and so at last Gainor Wynne, in London, years after, saw my arms on them in a shop and bought them back, and now they are Margaret's."

De Courval gaily related the tale to his mother and then went away with her to her room, she exclaiming on the stair: "The woman has good manners. She understood me."

The woman and Pearl were meanwhile laughing joyously over the sad lady's criticism. When once in her bedroom, the vicomtesse said that on the morrow she would rest in bed. Something, perhaps the voyage and all this new life, had been too much for her, and she had a little fever. A tisane, yes, if only she had a tisane, but who would know how to make one? No, he must tell no one that she was not well.

He left her feeling that here was a new trouble and went down-stairs to join Schmidt. No doubt she was really tired, but what if it were something worse? One disaster after another had left him with the belief that he was marked out by fate for calamitous fortunes.

Schmidt cheered him with his constant hopefulness, and in the morning he must not fail Mr. Wynne, and at need Schmidt would get a doctor. Then he interested him with able talk about the stormy politics of the day, and for a time they smoked in silence. At last, observing his continued depression, Schmidt said: "Take this to bed with you—At night is despair, at morning hope—a good word to sleep on. Let the morrow take care of itself. Bury thy cares in the graveyard of sleep." Then he added with seriousness rare to him: "You have the lesson of the mid-years of life yet to learn—to be of all thought the despot. Never is man his own master till, like the centurion with his soldiers, he can say to joy come and to grief or anger or anxiety go, and be obeyed of these. You may think it singular that I, a three-days' acquaintance, talk thus to a stranger; but the debt is all one way so far, and my excuse is those five years under water, and, too, that this preacher in his time has suffered."

Unused till of late to sympathy, and surprised out of the reserve both of the habit of caste and of his own natural reticence, De Courval felt again the emotion of a man made, despite himself, to feel how the influence of honest kindness had ended his power to speak.

In the dim candle-light he looked at the speaker—tall, grave, the eagle nose, the large mouth, the heavy chin, a face of command, with now a little watching softness in the eyes.

He felt later the goodness and the wisdom of the German's advice. "I will try," he said; "but it does seem as if there were little but trouble in the world," and with this went away to bed.

Then Schmidt found Mrs. Swanwick busy over a book and said: "Madame de Courval is not well, I fear. Would you kindly see to her?"

"At once," she said, rising.

V

THE young man's anxiety about his mother kept him long awake, and his sleep was troubled, as at times later, by a dream of Carteaux facing him with a smile, and by that strange sense of physi-

cal impotence which sometimes haunts the dreamer who feels the need for action and cannot stir.

When at six in the morning De Courval went down-stairs, he met Mrs. Swanwick. She turned, and when in the hall said: "I have been with thy mother all night, and now Margaret is with her, but thou wilt do no harm to enter. She does not seem to me very ill, but we must have a doctor, and one who has her language. When after a little sleep she wakens, she wanders, and then is clear again." Seeing his look of anxiety, she added, "Be sure that we shall care for her."

He said no word of the pain he felt and scarce more than a word of his gratitude, but, going up-stairs again, knocked softly at a chamber door.

"Come in," he heard, and entered. A low voice whispered, "She is just awake," and the slight, gray figure of the girl went by him, the door gently closing behind her. In the dim light he sat down by his mother's bed, and taking a hot hand in his, heard her murmur: *"Mon fils*—my son. Angels—angels! I was a stranger, and they took me in; naked and they clothed me, yes, yes, with kindness. What name did you say? Carteaux. Is he dead—Carteaux?"

The young man had a thrill of horror. "Mother," he said, "it is I, René."

"Ah," she exclaimed, starting up, "I was dreaming. These good people were with me all night. You must thank them and see that they are well paid. Do not forget—well paid—and a tisane. If I had but a tisane *de guimauve!*"

"Yes, yes," he said; "we shall see. Perhaps some lemonade."

"Yes, yes; go at once and order it." She was imperative, and her voice had lost its sweetness for a time. "I must not be made to wait."

"Very well, *maman.*" As he went out, the gray figure passed in, saying, "She is better this morning, and I am so grieved for thee."

"Thank you," he murmured, and went down-stairs, seeing no one, and out to a seat in the garden, to think what he should do. Yes, there must be a doctor. And Carteaux—what a fool he had been to tell her his name! The name and the cropped hair of the Jacobin, the regular features, by no means vulgar, the blood-red eyes of greed for murder, he saw again as in that fatal hour. Whenever any new calamity had fallen upon him, the shrill murder-counseling voice was with him, heard at times like a note of discord even in later days of relief from anxiety, or in some gay moment of mirth. "He was wise," he murmured, remembering the German's counsel, and resolutely put aside the disturbing thought. At last Nanny, the black maid, called him to breakfast. He was alone with Schmidt and Mrs. Swanwick. They discussed quietly what doctor they should call; not their friend, Dr. Redman, as neither he nor Dr. Rush spoke French. Schmidt said: "I have sent a note to Mr. Wynne not to expect you. Set your mind at ease."

There was need of the advice. De Courval felt the helplessness of a young man in the presence of a woman's illness. He sat still in his chair at breakfast, hardly hearing the German's efforts to reassure him.

It was near to eight. Nanny had gone up to relieve Margaret, who presently came in, saying, "Aunt Gainor is without, back from her morning ride."

There was a heavy footfall in the hall and a clear, resonant voice, "Mary Swanwick, where are you?"

In the doorway, kept open for the summer air to sweep through, the large figure of Gainor Wynne appeared in riding skirt and low beaver hat, a heavy whip in her hand. The years had dealt lightly with the woman, now far past middle life. There was a mass of hair time had powdered, the florid face, the high nose of her race, the tall, erect, massive build, giving to the observant a sense of masculine vigor. On rare occasions there was also a perplexing realization of infinite feminine tenderness, and, when she pleased, the ways and manners of an unmistakable gentlewoman.

As the two men rose, Mrs. Swanwick said quietly, "Aunt Gainor, Madame de Courval is ill."

"As much as to say, 'Do not roam through the house and shout.'"

"This is Friend de Courval," said Mrs. Swanwick.

"You must pardon me, Vicomte," said Miss Wynne. "You must pardon a rude old woman. I am Hugh Wynne's aunt.

May I ask about your mother? Is she very ill? I meant to call on her shortly. I am heartily at your service."

"I fear she is very ill," he replied.

"Have you a doctor?"

"We were just now thinking whom we should have," said Mrs. Swanwick. "The vicomtesse speaks no English."

"Yes, yes," said Mistress Wynne; "who shall we have? Not Dr. Rush. He would bleed her, and his French—la, my cat can meow better French. Ah, I have it. I will fetch Chovet. We have not spoken for a month, because—but no matter, he will come."

There was nothing to do but to thank this resolute lady. "I will send for him at once, Aunt Gainor," said Mrs. Swanwick.

To De Courval's surprise, it was Margaret who answered. "He will come the quicker for Aunt Gainor, mother. Every one does as she wants." This was to De Courval.

"Except you, you demure little Quaker kitten. I must go," and the masterful woman in question was out of the house in a moment, followed by Schmidt and De Courval.

"A chair. I can't mount as I used to." Her black groom brought out a chair. In a moment she was on the back of the powerfully built stallion and clattering up Front Street with perilous indifference to an ill-paved road and any unwatchful foot-passenger. She struck up Spruce Street and the unpaved road then called Delaware Fifth Street and so down Arch. It was mid-morning, and the street full of vehicles and people a-foot. Suddenly, when near her own house, she checked her horse as she saw approaching a chaise with leather springs, the top thrown back, and in front a sorry-looking white horse. Within sat a man who would have served for the English stage presentation of a Frenchman—a spare figure, little, with very red cheeks under a powdered wig; he was dressed in the height of the most extravagant fashion of a day fond of color. The conventional gold-headed cane of the physician lay between his legs, and at sight of Mistress Wynne he applied the whip and called out to his horse in a shrill voice, "*Allez*. Get on, Ça Ira!"

The spinster cried to him as they came near: "Stop, stop, Doctor! I want you. Stop—do you hear me?"

He had not forgotten a recent and somewhat fierce political passage of arms, and turned to go by her. With a quick movement she threw the big stallion in front of Ça Ira, who reared, stopped short, and cast the doctor sprawling over the dash-board. He sat up in wrath. "*Sacré bleu!*" he cried, "I might have been killed. *Quelle femme!* What a woman! And my wig—" It was in the street dust.

"Why did you not stop? Get the man's wig, Tom." The groom, grinning, dismounted and stood still, awaiting her orders, the dusty wig in his hand.

"My wig—give it to me."

"No, don't give it to him." The doctor looked ruefully from the black to the angry spinster.

"What means this, Madame? My wig—"

"I want you to go at once to see a sick woman at Mrs. Swanwick's."

"I will not. I am sent for in haste. In an hour or two I will go, or this afternoon."

"I don't believe you. You must go now—now. Who is it is ill?" People paused, astonished and laughing.

"It is Citizen Jefferson. He is ill, very ill."

"I am glad of it. He must wait—this citizen."

"But he has a chill—*un diable* of a chill."

"If the devil himself had a chill.—Lord, but it would refresh him!—he would have to wait."

He tried to pass by. She seized the rein of his horse. Her blood was up, and at such times few men cared to face her.

"You will go," she cried, "and at once, or—there is a tale I heard about you last year in London from Dr. Abernethy. That highwayman—you know the story. Your wig I shall keep. It is freshly powdered. Lord, man, how bald you are!"

He grew pale around his rouge. "You would not, surely."

"Would I not? Come, now, I won't tell—oh, not every one. Be a good doctor. I have quarreled with Dr. Rush—and come and see me to-morrow. I have

a horrid rheum. And as to Citizen Jefferson, he won't die, more 's the pity."

He knew from the first he must go, and by good luck no one he knew was in sight to turn him into ridicule for the pleasure of the great Federalist dames.

"Give him his wig, Tom." The little doctor sadly regarded the dusty wig. Then he readjusted his head-gear and said he would go.

"Now, that 's a good doctor. Come," and she rode off again after him, by no means inclined to set him free to change his mind.

At Mrs. Swanwick's door, as he got out of his chaise, she said: "This lady speaks only French. She is the Vicomtesse de Courval. And now, mind you, Doctor, no citizenesses or any such Jacobin nonsense."

"*A votre service, madame,*" he said, and rapped discreetly low, feeling just at present rather humble and as meek as Ça Ira.

Mistress Wynne waited until the door closed behind him, and then rode away refreshed. Turning to her black groom, she said, "If you tell, Tom, I will kill you."

"Yes, missus."

"At all events, he won't bleed her," she reflected, "and he has more good sense than most of them. That young fellow is a fine figure of a man. I wonder what kind of clerk Hugh will make of him. I must have him to dine."

In the hall Dr. Chovet met Schmidt, who knew him, as, in fact, he knew every one of any importance in the city.

"These are to me friends, Doctor," he said. "I beg of you to come often," a request to the doctor's liking, as it seemed to carry better assurance of pay than was the usual experience among his emigrant countrymen. He was at once a little more civil. He bowed repeatedly, was much honored, and after asking a few questions of De Courval, went up-stairs with Mrs. Swanwick, reflecting upon how some day he could avenge himself on Gainor Wynne.

De Courval, relieved by his presence and a little amused, said, smiling, "I hope he is a good doctor."

"Yes, he is competent. He manufactures his manners for the moment's need."

The doctor came down in half an hour, and, speaking French of the best, said: "Madame has had troubles, I fear, and the long voyage and no appetite for sea diet—bad, bad. It is only a too great strain on mind and body. There needs repose and shortly wine,—good Bordeaux claret,—and soon, in a week or two, to drive out and take the air. There is no cause for alarm, but it will be long, long."

Schmidt went with him to the door. De Courval sat down. Wine, drives, a doctor, and for how long? And perhaps additions to the simple diet of this modest household. Well, he must use some of the small means in Wynne's hands. And these women, with their cares, their brave self-denial of all help, how could he ever repay this unlooked-for kindness?

His mother soon grew better, and, having again seen Mr. Wynne, he felt that he might shortly take up the work which awaited him.

Meanwhile, the gentle nursing was effective, and went on without complaint and as a matter of course. Miss Wynne came at odd hours to inquire or to fetch some luxury, and soon the vicomte must call to see her.

The days went by, and there were strawberries for madame from Mr. Langstroth and from Merion, walks for De Courval, or a pull on the water with Schmidt, and anxiously desired news from France. At last, after a fortnight or more, well on into June, the doctor insisted on claret, and De Courval asked of Schmidt where it could be had. The German laughed. "I might lie to you, and I should at need, but I have already for the mother's use good Bordeaux in the cellar."

De Courval colored, and, hesitating, asked, "How much am I in your debt?"

"Six months of the five years. It is I shall be long in debt, I fear. It cannot be all on one side. The life of a man! What credit hath it in the account of things? Suppose it had gone the other way, would you contented bide?"

"Not I," laughed De Courval.

"Let us say, then, I have paid a score of thanks; credit me with these—one should be prudent. Only in the Bible it is a thank, —one. Be careful of the coin. Let it rest there. So you go to work to-morrow. It

is well; for you have been anxious of late, and for that exacting work is no bad remedy."

The next day De Courval found himself before seven thirty in the counting-house. "It is hard in winter," said the clerk who was to instruct him. "Got to make the fires then. Mr. Potts is particular. You must leave no dust, and here are brooms in the closet." And so, perched on a high stool, the clerk, well amused, watched his successor, Louis René, Vicomte de Courval, sweep out the counting-house.

"By George!" said the critic, "you will wear out a broom a day. What a dust! Sweep it up in the dust-pan. Sprinkle it first with the watering-pot. Lord, man, don't deluge it! And now a little sand. Don't build a sea beach. Throw out the dust on the ash-heap behind the house." It was done at last.

"Take your coat off next time. The clerks will be here soon, but we have a few minutes. Come out and I will show you the place. Oh, this is your desk, quills, paper, and sand, and 'ware old man Potts."

They went on to the broad landing between the warehouse and Dock Creek. "There are two brigs from Madeira in the creek, partly unloaded."

The great tuns of Madeira wine filled the air with vinous odors, and on one side, under a shed, were staves and salt fish from the North for return cargoes, and potatoes, flour, and onions in ropes for the French islands.

"The ship outside," said the clerk, "is from the Indies with tea and silks, and for ballast cheap blue Canton china."

The vessels and the thought of far-away seas pleased the young man. The big ship, it seemed, had been overhauled by a small British privateer.

"But there is no war?"

"No, but they claim to take our goods billed for any French port, and as many men as they choose to call English."

"And she beat them off?"

"Yes; Mr. Wynne gave the master a silver tankard, and a hundred dollars for the men."

De Courval was excited and pleased. It was no day of tame, peaceful commerce. Malayan pirates in the East, insolent English cruisers to be outsailed, the race home of rival ships for a market, made every voyage what men fitly called a venture. Commerce had its romance. Strange things and stranger stories came back from far Indian seas.

After this introduction, he thanked his instructor, and returning to the counting-house, was gravely welcomed and asked to put in French two long letters for Martinique and to translate and write out others. He went away for his noonday meal, and, returning, wrote and copied and resolutely rewrote, asking what this and that term of commerce meant, until his back ached when he went home at six. He laughed as he gave his mother a humorous account of it all, but not of the sweeping.

Then she declared the claret good, and what did it cost? Oh, not much. He had not the bill as yet.

(To be continued)

"ROGER"

A RECORD OF THE PERFORMANCES OF A REMARKABLE DOG

BY B. B. E.

ROGER came to us three years ago, a forlorn and hopeless-looking puppy. He was a full-blooded mongrel of the cocker spaniel persuasion. His thick black coat was rough and dirty, and his tail was habitually between his legs. He had been taken into two homes only to be turned out again as utterly "impossible." Meanwhile he had evidently met with harsh treatment, and his spirit was entirely crushed. At sight of a broom or a stick he would tremble and run for a corner. It was only after three months of kindness that he began to recover his spirit and "take notice." By this time his appearance was greatly improved. His coat became black and glossy, his eyes grew bright, and his tail waved proudly in the air. People began to exclaim, "Is n't he handsome!"

About this time I began his education. I taught him to "speak," roll over, say his prayers, die, trust, sit up, wave his paws, and other similar tricks, until I considered him quite accomplished. In fact, he had done so well that I decided to see how much I could teach him. I had heard of dogs who had been taught to pick out cards, and I decided to make the attempt with Roger. I thought that after constant drilling he might learn to distinguish a few cards by association of ideas.

As playing cards were the most available and of convenient size, I selected eight and laid them on the floor in front of Roger. Then I placed his foot on the ace of clubs and said, "That is the ace of clubs, Roger—ace of clubs." I repeated the name of the card four or five times and Roger looked very much bored. Then I gave him a piece of cooky, and he looked more cheerful. I kept this up for about ten minutes a day for two months until he had learned to find the ace in one position. Then I changed it about until at last he could find it in any position and I felt that I had gained a great victory. How great that victory really was I did not realize until a year later.

I did not teach him another card for some time because I was afraid he would get the two confused. After a month or so, however, I selected the ace of hearts, put his foot on it, and repeated the name of the card as I had done in the first instance. Then I gave him a piece of cooky, and said, "Show me the ace of hearts, Roger." To my surprise, he did so at once. I put the card in different positions, and he found it every time. I thought he would surely forget it by the next day, but again I was surprised. Still I went very slowly, always fearing to confuse him by teaching him too many cards and always astonished to find that he never was confused. In the course of time I taught him eight different playing cards, which he seemed to distinguish perfectly.

Then I resolved to teach him to spell his name. I drew the letters of the alphabet on square bits of cardboard and laid them in front of him, the letters of his name mixed in with others which he was not to use. I did not teach him the names of the letters but simply said: "Let me see you spell your name. Where is the first letter? . . . The second letter?" and so on until he had spelled the word. I spent five or six lessons teaching him, but he learned very readily. I thought, however, that when I taught him another word, and asked for the letters in order,

"ROGER'S" PROFILE

he would not know which "first letter" to choose. For this reason I drilled him very carefully in his name, and did not teach him anything new for several months. Then I taught him to spell his last name. He seemed to learn it as fast as I told him the letters, and did not confuse the two words in the least. More surprised than ever, I taught him still another word, with the same result.

Next I decided to try arithmetic. I taught him to add every combination of two as far as twelve. For instance, I would say, "Show me six and two," at the same time putting his foot on eight. He seemed never to forget after I had once told him. Later I taught him to add the "threes." Suddenly one day I noticed that when I said for the first *time*, "Where is seven and three?" he put his foot on the correct answer before I showed it to him. I thought it was only an accident, but I said, "Show me three and eight." He put his foot at once on eleven. I gave him problems in multiplication and division. He got them all right. The problems were entirely new to him and in no case did I indicate the result to him beforehand. Not knowing what to think, I took out the letters and said, "Spell dog." This was a word which he had never spelled before, and I gave him no clew whatever, yet he spelled it correctly and without hesitation. I said, "Translate it into German, Roger," and he spelled "hund." Then I said, "Spell it in French," and he spelled "chien." I merely placed the letters of the words before him, mixed in with others, and he put his foot on the correct letters in

turn. I showed him playing cards which he had never seen and he picked them out correctly. Not once did I previously indicate the proper cards. He seemed to know them without even being told. I resolved to experiment a little so I took out the figures again and said, "Show me two times three," at the same time fixing my attention on the eight. He put his foot firmly on eight. Here was the clew! All this time when he seemed to be learning so rapidly he had been simply getting the cards of which I thought.

No further education was necessary. He could spell anything which I could spell without being taught. I asked for "Constantinople," "phthisic," "pneumonia," and for problems like $2\times3\div4\div2-1$. He never made a mistake. Fractions presented no difficulties to him. He selected colors correctly the first time he saw them and made change as quickly as any cashier. I also found that he would do his other tricks for me without being asked. If I merely thought of him as he looked when he was a "dead dog" he straightway became a "dead dog." At first he would not perform at all for any one else, but sometimes when another person was working with him and several other people were present he got the cards I thought of when I was out of sight in the farther corner of the room. Now, however, he will perform for several of my friends, when I am not present, selecting the cards of which they think. Of course, he does not do quite so well for them as he does for me, and if I am present he gets the card I think of regardless of any one else.

At first, he was easily confused and would not "show off" for company. He would not do very well if any of the family was in the room, and if strangers were present, he would not do anything at all. When I told people he could pick out the ace of clubs, they would say, "Let 's see him." But when I brought out the cards, he would flourish his paw wildly, as though he had never heard of such a thing. After a time, however, he would do it if the visitors were very quiet, and now he almost always performs very well. He likes to see visitors coming because he thinks he can show off and get a cooky. He seems to be very conceited over his accomplishments and likes nothing better than to have a roomful of people to admire him.

The great problem, of course, is, How does he know the card of which I am thinking? Various theories have been suggested from hypnotism to transmigration of souls. At first, psychologists advanced the theory of motor suggestion. That is, they said it was a form of muscle reading by which hypnotic subjects and so-called mind-readers often receive suggestions. For example, they said that as I thought of "W" I pronounced the letter to myself and unconsciously moved the muscles of my throat. Instruments have been invented which prove that there is actually a sound present which very sensitive subjects can hear. But I replied that I had never taught Roger the names of the letters, and therefore if he did hear "W," it would have no meaning whatever for him.

Another possible theory is that he gets the picture which I have in my mind, but how he does it of course cannot be explained. I visualize very strongly and see things just as they are in their true colors. Some people think that I indicate the location of the card by the direction of my glance. This is not a sufficient explanation, because he will pick out the right card when my eyes are closed and even when I am not in sight. The theory of motor suggestion is impossible because he does not know the name of the cards. It seems to me that the visual picture is the only one which will help him.

Several interesting questions are suggested in regard to the matter. In the first place, Is it any peculiarity in myself or in the dog which makes this case unique and unlikely to be repeated? So far as I myself am concerned I think it is due simply to a sympathetic understanding of animals, and to the ability to concentrate my mind clearly on one object. So far as Roger is concerned I think he is remarkable only because he is exceedingly sensitive. He is naturally very intelligent, but perhaps no more so than many dogs.

Another question is, Why have such cases not occurred oftener? So far as I can discover, there has never been a dog which could do the same tricks except when signs were employed. The only

similar cases are those of trained horses which go about giving exhibitions. The claim is usually made that the horse reasons out the problems for himself, but the true explanation is probably the same. I have examined books on animal training, but nowhere have I found any hint that an animal can be trained in this way. In some cases an elaborate system of signs, difficult for a person to learn, is suggested as a means of guiding the animal to choose the right card. I cannot understand why any animal, after a little training, would not come under the mental control of his trainer just as Roger has done.

The whole thing has worked out so simply that it seems to me one of the most natural things in the world, and yet it seems to be utterly inexplicable. Truly the human mind is the most wonderful of all God's creations. May it not be possible that between our minds and the minds of the lower animals there is a deep and subtle connection which may yet be explained in the future, but only by the use of the utmost sympathy and love?

THE BEHAVIOR OF "ROGER"

BEING COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLE, BASED ON PERSONAL INVESTIGATION OF THE DOG

BY ROBERT M. YERKES

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A FEW months ago the editor of THE CENTURY asked my opinion of the case of apparently rational animal behavior which is so simply and clearly described in the foregoing pages. I replied that I had witnessed the performances of Roger, and could testify to the trustworthiness of Mr. E——'s account of them. But, as will soon become apparent, I cannot accept all of his statements, and the conclusions which I reach are very different from those suggested in his article. There is an important difference, however, between honesty and reliability. It is true that many critics of nature writers have failed to appreciate or have ignored this difference; but, nevertheless, not all writers who make mistakes are liars. Almost undoubtedly there are false statements in Mr. E——'s description, and I certainly should not presume to claim that I am absolutely right in everything which I shall write in explanation of the behavior of this remarkable dog, but I can assure the readers of THE CENTURY that I have done my best to tell the truth.

Recently I have had the opportunity to investigate the doings of Roger as thoroughly as seemed to me worth while, and I now offer, as a supplementary word to the trainer's description, the explanation of the dog's acts which is indicated by the results of my observation. In order to prepare the way for this account of my own investigation, I shall preface it by a brief description of the behavior of Clever Hans, the famous trained horse of Berlin, and by a statement of the results of a careful scientific study of his performances.

Clever Hans has been trained—or, as his owner insists, educated—by continuous drilling, day after day for months, to answer questions by making certain movements. To express yes and no he moves his head; to indicate a number he strikes the ground with his hoof the appropriate number of times; similarly he is enabled, by means of a code arranged by his trainer, to name the letters of the alphabet. A, for example, is indicated by two blows of the hoof between which there is a short pause. Certain questions Hans answers by touching objects with

his nose or by picking them up with his teeth. When asked, "How many are two and seven?" he replies by striking the ground nine times. Fractions do not baffle him. To the question, "How much is two fifths plus one half?" he responds by striking the ground nine times and, after a pause, ten times, to indicate nine tenths. Even such a problem as, "I think of a number, I subtract nine, and three remains. Of what number did I think?" he is able to solve quickly and correctly. But in addition to his ability to answer a great variety of mathematical questions, Hans possesses the power to spell, to read, to identify persons whom he has met and to give their names, to tell the day of the week and month, to read the time of day from a watch, and to pick out colors. Truly, he is appropriately named *Kluge Hans* (Clever Hans), for he seems to understand, and he is able to give correct answers to almost any question for the answering of which his code of signs is adequate. No wonder, therefore, that his trainer, Baron von Osten, believed that Hans could understand what was said to him and reason concerning it.

So much by way of a description of what Hans does will suffice for our present purpose. The interesting question is, "How does he do it?" Oskar Pfungst, an experimental psychologist from the Psychological Institute of the University of Berlin, has solved the problem. First of all, as a preparation for his investigation, Pfungst took pains so to accustom Hans to his presence, manner, actions, and voice that the stallion would perform for him with freedom, ease, and accuracy. He then proved by means of well-planned experiments that Hans cannot answer a question correctly when his questioner is ignorant of the exact form of the question or of the answer. Next in importance is the discovery that the animal is utterly helpless when he cannot see his questioner. The demonstration of these two facts indicates that Hans gets the cue to his answer by watching a person who knows the answer. It became necessary, therefore, for Pfungst to ascertain what the questioner does which can serve as a sign to the horse.

Naturally enough, Pfungst suspected that slight involuntary movements of the trainer, or of the questioner, in some way determine the form of response which Hans gives. To prove the correctness of this supposition, it was necessary for him to demonstrate (1) that slight movements of some sort are made by Baron von Osten when he is waiting for a reply to a question, (2) that similar movements are made by all other persons who are able to elicit correct answers to their questions, (3) that these movements are lacking when the questioner is ignorant of the answer to his question, (4) that the movements precede the response which Hans makes, (5) that the animal's answers are likely to be incorrect when the questioner voluntarily restrains or modifies these slight, unconscious movements, and finally (6) that by making slight voluntary movements the questioner is able to determine what answer Hans shall give. In view of the fact that he has demonstrated these points and has, further, discovered the form of a number of involuntary movements which well might serve as signs to Hans, Pfungst concludes that slight, involuntary movements of the head and eyes of his trainer or questioner guide the horse to his answer.

So it turns out that, in all probability, Clever Hans possesses no mathematical ability; that he does not understand human language to any considerable extent, and that he has no power of logical thought. In place of these human endowments he has an excellent power of observation by means of sight. Baron von Osten's laborious efforts have resulted in teaching him to watch for extremely minute movements which are made unintentionally by his questioner, and to respond appropriately to such movements. Clever Hans has learned to read the mind of his trainer, and, without understanding what is in that mind, to interpret its contents in terms of horse response. He has been trained to a most unusual degree of exactitude in answering questions, but he exhibits nothing which demands rationality as an explanation.

Now, what does the dog Roger do which suggests comparison with Clever Hans? My reply is that, in many instances, he answers questions correctly when they are given to him for the first time, and that he does this in spite of the fact that he has not been taught to recog-

nize all of the letters and numerals which he has to use in giving his answers. This fact at once suggests to the student of animal behavior and comparative psychology the existence of sense guidance. Roger probably sees or hears or in some other manner feels something which leads him to place his paw on a particular card, or to move his leg in a certain direction. I have made it my task to attempt to discover by careful observation and by the use of simple experiments what this "something" is, and how it determines the dog's responses to questions.

On June 7, 1907, Roger was brought to my laboratory for examination, with the hope, on the part of his owner, that I might be able to explain his behavior. As audience to the performance, I watched intently everything that dog and trainer did, with the discouraging result that I failed to discover anything which could account for the large proportion of correct answers which were given. That Roger must be able to see what his trainer thought of seemed, as Mr. E—— has stated, to be the only convenient explanation; but as this was extremely improbable, to say the least, I decided to investigate the matter more fully at a later date. I am free to say that at the end of this first performance I was deeply interested in what I had seen, and not a little puzzled by it. The dog had answered the questions remarkably well. He had added, subtracted, spelled, and done a number of his pretty little tricks with a degree of accuracy which compelled admiration. Before the close of the examination I was convinced that no visible movements on the part of the trainer, and, in all probability, no other form of sense experience which is known to human beings, could account for what this dog did, if all the statements that were made to me by Mr. E—— were strictly accurate.

"ROGER" ALL ATTENTION

It was not until September 23, 1907, that I was enabled to continue my investigation. During the summer Mr. E—— had been away from home, and, fortunately for me, as it turned out, Roger had not been with him, and six weeks had elapsed since the two had gone through their usual performance. At the very beginning of my examination on September 23, I discovered that, as a result of his vacation, Roger was out of practice. He watched Mr. E—— much more intently than he had previously, and he made a larger percentage of mistakes. I immediately appreciated the advantage this condition of the dog would be likely to give me in my attempt to discover what enabled him to answer questions correctly, and I made good use of my opportunity. If he depended upon sounds or movements, it seemed probable that, on account of his vacation, these signs would have to be exaggerated or emphasized for him now. During the examination I again watched dog and trainer in turn under simple experimental conditions. Roger often looked at Mr. E——, but he rarely looked at the cards which were before him on the floor. It soon became clear to me that he did not compare whatever he may have seen when he looked at his trainer with what he saw on the floor. This disposes of the theory that his response is due to the fact that he can see what Mr. E—— is thinking about. I further demonstrated the fact that he could not answer a question correctly unless he could see his questioner. Everything pointed to the conclusion that he was

watching for some visual sign which served as his cue to action, and that lack of practice made it unusually difficult for him to detect it.

By my observation of Mr. E—— during the performance I discovered that he aided the dog by a variety of movements. (1) He looked directly and steadily at the right card, and when I asked that he look at one card and think of another, he said that it was extremely difficult to do so. Now, of course, the dog might perfectly well detect and be guided by the direction of his questioner's gaze. (2) At times Mr. E——'s hands, arms, and even his entire body moved noticeably in the direction of the card which Roger was expected to touch with his paw. (3) Especially on September 23, I noticed that Mr. E—— frequently straightened the dog up and placed him in a favorable position for reaching the cards. In this there would seem to be no harm; but I clearly saw that the animal was pressed in the right direction. Quite unaware that he was aiding Roger, Mr. E—— pushed him toward the right card. It is only fair to add that I seldom saw this occur during my other examinations. These three kinds of movements, and doubtless many more which I failed to see, were made by the trainer without the intention of aiding Roger, and, I believe, without the knowledge that they might aid him. That they did aid him and that they are the signs which he regularly makes use of in his performances, I am fully convinced.

Roger has learned his part well. It is to look for these vague and at times almost undetectable movements, make the movement of his paw which they suggest, and wait expectantly for a piece of cooky. What I was able to see readily on September 23, thanks to the fact that Roger was out of practice, enables me to say with assurance that his answers are dictated by slight voluntary and involuntary movements of his trainer, and not by recognition of the letters and numbers and intelligent use of them to answer questions. In justice to the description written by Mr. E——, I must add, however, that these movements are not readily seen by the observer when Roger is in practice and does his best. It is highly probable that the dog's visual sensitiveness to movements is greater than ours.

In connection with a brief account of Roger which was published some months ago an appreciative observer of the dog's behavior wrote us as follows:

> Then Mr. E—— gave a convincing demonstration of the fact that Roger is governed by mental control. If he said to him, "Roger, which is A?" and at the same time thought of B, Roger put his paw on B. If he said, "Roger, pick out the number 5," and thought of 9, Roger put his paw on 9. If he said, "Roger, which is the white card?" and thought of the pink card, Roger put his paw on the pink card.

Had the writer taken the trouble to find out what else Mr. E—— does when he thinks of a letter or number or color, he would not have seen in Roger's behavior evidence of "mental control." The important fact is that what Mr. E—— thinks about he looks at, if it happens to be visible, and moves toward. These movements ordinarily are minute, and they escape the observer unless his attention is directed to them. For it is true that to a surprising extent we fail to see what we are not expecting to see.

At this point I wish to call attention to an aspect of the performance of Roger which has not been mentioned by his trainer. His method of response does not enable him to indicate the proper card with definiteness and precision. From among six, eight, or ten cards which are arranged, within easy reach, on the floor in front of him, he is asked to indicate a certain one by placing his paw on it. Sometimes he puts his paw squarely and fairly on the right card, but frequently he strikes two cards, and the observer is left to guess at the value of the response. Or, again, he strikes the right card only after two or more trials. I found it specially difficult on September 23 to decide which card he intended to touch, or, in fact, whether he intended to touch a particular one. Had Mr. E—— trained his dog to respond to questions by taking the proper card in his mouth and carrying it to his trainer in order that he might obtain a bit of cooky as a reward, this uncertainty concerning the value of the answer would not exist. Each response could then have been recorded by any observer as either right or wrong. It is chiefly because Roger's

method of response does not enable him to be precise that I have decided not to attempt a thoroughgoing laboratory investigation of his behavior with the purpose of finding out precisely what sense data influence his actions and to what extent each factor is effective.

My investigation was completed on September 30, when I demonstrated that Roger cannot select the proper card unless his questioner knows its position.

I believe that three groups of factors serve to account for the phenomena to which Mr. E—— has called our attention. (1) Simple association of certain objects with definite acts; (2) The habit of watching for slight movements of the eyes, head, extremities, and body of the trainer, and of making movements which experience has proved to be advantageous; and (3) the association of certain tones of the trainer's voice and certain facial expressions with definite forms of behavior, such, for example, as begging, praying, being a dead dog, and whispering.

There is nothing mysterious about the performances of this dog. He has acquired, as the result of relatively little training, a remarkable degree of proficiency in observing certain signs and of translating them into appropriate acts. Since I have mentioned the doings of Clever Hans, it is only fair to say that for every minute that has been devoted to the education of Roger an hour or more has been spent on the training of Hans. Roger, we are told, has been trained intermittently for ten minutes a day during two years. Hans was trained steadily for eighteen hours a day for many months. If there is anything remarkable about Hans, we have every reason to regard Roger as much more remarkable.

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XXIII

IT was after some delay through fogs that, on a clear morning to Hildegarde forever memorable, the small whaling vessel *Beluga* anchored below the cape called Prince of Wales that looks across the narrow Bering Strait to the Siberian shore. The girl, with her new friend Reddy at her side, overheard with inattentive ear her father's final instructions. Mar, whose difficulty in getting about was obviously increased, had agreed to remain on board and allow Cheviot to make the most of the brief span granted by the surly and unwilling captain for inquiry into the condition of the gold camp two miles across the surf and two more inland up Polaris Creek.

But if the talk of possible claim-jumpers, treatment of tailings, increase of water-power, double shifts, and clean-ups—if such matters held but a modified interest for the girl on this golden morning, not so the scene itself. Even in the gray light of yesterday, when toward bedtime the thicker fog-veils lifted enough to show how far the *Beluga* had gone out of her course, the girl had thrilled at the misty vision of the Diomede Islands. For one of these was Asiatic. Hildegarde had reached that place in her journeying where the East was become the West, and where to find the farthest limit of the immemorial Orient you must needs look toward the setting sun.

To-day, coming on deck before she broke her fast, something in the girl had cried out greeting at her first glimpse of the coast-line bluffs of extreme northwestern Alaska, drawn in purple against a radiant east, to the south receding a little from the shore and fainting into the blue of snow-flecked hills having a strip of tundra at their feet.

There, upon that narrow coastwise

margin, directly in front of what from the deck of the *Beluga* seemed the highest point in the background, the sunshine picked out boldly the intense white of the handful of tents that stood for the settlement of Polaris and the port for the Polaris mining-camp.

Hildegarde had won her father's consent, reluctant though it was, that she should go ashore with Cheviot. Gaily she assured him it was little compensation enough to a girl who had foregone the fearful joys of Nome. The visit of inspection to the Polaris claims would not take long. As the old man looked at his "two children," with the sunshine on their faces, he wondered who would have the heart to steal from them a single one of these early hours of enchantment. Not Nathaniel Mar.

But neither he nor they had bargained for Reddy's bearing them company. He announced his intention unmistakably, when Cheviot went over the ship's side into the small boat that was to take him and Hildegarde through the surf. Mar tried in vain to quiet the beast. So unnerving were Mr. Reddy's demonstrations, when he saw Hildegarde preparing to follow Cheviot, Mar called out that Hildegarde must wait till the dog could be shut up; the sailors could hardly hold him. But the men below, bobbing about on the rough water, were with difficulty preventing the boat from being battered against the ship's side, and Cheviot was shouting, "No time to worry with the dog!"

At the same moment, Hildegarde, hanging suspended on the swinging-ladder between her two counselors, saw a big wave sweeping askew the boat beneath her. From above her father, and Cheviot from below, called out "Hold tight!" while Louis supplemented the vain efforts of the other two men, unable by themselves to steady the clumsy craft in such a sea. But Hildegarde, with a conviction that Reddy, escaping out of a sailor's arms, was in the act of coming down on her head, jumped from the ladder, and landed in the boat with the dog and a twisted ankle. Instantly she called up to her horrified father, "I 'm all right, and so is Reddy." Whereupon the boat was swung out into open water. They had gone half a mile before Cheviot discovered something was amiss. "Nothing the least serious," she said, though it would be serious enough for her if she were cheated of the two or three hours wandering at Louis's side on this Heaven-sent morning, through the wild, sunshiny land across the surf. Cheviot was for turning round at once and taking her back to the steamer, but that would be to prolong by a mile a sufficiently difficult transit. He would send her back after the boat had landed him.

"No, no," she pleaded. "If I can't walk, I 'll wait for you on the shore."

But Cheviot was giving the sailors directions about getting her safely back to the *Beluga*.

Then for the first time the girl spoke of the stark discomfort that reigned aboard the whaler, how she longed for a little respite, and how she longed—but the landward-looking eyes could not down here in the deep sea-furrows pick out the far-shining tents toward which the lighter was plunging, down the watery dales and up on foamy hills, and down again to shining green deeps that shut out ship and shore, holding the small boat hugged an uneasy instant in the rocking lap of the sea. Yet the girl clung to that early morning vision, from the deck, of violet headlands and snow-filled hollows; and as the boat rode high again on the top of the next big breaker, she drew in rapturous breath, saying softly of the land beckoning her across the furious surf, "The 'farthest North' that I shall know!" But in the end she owed it to Reddy's companionship that Cheviot let her have her way.

"Oh, what an old-fashioned *Turk* of a man I shall have to spend my life with!" But she laughed for joy at the prospect. As Cheviot, sharply scrutinizing the harborless shore, directed the boat above the settlement: "Some better landing-place round the point?" she asked.

"I don't expect a landing-place on this coast; but I don't see the tumble-down sod hut your father talked about."

The boat shot up out of a boiling hollow, and as it climbed the slippery back of a great wave, Hildegarde called out, "I see it!"

"The hut? Where?"

"All alone over yonder. Just beyond those rocks. That 's where you and I

will sit and wait, won't we, Red? Those rocks are farther north than where the tents are shining—'farther north,' do you hear, Mr. Red?"

Beyond the chaos of boulders, in a cloud of spray, the boat was not so much beached as daringly run in and her passengers ejected, all in that breathless instant before the turbulent water withdrew, carrying out the clumsy craft as lightly as it would a cork. And now already the toiling sailors were some yards on their way back, disappearing round the point.

Leaving Hildegarde on a temporary perch and Reddy howling defiance at each thunderous onslaught of the surf, Cheviot, thinking to combine the appeal for "a good observatory," with his own notion of an easy niche safe beyond the tide's reach, went to spy out the land over there where some mighty storm had piled the rocks. At sight of a man skulking among the boulders, Cheviot called out, "Hello!"

With a certain reluctance the bearded figure shuffled into fuller view. "Hello!" he said without enthusiasm.

"Do you belong here?" he was asked.

"Sort o'."

"Oh—a—anything doing?"

"Where?"

"Why, here."

"Here? What d' y' expect anybody to do *here?*"

"Is n't there a camp just over yonder?"

"Up in the hills. Yep, there 's a camp there all right."

"Nothing in it, though?"

"Plenty. Things are boomin' out there. Thought you meant here," and he looked past the new arrivals in an unpleasant, shifty fashion.

They exchanged glances. Hildegarde was so sure Louis would not go away and leave such a person hanging about that she felt no surprise at hearing him offered money "to come along and show the way."

When the two had agreed on the price of this service, Cheviot said: "I 'll be ready in a minute. I want to find a more comfortable seat for this lady," and off he bolted toward the rocks.

The man eyed Hildegarde askance, and made some observation.

"I can't hear," she called above the noise of the surf.

He shuffled nearer. "Ain't you goin', too?"

"Out to the mines? No."

"What ye goin' t' do?" he asked.

The girl laughed. "Oh, just stay here and look at things."

"What things?" The uneasy eyes shot out a sudden alert beam.

She only smiled as her own glance wandered to the wider vision.

"I got some 'things' to see after m'self," he said in a surly tone. "Guess I ain't got time to go to no gulch to-day."

The girl fell a prey to misgiving lest this incident should end in dissuading Louis from leaving her at all. Was her insistence upon coming to result in the defeat of the expedition?

The shifty man had drawn a trifle nearer still and lowered his voice. "What made yer land here?"

"It did n't seem to matter where we landed. There 's no harbor."

"But here ye 're so—" It occurred to Hildegarde for some inexplicable reason that he was going to add, "so near that hut," instead of what he did say: "so fer from town."

At the obvious suspicion on the man's face, Hildegarde smiled to herself. If this uncouth apparition had inspired distrust in the new arrivals, their appearance had precisely the same effect on him.

"Ye might 'a' come and gone before anybuddy in the town knowed we 'd had visitors," he said with an air indescribably sly.

"Well, you see our business is n't in the town. We 're nearer the diggings here, are n't we?"

"Guess ye 're been here before."

"No; neither of us."

"Then ye 're better come along with me and him an' have a look at the gulch."

So he did n't, after all, want to remain behind and murder her for her watch!

"No, I shall stay here, and while you and my friend are gone, I 'll practise shooting at a mark." As she drew her little revolver out of her pocket, and the silver mounting caught the sun, she recognized herself for a very wily person,

since Louis, if no one else, might quite well need reminding that she was armed.

"Ye won't go?" the man persisted. "Well, I guess I ain't got time fer it, neither. I ought to see a man up at the store."

In the act of going forward to meet Cheviot with this information, the unaccountable creature paused to say over his shoulder: "Ye 're sure to git a nugget if yer go to the gulch."

"I 'd go quick enough if I could walk."

He faced about. "Ye can't *walk!*" It seemed somehow to make a difference. But he narrowed his little eyes. "Why can't ye?"

"I 've sprained my ankle."

"Oh. Bad?"

"I 'm afraid so. I 've been told not to put my foot to the ground, or else I 'd hobble to the town and hunt up a man I 've heard lives hereabouts." Ah, *that* interested the disreputable one quite as much, apparently, as it did Miss Mar. "I wonder if *you* know him! A queer, hermit sort of person who discovered the—what 's the matter?"

"I knowed all along what ye 'd come fer."

"Oh, we did n't *come* for that. It was only my idea; only it 's not much good now I 'm crippled."

"What did yer want to see him fer?"

"Oh, just to hear him talk."

"Ye-es. I been told they 's a lot would 'a' liked to hear him talk; only it 's no go. And people gits tired o' feedin' a feller with such a partiality fer keepin' his mouth shut."

Cheviot had come back with, "Put that away!" as he caught sight of the revolver. "I 've made a kind of chair for you, and lined it with overcoat." He half carried her over to the rocks, while she clung to him, sparing the hurt foot. The man with the long, lank chin-beard like a colt's tail watched the proceedings with a critical eye.

"There, now,"—Louis had established her to his satisfaction,—"and Red 'll take care of you since he 's grown such a gentleman. You hear, Red?" he admonished the cock-eared dog.

"Reddy hears, and Reddy 'll do it; but if I were n't so hopelessly happy I 'd be rather miserable at finding myself a prisoner *this* day of all days in the year!" And, in spite of Cheviot's assurance that he was n't going to be long, she looked a little wistfully after her lover.

"It 's all right," his queer guide hung back a moment to assure her. "It don't really matter as much as you think."

"Oh, it *does n't!*"

"No, fer he ain't here."

"Who? The—"

"Yep—feller ye come to see."

She humored him. "You mean the—"

"Yep."

"Come along, Father Christmas," shouted Cheviot, taking the tundra on a run.

"Father Christmas! D' ye hear wot he 's callin' me?"

"Where is he, then?" Hildegarde persisted.

"Dead."

"Oh, I 'm disappointed to hear that. You *are* too young for Father Christmas, but I was beginning to hope you might be the hermit."

She took her disappointment so lightheartedly that the odd creature grinned.

"Golly! don't I wish I *was* the hermit!" he muttered as he scrambled up the tundra after Cheviot.

WHAT nonsense to talk of being a prisoner! Her eyes were free to roam and her heart was as light as a bird's homing across the shining world toward the shining future. She must remember always, in the happiness that was coming, how she first had seen it at its vividest from a throne of rocks sitting between the tundra and the sea. Oh, but she was glad she had come! If it was Cheviot's mission to see how work went on at the gold camp, hers no less to see with her own eyes—to get by heart and keep forever—the aspect of the world up here where you touch the skirts of the uttermost North. Happy, happy chance that vouchsafed the vision on one of those unmatched days of the short Arctic summer that she 'd heard about so long ago—a day that made you feel never before have you seen the sunshine showering such a glory on the world, never known such color on the sea, never felt the sweet wind bringing influence so magical. You unfurl the banner of your spirit, and you carry the splendid hour like a flag, look-

ing abroad and saying, "This is what it is, then, to be alive. And I—I am still among the living!"

In that same hour, a few yards from where Hildegarde sat waiting, a man was saying farewell to sun and sea and all the shining ways of all the world; and this man, dying in the peat hut at the tundra's edge, was that one of all who heap up riches having most to leave behind.

There was nothing about the solitary hovel that specially arrested the girl's attention. She had seen several such on the way during the delay at Grantley Harbor —rude, makeshift shelters deserted in favor of the booming camp at Nome. But Reddy somehow found the sod hut interesting, even suspicious. He had gone away to snuff at the threshold, and tore back to Hildegarde to report, then off again. Now he had set his sharp nose against the door, and now he howled softly. In the momentary lull, to Hildegarde's surprise, a responsive whine came weakly forth. Whereat Red's excitement was so great that the girl forgot her ankle and stood up. Why, it hardly hurt at all! She might have gone. Could she even now catch up with Louis? She picked her way across the rocks with scarce a twinge of pain, and she climbed upon the thick moss carpet of the tundra. Of course she could have gone. But Louis was out of sight. Yet she was in a mood too happy to be cast down; for, as she had just been feeling, it was one of those hours when all life seems to be waiting for you to come and claim it, when a girl feels she has just this little time for pausing at the gate, to give the glad eyes full possession before she enters in. She takes the sunshine on her face, and all her being melts to gold, and has its little share in making the wide earth shine. Even her secret dreams are dissolved in the universal sea. Instead of hoping, fearing, her heart floats like an idle boat in that shifting iridescence. In the air, instead of trumpet-call and battle-cry, only a long, low singing on the beach. No; one thing beside—a faint whining from within a hut. Again, from without, the beast before the desolate threshold woke the hill-born echoes with his howling. Surely a stray dog had got in there, and been unable to get out. She would open a crack, and throw him some of the pilot bread she 'd brought in her pocket for luncheon. As she lifted her hand to the door, instead of opening it outright, sheer habit, with nothing in it of reflection, made her first of all knock. "Come in," said a voice. She started back, and held her breath. Again that low: "Come in."

It seemed to her that she must run, and at the same time even more that she must obey the voice. Oh, why had she come? Taking uncertain hold of her courage, she pushed the door ajar. Red flung it wide by bounding in before her. She had only time to see that a man, half-sitting up on a camp bed, with a gray army blanket over his knees, was whittling away at a long, narrow bit of flat wood. She hardly noticed at the moment, though she remembered later, that when he saw a stranger at his door, he dropped his knife and made an automatic action of laying protecting hands on the dingy bundle, half under the low bed. Hildegarde's attention was of necessity centered in the dog's; his, shaky and half-blind, conducting defense from the foot of the bed. The girl laid hold on Red's collar and dragged him back, although it was plain, now she had done so, that he considered this decrepit beast, half-muffled in the blanket, as vanquished already and quite unworthy of more consideration than could be conveyed in a final volley of scornful howls. After which relief to his feelings, Hildegarde's fellow-intruder pointedly turned his back and went sniffing about the forlorn little room.

"I am sorry we disturbed you," the girl said to the hollow-eyed, unkempt being on the bed. There were curious scars on the wasted face, set in its frame of wild, tawny hair and wilder, tawnier beard. No scattering of silver here and there, but just at the temples the hair was as white as wool. As she saw plainer now, being used to the dimness, the face, striking as it was, impressed her chiefly through that quality of special ghastliness produced by a pallor that shows clay-like under tan. "I thought," she said, winding up her apology—"I thought the dog was shut up here alone —forgotten."

"It might come to be like that," the man said, and paused an instant, as if for breath. When he spoke again, it was less

to his visitor than as if to soothe the ruffled feelings of the miserable beast at his feet. "It won't be my fault, though," he said. "I 'll forget most things before I forget you, shan't I, Ky?"

"That is how his master feels about this dog, too, though *he 's* nothing but a mongrel," Hildegarde said. She was thinking, "The man is very ill."

"His master—some one prospecting hereabout?"

Briefly Hildegarde explained. As she moved toward the door, she caught an expression on the sunken face so arresting that straightway she said to herself: "What is a starving dog more than a dying man that I should come to help the one and flee the other?"

"I am afraid you are very ill."

"Yes," he answered quietly.

"There 's some one at the settlement who looks after you?"

He smiled faintly. "They 've given me up as a bad investment."

"Oh!" broke from the girl's lips as she leaned forward, and then caught herself up. Was the hermit not dead, after all? Was she face to face at last with the discoverer of the mother lode? If so, she must n't seem to know. "Is n't there any doctor here?" she added hurriedly.

"There 's a fellow they *call* doctor."

"Then let me go for him—"

"He 's off prospecting."

"When will he be back?"

"After I 'm gone, I guess."

"Oh, you are leaving here?" The moment she said it, she felt the cruelty of the question.

But he only answered "Yes," and left her to miss or to divine his meaning. She forgot his character of hermit, and fell to wondering whom he had in the world to care about his leaving it. Instinctively she knew that a man with such a spirit looking out of eyes like those—for a man like this to die meant to some one far away the worst that could befall. And suddenly she felt that she was enviable, being there, if in some way she could help him. What was there she might do?

He glanced at the foot of the bed where the old dog lay at his feet. "When did you say you were going back to your ship?"

"Not for an hour or so," she said. "More than long enough for me to—when did you eat last?"

"If you 'd give me a little water," he spoke huskily.

She went to a zinc bucket that stood in the corner. "I 'm afraid this is n't fresh," she said.

But he nodded: "An old fellow brought it only an hour ago. There 's the cup."

She followed his eyes to a rusty condensed-milk can, which she filled and rinsed, saying cheerfully, "Then some one *does* look after you."

"No, it is n't after me the old scoundrel looks." With great eyes darkening, he lowered his voice: "Is he hanging about still—a sort of tramp with—"

"No, the man I think you mean has gone out to the gulch."

"Hm, tired of waiting! We saw that in his face when he brought in the water, did n't we, Ky?" The dog raised her head. "Yes, he was n't anything like as afraid of you, Ky—time 's short." He pulled himself up and fell to work with a knife upon the piece of wood that lay on the gray blanket.

Suspiciousness has made him brain-sick, thought the girl. She dried the dripping can on her handkerchief as she looked over at the dog. "Poor Ky! What happened to her eye?"

"Left it up yonder." He glanced through the open door to the white surf curling up above the tundra, and with his wild head he made a little motion to the north. But not even long enough to drink did he stop his feverish whittling. As she put the cup on a tin cracker box set within his reach at the head of the camp bed she saw there was a little heap of shavings and splinters in the hollow of the blanket between the man's gaunt knees, and she noticed that he held his knife with grotesque awkwardness. Then, with an inward shrinking, she saw that to every finger but two the final joint or more was lacking. "How dreadfully you 've been hurt!"

He looked up, and followed the direction of her glance. "Yes, I got a good deal mauled"—only half articulate the iterated burden—"up yonder."

His voice made her heart ache for pity of such utter weakness. The task he had

set himself looked as painful as impossible. Yet remembering the solace whittling seems to be to certain backwoodsmen, "Do you do that for amusement?" she asked diffidently.

"If that 's what it is, I shan't lack entertainment."

She looked wonderingly into his face.

"I was weeks before cutting up some wood. But somebody stole it. Scarcer than gold up here."

Oh, yes, the discoverer of the mother lode had stores of the precious metal hidden away somewhere. The skulker among the rocks—*he* knew.

"Let me help." She went closer with outstretched hand. But he started, and dropped the clumsily held wood. It all happened in an instant. Hildegarde, following the look on the wild face he was bending down, saw that his concern was not for the precious and sole piece of timber in the hut, but for the oilskin bundle under the bed, which her dog was in the act of investigating. The half-blind beast on the blanket saw, too. She made one bound and fell upon Hildegarde's companion with a fury that filled the narrow space with noise of battle. The sick man called off his dog, while Hildegarde reviled hers and tugged at his collar.

When peace was again restored, "I must take him away," said his mistress; "he 's behaving very badly."

"No, it will be all right if I—" The sick man leaned still farther over the side of the narrow bed, and fastened the hand Hildegarde could not bear to look at under the knotted oilskin.

And she saw him feebly straining to lift it. "Oh, let me," she said, and bent to help him.

Again his dog flew to the rescue, while the man himself with a desperate final effort almost snatched the bundle from under her fingers. "I—I beg your pardon," he said, panting, and again he made his dog lie down.

But Hildegarde's feelings were a little hurt. The normal miner she had always understood showed people his gold and even trusted them to handle it.

"Poor old Ky!" the sick man went on apologetically. "She has got so used to guarding this"—he was himself positively hugging the unsavory bundle—"she can't see any other creature come near it without—"

"You 're quite as bad," Hildegarde said to herself; but a glance at the face, with the look of doom in the eyes, made her set down his excitement and the failure in fairly judging her to the darkening of all things in the gathering shadow.

"I suppose you think I have something very valuable here?" he said suspiciously.

"It would n't be the first time in Alaska that something valuable has been wrapped in rags and left lying in a corner."

"Something like what I 've got here?" he asked, as he took tighter hold on the oilskin.

He should not think she was curious about his gold dust and his nuggets. She looked at Ky climbing with difficulty back to her place at the foot of the bed, and pointedly changed the subject. "Your dog is very lame."

He nodded. "Lost a paw."

To distract him from his brain-sick anxiety about the bundle, Hildegarde asked, "How was that?" No answer this time, only that same northward motion. "She must be very old," Hildegarde pursued.

"No."

"Your dog I mean. Surely she is old."

"No. She got like that—up—"

He still clutched the oilskin with such anxious hands that Hildegarde felt it mere humanity to win him to forget his fears. So she looked away from the gaunt figure, over the threshold and over the surf to where the white sails of the *Beluga* shone.

"I 've been 'up yonder,' too," she said.

"What!"

"Yes; I 've seen the north Siberian shore quite plain. I 've been as far as Bering Strait."

"Oh; Bering Strait!" he echoed, as one inwardly amused at a traveler who should boast of getting as far as the adjoining county.

"Yes, and—and I 'd like to go further still."

"Better not, better not."

"But of course I would." She put her hand in the pocket of her long cloak and drew out the "latest map" of extreme northwestern Alaska. "I 'm like

the rest. The more I see up here, the more I want to see." She sat down on the earthen floor just inside the threshold and spread out the yard-square tinted paper. As she bent over it, "What part of the map lures you most?" she asked, wondering if she would hear where was the home of this curious being, dying up here alone.

As he did not answer at once, she looked up, laying her hand on the paper and saying, "This for me."

She saw him take surer hold on the packet he was guarding, and he leaned across it to see precisely what portion of the earth's surface her hand was covering.

"You want to know the name of the most interesting country in the world?" she asked, smiling.

"Well, what do you say?" he seemed to humor her.

"The name of the most interesting country on the face of the globe is under my hand." She lifted it. He peered down. She pushed the rustling paper across the uneven floor till leaning over he could read in big, black letters the word *"Unexplored."*

"Ah!" he said softly, with as great a light in his face as if those letters had indeed spelled home. *"You* feel that? I did n't know that women—" He broke off, and absently took a fresh hold on the bundle, as though anticipating some adroit attempt upon his treasure.

His foolishness about that packet had got upon Hildegarde's nerves. "People who don't know them think Chinamen are all alike. Men who know little of women think the same of us."

He smiled. "Do you mean you realize how precious those blank spaces are?" Again he craned weakly over the bundle and stared down at the map. The thought again occurred to her that his look was like the look a wanderer turns home. Wondering about him, she hardly listened to the words he was saying—how the Kingdom of the Unknown shrinks and shrinks and soon shall vanish from the maps; worse still, own no dominion any more over the minds of men.

Whether he was indulging some fantasy of fever she could not tell, but the scarred face wore a look so high and sorrowful that she found herself saying, "Surely the only value of the empty space is that some one may one day set a name there."

He threw her a pitying look, and he stroked the oilskin as a child might caress a kitten.

"I see," she said, trying in self-defense to be a little superior, *"you* don't, after all, sympathize with the explorer spirit."

At which the strange eyes rewarded her with sudden smiling. "If you mean you do," he said, "think for a moment what a power the unknown has been in history. Think what it 's done for people—a mere empty space upon the map—"

"Yes," she threw in; "it has made heroes."

"It has made men." But for all the restrained quietness of tone his look evoked a glorious company.

"Yes," she agreed; "it made Columbus, and it made Cortez. It made Magellan, Drake, and Cook—Livingstone and—"

"And all the million more," he interrupted, still on that quiet note, "who only dreamed and planned." But while he spoke, his maimed fingers wandered over the oilskin—a brain-sick miser guarding his gold. And though she listened to what he said, her eyes against her will kept surreptitiously revisiting the uncouth bundle he was fondling with abhorrent hands.

"I feel like a son of that land"—one hand left the bundle an instant and pointed down at the map—"The Unexplored. Like a man who sees his mother country filched from him bit by bit, parceled out, and brought under subjection. Yes—" he raised his voice suddenly to such a note as set the girl's nerves unaccountably to thrilling—"yes, I resent the partition of that empire. It is the oldest on the earth. I am glad I shall not see its passing." He leaned back, and a grayness gathered on his face as he ended: "Many a man will be without a country, many a soul will be homeless, when the last province of that kingdom yields."

She only nodded, but he suddenly began afresh, as though she had contributed something convincing. "I have never talked of these things to a woman, but since you seem to feel the significance

of—" He broke off and then slowly, "It might be you could help me," he said.

"How could I—"

Still clinging feverishly to the knotted oilskin, he dragged himself with difficulty to an upright posture and craned forward to stare through the open door. Not this time northward solely, but down the beach as well as up.

"What are you looking for?"

As he sat there huddled, silent, she became aware that he was listening—listening with that sort of strained intentness that almost creates sound; does create it to the sense accessible to hypnotic influence.

"Who is that outside?" he said very low.

"No one," she answered, though it seemed to her, too, there must be some one there.

"Look out and see."

As she got up to obey him, "But you won't go away," he said suddenly.

"No; only as far as—"

"Don't go out of sight!" There was an excitement in his voice that gave her a moment's fear of him. Out of the dank little hut his voice followed her into the sunshine: "Is he there again?"

"No one," she answered; "no one at all. Except—"

To the south, on the edge of the tiny settlement, a group of Eskimos. It must have been their voices his quick ear had caught now and then above the surf.

Northward, up the curving beach, two men were calking a boat. But though they stood out vivid in that wonderful light, Hildegarde knew they must be half a mile away; and so she told him.

"Is that all?"

Nothing more. Not a creature on the treeless hill rising behind the hovel; in front of where she stood no soul nearer than where the Bark *Beluga* set her transfigured sails against the western limit of the world. Between her and that sole link with her own life only the long barrier of the battling surf From within the feeble voice saying indistinguishable words that yet conveyed some feverish purpose. A sudden temptation seized the girl to call her dog and run.

"You are sure—" the weak voice came to meet her as she turned back—"sure there is n't an old man about—fellow with a hungry face and a long, lank beard?"

"And an hour-glass and a scythe," she filled out the picture to herself. Yes. One like that is lurking here at the door, and no man can bar him out, and none refuse to follow at his call. But aloud: "No one," she said.

"Then come in and shut the door." Again she thought of flight, and again put the impulse by. But she said if the door were shut she must go, and made her excuse the need to keep an eye out for her friend. Then she sat down as before where she could command the beach.

The sick man was obviously ill-pleased and not a little scornful. "You will understand why I don't want to be overheard when I tell you—" Again he sent the searching glance into that square of the world the driftwood doorway framed, and his voice was half a whisper: "You 'll understand when I tell you I have a legacy to leave." He waited.

"Yes," said Hildegarde.

"How did you know?" The eyes were less friendly.

"Oh, I did n't *know.*"

"You suspected—"

"Well, most people, however poor, have something to leave, however little."

He lifted his hand to silence the platitude, and his whisper reached her clear and sharp: "I am leaving more than ever a man left before."

It was true, then, about the mother lode. She waited, hardly breathing. He had said she could help him. He wanted a letter written or witness to a will; but he had fallen back upon that strained listening. "You have children?" Hildegarde asked.

He made a barely perceptible motion of denial.

"Brothers and sisters?" She tried to help his memory.

"No."

"Who, then?"

"My legacy 's too great to leave to any individual." Hildegarde's eyes kindled with excitement. All the talk about Nome had given her a sense of living in an atmosphere of mighty enterprise, of giant losses, and of fabulous gain. She was primed to hear of lucky millions stumbled on by chance.

"You want to make a bequest to the nation?" Why was he hesitating, she wondered impatiently, as he flung again that same intent look out of doors. She knew he could see nothing but the wild white horses climbing the rocky shore to look across the tundra. She knew that he could hear nothing but the thunder of their hoof-beats on the beach.

At last he spoke: "They said my trouble was ambition." And still his ears waited for some sound beyond Hildegarde's hearing, and still his eyes saw more than hers.

He was silent so long she adventured in the dark: "Did you leave ambition 'up yonder,' too?"

"Yes, up yonder." But he brought out the words triumphantly, and he paused upon a broken breath, still listening. "Ky," he whispered, "the lady likes exploring, but she 's afraid to shut the door. Go out, Ky, and see if that old villain 's hanging about. *Ky!*"

The beast took her nose out of the blanket and seemed to implore him to reconsider his command.

"Go out and explore—go! Once more!" There was a curious gentle note in the weak voice.

"Don't send her out," Hildegarde pleaded. "My dog 's out there now. Poor Ky!" She was aware that her kindness for the maimed beast pleased him.

"Have you ever cared about a dog?" he said.

"Well, if I have n't, I know some one who has, and that 's Red's master. Why do you ask me?"

"Because I find myself, with all my wealth, wanting two things at the last."

"What things?"

"A little fire that I have n't strength to make, and a friend for Ky."

"I 'll help you about the fire." She reached out and picked up the fallen piece of wood.

While she was opening her knife, "I believe," he said—"yes, I believe you would help me about Ky—if you knew."

"Help you how?"

He fastened his eyes on the girl's face. "Ky is one of us," he said very low.

"What do you mean?"

"Only she is better at the game."

Hildegarde leaned nearer to catch the husky words: "No one who ever braved the north, no one who ever grappled with the ice, not one of them all, has done it more courageously than Ky." The shadow-ringed eyes sought the girl's again. "Nobody could be quite indifferent to Ky who cared about—who—" He broke off exhausted by his fruitless effort to sit upright. He dropped forward on his elbows and rested his bearded chin in his hands. The tawny tide poured in streams through his fingers and hid the horror of them. "To-morrow," he said, with his eyes on Hildegarde—"to-morrow Ky will be the sole survivor of the only expedition that ever reached the Pole."

XXIV

PERFECTLY silent the girl sat there. But senses less alert than the hermit's would have felt the passion of wonder that held her motionless. For all the world of difference between these two, the same light was shining in each face.

"How does the time go?" He made a movement toward his pocket, and then dropped his hand. "Curious how I still forget—left it." Again the motion. "Will you put your watch where I can see it?"

"Oh, go on; go on!" she urged. "My companion won't go back without me."

"Yes, you have plenty of time; but for me there 'll be barely enough," and the face that he turned an instant toward the ship—oh, beyond doubting his time was short!

Out of her cow-boy hat she drew a long pin, and, going to the foot of the bed, she thrust the hatpin several inches into the peat wall above where the dog lay. But her near presence was so resented by the great explorer Ky that before the watch could be hung upon the pin, Hildegarde must needs retreat. She remembered the luncheon in her pocket and offered Ky a share. No; Ky wanted nothing of a stranger.

"Throw it down by the door," said her master, and it was done. When Hildegarde had retired, the dog came down, and when he turned his blind eye about again, lo, a shining thing upon the wall.

"So!" The sick man sank back satisfied. "Now to get you to help me about Ky, I must put twenty years into an

hour. More than twenty, for I can't remember when I began to think about finding the Pole. I played at it all my boyhood. I 've worked at it ever since." For an instant Hildegarde dropped her eyes. He was putting out that maimed hand for the cup. She heard the grate of rusty tin on the cracker box as his cleared voice went on: "I began by going in a revenue cutter to Port Barrow; and I have been in two Arctic expeditions before the one I 'm telling you about. But on both of those others I was the one man who was n't going for the Pole. I was going for experience. I never believed my chiefs would get there; but I always believed I would—later. For I had theories."

"Oh, I wish you had known a friend of ours—"

"I found a friend. The year after I got back from the second voyage, I met one night at a club in New York a young Russian-American who was nearly as keen about polar problems as I was. We talked Arctic exploration all that winter of '95 and '96. We both believed tremendously in Nansen."

"So did he—our friend."

"We agreed we 'd have given ten years of life to have had the honor of going along with Nansen. But he had been gone now nearly three years. How far had he got? What had happened? Even experts began to say, 'Another expedition crushed in the Arctic ice.' But neither my Russian nor I believed that Nansen was dead, and we began privately to discuss a rescue-party. We agreed that if we carried out our idea, and if we found Nansen unsuccessful, we 'd offer him our ship to come home in, and *we*—we 'd push straight on. Ours should n't be a trumpeted 'dash for the Pole.' How we loathed the cheap gallantry of the phrase!" The voice that had flared up an instant fell again as he said: "We knew something even then of the snail's pace of that laboring on; that doing battle for every yard; the nightmare of crawling forward foot by foot: only so, we knew, might a man make his 'dash for the Pole.' But the plan of setting off without saying to any one what it was we were hoping to do, supplied my Russian and me with our first condition for making the attempt."

Was it indeed only water in the cup that, after another drop of it, he should seem to throw off weakness as you might a burdensome cloak?

"My friend had money; so had I: no need of a public appeal; no need to beat the big drum and talk tall. Both of us had felt the irony of each explorer's coming back to assure the world that he had never meant to find the Pole. What he had gone for was exploration of the ice-fields this side. Ha! Ha!" It was strange that such a feeble little laugh could give out such a world of irony. "Or else, what he 'd gone for was to ascertain the salinity of the Polar Sea, or to determine the trend of Arctic currents, or to explain"—again that hardly audible laughter—"how the *Jeanette's* oil-skin breeches got to the Greenland coast—anything under heaven except reaching the paltry Pole. So as we knew we were made of no better stuff, if as good, as our predecessors, we said that we, too, if we came back with only some deep-sea dredgings, a few photographs of ice-pressure effects, sketches of Aurora Borealis, and a store of polar-bear skins and walrus tusks—we, too, would find ourselves pointing to these as the treasures we 'd staked life and reputation for. So hard it is to suffer the extremity and still have to say 'I failed'!"

He lay silent so long that Hildegarde quoted Cheviot: "They say it 's harder for an American."

"What is?"

"To accept defeat. Harder for us than for the others."

"Why do they say that?"

"I 've heard it 's because we make such a fetish of success." Still he lay there silent. It was as if the oil in the lamp had failed. "Yes, yours was a good plan. Even those others, the Old-World people that they say are soberer than we—" She saw that he turned his hollow eyes toward her, listening—"if even they made excuses, and shirked saying they 'd failed—yours was the best—oh, it was a splendid plan!"

"Are you saying we 're a nation of boasters?"

Good! that had roused him. "Do you say we are not?"

"We are everything under the sun: most vain and braggart, most discreet

and self-effacing, most childish and obvious, most subtle and complex, the extreme of anything, good or evil—that 's the American." His eyes found out the tiny watch face on the peat wall. Ah, that was the tonic that was acting like a cordial mixed with magic. Right or wrong, he was under the dominion of a terror that this last flickering up of energy would fail before he had turned it to account. Even to remember that small shining disk seemed to nerve him anew. Each look a lash. It whipped him on.

"As I 've said, my Tatar and I laid our heads together and agreed. For fear we fall into the old snare, we would n't say we 're going at all, not even to find Nansen, for fear we should promise too much. We would make the great attempt under the guise of a whaling expedition. My Russian had already sent out two, and had once gone along with one of them. I had spent a winter with the Samoyedes."

"What! *You* did that?" His eye, though not his mind, took in the girl's breathless agitation. He paused, but his thoughts were too far away. "I thought only one man had ever—" began the girl, trembling, and then: "Go on; go on!"

"We were both still young. Yes, six years ago I was young and hard as a husky. But not so hard as a man need be who goes exploring in the mild climate of the drawing-room."

Hildegarde bent toward him with wildly beating heart.

"We were just on the point of chartering our ship when one evening—" he looked through the peat wall a thousand leagues.

"One evening—what?"

"I saw a face. A girl's soft face; but it cut the cables of my ship and set her afloat, drifting, derelict, for all I cared. A little doll's face; but it shut out everything else under the skies."

Oh, Bella, Bella, was it yours? "Go on!" breathed the girl at the door.

"When her people said she should never marry a man who might any day go off on one of these protracted voyages, I looked at the face and I said I would never explore again." The glazed eyes turned to Hildegarde, but it was the old bright vision they saw, not this newer, softer presence, with wet cheeks, by the door.

"I told my Russian to draw on me for half the funds, and to find another fellow-traveler. But she was too young to marry, they said. We must wait a year. I said I would wait. When the year was half gone, I was in London—because the face was there." Still looking through the wall, he groped for the cup. Hildegarde rose and put it in his hands. Oh, poor, poor hands! No need to turn shuddering away. They were softly wrapped from her sight in a mist of pitiful tears.

He gave her back the cup. "We had been to a skating-party," he said. Something grotesque conjured by the contrast of that light phrase wafted out of a butterfly world to fall in such a place at such an hour lifted the dim hut and its wild occupant into the realm of the phantasmagoric. The girl saw all in a wavering dimness, shot dazzlingly with splinters of sunshine. But the man went on in that level tone: "I remember her saying it was the first party given in London on artificial ice—an absurd affair. But she said: 'Was n't it nice of me to get you an invitation, too? It will seem quite like going to your horrid North Pole.' "

How plainly Bella's voice sounded in the room! That was why he was smiling. Bella could always bring that look into the eyes of men.

"I said, 'quite like the North Pole.' And I went and skated with her. Afterward, at the door, I had just seen her and her mother into the carriage when my eye fell on the orange-colored bill of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' And three words printed there blared out like trumpets.

NEWS FROM NANSEN.

'He 's found it!' I said to myself—'Nansen 's found the Pole!' and I could have flung up my hat and cried hurrah in the sober street. As I called to the newsboy I was ashamed of my voice. I thought people would notice how it shook. When I pulled my hand out of my pocket it trembled so I dropped the coin and it rolled away into the street. The boy ran after it and I damned him for his pains. 'Never mind! Give me a paper!' I called out. But the boy ran on. As I stood there waiting, I seemed to live a

lifetime. How had he done it, that splendid fellow Nansen? What had it been like? Well, soon I should know. The knowledge that had cost so much, soon I should have it in my hand—for a penny."

The awful majesty of the upper regions fell away.

With a growing excitement, painfully the sick man lifted himself up. "It was then," he said—"then—a queer thing happened." He seemed to wait for something. Turning to the girl, "You see, this was the moment I 'd been living for in a way."

"Of course; of course."

"And yet now that it was come, my spirit had gone down like the sounding lead on a deep-sea bottom. I stood there in the street with a sense of unmitigable loss. Something so sudden and acute that I did n't myself understand at first what was going on in me. For it was something quite apart from any feeling that I 'd like to have been the one to do the thing. There had been for months no question of that. No. It was just a poignant realization that almost the last of the jealous old world's secrets had been forced out of her keeping. This thing that men had dreamed about before ever they 'd girdled the globe—it was no more the stuff of dreams. The thought of Captain Cook and Franklin flashed across my mind, and I remembered the men of the *Jeanette*. But it was n't till I remembered the men unborn that I measured the full extent of the disaster. The generations to come would never know what it had stood for—this goal the Norwegian had won. They would n't have to spend even a penny to hear all about it. It would be thrust at them, this shining and terrible thing men had died to gain—one leaden fact the more, conned in a heavy book, stripped to the lean dimensions of a date! Discovery of America, discovery of the Pole—who thrills over these things when they are done? And now the newsboy was coming slowly back, rubbing the mud off my half-crown. In a second I should be reading how the last great stronghold of wonder was destroyed. 'Well, the world 's grown poorer!' I said to myself, and I counted my change, thinking less of Nansen's news than of those men of the future. He had taken from them the finest playground ever found for the imagination. I opened the paper, and read that Nansen had turned back before reaching the 87th parallel. The Pole was still to be found."

Ah, Bella, when you saw his look go traveling so far, so far, you must have known that he would follow! Poor little Bella!

Under those vision-filled eyes, the crippled dog, still sleeping, made a muffled sound. "Ky is dreaming," said the sick man, absently; "she hears a seal crying 'Ho-o-o' with his nose above the ice. Or thinks she hears the 'Kah! Kah! Sah! Sah!' of the auks. So do I sometimes."

"But you promised—the face—you would n't think of the Arctic any more."

"Yes." Weakness of the flesh or weight of memory held him a moment silent. "She always said that if the Norwegian had been successful, she and I would never have quarreled. She wrote that in every letter after I left her. I don't know. She was very young. She never understood—" he glanced at Hildegarde—"never understood what was the most interesting place on the map. She thought it was Paris." He smiled. "Maybe she was right. I don't know. All I do know is"—and a subtle animation invaded voice and air—"a few weeks after I read Nansen's news in the London street, Borisoff came across from Christiana to talk things over. While I had been looking at the face he had been working. His ship was as good, he said, as the *Fram*. He had made agreements with a crew and company of picked men, some of them his old whaling people. He had news that the Finlander we 'd sent the year before to Siberia after Olenek dogs would be waiting with the pack up there on that bleak shore between Chelyuskin and the Kara Sea—'waiting for you and me,' said Borisoff." The sick man's eyes were shining. "Borisoff was a tremendous fellow; I never knew but one person who did n't believe in Borisoff. You could n't expect a girl —" he broke off. "But the great bond between him and me was that we both had that passion for the North that is like nothing else on earth in the way of land love. Talk of the South! A man loves the South as he loves a soft bed and

the warm corner by the fire; but he loves the North as he loves his prey." He brought one hand away from his beard and he fastened it afresh in the knotted oilskin at his side with an air of one about to rise up and continue his journey. "Well, one day I said to Borisoff: 'Of course *we* can't do the —— thing if Nansen could n't—so come along and let 's try!'

"We sailed from Tromsö that July.

"But we did n't call ourselves Arctic explorers, and we never once said Pole, not even after we reached the edge of the ice-pack north of Sannikof Island. It was n't till we got into north latitude 78° that we called a council of war. By that time we knew our men and they knew us. We were sure of six, but we put it to the other four as well. We engaged to extricate the ship from the floe and send her home if any man of them wanted to turn back. What were Borisoff and I going to do? one of the doubtful four asked. Well, we had our famous launch, and we had sledges, dogs, kyacks, provisions—and—we had—an idea we 'd like to see what it was like—*farther on.* I 've always believed our not saying anything about 'a dash,' or so much as naming the great goal, gave Borisoff's words their most compelling eloquence. If we 'd said then that we wanted to try for the Pole, some one would have felt himself obliged to object and talk prudence. As it was, we twelve sat there as one man in the little saloon of the *Narwhal,* with the loose ice grinding against the ship's sides. And no one said, but every one was thinking, 'We 'll find the Pole.' Borisoff was a born leader. Not a soul on the ship but believed Borisoff would do anything he set out to do. They all knew by now how extraordinarily well equipped we were. Borisoff showed again and again how we should profit by the failure of our forerunners. Well, that was in September. We were frozen in and we drifted with the ice all that winter and following summer—drifted in the dark, with bears prowling round the ice-shrouded ship—drifted in the midnight sun with guillemots and fulmars circling about our rigging."

He sat there some seconds staring through the peat, never seeing the open watch, forgetting the irrevocable hour. As though she, too, shared in some chill vision, the dog shivered.

To bring the master back, "Ky is cold," said Hildegarde, and would have thrown over her a trailing end of blanket.

"No, no, she 's not cold *here,*" the sick man answered, but in a voice so faint and far Hildegarde wondered if he would ever speak again.

To mask her creeping fear and bridge the silence, she added, "Why does she shiver if she 's not cold?"

His absent eyes came slowly back to where the dog was uneasily dozing. "Thinks we 're crossing the ice-moraines, thinks she can't go on, then remembers the whip. The whip that flies out when you least expect it,—eh, Ky? —and bites the hair off clean." He bent forward and gently laid his distorted hands on the scarred and trembling hide. The dog was quiet again.

"The second winter," he went on, "one of our men was killed by a bear, and one died from a natural cause. He would have died at home. Early in the second summer came the day when the ice gripped us. Our tough ship might have been an egg-shell. But we were ready."

"You had to abandon her?"

He gave a short nod. "Sledges out on the ice away from the pressure area, packed, and kyack-loaded. We had kept the dogs in condition by short journeys, and we knew they were as splendid animals for work as they were terrible for fighting. We could n't prevent them from tearing one another to pieces, but between whiles they carried us on. Eh, Ky? You carried us on, for you carried our means of life. Or maybe we carried you, with our whips and clubs and curses. It 's horrible to look back—that 's why I do it, to save Ky any more —" His eyes implored the dumb creature's pardon—"Those days and months of forcing the dwindled pack over the pressure ridges, and when the patient beasts stopped from sheer exhaustion, shouting at them till our own voices tore our nerves and burst our very ear-drums —hardening our hearts, beating the splendid animals till they lay down one by one on those desolate ice-plains and died. Well, well, well,"—he made sure

of the bundle again,—"The dogs had the best of it. *We* blood-marked many a mile of the polar ice, we stumbled from floe to floe, we stormed the pressure ridges, and when the teams had dwindled, and the ice opened in long reaches, we took the remaining dogs into our canvas boats and along the water lanes we sailed and sailed."

"To the Pole? You *did* find the—"

"Lord!" he interrupted, "finding the Pole is n't a patch on hunting for it! That 's what the men of the future will never know. You can read the kind of thing we went through in any Arctic book. You can read it all—and then know nothing about it. We did impossible things—things any man will say he can't do. And then he does them because he must, and because human endurance is the one miracle left in the world."

An instant he stopped for breath. "Good men all our fellows, but—their bones are up yonder. Good dogs, too. Ky 's the one that 's left."

There was a long silence in the dim little room.

"But you reached the Pole—Borisoff and you!"

Slowly he shook his wild head. "Not Borisoff." There was silence for a while.

"It must have been very horrible for you when he—"

"Yes," said the sick man, and Hildegarde saw the mouth set harder yet under the tawny cloud. "The day he died we came upon a great piece of timber frozen aslant in the ice. Borisoff had been queer, wandering all those last days. But that great shaft that had come from some land where the trees grew glorious and tall, the sight of it excited him so that it cleared his head. He said it was Siberian spruce, and had come from his own forests of the Yenisei. And he talked about the currents that had carried it so far—talked rationally. We found initials carved on one end, 'F.N. — H.' If ever there had been more, the record was frayed out of existence by the timber catapulting against the ice. 'I 'll rest here,' Borisoff had said—and—" a long time seemed to go by—"I 've no doubt he rests well. Splendid fellow, Borisoff.

"The next day I cut his name on the great log and—I went on alone."

"You and Ky!"

He nodded. "Ky and the dogs that were left, fighting our way over the ice-moraines in a hard, fierce light that seemed to come from every point of the compass at once. I remember a curious optical illusion overtook me. I lost all faculty of seeing the snow-covered ice I walked on. I could feel it, of course, at every step. I could see my snow-shoes sharp as if they 'd been silhouettes poised in air. But the terrible white light that bathed the universe seemed to be flooding up from under my feet as well as beating on my head. Round that white bossed shield of the frozen sea the sun moved in his shrunken circle, with no uprising and no setting, abhorring shadow. Like that day and night, night and day."

"For how long?"

"For a thousand years. A dog killed to feed the rest, and still on 'for miles on miles on miles of desolation—leagues on leagues on leagues without a change.' In a world as dead and white as leprosy." He closed his eyes as if the midnight glare still dazzled him.

In her sleep again the dog had been moving and moaning.

"Ky is in pain," said the girl, very softly, hardly daring to speak.

The sick man opened his eyes and faintly shook his head. "Only dreaming. I do the same myself. Wake in the dark and think the pressure has sent the ice towering above us. And while we try to get across the broken blocks, suddenly they begin to grind and growl and to writhe and thunder as if moved to hatred of us. Ky lost a yoke-fellow in such a place, crushed between the shrieking boulders. Quiet, Ky! The exploring 's all done. At least—" he looked up—"I 'd like to think—"

"You may."

"Thank you," said the sick man.

"Yes, Ky."—Hildegarde spoke with a little break in her voice,—"the exploring 's all done." As if the dog had heard and comprehended and so been delivered from evil dreams, Ky got up, came shakily down from the bed, and stood a moment at the door, looking out.

"What 's ahead of us, Ky?" he asked dreamily. "An ice sky or a water sky?"

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I SUPPOSE YOU THINK I HAVE SOMETHING VERY VALUABLE HERE?'" (SEE PAGE 612)

"How was it even you could tell?"

"Oh, you learn. The field-ice reflection is the brightest, a little yellow; drift ice, purer white; new ice, gray. And where there 's open water, the 'blink' is slatey, is n't it, Ky? Or blue like the skies of California."

"But the Pole?" The word brought a startled look into his face, and his eyes guarded the threshold so fiercely she sank her voice to meet his humor. "What was it like?" she whispered.

"Ky knows," he answered warily. "Ky got there."

With a supreme humility—or was it a high indifference? the great explorer crossed the threshold and sat outside in the sun.

"I 've wondered about it a good deal as I 've lain here," said the sick man. "It almost seems as if nothing in the world-scheme were so precious as suffering. Men feel that when they recall their early hardships. Dimly they see that nothing they 've found later was of such value to them. Yes—yes—beside the days of the struggle, the days of the harvest are dull. And it 's this"—he crouched over the oilskin and dropped his voice—"this incentive to the greatest struggle that men can embark upon—this is the great legacy I shall leave behind."

"But what"—she pointed to the thing he was hugging between gaunt arms—"what 's in that?"

"The proofs," he whispered, and started when the word was out. It seemed to Hildegarde that he held the weather-beaten bundle tighter still, and still he put off telling what she wanted most to know. As if he could n't bring himself, after all, to yield the secret up. "Think," he whispered. "We could set the world ringing with it, Ky. Only we must n't."

"Yes, yes; but you must!" Hildegarde half started to her feet.

"No. Not after—I swore an oath, you see."

"To—"

That motion of the wild head: "The one up yonder."

(To be concluded)

MELODRAMA IN FULTON STREET

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

BETWEEN the hours of eight and four she sat at her tiny desk, flanked by a shining cash-register, her piquant profile plainly visible from the street through the plate-glass window, no mean business attraction for the establishment she served. The window bore the legend, "Woods's Luncheon Parlor," and, underneath, a white enameled coffee-cup, with a spoon in it, and the words "Unparalleled Coffee." Woods's is on Fulton Street, that ancient, winding thoroughfare where the little red horse-cars, genuine antiques, are still perambulated up and down to the accompaniment of jigging bells. It is near the corner of Nassau Street, among all the furnishing stores, and still caters to a select clientele of elegant young gentlemen of the extreme down-town fashion. But pretty Fanny Burns no longer sits by the big cash-register.

In order to make the story of the play clear, it is first necessary to lay out the scene with some minuteness. Woods's, though small, was a superior establishment. The proprietor, addressed with a tinge of respect as "Fred" by the dressy youths, was a man of ideas. His premises consisted of a narrow store with the one show-window before-mentioned. The kitchen quarters were behind, but the kitchen has nothing to do with the play; there is also another room with tables in the basement, but as that was closed when it all happened, that does not matter, either.

Woods's was a standing illustration of

multum in parvo. There was a counter extending the length of the shop, shaped like an elongated magnet, with the poles toward the kitchen. Extremely uncomfortable round stools were placed around the outside, with the least possible allowance for elbow-room, and there was barely space for the dish-collectors to pass behind the stools. Mirrors, lozenge-shaped, were placed at intervals on the walls, with patent hooks for locking hats and coats.

The counter, or magnet, was always loaded—literally loaded—with good things to eat. There was none of your necessary but unbeautiful solids exposed to view. The astute Fred made no such mistake. Nothing was allowed on top of the counter except the most enticing confectionery, calculated to relax the salivary glands after the grosser appetite was satisfied. First, right and left on the curve of the counter, stood two enormous epergnes, the framework formed of glass cake-dishes piled to a dizzy height. On these successive terraces each day was built an edifice which was Fred's darling effort. Around the base would be piled the heaviest articles—luscious Rocky Ford melons or canary-colored grape-fruit, or delicious West Indian pineapples. These large masses would be picked out with delicate sprays of peach-leaves or blue plums with untouched bloom, or rich sunset tangerines. On the next terrace there would be big red apples, blushing peaches, melting pears, or golden oranges, all cunningly arranged in their own foliage; then, above, perhaps there would be a circle of little cakes completely covered with icing in pale, esthetic tints, with a fringe of red bananas hanging down on wires from the edge of the dish. The top was of course always finished off with some superb specimen of fruit or confectionery. Words can but poorly convey the splendor of these edifices, which reared themselves to a height of nearly four feet. Fred's ingenuity was inexhaustible; no two of his completed efforts ever looked alike. Need it be pointed out how much nicer it was to have your beef à la mode handed to you, with the smiling face of Lizzie or Maud peeping between green leaves?

Such were the starting-points of Fred's scheme of decoration. Next to the pyramids, on each side, always stood huge shortcakes, smothered under a comforter of thick, soft icing, simply irresistible to the palate, whether the excuse for the cake happened to be strawberries, peaches, or bananas. That icing was half an inch thick. After the cakes, there was a descending scale of all manner of tempting sweetmeats, so close together that the mahogany scarcely showed between. There were custards, chocolate layer-cakes, crullers, cream rolls, and napoleons, which ought rather to be called Waterloos, for only a Wellington of a digestion can hope to overthrow them. There were pies of every hue and degree of juiciness. In the interstices were saucers of delicious preserves and jellies. Such was Woods's magnet, to which the hungry at noon were particles of steel.

Four young women, more or less attractive, doled out these delicacies from within the magnet. Their names were Lizzie, Maud, Beatrice, and Hattie. They were only supers in the little drama played out in Woods's: all they did was to screech loudly and continuously during the great scene in act four. Then there was Fred Woods himself, the boss, or *him*. He had a ragged blond mustache, and wore an alpaca coat during business hours. The remaining employee was Jerry Slattery, a sallow little fellow with an odd, intent expression not at all suitable to a dish-remover or mahogany-polisher, or whatever his proper title was. His part was, the minute a place was vacated, to dart on it, pile up the dirty dishes, sprinkle vinegar out of a little cruet on the board, and feverishly polish the space with a handful of paper napkins that he always carried.

Fanny, of course, was the leading lady. Pretty, plump little Fanny—where did that child of Cherry Hill pick up that finished air? Her glossy, dark hair was coiled Frenchily on the back of her head; she always wore black as only French girls are supposed to be able to carry it,—black silk, if you please, with amazingly dainty little collars and cuffs,—and most of all she looked sidewise Frenchily, and, what so few like her can do, expressed volumes with her bright eyes, little puckerings of her red mouth, and quirks of her birdlike head.

There are other little cashiers quite as pretty as Fanny, and one or two as dainty; but what distinguished her from the whole tribe of restaurant girls was her unfailing good humor. The beautiful demoiselle who takes checks at the door and scrutinizes your money so insultingly is invariably of the most rigid haughtiness; in some cases she consents to unbend to good looks or good clothes: but Fanny treated all alike; she had a smile and a word for the oldest, the crabbedest, the shabbiest customer of the place. It is not to be inferred from this that Fanny was a little saint; on the contrary, she was a good deal of a little scamp, as you shall presently hear. But she was so filled with the joy of being young, good-looking, prettily dressed, and admired, that she really could not help smiling at everybody.

It was this quality which made her so great a treasure among cashiers. Fred was quick to realize it, and Fanny enjoyed privileges. She did not have to balance her cash every day; Fred did it for her. It rarely came out right, but it was as often over as short, and nothing was said about that. Then at three o'clock every day she was allowed to order whatever she chose to eat. She would perch on one of the round stools and eat long, slowly, and luxuriously, keeping up an uninterrupted recital of her adventures for the benefit of the waitresses. Hattie, Maud, Lizzie, and Beatrice hated her cordially, but it was very much to their interest to dissemble. Fanny knew perfectly well they hated her, and she was enough of a little cat to enjoy it thoroughly and to irritate them by elaborate accounts of the good times she was having.

Fanny enjoyed another privilege, too. Between the cash-register and the window there was just space enough for a slim figure and room enough on the end of her desk for two elbows. This little niche was the goal of all the "gents'-furnishing" youths in the neighborhood. It was rarely during luncheon hours that there was not a mock-tailored figure, in a very-much-shaped coat with impossible shoulders, negligently disposed in that corner. Fanny could exchange Fulton Street repartee with an admirer, make change, smile at a departing customer, and welcome a new arrival, all at once, with the most charming nonchalance. Fred never objected to these little tête-à-têtes, which sometimes lasted for an hour or more. Any way you looked at it, it was good for business. But imagine the virtuous indignation of Beatrice, Maud, Lizzie, and Hattie!

Another pair of eyes watched these low-toned, giggling dialogues by the cashier's desk even more furtively and intently than Beatrice or Maud. Jerry, the sallow little dish-collector in the alpaca coat, with his vinegar cruet and his handful of greasy paper napkins—Jerry was sick with the old, old complaint, sick with envy of the gray-clad youths in patent-leather shoes and fancy socks who were free to loll by the cash-register; sick with desire to possess the plump little figure perched on a stool and delicately holding a cream roll, with her little finger crooked, and describing the latest popular play, to which one of the slim youths had taken her the night before.

Fanny had no compunctions about accepting these invitations; she always went when she was asked, and enjoyed herself to the top of her bent. Her escorts, however, had to repay themselves with the pleasure of her company and the distinction of being seen in public with such a "swell dresser." Fanny distinguished none among her admirers, and changed them frequently.

She was well aware, too, of the longing glances that humble Jerry sent in her direction when he thought he was unobserved, and naturally, when she knew he was looking at her, she made droll, captivating little faces, and continually shrugged her pretty shoulders the better to show their curves. She was wise enough, too, to distinguish between the hungry longing in the lad's eyes and the shallow admiration of her "gents'-furnishing" friends, so largely a matter of vanity. Fanny pondered on this difference to an extent that would have surprised the diffident Jerry; meantime she took an innocent pleasure in tormenting him with her artful, simple little wiles. She had the comforting feeling that, whether she stopped to look or not, there was always at least one admiring observer; that none of her pretty plays for effect would be altogether wasted.

Jerry's complaint was chronic rather than acute. The image of Fanny filled the whole of his waking and sleeping hours, but he was far from being one of the imperious ones who must have what they want. It never entered his head that this dazzling, silky perfection could descend to his alpaca plane. If things had not been suddenly brought to a head, it is possible he could have lived his entire life none the worse for his infatuation. For the same reason he did not feel the sting of active jealousy on account of the haberdashery young men: they seemed much too superior for him to dream of competing with them. There was one, however, who filled him with a noble rage in which jealousy had no part.

This was Charlie Wells. Charlie was a leader among the dressy ones; Charlie outstyled style. No coat was quite so long as Charlie's, no trousers quite so baggy, and it was rumored that his ties cost him two dollars each. Charlie's assured manner was irresistible with the young ladies of his acquaintance: he was the Gibson man, as Fulton Street sees him.

Charlie was usually accompanied to Woods's by several of his emulating friends. Jerry, who admired these brilliant youths wistfully, loitered behind them while they ate, as much as his duties would allow, and eagerly picked up scraps of their conversation. It would hardly have been considered edifying in literary circles, but to Jerry it was pure wit. One day while the little dish-collector listened Charlie was discussing a lady with great freedom. His talk was of some fair one who was rapidly succumbing to Charlie's attractions. Jerry was not offended; it seemed to him perfectly proper that such a dashing creature should be a bit of a devil. But suddenly something happened which violently altered his point of perspective. He did not know what young lady was meant until Charlie said, "There, she 's lookin' at me now." Jerry followed the direction of his head, and was in time to see the end of Fanny's bright smile. From that day he hated the young beau helplessly.

As a matter of fact, Fanny thought more of the alpaca coat than of the mock-tailored one. She accepted the Charlies as a matter of course, never dreamed of taking them seriously, and was adept in jollying the jolliers. But that hungry stare of Jerry's puzzled and attracted her. Respectful adoration is such a plague to girls; on the one hand something tells them it is much the better value for their charms, but on the other hand it is not nearly so enlivening as brisk smartness. It is a good deal like choosing between a warm plain suit and a fine dress of imitation silk. And winter comes with girls as well as with seasons. Fanny made several attempts to encourage Jerry, but his excessive humility defeated them all. If she attempted to open a conversation, his embarrassment became painful to see. If she asked him to run an errand for her, he would not wait to let her thank him. One rainy day when she knew he was just behind her with an umbrella, she stopped in the doorway and made a rueful little face at the sky. Stupid Jerry! He thrust the umbrella into her hand without a word, and darted up the street alone.

That is the way matters stood on the afternoon which saw such a dreadful upheaval in Woods's. It was four o'clock in stifling August; even the roar of traffic was subdued; there was only one customer in the luncheon-parlor, resting his elbows on the edge of Fanny's desk. The gray suit, the Panama hat, creased college fashion, the shiny patent-leathers showing a strip of startling hose —all this could belong to none but Charlie Wells. Fanny was embroidering a collar. She still smiled at Charlie, but it was a little forced. As a matter of fact Charlie had begun to overstep the limit,—Fanny's limit,—and she was casting about for means of punishing him and getting rid of him at the same time.

Lizzie, Maud, Hattie, and Beatrice were seated in a little group behind the counter at the far end of the room; two were eating, all four were talking in undertones. Fred was out marketing. Jerry, as usual, was mooning around outside the counter, making believe to put things to rights, and looking greedily at Fanny as often as he dared. Occasionally he varied this by a scowl at Charlie's bent head. A few flies defied the blast of the electric fans and sampled

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. V. [illegible]

"OUT OF THE TAIL OF HER EYE SHE SAW JERRY SCOWLING AT HER ADMIRER"

the thick, soft icing on the peach shortcake. All was peaceful.

Charlie began to make more of a fool of himself than ever, and Fanny looked up a little nettled. Out of the tail of her eye she saw Jerry scowling at her admirer, and she smiled a little maliciously. In one lightning glance she sized up the elegant figure at her elbow, magnificently tailor-built, and the lithe little frame behind the pyramid of fruit, tense under the thin alpaca. Fanny was an experimentalist: there was nothing she enjoyed so much as giving the crank of life a turn, and waiting breathlessly to see what came out of the box. Here was the handle of a situation to her hand; she could not resist seizing it, though she trembled while she did it.

She smiled winningly at Charlie, and the devoted youth redoubled his efforts to please. His mouth approached her ear still closer. Jerry gave up his pretense of work and watched openly. Fanny laid down her fancy work and looked sidewise at Charlie—but why set forth the various steps to the inevitable conclusion? The gray-clad youth cast a hasty glance down the room. Hattie, Maud, Lizzie, and Beatrice had retired to the kitchen, the street was hidden by the lowered awning, Jerry was invisible behind the towering pyramid. Charlie darted his head forward and pecked at Fanny's lips. She drew her head back with suspicious suddenness,—had she been expecting it? —and at the same time she jumped to her feet, knocking over her little stool, and said loudly, with the utmost indignation, "How dare you!"

With a single bound Jerry, who had not missed a detail through the bananas, was at her desk, pale and resolute.

"Get out!" he commanded, pointing to the door.

Fanny shrank into the window embrasure, shaking with fear, admiration, delight, remorse—whatever young ladies feel in such a situation.

Charlie's answer cannot be repeated. Jerry seized him by the lapels of his coat, dragged him out of his niche, and whirling him about, started to back him at the double quick for the door. Charlie flung out his arms for some stay; his left arm struck the first epergne; it tottered and fell with a horrifying crash as the four glass cake-dishes splintered on the floor, and an avalanche of pineapples, peaches, cantaloupes, plums, pears, cakes, showered on the combatants. Maud, Lizzie, Hattie, and Beatrice rushed out of the kitchen with one screech, and continued screeching until the end.

Charlie managed to grasp the edge of the counter with one hand. This momentarily arrested his progress toward the street, and jerked him around with his back to the counter. The momentum already gained and the weight of Jerry, who was still pushing, forced him back until he lay among the sweetmeats. His Panama hat fell off and dropped behind the counter, and the back of his head sank with a sickening squelch into a rice-pudding. His free hand, thrashing wildly, thumped a deep huckleberry pie, squirting the Tyrian juice in every direction. There was a continual hail of baked apples, lemon jellies, cup custards, chocolate blanc-manges on the floor. Lizzie, in her excitement, grabbed up a plate of cream rolls and pressed it to her heaving bosom with disastrous result.

Then Jerry secured a new hold, and pulled the offender about six inches toward the door, Charlie's beautifully slick hair dripping rice-pudding, which was running down into his eyes, while the rest of his face was covered with huckleberry juice. And heartless Fanny laughed! Alas! Just then her champion stepped on a section of apricot pie, and slid down on his back, pulling Charlie on top of him. The latter, as he felt himself going, made a wild pass, seized the underpinning of the remaining pyramid, and brought the whole immense structure down on the run, fairly burying himself and his antagonist in the ruins.

They rolled on the floor for a second or two, mashing a good deal of the softer fruit; then Charlie managed to wrench himself out of Jerry's grasp, staggered to his feet, clung to one of the fixed stools, and swore horridly and shrilly.

Jerry secured a firm grip on his collar; but Charlie was not to be budged, so he relaxed the strain suddenly. Charlie plunged forward, and his face dropped with a smack into the soft, sticky peach shortcake that decorated the counter. You remember the frosting was half an inch thick. When Jerry pulled him out,

choking, spluttering, blinking, plastered with the sticky cream, Charlie looked like a clown. He lost his hold on the stool, and was dragged triumphantly toward the door, both arms clutching frantically for support, and sweeping what remained of the crullers, napoleons, pies, apple-sauce, layer-cakes, and jellies, off the counter, to complete the ruin on the floor.

Fred Woods was walking quietly up Fulton Street from the market, contentedly ruminating on the ever-increasing receipts of his business, when he saw a crowd gathering on the sidewalk a short distance ahead. Quickening his pace with the natural curiosity of a man to see what was the matter, he broke into a run when he perceived that the excitement was in his own block. He wondered if it was a scrap in Clancy's saloon on the corner, or only a new advertising dodge of Westwick, the up-to-date haberdasher next door to the restaurant. When he got to the corner, cold beads of perspiration broke out over him as he realized that the crowd swayed under his own awning and was peering into his own window. In the hundred feet that still separated him from his place, which he covered in wild leaps, a score of horrible alternatives suggested themselves: either fire had broken out in the kitchen, the till had been robbed of the whole day's receipts, or Fanny had been murdered by a jealous admirer.

Clawing his way blindly through the crowd, he stopped dumfounded on the threshold of his erstwhile trim little place. What had happened was not nearly so bad as some of the things he had thought of on the way, but it looked worse. Not half an hour before he had left it the picture of inviting neatness; and now! Fred was an artist, and it hurt. The floor was ankle-deep in squashed fruit, broken dishes, and a mess of jams and jellies, and in the middle of it stood two of the strangest figures that ever appeared out of a pastry-cook's nightmare. Jerry had just succeeded in getting his man to the door, and they faced the dismayed proprietor point-blank.

Fred locked the door to keep the populace out. There was a babel of explanations, while Lizzie, Maud, Hattie, and Beatrice sympathetically mopped the luckless Charlie with paper napkins. That youth was blustering loudly about what he was going to do when he got clear of the mess. Fanny said very little. Jerry was quietly removing the traces of the struggle from his own person. When he changed the damaged alpaca for his own coat, he was fairly presentable.

Finally Charlie strode out of the shop, still breathing threats, and Fred, instinctively taking the part of his customer, turned furiously on Jerry. But the warlike youth cut him short.

"Drop it," he said. "I 'm going. Pay yourself for the damage out of what you owe me."

This was magnanimous, indeed, since it was Charlie who had done most of the hurt to Fred's stock. The smallest of men has his big moments. Jerry walked out without another word. His pride carried him erect to the corner, but then his eyes began to smart and his lip to shake. Fanny had not spoken to him, had scarcely looked at him since the fray, and now he was to see her no more.

Meantime consternation reigned at Woods's. While he was engaged with the two belligerents, Fred had not noticed that Fanny was quietly putting on her hat and coat. It was time for her to go home, anyway. But after Jerry had gone she said, without heat:

"I shan't be back again."

Instantly Fred was all excitement. He knew Fanny's value. He blustered, then entreated.

"If you had listened," Fanny said coldly, "you would have found out that Jerry put that fellow out because he insulted me. If you are going to stand for that sort of thing, you can get another cashier."

There was a flood of excuses, promises, offers from Fred, but they were delivered to the empty doorway. Fanny had gone.

Jerry had reached the corner of Gold Street, and was seeing things through a mist when a little voice arrested him. When a pretty girl makes her voice little, who is to resist her? Certainly not the enamoured one.

"Wait a minute," it had said.

Jerry spun about, and there, wonder of wonders to his eyes! was pretty Fanny, in her swagger jacket and her daring lit-

tle hat, smiling at him as she had never smiled at the "gents'-furnishers."

Then, for a wonder, she had nothing to say, and they walked for a block without speaking. In poor little Jerry's eyes dingy old Fulton Street was paved with gold. He turned over several perfectly inane remarks, which he had no courage to utter. Suddenly Fanny said:

"I 'm not going back, either."

Rapture flooded Jerry's soul.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"My uncle promised to set me up in a little place of my own down on William Street, if I would be good and settle down." A long silence, then she added: "I need a manager for it."

It was now or never for Jerry.

"W-w-would I do?" he stammered.

Fanny seized his arm and dragged him into the candy store under the elevated station.

"Come and have an ice-cream soda," she said, "and we 'll plan it all out."

THE CYCLE OF PROSPERITY

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

Financial Editor of the New York "Evening Post"

WHEN the violence of such a financial storm as that which descended on the United States last October has abated, and the after-effects of the collapse of credit rise into view, the community comes slowly to the realization that something more was involved than a crash on the stock exchanges, a run on the banks, a paralysis of credit, and a temporary suspension of cash payments on the larger scale. All these phenomena were witnessed in the recent extraordinary episode, as they were witnessed in all the greater panics earlier in our history. They have always, on such previous occasions, passed off the scene with a rapidity proportioned to the sudden violence with which they rushed upon it. The period of reconstruction followed; but with the beginning of that second chapter in the episode, it presently penetrated the public mind that the scope of reconstruction was larger than the mere adjustment of financial and industrial plans to conditions created by the accident for a day.

Notably in such panics as those of 1857 and 1873, far-reaching and enduring social consequences were a sequel. The lapse of a few years enabled the thoughtful citizen to point out that each of the greater financial panics of this sort marked the ending of an era. The very facts that the habits not only of the business world, but of the community at large in its private life, had been adjusted to lavish expenditure, based on extravagant use of credit; that the top-heavy credit structure thereby created had collapsed; that it could not be rebuilt on its former scale; that a period of debt-paying followed the period of debt-contracting; and that spendthrift practices and luxurious living, therefore, had very generally to be replaced by personal as well as industrial retrenchment—were proof of the ending of an old régime, industrial, social, and often political.

How absolute was the change of this nature brought upon American society in the aftermath of the celebrated panic of 1873—with which the episode of 1907 has caused many comparisons—is a vivid remembrance. The preceding decade had been in many respects an orgy of extravagance. Among its conspicuous figures in the financial world had been such notabilities as James Fisk, Jr., Jay Gould, and the group of reckless stock-jobbers who surrounded or imitated them. The conspiracy of 1869 in the gold market, and the plunder of the Erie Railroad, which Mr. Charles Francis Adams's monograph has made famous, stand out as unpleasantly typical chapters in the financial history of the period; the exploits of the Tweed Ring in New York city embodied

a good deal of its politics, and the notorious corruption of the courts, in connection with both kinds of episodes, gave a still more characteristic touch. But recklessness and extravagance were not confined to the Stock Exchange and to city office-holders. Extravagance in private life, a wide-spread tendency to live beyond one's means; wild speculation in real estate and commodities, and a consequent rise in general cost of living to a height which brought consternation to the man of limited income, were equally incidents of the era. The panic of 1873 is the landmark which shows when the epoch characterized by these striking incidents definitely and immediately ended. A period not only of sober financial and business methods, but of orderly and economical living on the part of the community at large, marked the next half-dozen years.

Exactly where the panic of 1907 will be classed, in comparison with those which preceded it, is as yet a more or less doubtful question. We have had abundance, possibly superfluity, of explanations for the recent financial crisis. It is characteristic of such an episode that its immediate phenomena may be traced to a score of different causes; also, that any one reasoner is at liberty, or feels himself at liberty, to select his own favorite cause and insist that it was fundamental. The Knickerbocker Trust failure started the run on banking institutions; therefore it is alleged that the admittedly defective trust-company laws were responsible for the panic. The troubles of the Mercantile Bank, and of the group of banks exploited along with it by speculating financiers, brought the Knickerbocker's difficulties to a head; hence we are told that "chain-banking" was at the bottom of the panic. Money was absolutely lacking for hand-to-hand circulation in various interior cities at the height of the money-hoarding; the inference is drawn that we are suffering from an "inelastic currency." Eminent financiers, with whose projects President Roosevelt had interfered, declare that what they call the administration's "raid on capital" had unsettled confidence and invited panic. The President's defenders as obstinately retort that the loss of financial confidence was a direct result of the actions of these very financiers in using life-insurance surpluses and railway credit to help out their personal speculations, and of discovery of these actions by the public. One is reminded how, even in sober history, the panic of 1873 is ascribed by one group to reduction of the legal-tender issues, and by another to the fact that such fiat currency had not been removed from our monetary system altogether. Precisely so, a debate continued for years after the panic of 1893 as to whether that formidable collapse was due to demonetization of silver or to the exactly opposite cause of silver's partial remonetization.

Into these various countercharges I do not purpose to go, concerning either the panic of 1907 or any previous panic. It is conceivable, in crises so largely of mental origin, that each of the causes assigned may have played some part, whether great or small. But nothing is more certain than that none of them was the fundamental cause; and the proof of this assertion is that in every one of the larger panics, here or in Great Britain—radically diverse as were the specific causes assigned for each by reasoners of the day—the conditions precedent and subsequent were the same as in that of 1907. In each a period of inflation, speculation, costly living, and general extravagance was brought suddenly to a close, and followed by a period of inforced economy. In each, moreover, the panic reckoning came when people at large were blindly and confusedly complaining that conditions of life and industry had got to a stage where they could not very much longer continue as they were.

This does not mean that in April, 1857, or in August, 1873, or in June, 1893, or in September, 1907—each date falling a month before the panic outbreak—the whole community was predicting what actually happened a few weeks later. On the contrary, one of the most singular and one of the most invariable phenomena of such periods is that, shortly before the final collapse of credit came, conservative critics, even of those whose general predictions had been pessimistic, swung around to the position that nothing of the kind was immediately imminent. But for all this, the conviction of every citizen remained that a change, and a very radical change, in cost of living, cost of labor,

methods of business, and speculative practices, could not be long deferred. The poorest as well as the richest man in the community knew from his personal experience that things could not go on as they had been going. What neither knew, but what seemed clear enough a few weeks later, was that these very conditions had already gone on too long, and had become entangled in such an interlacing maze of credit, that nothing but a sudden and violent collapse, and reconstruction of industry and finance on a different scale, could end them.

This is not the only reason why the special circumstances, which are so frequently assigned as the origin of a given panic, sink into insignificance when confronted with the larger economic causes. Nothing in all the realm of political economy is more extraordinary, and in its way more perplexing to the theorists, than what we call the periodicity of commercial panics. The fact of that periodicity is quite incontestable; occurrence of the larger disasters of this sort, in 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893, and 1907 in this country, and in 1825, 1844, 1866, and 1890 in Great Britain, has fixed as a maxim both of practical and theoretical finance what we call the "twenty-year cycle of prosperity." Intervals of exactly twenty years such a period does not observe,—of this the above-cited dates are themselves evidence,—but that approximately two decades elapse between these successive wrecks of financial and industrial credit; that the intervening period is made up of slow and toilsome recovery, followed by renewed prosperity, then by returning speculation and extravagance, and finally, after several more or less plain warnings, by another breakdown of the credit system—to this the whole history of Anglo-Saxon finance and trade bears witness.

Now, it will be observed, first, that such reasonably regular recurrence of panic periods is quite inconsistent with the theory that a defective currency, or careless laws, or a strenuous President, could have been the actual cause. That those influences will recur only once in twenty years, no one will seriously contend. And, in fact, when economists have approached the phenomenon of the periodical industrial crisis, they have looked in a very different direction for the cause. Even so, they have by no means agreed on the explanation. One favorite theory has based itself on the waste of capital in war; and it will be admitted, not only that periods, more or less prolonged, of world-wide war and world-wide peace have alternated, but that precisely as the panic of 1873 was preceded by the prodigious expenditure of our Civil War and the Franco-Prussian conflict, so 1907 followed, at no great distance, the immensely costly wars of Great Britain in the Transvaal and of Russia and Japan on the coast of Asia.

But there were panics in 1857 and in 1893 as well; and it so happens that the twenty-year periods preceding each of those two crises were epochs distinguished by nothing more strikingly than by international peace. It is a rather interesting fact that the "cycle" separating both these dates from the preceding panic episode lived out the whole traditional twenty years, whereas sixteen years bridged the interval from 1857 to 1873, and only fourteen the cycle of prosperity from 1893 to 1907. This may be safely taken as evidence that war, with its wholesale waste of capital, will hasten the coming of such a crisis, and will shorten the intervening period of good times; but it clearly does not account for the periodical recurrence of the crash. If it did, then 1893 and 1857 would be left unexplained. One might as well assign, as a fundamental cause, the really remarkable coincidence that just as the burning of Chicago, with the $200,000,000 loss involved, preceded by twenty-three months the panic of 1873, so the $400,000,000 destruction of property at San Francisco came just nineteen months before the panic of 1907. Undoubtedly these two disasters were contributory influences to the strain under which the credit system ultimately collapsed; but they were only cumulative, and it was only on the eve of these two particular panics that any disaster of the kind occurred.

Certain other theories of the "cycle of prosperity" may be as easily dismissed. There is the warmly defended argument for expansion or contraction in the world's output of the precious metals as a cause of good times and bad times, with the panic which marks the passage from

the one to the other. No doubt increasing additions to the world's supply of money, by which the world's banking institutions partly measure their facilities for expanding credit, serve to enlarge activity in finance and trade, just as continuous decrease in such supplies curtails it. Prior to the 1907 panic, this argument was met by the general answer that production of gold, or of gold and silver, by no means rose and fell in any traceable relation to the twenty-year cycle of prosperity. To-day even that answer should be superfluous in the light of the well-known fact that gold production, during the year before last October's panic, had reached a height never approached in previous history, the $400,000,000 taken from the whole world's mines in 1906 comparing with $377,135,000 in 1905 and with $202,251,000 as lately as 1896. That the rate of increase continued, moreover, during 1907, has been indicated by all trustworthy evidence.

More readily still, one may discard Professor Jevons's "sun-spot theory," which, indeed, most people always insisted on regarding as a joke, but which that eminent economist himself took very seriously. To reason, as he did in 1875, that sun-spots occur every eleven years, that sun-spots cause bad harvests on the earth, and that bad harvests, caused by sun-spots, predispose the commercial mind to panic, is a pretty syllogism, but, like many other syllogisms, breaks down in its minor premise. It will doubtless not escape the attention of the curious that 1907 actually was a "sun-spot year," and also a year of world-wide deficiency in harvests. But while this is true enough, and while it is also true that 1893 was a year of sun-spot maximum, it must be observed that in our panic year 1857, and in the formidable London panics of 1866 and 1890, solar activity was close to minimum. In 1857 and in 1872-73, moreover, abundant crops were harvested, and not the least noteworthy incident of 1907 was that, in the general shortage of harvests below other recent years, the United States was so relatively fortunate that our possession of a handsome surplus of wheat for export, which Europe's consumers had to have at the seller's price, was one main reason why no one expected what was about to happen in our credit markets.

It is impossible, in short, to get very far from the explanation—accepted without much argument in experienced business circles—that twenty years bring to the front, in a community's industry and finance, a new generation which has not benefited by the lessons of the last great collapse of credit. Human nature is such that nothing save individual experience of the sort will convince the average man that a limit is set by financial law to the use of credit in rapid industrial expansion, and that the limit will usually have been very nearly reached when business prosperity seems to have reached its most exalted heights. Each successive business generation, therefore, pursues its way in cheerful defiance of the teaching of the past; each blows its own financial and industrial bubble; each, after two or three disregarded warnings, has to face the terrific penalty; and, having passed through that experience, each may be depended on for conservatism until the next generation of exploiting financiers comes on the scene.

The application of this argument to the period which has just reached its end in American finance and industry will escape no observant reader. Not twenty years, but thirty-five or forty, must be passed over in the retrospect before we shall find an epoch in which extravagance, speculation, and waste have rioted in our financial community as they have rioted in the last half-dozen years. There were times, as in April, 1901, when the people at large seemed utterly to have lost their heads in the plunge into this whirl of financial gambling. When they recovered sense and reason, and when, in 1903, what was called a "panic" then, but which now seems absurdly unworthy of the title, shook the position of many powerful financiers, there was a pause of a few months, after which our speculating millionaires themselves resumed the game. With their resumption of the extravagant use of home and foreign credit, and with the wholly fictitious aspect of prosperity which their excesses imparted to American industry and production, extravagance of the people as a whole reached quite unexampled heights. Mr. M. E. Ingalls's statement, in supporting his as-

sertion of last September to the National Bankers' Convention, that "no nation could very long prosper that was as extravagant in its daily life as are the people of this country," was that "in the last one or two years $400,000,000 have been spent for automobiles alone," and this, as he declared, was only one of a thousand instances in point. Labor contributed, by its exaction of constantly higher wages and constantly lowered output per man, to the burden which credit and industry were bearing; yet labor itself was largely driven to its attitude by the feverish haste with which new enterprise was pushed, and by the increasing pressure of cost of living on the income of the householder.

Now that the reckoning has come, what next? We need, I think, only revert to the general survey of the aftermath of great financial panics made at the beginning of this article. The violence of the shock, and the severity of the subsequent collapse, have brought us on this occasion, as they always do, in touch with the realities. Fictitious values and fictitious prosperity have, as it were, been swept away overnight. Much clearing off of wreckage remains to be accomplished; disappointments, losses, and hardships will, as always, accompany the process. Whether the period of reaction and stagnation will continue, as it has usually done after our greater panics, for a period of years, or whether there are fortunate circumstances which will shorten the present period of penance, is a matter for the future. When, however, the process has been accomplished, the American people may be depended on to begin the work of reconstruction, and to enter gradually on the new cycle of prosperity, with a clearer view of the country's industrial possibilities and with their own productive energies freed from what was in reality a handicap impeding genuine progress. It is no less true of a nation than of an individual, that a show of enormous prosperity, based on extended debt and achieved through living beyond its means, paralyzes the real constructive and progressive energy with which its fortune was originally established. We shall in due time be paying more attention to the fact that the astonishing rise of industrial America in international power and prestige, during the prosperous decade since 1897, its "invasion" of foreign markets, its intrusion on the scene as a new force in the world's productive industry, resulted largely from the saving of capital, the search after economies in production, and the application of cost-reducing invention, which were forced on the business community by the hard times after 1893.

The resources, developed with so extraordinary success by those methods of a dozen years ago, we still possess, and they are not less certain a factor in the future of industrial America than they were in 1896 or in 1901. Economic history is unfailing in one of its specific teachings; namely, that after each successive crisis of the sort, American finance and industry have in due time risen to far greater heights of genuine power and prestige than in the preceding cycle of prosperity. As for the further outcome, in the return of habits of thrift, prudence, economy, and sobriety, to the American people in their private life, this will be the quickest and surest of all results. Nobody who has studied our social history during the last half-dozen years will doubt that the change was needed.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

MUST IT BE A HUNDRED-YEARS' FIGHT?

So far from there being a tariff on works of art brought into the country, their importation should be encouraged in every way.—*President Roosevelt's Message, December, 1907.*

THIS is no more true when a President says it than when any other wise man says it; but the saying of it by a President gives the statement highly desirable authority and limitless publicity. There is, moreover, no reason why the abolition of the tariff on art should wait upon a general, possible tariff revision, removed as the subject of art is from the domain of protection. The President also points out the necessity of a national gallery of art, the recent steps toward which have been described in THE CENTURY for January and December, 1907, in connection with notices of the Freer and the Evans collections.

One shining reason for the removal of the idiotic tariff on art, and for the establishment of a great national gallery of art, has been brought to mind by recent occurrences at Washington. One wonders how long it will be necessary to put forth exertion to overcome counter-movements in the advance of artistic sentiment, or the baleful influence upon esthetic decisions of men accidentally in authority, who are without training or taste in art, and, not only that, are militant Philistines, instinctively opposing every suggestion coming from artistic quarters.

In Washington, in 1904, and in 1907–08, there have been most unfortunate attacks upon the special Commission's plans for the proper development of the national capital, some of them based upon misunderstanding of the plans. Up to date these attacks have been warded off, but only by constant watchfulness and strenuous action. It will take a century of wise progression along the lines laid down by the original planners of the city, and by the special Commission, to develop fully the magnificent effects designed; and by that time, if these plans are not interfered with, the nation will have a capital not to be surpassed on the face of the globe.

But accidents are always happening, especially the accident of the wrong men in places of official authority or official influence. To counteract meddling, and to make the accidents less frequent, we must look forward to a wider spread of artistic culture in the community. And this culture will be greatly accelerated, the popular standard of taste will be appreciably elevated,—among other agencies,—by a free entry of art into the country, and by an imposing and educating public gallery in the capital of the country.

It may be that the fight for the carrying out of the admirable plans of the Commission will have to last for a hundred years; but each year that the opposition is overcome these plans will be more secure, and they will be more and more safely guarded as the American people are more and more instructed in esthetic matters, and consequently more and more respectful of trained talent and expert opinion. Meantime there are members of Congress, and others in authority, who can be relied upon for enlightened views and action in all such matters.

NEW HOPE FOR THE FORESTS

ENCOURAGING RESPONSES FROM GOVERNORS TO THE PROPOSAL OF A CONFERENCE

IN the issue of this magazine for December, 1904, was an editorial article on "The Next Steps in Forest Reform," advocating (1) President Roosevelt's policy of transferring the control of the national forests to the Bureau of For-

estry of the Agricultural Department; (2) the retrocession of the Yosemite Valley to the general government; and (3) the reservation, by concerted action of the States, of the upper altitudes of the whole Appalachian range. The first and second of these propositions have happily been accomplished, and a fortunate approach to the third is made by the patriotic action of the President in his invitation, announced November 17, to the governors of the States to meet in conference at the White House in May to consider the conservation of the natural resources of the country, including—of course, and primarily—the forests.

In our issue of November, 1907, in an editorial entitled "Blind Mouths," we renewed the suggestion concerning the Appalachians, coupling it with the idea of a conference of the governors, and we are proud to know that, through an advance copy sent to the President, this article has been contributory to favorable action on what he rightly calls "probably the most weighty question now before the people of the United States."

Before the President's invitations were issued we sent copies of this editorial to the governors of the Appalachian and the Pacific Coast States with a request for brief comment on the suggestion, and we now have the pleasure of presenting such replies as have been received at the time of going to press. These make an honorable record of intelligent opinion which augurs well for harmonious conservative action between the States and the General Government in arresting the wide-spread destruction and peril due to

> Sloth and Greed and Waste,—
> The sateless gorgons of democracy.

We place first the responses from the two States which contain the most valuable of our forests—messages of warning from the West to the East.

I CONGRATULATE THE CENTURY on the efforts it is making to create a stronger sentiment in favor of the preservation of the forests. The policy of reserve creation inaugurated on a small scale in 1891 for the preservation of the forests in the Public Land States, and persevered in since, has been unpopular because the necessity therefor has not been understood. But constant and persistent educational work is beginning to have its effect, and to the Honorable Gifford Pinchot the country owes a lasting debt of gratitude for faithful, self-sacrificing and efficient service along these lines.

The West, and particularly the arid and semi-arid regions, understand fully now that the conservation of the water supply is absolutely dependent upon the preservation of the upland forests. Opposition to the policy comes not from those interested in the development of the country and the perpetuation of our institutions, but from the predatory classes, who care for naught but temporary gain. The policy of the West should be the policy of the East, and every section of the country whose streams have their source in the Appalachian or other ranges there should bestir themselves not only to protect the remaining forests, but to reforest the lands which have been recklessly denuded.

The suggestion of THE CENTURY for a convention of governors and others to consider this question was followed by the President at the request of the Inland Waterways Commission, and in his speech at Memphis, on October 4, he announced that he would call a convention having for its purpose the consideration of the best methods of conserving all the natural resources of the country. This in the very nature of things includes the preservation of the forests.

I hope THE CENTURY will persist in its good work, for without a more general understanding of the part played in our civilization by the forests on the upper stretches and mountain ranges, they are doomed to destruction, to gratify the commercial spirit of an extremely commercial age.

Geo. E. Chamberlain,
[Governor of Oregon].

SALEM, October 30, 1907.

ONE who pauses to consider the inevitable results that must follow the mighty inroads constantly being made in the available timber supply of the country becomes at once a partizan of the Federal Government's forest conservation policy. The rapid depletion of the forests makes the inforcement of this policy imperative. The principal opposition in this State to the creation of forest reserves has been based upon the injustice done to the bona-fide homesteader. Assurance has been given that this cause for grievance will be removed, however, and the interests of the settler will be carefully guarded. Conservation is a measure of prevention that is calculated to avoid a condition for which there could be no adequate remedy.

The hardwood supply of the country, which but a comparatively few years ago appeared to be inexhaustible, is now nearly consumed. A like fate would shortly overtake the vast forests of this coast were it not for the measures of conservation practised by the government in the establishment of forest reservations. Some plan, such as the proposition made in the editorial article, "Blind Mouths," published recently in THE CENTURY, should be adopted without delay for the preservation of the remaining forests of the East. The question of the hardwood supply of the country has reached a point that does not permit of further procrastination in arriving at a solution.

Albert E. Mead,
[Governor of Washington].

OLYMPIA, November 18, 1907.

I BELIEVE that no State in the Union is more interested than Maine in the question of forest conservation, and I should consider it my duty while

holding this office to undertake to coöperate with the President of the United States and with the governors of the other States in advancing any movement calculated to reasonably and equitably safeguard this natural resource.

W. T. Cobb,
[Governor of Maine].

AUGUSTA, November 30, 1907.

I HAVE read with interest and appreciation the editorial, "Blind Mouths," in the November number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

In the year 1903 a memorial in the form of a joint resolution was passed by both branches of the New Hampshire Legislature, signed by Governor Nahum J. Bachelder, and transmitted to Congress, praying for the establishment of a national forest reserve in our White Mountains.

Since that time New Hampshire, by its executives, by its legislators, by its representatives at Washington, by organizations of its citizens and summer residents, never has ceased to urge this project.

In 1906, Governor John McLane headed a delegation from this State to a gathering at Washington of governors and others interested from the Appalachian Mountain States, with a view to impressing upon Congress the general public demand for the creation of national forest reserves in the East. One of the first acts of my own administration was a similar journey to the national capital, with the same end in view.

Even as conditions in the White Mountains and elsewhere in the Appalachians speak louder than words of the necessity for such a reserve, so I think the acts of New Hampshire governors are as eloquent as their words could be of their attitude in relation to it.

Chas. M. Floyd,
[Governor of New Hampshire].

CONCORD, October 30, 1907.

IT seems to me vigorous action for the preservation of our forests is very important. This, it seems to me, is especially true in the Eastern States.

Fletcher D. Proctor,
[Governor of Vermont].

PROCTOR, December 16, 1907.

A CONVENTION of governors called by the President for any purpose is spectacular and unusual. I believe, however, that the President deserves the heartiest support of all the States in his action. The spectacular and unusual are at times absolutely necessary. . . .

Massachusetts has been interested and is acutely interested in national as well as State action for the preservation and restoration of our forests. At the late National Irrigation and Forestry Congress at Sacramento, Massachusetts was almost the only Eastern State represented by her State forester. Side by side with the preservation and restoration of the forests in the East must also go the movement for the reclamation of the arid wastes in the West.

Not merely the lumber supply, but water power and water supply are alike vitally connected with this movement, and no State can afford to ignore it. . . .

In an address at Waltham, October 17 last, in advocating a revision of the tariff by the immediate removal of such duties as really are either needless or destructive, I said:

> A good example of a destructive duty is the duty on wood pulp. We are paying state foresters to restore our forests. We are begging Congress to protect by forest reserves the head waters of our rivers alike as a preventative of drought and a preservative of the water power of our mills. We celebrate Arbor Day annually to encourage tree planting. With absolute inconsistency we put a bounty, in the shape of a customs duty, on the felling of trees, and we are actually threatening the crippling of great industries in the not far distant future by the wanton destruction of the forests on which they directly or indirectly depend.

I favor the immediate removal of the duty on *all* forest products. The President in his message at least indorses the removal of the bounty on tree destruction at some time. Why not do it now?

Curtis Guild, Jr.,
[Governor of Massachusetts].

BOSTON, December 4, 1907.

IF the President's conference in May shall merely awaken the American public to the tremendous importance of this question and stimulate our people to some sort of initiative looking toward a solution of the problem, it will prove to be a patriotic and historic event.

James H. Higgins,
[Governor of Rhode Island].

PROVIDENCE, December 19, 1907.

I AM heartily in accord with any movement undertaken by the National Government, or by agreement of States, to conserve the forests in the Appalachian range, and anywhere else in the United States, and I also favor strongly a wise and comprehensive plan to reforest the areas of our country that have been devastated or where extensive lumbering has been carried on. I believe that we of the present generation owe it to posterity to conserve our natural resources in this direction.

Rollin S. Woodruff,
[Governor of Connecticut].

HARTFORD, December 10, 1907.

I THANK you for your letter of the 12th inst. with inclosed editorial, which I have read with much interest. The question of preserving our forests is of vital importance, and I am most anxious that all proper measures to this end shall be taken. Of course I should not care to commit myself to any specific effort until the plan was outlined in detail. But I am in hearty sympathy with the object.

Charles E. Hughes,
[Governor of New York].

ALBANY, December 15, 1907.

THE need for great national forests in the East as well as in the West becomes daily more imperative. A lumber famine is dangerously near. Steep mountain-sides are deforested for a few poor years of farming, and then abandoned, and their native fertility goes to choke the rivers and form bars in

every harbor along the coast. The streams themselves become inactive, and a large part of their power is wasted.

The ills that come from this condition can be remedied by government action, and by government action alone, but that action must he taken now or we shall be staggered by the cost. New Jersey has set about this work itself and proposes to develop to the highest degree every resource connected with its forest areas and water supplies. In many States the problem is more complex than it is with us and demands the intervention of the General Government. The gravity of the situation can scarcely be overstated.

I most enthusiastically favor the establishment of a great Appalachian forest reserve, and heartily approve the proposition to begin by acquiring parts of the southern Alleghanies and of the White Mountains.

E. C. Stokes,
[Governor of New Jersey].

TRENTON, November 11, 1907.

I HAVE accepted the invitation of the President to attend the conference to be held in Washington, on May thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, to confer upon the conservation of natural resources, and have no doubt that it is possible for the conference to take such action as will eventually lead to practical results in the interests of all the people.

Edwin S. Stuart,
[Governor of Pennsylvania].

HARRISBURG, December 10, 1907.

THERE is to my mind no waste of resources more appalling than the destruction of our forest wealth —wealth that came to us by inheritance with the soil. The soil, though impoverished by misuse, may be restored in a few years. Not so the forest, which required centuries to grow, and which cannot be restored in less than two or three generations.

If the mountain forests that have been destroyed by reckless lumbering or by fire were being restored, or even allowed to restore themselves, the case would be different. As it is, these forests, plundered under private ownership, not only fail to produce the much-needed timber, but in their denuded condition they are unable to hold back the destructive floods. Since private enterprise cannot be relied upon to protect these mountain watersheds, it is plainly the duty of the State and of the nation to administer these lands for the benefit of the people. Out of this has arisen the demand for a forest reserve in the Appalachian region. I believe that such a reserve, conservatively managed, would go a long way toward solving the impending danger. Maryland has taken an advanced step in creating a State reserve of 2000 acres in this very region.

Edwin Warfield,
[Governor of Maryland].

ANNAPOLIS, November 12, 1907.

IN reply to your inquiry, I will say that I most earnestly favor proper legislation for the protection and preservation of our forest reserves. The matter is of such urgent importance that it cannot be further delayed without great detriment to the best interest of the country. It is one of the most important matters that will be discussed in the conference of governors which the President has called to meet in May. I think the calling of this conference was very timely, and hope it may be productive of much good. I shall attend and will gladly coöperate in aiding in the passage of such measures and the inauguration of such policies as will tend to the preservation of the natural resources of this nation.

Clarence A. Swanson,
[Governor of Virginia].

RICHMOND, December 4, 1907.

I AM greatly pleased to know that THE CENTURY has taken up the matter of the preservation of our forests.[1] Not only are we wasting our forests, but most of our other natural resources as well. But forest preservation seems to be of first importance —indeed, it is a subject of pressing importance. I am in thorough accord with the movement to repair and preserve the forests of the Appalachian range. I have no doubt that West Virginia will coöperate with any well-directed movement to this end.

Wm. M. O. Dawson,
[Governor of West Virginia].

CHARLESTON, October 31, 1907.

I FAVOR any reasonable movement or plan for the preservation of our forests. I believe it to be an important matter, and I think everything should be done to prevent their wasteful and wanton destruction.

J. C. W. Beckham,
[Governor of Kentucky].

FRANKFORT, November 28, 1907.

REPLYING to your letter of November 25th in reference to conditions in Alabama in regard to forest preservation, I recommended a measure of this character to the extraordinary session of the Legislature, and a law was passed looking to the preservation of forests in this State. This law contains many provisions similar to those in other States, and I believe will prove beneficial to the State. All game wardens are made forest wardens by this Act, and the National Government has the privilege of establishing reservations in this State.

B. B. Comer,
[Governor of Alabama].

MONTGOMERY, December 5, 1907.

I AM in full accord with the President's ideas relative to the conservation of our natural resources, and heartily approve of his call for a conference of governors and others to be held in May of next year to consider these matters. It is to be hoped the conference will result in decisive action being taken along the lines indicated by the President. The policy adopted should be broad and comprehensive. It should include the conservation of the forest areas of the higher altitudes of the whole Appalachian range, as well as the forest areas along the head-waters of all our great rivers and on mountain ranges other than the Appalachian. It should include the forest areas in the extensive pine and hardwood forests in the South.

[1] THE CENTURY'S active interest in this subject dates from 1889.—THE EDITOR.

I brought the question of forest protection to the attention of the General Assembly of Louisiana at its session in May, 1906, using the following language in my message to that body:

> The numerous saw-milling enterprises in this State are rapidly cutting away the vast pine forests, and it is being done in such a way as to destroy the forests. Instead of culling the timber, taking only the larger trees for lumber purposes, deforestation is practically taking place, and where stood the most beautiful of forests — the long-leaf pine — unsightly stretches of country now meet the eye. The State should preserve what remains of the pine forests. It can be done by passing a law requiring owners to limit the cut of the timber to trees larger than ten or twelve inches in diameter, prohibiting any tree to be cut of less dimensions than, say, ten or twelve inches, and making provision looking to strict inforcement of the law. Other States of the Union and other countries are thus preserving their forests. It should be the public policy of Louisiana to preserve ours.

The Legislature did not pass any law upon the subject. The milling interests were strong enough to prevent it. It is my intention to again bring the matter to the attention of the General Assembly at its next session.

Newton C. Blanchard,
[Governor of Louisiana].

BATON ROUGE, December 7, 1907.

In view of the prediction by so careful an authority as Mr. Pinchot, that at the present rate of destruction there will be a timber famine in the United States within twenty-five years, it behooves all executives and legislators charged with the affairs of either Nation or State to study this question thoroughly. To such we confidently recommend the famous and interesting volume by the late George P. Marsh, formerly American minister in Rome, entitled "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," the recent reissue of which by the Scribners is a public service. We challenge any one to read the chapters relating to the dire effects of forest destruction in the Mediterranean countries without becoming an ardent champion of a prompt and radical policy, to the end that our own country may escape the same fate.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by H. M. Brett

Nil Admirari

WHEN Uncle Caleb Porringer
  Comes up from Wayoff, Maine,
A-visiting with Robert King,
  Who married his Niece Jane,

He wears a suit of sober black,
  A collar scrapes his chin,
And round his wrists he sadly twists
  The cuffs that won't stay in.

His manner undergoes a change,
  To match his raiment new,
As if he thought in Rome he ought
  To do as Romans do.

He 's dignified; he holds aloof;
  His eyes look scornful down,
As from a height, on every sight
  He 's shown in Boston town.

The theater bores him half to death
  When Robert takes him there.
If asked to say about the play,
  In answer he 'll declare:

"Well, Nephew Bob, it 's *pretty* good;
  But, then, I 've seen 'em all:

Drawn by H. M. Brett

"THE THEATER BORES HIM HALF TO DEATH"

For don't you know I allers go
To shows in our town hall?"

When Mrs. King "receives" at home,
With cakes and cups of tea,
There 's not a guest more unimpressed
By all that 's done than he.

"Yes, it 's some like our *sociables*,
— You ain't forgot 'em, Jane,—
But not so good. We give *real* food
When we ask folks in Maine."

A failure the sight-seeing tour,—
This plan was Grandniece May's,—
For not one thing can seem to wring
From him a word of praise.

In Fenway Court and Bunker Hill,
Old South and State House dome,
He 's sure to find, of grander kind,
A prototype at home.

Even a base-ball game with Yale,
When Harvard has the lead,
And cheers rise from the Stadium,
Strikes him as tame, indeed.

He yawns beside young William King.
"I don't call *this* much, Bill.
Up home," says he, "you 'd ought to see
'The Holler' play 'the Hill.'"

BUT, Uncle Caleb Porringer,
When you get back to Maine,
And in the store sit 'round once more
To swap the yarns again,

I 'm very much inclined to think
You 'll take a different view
Of Boston when the Wayoff men
Their questions put to you.

Johnson Morton.

Drawn by H. M. Brett

"YOU 'LL TAKE A DIFFERENT VIEW"

Glass Houses

"O WILL!" Sis cries. "See what you done!
You kilt that ol' white hen.
I tolt you not to shoot that gun
'Bout this here yearlin' pen.
I 'm goin' as hard as I kin fly
An' tell ma 'bout it, too!"
"Better not hurry, Sis," says I.
"I know supp'n' on you!"

At school Tom Stubbs an' me fell out
Over our mumble-peg.
We quar'led, an' 'en we fou't an' fou't,
Till I got holt of 's leg.
He fell so hard it made him lame,
An' he hobbled off, "Boo-hoo!"
To tell Miss Kate; but he quit his game
When I said, "I 'll tell on you!"

In the swimmin' hole we made some foam
When I ducked that nigger Joe.
He set right out a-runnin' home
As fast as he could go.
"Gwine tell yo' mammy, yas, I is!"
I hollered: "Do yore do!
But 'fore you tell her, 'member this:
I know supp'n' on you!"

They all ketch floggin's roun' the place;
They all git whupped but me.
The other boy 's a hard, hard case,
But I 'm a good boy. See?
'F I pull a handful of their hair,
They 'll never give a clue.
I say: "You tell it—if you dare!
I know supp'n' on you!"

John Charles McNeill.

Drawn by J. Conacher

NOT TO HIS TASTE

THE RECTOR: And how would you like to be a clergyman when you grow up, Tommy?
THE BOY: Not for me! I 'm sick of wearin' things that button at the back.

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MISS GERALDINE FARRAR AS "NEDDA" IN "I PAGLIACCI"

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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EXPERIENCES IN THE SKY

BY HENRY B. HERSEY

Inspector, United States Weather Bureau

THE skilful aëronaut who describes his remarkable experiences in the following pages has also faced danger on land and sea. During the Spanish War he served as Major in Roosevelt's Rough-Riders, and in 1906-07 he was executive officer of the Wellman Polar Expedition. His sky journeys as a member of the aëro clubs of both France and America have been greatly facilitated by his practical knowledge of atmospheric temperatures and currents largely gained through his connection with the United States Weather Bureau.—THE EDITOR.

FLOATING softly up into the blue ocean of air, watching the earth sink slowly away beneath us and fade and change quietly to an immense map spread before our wondering eyes—such are the first impressions of balloon voyagers. The noisy shouts of those who come to wish us *"Bon voyage!"* become fainter and fainter until absolute quiet reigns about us. It is so still that the ticking of the clock in the barograph is heard noisily counting the seconds as it traces the line of our upward flight across the sheet.

Meanwhile the earth-map down below us stretches out larger and larger; but its details are fading and becoming blurred. High hills have changed to flat surfaces. A river winds and bends its way through the duller colors like a tangled ribbon of silver. A small lake sparkles in the sunshine, giving life and fire to the sober shades about it. A railway train creeps slowly along, its trail of smoke streaming back over it; but as we look, it suddenly disappears from sight, apparently swallowed up before our eyes. Then we realize that it has plunged into a tunnel, through a hill which to us seems only a flat surface; now it appears again, coming out on the other side.

So the wonderful scenes come and go, ever changing, but ever grand and inspiring—scenes that come back to us real and vivid, that we may live them over again in later days. The cloud effects are at times the most beautiful of all. After having sailed up through these into the dazzling sunlight, we see the snowy billows just below our car, the shadow of our balloon falling upon their white surface. This shadow is often surrounded by a halo of rainbow colors of rare

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beauty. At such times one has the feeling of having left the earth completely, and to have reached some other planet. The white masses just below seem to be quite solid, and look as though one might step out of the balloon and take a stroll over them, if one only had snow-shoes. The air is wonderfully clear and pure, and gives one a feeling of exhilaration much greater than that enjoyed in mountain-climbing. Is it, then, surprising that ballooning is rapidly becoming a popular sport?

In America ballooning is in its infancy, but in France almost any pleasant day in the year there are several balloon ascensions. There is certainly no recreation more absorbing, or which will make a man forget his business cares and troubles to a greater degree than this. Nor can there be one more healthful, since the devotee is carried quickly to an atmosphere free from dust and germs, where he must drink in long, deep breaths of the purest air.

In Europe there are many clubs which have balloon houses arranged for the quick inflation of balloons and for proper storage of them between flights. A club member may telephone the manager to "have Balloon Number Six ready for ascension at three o'clock this afternoon." At the appointed hour he and his companions go to the club-house, where all is ready for a sail through the sky. On landing, the balloon is shipped back to the club, and the aëro party returns by train. Although we have several good aëro clubs in America,—notably at New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Boston,—they have not, so far, succeeded in making suitable arrangements for the convenient inflation of balloons. This will probably be done in the near future.

Of course no fire of any kind can be used in a balloon, and for flights lasting overnight the lack of a hot lunch is a cause for complaint; but this lack is now remedied by the use of thermal bottles, which provide hot coffee or bouillon for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. I first used this resource in the race from Paris in 1906, when I assisted Lieutenant Lahm. The coffee was put in bottles about eleven o'clock in the forenoon before starting, and the next morning, in passing *over England,* we had a cup of coffee that was as hot as we could drink it. I used these bottles to good advantage in the St. Louis race; and on this trip we also had canned soups put up in a special double-can, with a filling of lime between the two cans. By pouring a little water into this lime, sufficient heat was generated to warm the soup in the inner can. These arrangements covered the food question satisfactorily; but the sky-voyager who is dependent on tobacco does not fare so well, since cigars and matches are contraband articles.

The pilot of a balloon does not have as good an opportunity as the passengers to enjoy the beautiful sights. He must watch carefully the barograph, which records automatically the height of the balloon above the earth, and the statoscope, which shows whether the balloon is ascending or descending; for, strange to say, one cannot tell by looking over whether the balloon is rising or falling. There is absolutely no sense of motion in either a horizontal or a vertical direction. To cause the balloon to rise it is necessary to throw out ballast, and to make it descend the gas is let out through a valve in the top. The pilot must know just how much ballast to throw out, and must decide when it is necessary to let out gas. These matters require constant attention, and the pilot is usually a busy man.

In a partly cloudy day it is very difficult to maintain the equilibrium of the balloon. The rays of the sun pass through its semi-transparent skin, sometimes raising the temperature of the gas to a point thirty or forty degrees higher than that of the surrounding air, in exactly the same way that the air in a hot-house is heated by the rays of the sun passing through its glass roof. Now, the heated gas has much greater lifting power, and the balloon climbs higher. If a cloud comes over the sun, the gas in the balloon cools rapidly, losing some of its ascensional force, and the balloon begins to descend. This must be checked by throwing out ballast; but good judgment must be exercised to prevent throwing out too much. Here is where the skill of the pilot is thoroughly tested. It is much easier to manage a balloon at night, as the effect of the sun on the gas does not have to be overcome, and frequently a balloon will sail through a whole night

Drawn by Arthur T. Merrick

ANCHORED TO A TREE IN A GALE AND SAVED BY THE "RIPPING CORD." (SEE PAGE 646)

at a steady height with almost no loss of ballast.

In the St. Louis race, after getting our equilibrium for the night about 8 P.M., we used less than one sack of ballast up to sunrise the next morning, and our height above the ground was virtually steady at a little more than 300 feet. The guide-rope which swung down about 300 feet below the basket occasionally touched the tree-tops. The guide-rope, as it is called, is simply a piece of rope suspended from the balloon, and is of great assistance in keeping the balloon steady when near the ground. If it descends until the end of the rope drags on the ground, the weight of the rope that is on the ground is taken off the balloon, and this will check its descent. It is also valuable in a dense fog, giving warning that one is nearing the earth.

One of the chief difficulties met with by amateur balloonists is in making a good landing, especially in a strong wind. When the wind is light, it is comparatively simple; but if the balloon is flying along at the rate of forty miles an hour, which is not unusual, to bring it to a sudden stop in a country where there are trees, rocks, or buildings, requires good judgment and a cool head to avoid at least a lively shaking-up. Even after the basket strikes the ground, the huge gas-bag is still in the air, presenting a large surface to the wind. Unless it can be deflated almost instantly, the basket will probably be dragged swiftly along, even with the anchor out. If the anchor can be thrown into trees, it will usually hold, but on the ground it is apt to drag without catching. For quick deflation, an excellent device called the "ripping-cord," or panel, has been introduced. From near the top of the balloon down to the equator a gash is cut. The sides of this cut are hemmed, and made strong with two thicknesses of cloth. A long patch or panel is then cemented over this cut, closing it and making it gas-tight. This panel terminates in a loop at the upper end, and to this loop is attached a cord, running down inside the balloon to the car. A sharp pull on this cord will tear the patch off, opening the side of the balloon for nearly a quarter of its circumference. Through this opening the gas rushes out in a few seconds, and the balloon collapses on the ground.

In my sixth ascension, which I made entirely alone, going up from Rueil, near

Paris, I had to make a landing in a wind blowing about forty miles an hour. I threw out the anchor as I was coming to a country road, with trees on each side of it. The anchor caught and held well in one of the trees, but the wind was so violent that the balloon stood out almost horizontally, and thrashed up and down frightfully, throwing things out of the basket. I succeeded in getting hold of the ripping-cord, and peeled off the panel in a hurry. Almost instantly the balloon settled down to the ground, giving no more trouble. This was my first experience in the use of the ripping-cord. Since then I have used it frequently, and have come to look on it as one of the greatest safeguards in ballooning. Of course one must be sure not to pull this cord by mistake up at a great height. For this reason the ripping-cord is colored red, to distinguish it easily from the valve-cord which hangs near it. The part of the cord coming down into the basket is now usually made flat, like a tape, so that it can be distinguished by feeling at night, when it is too dark to see the color. At one time, when practising alone in a small balloon, I tried the experiment of pulling the ripping-cord when I was about 150 feet in the air. I certainly got the hardest jolt I ever had in landing. The basket struck the ground with a terrific shock, and I was considerably dazed, though uninjured.

I have usually been lucky in making landings, but I had a rather exciting experience on one trip last May in France. I had gone up from Paris, taking with me Dr. W. N. Fowler, surgeon of the Wellman Polar Expedition, who wished to learn how to manage a balloon. We had gone about forty miles from Paris, and our experience had been very pleasant. As our ballast was nearly all used up, we were letting the balloon come down from an altitude of about four thousand feet. It was rather open country, with occasional small tracts of woodland. We floated down over one of these little patches of timber not much more than a hundred yards across. There were three or four poplar-trees that stood high above all the others, and I did not notice that the top of one of these had been broken off, leaving a sharp point. Our *balloon* came down a little faster than we expected, and as our basket swung along a few feet from this tree, the gas-bag, extending out above us, struck on this sharp stub, driving right through the balloon and tearing an opening ten feet in length. Our netting became entangled in the tree, while the gas poured out quickly. This left us hanging sixty feet above the ground, with almost no gas in the balloon, which threatened to tear loose. There was only one thing to do, and that was to get out as quickly as possible. The Doctor climbed out on the tree and descended to the ground. I then threw from the basket all the ballast and other loose material, and getting on the tree, climbed up to where the netting was caught, and succeeded in disentangling it, letting the balloon and the basket drop to the ground. The peasants had gathered round by this time, and cheerfully took hold and assisted us to get the balloon out and pack it up for shipment.

Free balloons, while in the air, have been considered to be safe from lightning; but last summer in Italy an aëronaut made an ascension at a big celebration, and was killed by lightning. The weather looked very threatening at the time, but as there was an enormous crowd, including the King and Queen of Italy, waiting to see the event, the aëronaut decided to start. He had gone only a short distance, and was being watched by the vast throng, when a flash of lightning struck the balloon, exploding the gas and killing the occupant instantly. This is said to be the only case on record of a free balloon being struck by lightning.

In my first ascension we had a rather exciting experience with lightning. We had gone up from the Aëro Club Park at St.-Cloud, near Paris, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The weather looked a little bad when we started, and there was scarcely any wind. The balloon was not a large one, and there were three of us in the basket, so we were able to take but little ballast. We went up about three thousand feet, and drifted lazily away from the park, changing direction from time to time, but not making any headway. Finally, when over the Seine, in the suburbs of Paris, a huge black cloud came rolling toward us from the west. Our pilot did not like the looks of it,

Drawn by Harry Grant Dart. Engraved by C. W. Chadwick

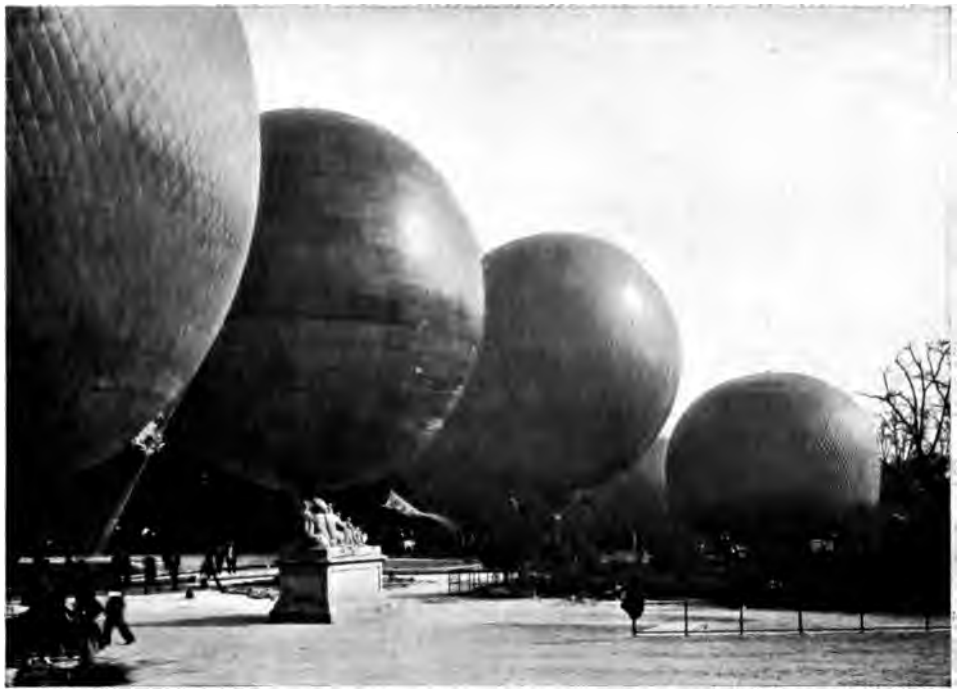
MAJOR HERSEY'S BALLOON IMPALED UPON A POPLAR. (SEE PAGE 646)

and it certainly did have a terrifying aspect. We did not have ballast enough to throw out and so go above it, so we decided to go down. The pilot pulled the valve-cord, letting out a lot of gas, and we went sliding down the sky at the rate of a thousand feet a minute. Just as we got well started, a vivid flash of lightning cut through the inky blackness of the cloud near us, followed almost instantly by a deafening roar of thunder, and the rain and hail came down in torrents. We were dropping straight toward a good-sized island in the middle of the Seine. We hoped to make a landing on this; but when we got within a few hundred feet of the earth, a little breeze sprang up, carrying us away from the island into the middle of the river. Our guide-rope was in the water and it looked like a swim for us; but throwing out what little ballast we had left, we stopped descending about thirty feet from the water. Then rising a little, we swept up the bank, across a street, over some low housetops, and down into a back yard, where we succeeded in making a fairly good landing. We were soon surrounded by an excited but good-natured Parisian crowd, anxious to help us. It was really a very busy few minutes; and as it was my first ascension, it was quite impressive to me. If we had been carrying plenty of ballast, we could have gone above the cloud, and then have come down later, after the storm had passed.

From a photograph, copyright, 1906, by M. Branger, Paris

MAJOR HERSEY'S FIRST BALLOON ASCENSION FROM THE AËRO CLUB GROUNDS, PARIS

The pilot was Mr. F. H. Lahm (father of Lieutenant Lahm who won the Paris race in 1906). It is the moment of letting go and Mr. Lahm stands ready to empty a bag of ballast in case the balloon should not rise rapidly enough to clear the trees.



From a photograph, copyright, 1906, by M. Branger, Paris

A GROUP OF BALLOONS IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS, PARIS

These are a few of the balloons which started in the Paris race of 1906, but the picture does not include the winner, the "United States," which was piloted by Lieutenant Lahm with Major Hersey as assistant.

I am often asked about the dangers of ballooning. With a balloon of standard quality, properly constructed and handled by a skilful, conservative pilot, the danger is very slight if the ascension is not made near any large body of water. There is a very decided element of danger in going up too close to the sea-coast. Even if the surface wind is away from the water, a higher current may be in the opposite direction, and one may get into a fog or cloud and not be aware of a change of direction until the balloon is out over the sea, with no means of getting back. If it is daylight, there is of course a chance of rescue by some passing ship; but if it is night, there is but little hope. Two young English officers were drowned last summer in this way. They were seen drifting toward the sea just before dark. A day or two later one of the bodies and the wreckage from the balloon were washed up on the beach.

The Great Lakes of this country have claimed their share of tribute. Professor John Wise, an experienced aëronaut, made an ascension from St. Louis in 1879, and came down in the southern end of Lake Michigan, where he and his companion, George Burr, were both drowned. In 1875, the veteran aëronaut Professor Donaldson made an ascension from Chicago with a young newspaper reporter for a companion. They were never again seen alive, both being drowned in Lake Michigan. Water is the only serious danger the balloonist has to encounter, and this can be avoided. If an ascension is made near a large body of water,—that is, one too large to attempt to cross,—the balloon should be kept at a low altitude, so that a quick descent can be made if the pilot finds that he is drifting dangerously close. If this is done, no great risk will be incurred.

All balloons taking up passengers should be managed by experienced pilots. This is a matter which has generally been insisted on by the various aëro clubs, and licenses are issued by them to competent persons who have fulfilled certain requirements. They must have made not less than ten ascensions. Of these, two must have been under the supervision of

a licensed pilot, at least one must have been made entirely alone, and one must have been a night ascension. The applicant must also be recommended by two licensed pilots who are familiar with his work. There are very few licensed pilots in this country at present, but a number are going through the preparatory work. In all races held under the auspices of the International Aëronautic Federation, one of the requirements is that the balloons must be handled by licensed pilots.

It has been my good fortune to take part in two international races. In 1906 I accompanied Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm in the "United States" in the race for the Gordon Bennett cup. This opportunity came to me quite unexpectedly. I had just returned to Paris from the Arctic region, where I had been on duty with Mr. Walter Wellman's expedition in preparing for an attempt to reach the North Pole by means of a dirigible balloon or air-ship. Lieutenant Lahm had engaged a French aëronaut to assist him, but this had aroused a storm of protest from the French contestants. Learning of this, I immediately offered my services to Lieutenant Lahm, and they were accepted, although it was only about an hour before starting that the matter was definitely settled.

The experience in this race was very pleasant. The weather was perfect, and there was an enormous crowd out to see the start from the Jardin des Tuileries. There were sixteen balloons in the contest, representing France, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, and America, and the list of pilots included the names of the most famous aëronauts of the world. It had been expected that a westerly wind would prevail, carrying the air fleet over Germany, Austria, or Russia; but the wind was from the opposite direction, and we all sailed west, straight for the Atlantic. I had studied the French weather-chart pretty carefully, and believed that our course would change to northwest when we got out over western France, and give us a chance to cross the English Channel and reach the British Isles. We kept low out over France, and for the first fifty miles continued to travel straight west. A little later we began to veer slightly to the northwest. This was very *encouraging,* and we decided to go out over the Channel. As we neared the coast, we could see the flash of a light-house, and a little after 11 P.M. we floated out over the water. We still kept low, as we were getting a strong breeze and a good direction. At 2:30 A.M. we sighted the intermittent red-and-white flash of a light-ship stationed east of the Isle of Wight. Our course was now nearly northwest, and at 3:30 A.M. we sailed in over the English coast near Chichester, having covered a distance of 125 miles in a little less than four and a half hours. We continued a northerly course over England, and as the sun came up, heating the gas in our balloon, we began to rise slowly, finally reaching an altitude of about 10,000 feet. Our course now changed to east of north, and at 3 P.M. we found we were getting close to the North Sea. We decided to make a landing as near the coast as possible. The wind was blowing about twenty-five miles an hour, and we were kept pretty busy for a few minutes, but we succeeded in landing in a smooth field about half a mile from the shore.

We had been in the air more than twenty-two hours, and were 402 miles in a direct line from Paris. We landed on the estate of a gentleman of the name of Barry, who was extremely kind to us. His men helped us pack the balloon, and we left at 5 P.M. for London. We went only as far as York that night, for on arriving there, and finding we must wait some time for a train, we decided to go to the hotel and get some much needed sleep. In the morning we learned that we had won the cup. It turned out that nine of the sixteen balloons had dropped down in France, not thinking it wise to attempt to cross the Channel.

It was due to Lieutenant Lahm's energy in preparing for and entering this race, and to his skilful handling of this balloon, that the race was held in this country, at St. Louis, in 1907. As he had won the cup, the American club which he represented had the right to say where the next contest would be held, and the management decided on St. Louis. This proved to be a wise decision. The St. Louis people took hold of the work of preparation in an energetic manner. An unusually good quality of coal-gas was secured, and the whole work of in-

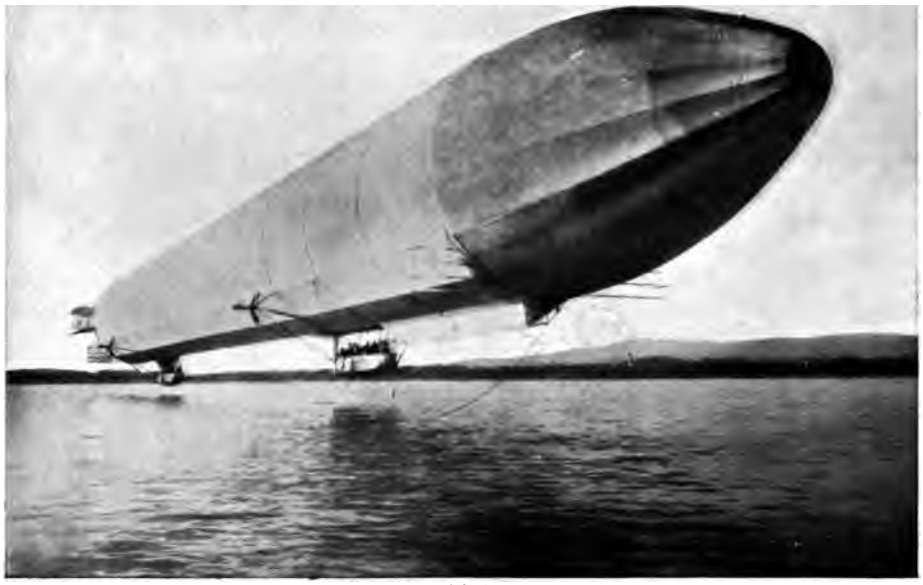
flating and starting the balloons in the race was most efficiently done. It must be remembered that this was the first balloon-race ever held in America, yet everything was managed smoothly and efficiently. The Aëro Club of America and the St. Louis people certainly deserve great credit for their excellent showing.

The work of the weather bureau in connection with this event is worthy of mention. Copies of the daily weather-map were placed at the disposal of the contestants every morning by the St. Louis office, and on the day of the race, under instructions from Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the bureau, special observations were made at noon in all parts of the country. These reports were telegraphed to the St. Louis office, and a special map was issued, showing the weather conditions existing at the time over the whole country. No other weather service in the world could have done this, and it was looked upon by the foreign contestants as a wonderful achievement.

MAJOR HERSEY (IN PROFILE) AND HIS ASSISTANT MR. ATHERHOLT, READY FOR THE START IN THE ST. LOUIS RACE OF 1907

The net attached to the basket, at the right, holds a canvas cover for the protection of the gas envelop, in shipping the balloon after the flight.

I entered the St. Louis race very unexpectedly. During the preceding summer I had again been in the Arctic with Mr. Wellman, and on getting back to Norway, in September, I found a letter from Lieutenant Lahm, in which he stated that



From a photograph by E. Frankl, Berlin

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP, MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED FEET LONG, IN FLIGHT

he had entered the race, and had designated me as his alternate and asked me to assist him again. I immediately wired him that I should be glad to accept; but when I arrived in London, I found a letter from him saying that his recovery from a severe attack of typhoid fever had been so slow that he would not be able to take part in the race, and urging me to be sure to take his place.

I hurried across the Atlantic to make the necessary preparations, as the time was getting short. It was difficult to get an aide who had done any ballooning. There were plenty of applications from good men, but most of them had never been in a balloon. There was one application from a St. Louis girl, a very clever young newspaper writer. She could hardly be induced to take "No" for an answer, and I believe she would have been a really good assistant. I decided on Mr. Arthur T. Atherholt of Philadelphia. He had made only three ascensions, but had shown decided ability in the work he had done in these. I had no reason to regret my decision, as he proved to be not only a good assistant, but a very pleasant companion.

We went up in the "United States" from St. Louis at 4:05 P.M. Starting in a northwesterly direction, we soon crossed the Missouri River and a little later the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Illinois River. A small motor-boat was puffing saucily down the river in the faint light of the rising moon. We were less than 400 feet above the river, and we shouted down to them and learned just where we were. Our course now changed to about north, and we continued sailing along a little more than 300 feet above the earth. I had kept low in order to get as long a run to the north as possible, hoping to be able to reach the Atlantic coast as far north as New England the next night. The higher currents would have carried us east sooner, but they would have brought us to the Atlantic coast farther south.

All night long we floated silently through the moonlight at an even altitude. Mr. Atherholt, who had a rich tenor voice, sang several charming songs, and occasionally we had a shouted conversation with people as we passed over towns. We had recognized, in passing, several of the larger towns, including

Macomb and Galesburg, Illinois, and our course had gradually turned to the northeast. Just before sunrise we came sweeping down to Lake Michigan, and passed directly over Zion City of Dowie fame, about forty miles north of Chicago, and out over Lake Michigan. One solitary steamer was running down the west shore, and this was the only craft of any kind that we saw on the lake.

As the sun struck the balloon we began to climb steadily, and had attained an altitude of about 4500 feet when we reached the Michigan shore. We were now traveling about forty miles an hour in an easterly direction across the State of Michigan. At 1:20 P.M. we reached Lake St. Clair, with Detroit in full view to the south of us. Intermittent cloud and sunshine had made it necessary to throw over considerable ballast. We passed straight across Lake St. Clair, reaching Lake Erie near Rondeau, Canada. We sailed out over Lake Erie, expecting to reach the New York shore south of Buffalo, but when we were out in the middle of the lake the wind changed, carrying us northeast into Canada again. This brought us up to the west end of Lake Ontario, with a direction which would take us the whole length of the lake, a distance of nearly 200 miles. As we had less than eight sacks of ballast left, we felt that it would not be wise to attempt this at a time of day when the balloon, due to the increasing coldness of the night, was losing its buoyancy.

We decided to make a landing, but as it was now getting dark and the country was very rough, it was not easy to do this in the heavy wind that was blowing. We finally succeeded in dropping down into a plowed field, and made a very gentle landing by use of the ripping-cord. Mr. Thomas Berry, a farmer living near by, kindly invited us to supper, which was all ready, and we enjoyed a delicious meal, after which, Mr. Berry hitched up his horse and drove us into Caledonia, the nearest town, a distance of seven miles. We had been in the air twenty-five hours and ten minutes, and had made a distance of 625 miles in a direct line from St. Louis, but had actually covered 750 miles or more, about 175 miles of which distance was over water.

Our balloon should have been revar-

BIRD'S-EYE PHOTOGRAPH OF ST. PETER'S, THE VATICAN AND THE VATICAN GARDENS, MADE FROM AN ITALIAN MILITARY BALLOON

BIRD'S-EYE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME, MADE FROM AN ITALIAN MILITARY BALLOON

nished, but I did not have time before the race. If this had been done it would have held gas much better, and we would probably have been able to cross Lake Ontario and make a much better showing.

I had chosen the low current the first night because it carried us to the north. I wished to get well in the north so that when we went east we would have a chance for a long flight out over New England or possibly New Brunswick, but the condition of my balloon defeated this plan.

The winner of the race, Mr. Erbsloh in the German balloon "Pommern," and the close second Mr. Le Blanc in the French balloon "Islede France," had balloons that were in perfect condition, and they are both excellent aëronauts.

I believe that if Mr. Erbsloh had gotten as far north as we did that he would have been able to go east to the New Brunswick coast, not only winning the cup but breaking the world's record for long distance.

Much discussion is heard in regard to the future of ballooning and aërial navigation of all kinds. The spherical balloon, which is the simplest form of aircraft, can never be used to any great extent except for pleasure. It affords a delightful, quiet ride through the air, but no absolute point of landing can be determined on in advance, and this precludes its use in a business way to any great extent. The aëroplane or flying-machine, using no gas, but lifting itself into the air by its own power, is now being worked out all over the world by many ingenious minds. While a few short flights have been made, it is still far from being an established success. It is probable that an immense amount of experimental work, occupying a number of years, will be necessary before this means of air travel will become practicable. Indeed, I do not believe that any form of aërial locomotion will ever be able to compete in a commercial way with the present means of transportation.

The dirigible balloon, or air-ship, as it is usually called, is now an established success, and is sure to play an important part in future wars. The French government is taking the lead in the matter, and will soon have a whole fleet of aërial cruisers, capable of sailing over the enemy's defenses and dropping hundreds of pounds of dynamite into their fortifications; or of gliding quietly out at night over a battle-ship, and dropping down on

her enough dynamite to send her, a shattered wreck, with all on board, to the bottom of the sea.

Germany is also making rapid strides in this work. Count Zeppelin, working under the patronage of the government, has built the largest and probably the most scientifically planned air-ship ever constructed. This ship, named the ——, is more than 400 feet in length, and has made a speed of thirty-five miles an hour in calm weather. Instead of one large gas-bag, it has an aluminum frame holding a dozen smaller gas envelops. In this way greater rigidity is secured, and one gas compartment may be pierced by cannon-shots without injury to the others. England is now working hard to keep pace with the advances in this feature of warfare, and has an air cruiser which has done good work. Italy, Spain, and all the European nations, in fact, are working at the problem.

Italy is paying great attention to the employment of the balloon for photographing and it is said that a branch of the military service has thus photographed the whole of the northern frontier, as well as a large part of the interior. Some of the pictures of Rome herewith presented are particularly interesting.

Our own government has done but little in ballooning except in the way of preparatory work. An aëronautic division has been organized in the signal corps, and a small body of picked men is being trained in aëronautics by use of the ordinary spherical balloon.

While we feel secure from war in our isolated position, and with our enormous resources, yet we should at all times be prepared, and no important advance in the art of war like the use of air cruisers should be neglected. We are a peaceful nation, but the very fact of our being fully prepared is the greatest safeguard against aggression which might involve us in war.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"BUT, Mr. Jaffray! What did the editor mean—the vital impulse? And why is it so dreadful that you have n't any?" Her dimples, one above each corner of her mouth, quite vanished in the shadow of the frown that drooped from her forehead.

"That 's just what I asked him. He talked half an hour. The upshot was that I can't write stories." His tone was quite gay, but his manner was not the kind to convince any one, even himself.

She threw open the window, and they sat together by it, looking out over the buff walls, gray parapets, and belvederes of Madison Square Garden. The parched breezes of a July evening wafted up to them a strange sound—a distant, multitudinous roar, like the surf foaming on a long, low, pebbly beach. An electric

legend, high up on the tower that dominates the Garden, proclaimed the humble thing it was—ROLLER-SKATING. But to the ear of Jaffray it had more than the charm of the sea. The sound of those little pebbles of humanity, swirling on the sand-yellow floor beneath the billows of blatant band music, brought to his eye the sparkle of spray, and to his nostrils, in spite of the fevered heat, a salty aroma, as of the vaster surges of metropolitan life. "Foam of Manhattan"—already he had the title of the story.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'CAN'T YOU PAWN SOMETHING—THAT TRAVELING-KIT, WITH THE IVORY-AND-GOLD TOILET-SET?'"

In a moment he remembered his plight, and his eager interest vanished. The roar of that animate surf became a monotone of sadness. His one ambition in life was to write of such things, and the only sympathetic editor he had found had convinced him that it was futile.

"But what did he say it was," she ventured—"the vital impulse?"

"He did n't say. He only asked foolish questions."

"What questions?"

Jaffray's sun-browned cheeks mantled with a dusky glow of crimson that spread to the roots of his hair. "He asked if I 'd ever been in love."

Slowly her pink young cheeks flamed scarlet, the pulses of color flooding downward from the white of her full, round neck to the fine, girlish curves of her shoulders. Her body was that of some wood creature, lithe and wild; but the light in her eyes as she answered, though sprite-like, was also intensely human.

"What did you tell him?" Her tone was of entire unconcern.

"I turned as red as a lobster, Miss Forest, and confessed that I had n't."

Furtively she bit her lip. "Confessed?"

"When a man is twenty-five, has known the nicest sort of girls all his life, and has never had so much as a flirtation—is n't that something to confess?"

"If silly girls had always thrown themselves at his head, I should n't blame him if he hated them all."

"But since I am trying to live by writing, and since stories have to have the vital impulse to get themselves sold—"

She tossed her head a polite trifle. "When the editor found that you had n't been in love,—" she spoke the word quite boldly,—"what else did he ask?"

"He asked if I 'd ever seen a husband beating his wife, and tried to interfere."

"I see," she flashed. "The vital impulse means to be in love before you 're married, and to beat your wife after it."

"Not just that. The V. I. comes out when you try to break up a bit of wife-beating. I once knew a man who did it. He was driving in a hansom with a lady one evening up Madison Avenue there, from the Garden Theater. On the sidewalk a burly roustabout had a little woman against the iron railing of a front yard and was batting her two ears with his fists. The man in the cab leaped out and cried, 'Quit that, you mucker!' And while his lady looked on in terror, admiration, and a rose-pink theater-cloak, he gave the mucker an upper cut on the jaw that split his white glove and put the fellow out of business."

"You would have done the same," she cried, "if you had seen it?"

"If I had, I should have been wiser, perhaps, to the vital impulse, but a very much sadder man. The white glove did for the mucker; but the mucker's girl laid to with her nails, and when the hero retreated to his cab his eyeglasses lay splintered on the sidewalk, and both cheeks were streaked with war-paint."

"You mean she turned against the man who had rescued her!"

He nodded. "She swore, too, and called after him: 'He ain't no mucker. He 's my man; I 'm his woman. I guess he can beat his own wife if he wants to.' "

"And that," she cried, "is the sort of thing the editor expects you to write stories about!" Her voice mingled scorn for her sex with disdain of all editors.

"Oh, the old boy was right, all right," Jaffray was honest enough to protest. "In fact, he was particularly kind. Like all recent graduates; he said, I knew more than I had felt. And he was awfully nice about the way I write—said it is my own way, that my outlook on the world is my own outlook. All I needed, he said, was to live, love, and work. If I care enough to keep at it, he promised me a future at forty."

"At forty! Fifteen years!"

He took from his pocket three coins and tossed them lightly in his palm. "By a curious coincidence, my entire available capital is fifteen cents. Do you think I can do it?" Then, as she sat in despair, he said lightly, "It 's Uncle Sturtevant and dyestuffs for me!"

Uncle Sturtevant was the one practical man of Jaffray's family, and trustee of the diminished fortune left him by generations of cultivated and gracefully spendthrift ancestors. As the present Roger Jaffray was intent on writing pastels of twentieth-century democracy, so his father had painted water-color cathedrals, and his grandfather had translated Æschylus into heroic couplets. Even the founder of the family, a colonial merchant of logwood and cochineal, had been a collector of Aztec relics, which now reposed in state in the Metropolitan Museum. They had all indulged their graceful tastes most liberally, which was why he could not do so. The said Uncle Sturtevant insisted that as the heir of the business down-town it was his duty to enter the office—at fifteen dollars a week for nine-hours' labor a day.

"But if he would only give you your share in the business, you could wait the fifteen years."

"I asked him to. He accused me of wanting to loaf. 'Loaf and invite my soul,' I answered. Uncle Sturtevant snorted in that pleasant way he has, and said all my ancestors have done that, and their souls have sent in polite regrets."

"But does he think your soul will come if you have to slave nine hours a day in a dingy, stuffy office!"

"Uncle Sturtevant does n't go long on souls. He advised me to marry and go to work, and promised that if I do, he will make me a partner in time, as my father was. He wants me to be something he calls 'a self-sustaining member of a self-respecting community.' "

She flamed into loyal anger. "Your Uncle Sturtevant is a tedious old rumbler!"

"My case *is* different," he cried, warmed by her partizan ardor. "I told him that my good fathers had n't made good because they were so rich they did n't have to. I asked him if he thought me such a cheap sport that two thousand a year would demoralize me." Roger got up and strode about the room. "It 's the first time in a hundred years that any one of us has had to show the stuff he 's made of. I could do it, I know I could, if he 'd only let me take the chance. Work! Nine hours a day! I 've written ten and twelve, till my wrist was cramped and my brain a pumpkin, and been happy as a cricket. Work! The old swivel-

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'LEMME GO! DON'T! OH! OOCH! YOU *HOYT* ME!'"

chair loafer does n't know what work is."

"But there is the other way." She spoke tentatively, almost timidly.

"Yes, there is the other way."

"Your Aunt Augusta?"

"My Aunt Augusta."

"Myrtle?"

"Myrtle."

He blushed. She turned a little pale.

Roger's uncle had married a commonplace widow with money, who had a daughter Myrtle with more money—the relics of an exploiter of patent medicine; and it was Uncle Sturtevant's thrifty notion that Roger should clean up the job by marrying the daughter. Mrs. Sturtevant Jaffray was very much in favor of the match. Her admiration for the family, and for its social distinction, was absolute. It was she, there was every reason to believe, who had proposed business combined with matrimony as against writing. She pursued Roger with invitations which he generally managed to evade, and with gifts which he had been regretfully obliged to accept. She was not an amiable person.

Presently Miss Forest's little teeth set behind her soft, red lips. "I think it would be ideal, if you could only"—she paused for the word—"if you could only like Miss Rarrish as she deserves. I think she is very, very charming."

"Very," he said. "She has a noble brow and a well-ordered mind."

Miss Forest's eyelids drooped until they showed their flower-like veins of violet, while above the corners of her mouth the dimples danced like will-o'-the-wisps. But what she said was: "Then why not take the editor's advice and write a story with the vital impulse?"

"And even if I could—until I find such a story, how am I to live?"

"Live at the club."

"I 'm posted for not paying last month's house-charges. They deny me food and drink."

"Oh," she lamented, "that does make

it bad!" But in a moment she brightened. "That story about the mucker and the white gloves—since it has the mysterious V.I.—write that!"

"On fifteen cents?"

"Can't you pawn something—that traveling-kit, with the ivory-and-gold toilet-set?" This was a birthday gift from Aunt Augusta over which they had both made merry, it was in every way so unsuited to his simple and unpretentious tastes.

"I 've pawned it already. This is the last of the proceeds."

"But if you begin to-night and finish to-morrow after breakfast—for fifteen cents you can get coffee and rolls."

He shook his head. "It is n't a story—only an anecdote. It will have to mean something vital also to the couple in the cab. And it can't mean anything, for they have to be married already—or how should they be in a cab?" His objections, however, were aimed rather at himself than at her, for the idea was taking grip on him.

"Very well, then; let them *be* married. Suppose he has a vicious temper and she is intellectual—too proud to stand it. They are going to get a divorce; but knowing that, after all, their marriage has meant something, they have been taking an up-to-date, Browningesque last ride together in the hansom. The way that poor woman stood by her husband, when you come to think of it, has a whole lot of human nature. Might n't it wake them up to the realities of being married—make *all* the difference to them?" Miss Forest glowed with inspiration.

Jaffray rose from his seat to the idea. "That 's it!" he cried. "I 've got it! It is the story of the pseudo-intellectual woman—the one really important thing for an American to write. Love is a bigger thing than any woman's ambitions—or any man's. It is the instinct of the race luring to the one great personal heroism. It is because our young women deny it that, clever as they are, the lives they lead are trivial. The lower classes—the ignorant and the unthinking—are wiser and greater. Our democracy is right. The future of the nation is theirs, for only they have the racial genius. And that 's a good title for it too—'The Racial Genius.'" He paused at the bidding of his habitual sense of humor. "Of course, I can't use all that high-brow talk in a story," he apologized. "The thing will have to be done subtly. But"—again his ardor mounted—"if I make it simple and true, it will strike home."

She followed his mood as if it were her own—as indeed it had originally been.

But suddenly he frowned. "Simple and true," he repeated—"how can I make it so if I 've never known such a case! What was the mucker like? How had he made her love him so? What was he beating her for? I can't imagine. 'The Racial Genius'—yes: it 's a great story, but I should only make another trifling mess of it."

She looked at him sternly. "When you talk that way, it makes me feel that what you say is true. If you have it in you to do anything worth while, you will hunt down the racial genius, master it, make it yours."

His only answer was to look out of the window. The human surf had ceased to roar. The Garden, lately so gay, was dark. Over all brooded the silence of the midnight ocean asleep. He turned to go.

"I want you to promise me," she said as she gave him her hand, "that you will come to dinner to-morrow night and tell me what you have done—*that you have done it.*"

He shook his head. "I can't write what I don't know."

"At least you will come to dinner."

"You know why I can't do that."

"It 's outrageous," she exclaimed: "the only people who can accept things are those who don't need them."

"Outrageous, but true. Good night—and good-by."

He had been holding her proffered hand as he spoke, and now he took the other one. They were cold—strangely cold. In contrast with the parched heat of the evening, he observed, their coolness was delicious. He kept on holding them.

"You are the real thing," he slowly said, "the very real thing. If anything could make me what I want to be, it would be you."

"Oh, do you *mean* it!" There was a little catch in her voice.

With a gentle tug she drew back her cold hands. But exerting his firmer strength, he raised them to his lips. Then, as if in sudden resolution, he let them fall, and was gone.

The truth was that he was resolved to make a bitter fight before he gave himself over to the abyss, the oblivion of down-town. Her words rang in his ears: "The racial genius, master it, make it yours."

As he came out into the street and looked up at the vast, beautiful edifice of the Garden, the resolution became almost a passion. In childhood, when first he went to the circus there, it had been the palace of romance; and now it was the heart of the more alluring world of reality. He knew and loved every phase of its varied life—the vivacious beauties of the Horse Show, and the laughable solemnity of the Beauty Show; peace conferences that broke up in a quarrel, and fake prize-fights; the wild French Ball and the tame Wild West; the launching of the latest fads in automobiles, and this sudden revival of an ancient pastime. What was the inner impulse, the genius of it all?

High above the airy tower, he saw the golden Diana of Saint-Gaudens, her lithe, round limbs striding into the wind. The late-rising moon cast about her the pale aura of virgin purity and loveliness. She was the goddess of his dreams, the patron of his art. She was the fit and beautiful symbol of all that the Garden, all that the great city, meant. He vowed to her that he would make others know these things—her things—as he knew them, as they were. Those words seemed her words: "Master it, make it yours." The voice of his city, of his great nation, was calling to him. He would obey it though he starved.

There were angry vociferations in the street behind him, but he did not hear them till a woman's cry mingled with them: "Lemme go! Don't! Oh! Ooch! You *hoyt* me!"

Jaffray turned mechanically, but what he saw made his pulse leap as if at the strike of a trout. Diana was answering his prayer! A big man had forced a woman against the railing, and amid sneers and shouts of rage was yanking her hither and yon by the elbow.

Roger strode toward them. "Stop that, you loafer!" he said. "Loafer" was as near to "mucker" as his native good breeding would go. Yet his voice was aggressive, indeed exultant, and he laid a firm hand on the man's shoulder.

The two stood silently looking at him.

Jaffray began to feel foolish.

He turned to the young woman. "Would you like to be protected?" he asked in a voice which, as he himself recognized with disgust, was softly modulated, kind, and courteous.

"Would I?" she echoed. "*Sure* would I!" With an eager side step she placed Jaffray between herself and her assailant and, taking his arm, leaned backward to cast a triumphant glance behind his shoulders. Jaffray did not see it, but none the less he knew, to his intense and growing disgust, that she had made a face at her former swain.

Little by little he realized what the cause of his failure had been. It was his clothes.

His Aunt Augusta, shocked at the literary negligence into which his wardrobe had declined, had given him for Christmas a "bond" on an ultra-fashionable tailor, who did business in a brilliant shop off Fifth Avenue, modeled after a Venetian palace. The studs and cuff-buttons Miss Rarrish had given him. Outright shabbiness had at last driven him to order the clothes, and poverty, to wear the jewelry, for he had pawned his own. Thus he now wore a loose-fitting coat of perfect cut, with blue waistcoat, amethyst studs and cuff-buttons. His Panama hat, relic of the exuberance of his freshman year, had tanned to a rich old ivory, and harmonized with his chamois gloves as perfectly as his studs with his waistcoat. It was his fate. He was always his own exquisite, futile self.

His lady's late escort wore a neatly brushed, ready-made sack-coat, which hung as if cut by the tinsmith; but he had not the courage of his manly appearance. He waved his large palms to Jaffray in timid expostulation. "If you 'll pardon me, sir," he said, "I ain't no loafer."

"Yes, you are *so!*" the girl retorted, stamping her foot.

The man did not answer her, but to Jaffray he was all protestation and apol-

ogy. "I tell you, sir," he explained, "this lady is my affianced bride."

"No, I ain't neither!" she cried, drawing closer to Jaffray. "Not to no loafer! I walk on with him—*see!*"

Walk on with him! Jaffray was aghast. Where should he take her? What should he do when he got her there? It was a new game to him. Had she become *his* affianced bride?

"I tell you she is," the man shouted. fellow with a low, upturned, bony, undamageable nose, undershot jaws like a cowcatcher, and sledge-hammer arms. His coat, too, was neat and well-brushed. It had been cut for a man of normal physique, and his pectoral muscles bulged against the ready-made seams of the shoulders. The cloth radiated wrinkles where it pulled against the top button. He carried his chest well forward, as if proud of this evidence of heroic chest de-

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'GIT HOWLD O' YERSILF!' JAFFRAY HEARD HIM WHISPER HOARSELY"

"Here come my friends. You 'll hear from them."

Down the sidewalk stalked three bulky men, followed by their three ladies. Jaffray took in the situation at a glance, and plucked up hope for his quest, though not without an inward quake. When this affianced couple had had a difference, the rest of the party had left them, in accordance with the best of etiquette, to fight it out in such privacy as they could command. But now that a stranger had interfered—Jaffray was well aware that the clan spirit of Ireland lives on in the gangs of Third Avenue and Eighth.

The foremost of the three was a huge velopment; and he walked as a tiger does, smoothly, elastically, as if feeling a special pleasure in the flexing of every lithe muscle. In a word, Jaffray recognized in him one Mock McCurdle, a local heavy-weight champion of the bloody mit, and chieftain of his Eighth Avenue gang. The vital impulse! He had stalked copy for the fiction of red blood.

But McCurdle did not address Jaffray with his fists or with his tongue. "It 's all right, Mamie," he said. "Cleary won't hurt ye. Sure, I had an eye on ye all the time." Then he turned to Jaffray. "It 's very kind o' ye, sor, but it 's not worth the throuble. Sure, Cleary 's

all right, that he is, bar the mather of a few beers inside him afther gettin' hotted up over yonder on the rollers. He 's too good of a fellow to play the loafer."

If there had been the blood of a flea in all of them, Jaffray was thinking, somebody's nose would have been tapped, somebody's claret drawn.

"I ain't *no* loafer," Cleary was again expostulating, now on the verge of shameful tears.

"Don't I *say* ye ain't?" McCurdle assured him, at once authoritative and kind. He took the man aside. "Git howld o' yersilf!" Jaffray heard him whisper hoarsely. "Don't ye see ye 're makin' monkeys of us all before the swell guy? Ye fergit ye 're a gintleman."

"Gentleman!" That brummagem word banished hope, and with it, Jaffray realized, not without relief, all need for his presence there. But Mamie still clung to his arm, mutely, rapturously happy. Jaffray knew it; she *had* become his affianced bride. Already he was contrasting her, and in sorrow, with the heroic mucker woman. Together they started toward Madison Avenue, the rest of the party following at a respectful distance.

McCurdle overtook them. "Don't be huffy, Mame!" he pleaded. "He 's a foine lad, Cleary, and could mean ye no harrm."

It was Jaffray's opportunity. "It 's my mistake," he said, freeing his arm with a sudden tug. "I owe you all an apology for butting in."

"The plisure is ours," said McCurdle.

Jaffray bowed elaborately to the party at large, and strode up Madison Avenue.

Before he had gone three paces Cleary linked arms with him. "I want to *thank* you for butting in," he said. "I give you my word of honor I ain't no loafer." Then he lowered his voice. "It was all about the price of two beers. The waiter was so busy with the lads from the roller-skating I could n't lay eyes on him. She accused me of trying to do a dirty Dutchman. She knows I 'm no common sneak. She knows I ain't no bum."

"You 're *all* right," Jaffray assured him.

"*Sure* I am," Cleary assented. "You know how it is with women";—his voice sank to a confidential whisper, but he pounded the air with his huge fists—"when they get an idea into their nuts, they can set a man plumb crazy."

"I 've been there myself," said Jaffray, politely mendacious.

"Sure ye have."

The rest of the party followed on behind, not in couples now, for Jaffray's butting in had broken its arklike formation, but in a bunch, excitedly whispering together. Jaffray brought Cleary to a stand, and then with an embarrassed bow, started down a side street toward Fifth Avenue and his club.

But they followed after, and he soon found himself walking with McCurdle.

"It seems like I 'd met you before, Mr. Roger Jaffray," said the big man, affably.

"I had no idea you would remember me, Mr. McCurdle." Jaffray spoke deferentially, as was fit in addressing a celebrity. "It was the night you knocked out Sheeny Finklestein at Jack Roper's."

McCurdle beamed. "Say, but I never meant to give him a swipe like that! Jack told me the cops got wind of it, and had a plain-clothes man on the spot at the next meeting."

In exuberance of gratification, McCurdle gave him a big, warm fist.

Jaffray shook it.

The conversation of those behind was becoming more animated. "Do you get on to his dress suit," said the voice of Mamie. "None of them monkey tails, like waiters! And a blue vest, with amethyst studs to match. That 's the kind you want, Jim, to get married into." For again, it appeared, she had become Cleary's affianced bride.

"To get married into!" exclaimed Cleary with contempt. "You make me laugh! That 's a Tuxedo, the kind they wear in the country. Informal. To get married into! You 're ign'ant."

"Ignorant yourself!" Mamie retorted with warmth. "Ain't this the city, and ain't he wearing it?"

Cleary fell silent.

To Jaffray the portals of his club loomed up like a haven of refuge. He was limp with amazement, disappointment. But he pulled himself together for a final effort, and on again bidding good night to his new friends, shook hands with them all round.

The club doorman averted his face.

Alone at last within the protecting portal, Jaffray dropped into an arm-chair by the open window. "Now *what* do you think of that!" he muttered in disgust. "The vital impulse! The racial genius! It 's a pipe dream of the romantic editor. They 're the miserable spawn of the yellow society column. They up and vanbibbered me!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a waiter. "What did you order?" He had been rearranging the evening papers for the dozenth time to keep himself awake.

"Nothing, thank you," said Jaffray. Exhaustion and despair sat upon his chest, and the primeval thirst of midsummer in Manhattan gripped his gullet. The one thing he still had heart to long for was a tall drink with fizzy water and a lime. Therefore he silently swore. A servant worthy of his livery should know what members are posted.

In winter the trouble was to escape bibulous hospitality, and now when his need was sore—he had a vision of an oasis on Broadway where flows the true, dark nectar of Gambrinus, from Munich. But—fifteen cents, when the price of one small stein was ten! Yet if he were to accept the salary down-town, he might afford it. Should he admit defeat? Should he in fact make it a certainty? Was there the least chance that, parched, almost without food, and disillusioned, he could write the story of that heroic, that romantic, that impossible mucker woman?

He owned himself beaten, and with the three nickels in his hand was weighing his present thirst against the morrow's hunger, when subdued voices from the street came in through the grille that screened the lower portion of the window.

"I say it 's the Blankly Club," said the voice of Mamie.

"It ain't neither, I tell you," said Cleary, still in the tone expostulatory. "Him in the Blankly Club! I tell you it 's the Dashminton." Then, turning, as it seemed, to McCurdle, he said in rising accents of scorn, "Perhaps you 'll believe me now; it would have been a fawks pass to ask him in for the beers! Champagne or nothin' for his!"

"Stop yer yellin'!" McCurdle commanded. "Ye 're on the Avenoo."

Jaffray laughed bitterly, derisively. Man, they say, is the only laughing animal. But a hyena can laugh; a dog can even smile. And they both have a talent besides which Jaffray now envied them. When they are thirsty they loll out their tongues, and it does for a drink.

He strode to the telephone booth. It was the one free product of the club.

Yes, it was Miss Forest. She was still up, and he might come to see her. If he had any real reason for despair, she would not be too hard on him.

But instead of sympathy, when he told her his story, she laughed at him, at first lightly and musically, then with peals of mirth and derision. When he had finished, she went into a paroxysm that prostrated her among the sofa cushions.

"I 'm glad I amuse you," he said stiffly.

His manner sobered her. "You *must* see it 's funny!" she pleaded.

"Funny! It 's precisely like all those rotten stories of mine—the real thing, the characteristic thing, the new thing, and the important thing; and it 's all that just because it lacks the vital impulse. The racial genius! When Mame has married Cleary, she 'll live in a flat and have no children because they interfere with bridge."

She had listened to him with a good imitation of sobriety, but in the end went off again.

Haughtily he rose to go.

She sprang to capture his hat, and holding it firmly, pressed an electric button. When the maid came, she bade her bring ice, a syphon, and a lime.

Again he stiffened, and said in the tones of a martyr, "It was not for that I came."

Suddenly she was serious. "What *did* you come for?"

"You may not know it, but you 've been very kind to me—and helpful. Oh, I know that gang was a roaring farce, —at least, I shall know it to-morrow,— but for to-night—I 've had a knockout blow."

"Funny! *They 're* not funny: it 's *you*—you who set out to find the racial genius—make it yours! If you *only* would n't be so like yourself!"

"That is the one and only tragedy of life—that every one is so like himself."

"Is n't it also the comedy?"

"One man's tragedy is usually another's comedy. Good-by."

"You are n't angry!" she protested. To signify the sincerity of her protest, she gave him both hands.

He took them and held them firmly. She did not try to regain them. Her dimples, he saw, had ceased to mock; they were tender now, and appealing. Her eyes were like the ocean, blue and deep; but as he looked into them they changed to violet, as the ocean does when the inner pulses of its life swell to the summer wind. Still he gazed, and the lids drooped. Her head sank away from him toward her shoulder.

She struggled now to be free, but he only drew her closer and caught her in his arms, exulting in the tumult that swayed her breast. "I love you," he said. The words came with a gasp that frightened him, yet he repeated them until he hushed them, burying his face in the faint perfume of her hair.

"I have always loved you," he said by and by.

Then she started away from him. The dimples, he saw, were again burrowing upward into her cheeks. "Of course you have, silly! It 's taken ages to find it out."

"But I 've no right to!"

"No right?"

"How shall we ever live?"

"But your uncle's promise—if you married?"

"What he meant was—"

"Yes; but what he *said!* Of course we shall be church mice. It is the tiniest apartment, and only one maid. But it is the sweetest you can imagine—I just happened to see it—if you like it as I do!"

It was only by degrees that he realized all the meaning of what she said. "No, no," he still protested; "I can't ask you to do that!" But when he thought of the alternative, he added somewhat lamely: "There will be my pay, too, down-town: with that it might be just possible. We shall be on the ragged edge of destitution, but we shall be there together!"

She struggled away from him. "You must n't give it up—your work, your happiness! I did n't want to bring *that* on you. Oh, if only I were n't poor, too!"

Big tears gathered in her eyes.

Again he caught her in his arms, and to the sweetness of his love was added a new ecstasy. "All I ever hoped to be," he said, "is not worth these two perfect tears."

Of a sudden, as if with an inspiration, she again forced herself away from him. "This is it—all this!" she cried. "I know it now! *This* is the vital impulse!"

"Love, you mean, that brings sorrow—a kiss that ends in a tear."

"Yes, that is it. *Now* you know it."

But he only laughed at her, careless, mirthful, happy. "For fifteen years? And the apartment you have already picked out for us? You forget. You are my affianced bride."

"Don't laugh!" she wailed. "The thing you set out to master, don't you see, it has mastered you—through me. And I have tried so hard to be only a help to you! *How* can you laugh!"

"Because it is so perfectly like us both. We have everything—and it is nothing. We have nothing—and it is the whole world. You are right. Life is a comedy. Love is a comedy. Dyestuffs, nine hours a day, that is a comedy, too, if I have you to laugh with me."

When the maid came in with the rickey, she saw a strange sight—two young folk together, one weeping bitterly and the other gaily kissing away the tears.

What nobody saw was the golden goddess, out above the open window, soaring aloft on her tower, beautiful, unattainable forever in her youth, and in the maiden mystery of her moon.

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XXV

"WHAT one up yonder?" Hildegarde's voice was as hushed as his own.

"Kyome."

"Who is that?"

"The god of the unknown North. Had n't you heard that in all the old lands from Greece to Mexico there was always an altar to the unknown god?"

She nodded.

"When men in their foolishness threw down those temples, the old gods fled to the farther countries. Last of all to the world's waste places." He held up one horrible hand, and made a grotesque motion of "Come nearer."

She obeyed.

"The greatest of these gods of the unknown—he sat on a throne of ice at the top of the world. The others—they had found no rest from the men of the West. Behind the Great Wall of China we hunted them out. We forced our way to them through Japan ports. We let the garish day into the dim temples of Korea, and the gold terraces of the Holy City of Tibet are trod by alien feet; but the uttermost North was all inviolate till I came. I made the kingdom mine. But now"—he lifted his right hand like one taking oath—"now I abdicate. I will destroy my title-deeds. Fire! a little fire!" His hands fumbled among the shavings in the blanket, and feverishly he caught up the knife.

"No, no. Let me," she said. "I 'll do it for you. See, I can split the kindling straight down." She strained to make good the boast. "Just a moment! Oh, but this kind of wood is tough! What is it? Not a piece of drift—so flat and smooth?"

"Piece of a broken skee—my snowshoe." While she forced the sharp blade down, he was saying: "Ky, do you hear that fellow laughing at us?"

The dog turned, obedient, and both her pointed ears seemed to be pricking at the silence.

"Whenever I begin to hope, I hear that walrus guffaw." Ky's master was listening with all his shrinking soul, and his eyes looked straight through the wall; but he spoke as quietly as before. Hildegarde shivered a little. Death itself could hardly remove him further than he had wandered in those few seconds. "Oh, come back!" she said in her heart, and then aloud: "Tell me, please tell me, how I shall manage about Ky?"

"Ky?" His eyelids fluttered, and he obeyed the call.

"Yes, how am I to make her follow me?"

"Give her more of your pilot bread."

"Will she leave you at the last for that?"

"She won't know it 's the last, and she is hungry. Are n't you, Ky?"

Hildegarde laid down the knife an instant, took a fragment from her pocket, and held it out to the dog.

Very doubtfully Ky came nearer. But still she could not make up her mind to take food from the new friend's hand. So Hildegarde laid it down. Ky looked at the coveted morsel, then seemed to interrogate her master.

"It 's all right," he said. When she had smelled at it, she was of his mind. And when she had cautiously snapped it up, she hobbled to the bedside and turned her dim eyes to the old familiar bundle.

"Yes, I 've got it safe." He circled it with an arm, still looking down at the dog.

Would he ever let it go of his own free will? What vain notion was this of a fire?

Now he was muttering absently as he smoothed the oilskin: "Our harvest, yours and mine. Whatever we went through in the sowing, it was all nothing,—was n't it, Ky?—just nothing to bringing the harvest home."

"It was n't possible for coming to be worse than going!"

"Borisoff would have said no; but Borisoff only tried one way. *We* know, Ky and I." In the pause the eyelids closed over lusterless eyes. It was only while he spoke of the journey that he seemed alive. As she looked again at the face, as blank and cold as a grate without a fire, horror fell upon her lest he should die before Cheviot came back.

Hildegarde's little store of discolored splinters and shavings had grown into a heap. "If I make kindling for the fire, I deserve to be told—things, don't I? Besides, then I can tell her—the face."

"How could you do that?"

She must break it gradually. "Would n't it be possible for me to find her out and tell her?"

He looked at Hildegarde dreamily an instant. "I wonder," he said.

"I 'll do it, if only you 'll go on—go on."

He made a faint "No" with the wild head, smiling dimly. "Any one may have a nightmare. No one has ever told a nightmare so it did n't sound absurd. It 's a thing you can't pass on, fortunately. You can't even recover it for yourself. Of all those last weeks, only three things stand out clear: one was the day I saw the first fox track in the snow."

"You were glad of that?"

"Glad of the first sign of life?"

"And the second thing?"

"The day when I looked south and saw the sky was yellow."

"What did that mean?"

"Land. All the rest 's a blur. And in the blur two shadows—Ky and I on the homeward journey—the journey that I knew then would n't end at home. Ky and I. All our companions dead. The last dog, even our infinitesimal rations of pemmican, gone. Everything gone but Ky—and my title-deeds."

"I don't see how you bore it—how you kept alive."

"*I* don't know. Later we fed on the small crustaceans in the ice channels. But in the strain before, I think my wits went. Mercifully I can't recover much in that blur of agony till the moment that stands out clear as conflagration in the dark—that moment when I set our course by the shadow my staff cast, and saw—" He dropped his hollow jaw, staring at some horror unspeakable.

"What was it you—"

"I saw that while we were stumbling blindly toward the blessed South, faster still the ice that we were on was drifting north."

"Carrying you back to—"

"Back to the Pole."

Her fingers lost their hold upon the knife.

He did not even notice that she was no longer keeping her part of the compact. "Talk of torture! Ky and I like half-frozen flies crawling over the roof of the world while the greater forces carried us calmly back to the North! It remains burnt into my memory as the final type of hopeless human striving. Each day I 'd read the message of the shadow on the ice till I began to say to myself: 'The penalty for having reached the Pole is that you must stay there. No use to struggle. You are surrounded, captured, brought back. The spirit of the violated place won't allow a man to carry his victory home.' It was then I understood." Palm across palm he laid his fumbling hands, but his faint-moving lips brought forth no sound.

"You prayed?"

"Prayed? Something of the sort. I made a vow. By the unknown god I swore that if I were allowed to get back alive, no soul should ever know—except just one among all the living. Strange it should be you!"

"Of course you were thinking of little —of—"

"Yes. I 'd tell nobody, I swore, but a girl. I meant a girl with a little doll face—a girl who would n't understand. Our national phrase for any sort of success kept running in my head. I still felt I 'd like her to know I had n't failed "to get there." Foolishness, of course. What I really wanted was that

she should have a share in that vision no man's eyes but mine had seen. I meant to show her these."

It was terrible to see his hands trying to undo the treasure. But while again she hacked at the unyielding wood, Hildegarde followed, fascinated, each grotesque move the sick man made. At last the tight-drawn knots had yielded. Between the four corners of the ancient oilskin, creased and twisted and stained, the harvest of John Galbraith's life lay open in the hollow of his knees. Hildegarde stood up with knife caught in a cleft of the skee, staring. He turned over the little hoard of discolored papers that lay on a flat chart-box, a theodolite, a pocket sextant, and a record cylinder.

"Notes, sketches, tables of temperature and magnetic variation, casual phenomena—oh, I found out strange secrets! The whole story 's here. I 'd sooner have left my bones up yonder than not bring her back the proofs. He opened out the chart and hung over the grimy, tattered sheet as though it were some work of art triumphant—a perfection of beauty unimagined in the world before. As he sat there hugging the shabby heap between his knees, you would have thought that stained and sea-soaked store must be splendid with color, or resonant with the organ music of the deep and of great winds harping in the waste—fit record of a pilgrimage no soul had made before.

"In my heart," he said, "I hoped when I took her these she might—at last—realize—"

A torn and dirty book, with corners worn round and curling and a look about its tough, discolored pages as though it had come down a thousand years. "My diary." He turned a page. "She could n't have read it, would n't want so much as to touch it. Still, it was for her that even at the last I carried it rather than food."

Opening the other side of the shallow chart-box that was fitted with grooves in which sheets of stout drawing-paper were slipped and firmly held in place, he drew what that first glance seemed to reveal as a meaningless smudge of violent color. "There it is!" And no sooner had he said the words than nervously he was sheltering the thing behind one knee. "You are sure no one is hanging about?"

She glanced out. "Quite sure."

Cautiously he brought the paper up from its moment's hiding, but his low voice dropped to a deeper register: "That 's what it 's like!"

From the hoarse triumph in the tone she knew that however clear before his actual eyes had been once this picture in his hand, they saw it now no more.

"That 's what Borisoff and the rest died to have a glimpse of. This is what I found instead of the paleocrystic sea. Here is where the ice-hills rise. There 'd been a storm. The low clouds—masses—they were incredible. Just like that. And the zenith clear—except for the banners of light."

Plain he had no guess that the colored crayon was both marred and bettered; that the picture he had set down with some fair skill had been less moving, less poetic, even less true, than this that chance had wrought with a blind but faithful artistry. For as Hildegarde stared at the prismatic haze, a kind of wild meaning dawned there upon the paper. Yes, surely, chance had craftier hands than any but the greatest among the sons of men. For the picture brought that almost religious conviction of the truth that great art gives. Just so and no otherwise must this thing have been. The dome of the sky was an inverted bowl of brass. And in the heavenward hollow of it a giant brood of serpents flamed and writhed above a wild, white waste, warmed here with violet, cooled there with silver and pearl.

"And that," she said only to have assurance of his voice again—"that 's what the world is like up there?"

"Do you think men go so far and walk through hell to bring home a lie?"

Looking no longer at the orgy of color on the paper, but at the reflection of the actual scene in the dying face, "It was like the Day of Judgment," said the girl.

"You can see that!" The craftsman's pleasure in his handiwork brought out a gleam, and then with a sudden passion he tore the paper across and across, while Hildegarde cried out:

"Oh, don't! Let me take it to—her!"

"Take it to the fire, and leave the

great legacy unencumbered. Fire, fire!" He was gathering up the splinters and shavings that he had whittled from the skee in the hours before Hildegarde's coming. "Here! here!"

A sense of impotency shackled her spirit as well as lamed her tongue. Blindly she took the fragments over to the embrasure of some blackened stones just inside and to windward of the threshold.

"No one is about?"

"No one."

"This is to start it, then." He held out something. "This will catch easiest."

"I have some thin paper here." She twisted a wisp of her own map of the North, with a vague instinct of putting off an evil hour.

But the sick man followed with eager eyes the laying of every crosswise stick, his gaunt frame huddled over his treasure while he watched the making of the sacrificial fire that should devour it. If his eyes left Hildegarde's hands a moment, it was only that they might guard the door against surprise.

Once again he said: "Look out and see—"

"There 's no one. But would n't you *like* somebody to come in? Some face out of the past—"

"To come *now!*"

"Some one who could bring you news of—the girl you—"

"Remember wood 's worth more than gold here. Keep a little back."

"Keep some back?"

"Paper like this burns slow. As you say, some one might interrupt"—no hospitality in the look he sent to the door, —"Before you light it, have everything over there, ready to feed the fire." His thin arms gathered up the store. Ky growled uneasily as Hildegarde drew near, the girl wondering what was best for Galbraith's peace, what was of any avail.

He made a motion to give her all he held; but what he actually handed over was the torn crayon, and even in the act of giving up that he set one fragment against another, looking his last.

"Oh, keep it—let me keep it—for her! Could you bear to hear—"

But that mysterious Arctic current about which the greatest geographers are not agreed had carried him back again to the Pole. With vacant eyes on the colored paper he said: "We left him a feather for his ice cap, did n't we, Ky?"

"A feather—"

"Or a ribbon. Did n't you see?"

"See—"

"This. You must have noticed we planted the Stars and Stripes there."

"Oh-h! You see, I thought you said no one was ever to—"

"And I carved a 'B' on the flagstaff. It was Borisoff's snow-shoe staff. But the 'B'—it did n't stand for Borisoff."

"No?"

"No. The bamboo stood up there so light and slender and gay—" Again the look that only one remembrance could bring into his eyes.

"It must have seemed like Bella upholding our flag."

His whole face warmed into smiling. The death shadows fled for that moment of his saying: "Had I told you her name? Yes, I brought the record cylinder away, and left there only something that would perish."

"You make a fetish of that oath you swore."

"It is n't because of the oath. Why should I take an empty fame out of the world with me? Should I rest the better?"

"You think only of yourself. But there 's the gain to science. What right have you to deprive the world of that?"

He smiled. "You speak like a green girl—or like a newspaper. Forgive me; but you don't realize. The gain to science is the by-product. The true gain is to the human soul. You don't believe me? Read the most inspiring books about the Arctic."

"Who wrote them?"

"Franklin, Greely, and De Long—the three who failed. Here 's to them!"

He lifted up the cup, emptied it, and dropped it with a ringing of rusty tin, an eye cleared and preternaturally bright. "In the past it was all different, you know—enough and to spare in the physical world to be conquered. But the things to be conquered in the future, do you know what they are?"

Voiceless, she shook her head.

"Moral weakness and physical self-

indulgence. We are all so comfortable we are all likely to be damned."

She could have wept aloud to hear the half-whimsical, half-delirious tone of the wreck upon the camp-bed deprecating comfort. "If Borisoff had lived—I don't know. But Borisoff is sleeping in the lee of that great shaft of Siberian pine; and I—if I know anything in the hereafter, I shall be glad that I left the hope behind me for other men."

"Left it for some new Norse Viking maybe, or some sea-faring Briton. And America will never know—"

" 'Sh! I 'm not sure whether I 'm more sorry that America should n't know she was first at the goal, or whether I 'm not more proud that it should be an American who wins the race and refrains from making the world resound with it. That it should be an American, after all, to do just that—one, too,"—he smiled with a curious sweetness—"one as guilty of boasting as his brothers are. So you see I keep some spark of vanity to light me—out. Here!" He gathered the hoard in his arms an instant, and held it half-hidden under his beard.

But it seemed as hard for him to loose his arms from about his treasure as for a mother to part from her child.

Hildegarde made a tender, half-unconscious motion of protecting both the broken man and the toys his dying hands still clung to. But he, not comprehending, said faintly: "I 've carried this little bundle of papers across the crown of the world to—to give it to a strange woman at last!"

"No, no,"—she fell on her knees by the bed,—"not strange! I am Hildegarde."

His glazing eyes looked over her bowed head at the little heap among the blackened stones. "Here!" he whispered.

"What 's this?"

"A wind-match. Careful—there 's only one more."

She rose unsteadily, with a sense of the utter uselessness of any help now for this man who had been Jack Galbraith. But as she struck the match, and the fire caught among the sticks, once more the life leaped up in the man. He sat erect, exultant, horrible to look upon, tearing the leaves of a book, holding them up in sheaves, and crying out: "Here, take the rest! I keep my word. I give the kingdom back—to the oldest of the gods." And with that he fell together and lay with eyes hidden, breathing hoarsely.

When she saw that the last pages, not even smoldering any more, lay charred and dead among the stones, she turned again to the bedside. Was he dead? A long time she stood there. What sound was that above the surf? Again the long, shrilling note. She went to the door. Again. Of course; the steam whistle of the *Beluga,* calling the travelers back. And this other traveler, had he heard a call? Was he, too, gone home? With trembling knees she made her way back to the low bed. Again the strident sound. It set the nerves a-shake. Painfully the giant figure moved. It lifted up its face. It sent little-seeing eyes to the stony altar. They seemed to search among the ashes.

Again the wind bore over the water that harsh summons to be gone. "Everything is burned," said the girl, and with a little strangled cry of "Bella! Bella!" Hildegarde buried her face in her hands, sobbing: "Oh, I think I was mad to help you! I 'm sorry. I 'm sorry."

"I 'm glad."

She dropped her hands.

"Glad—have n't spoiled—finest game in the world—the men who come after. Don't know—what they 'll do—when they 've found it; but—hunting the Pole—will last them—good while yet. Ky—won't tell."

Again the *Beluga's* piercing call.

It carried her to the door. Where was any counsel? Where was Cheviot? Ah, yes; from the heights behind the hut he must have made the signal agreed on with the captain. Hildegarde could see the small boat putting off now from the whaler. What was she to do? If after Cheviot's promise there was delay, who could doubt the *Beluga's* choleric captain would not scruple to leave his undesired passengers behind? Her father's bewilderment and misery—what to do! As she turned her eyes away from the shining world outside the door, her dazzled vision found only shadows in the hut. She had dreamed it all! No; that voice again: "Still heels four degrees to starboard. One point? No; only a motion of the floe in azimuth. I tell you we 're locked fast."

"Please listen. I 'm Bella's friend. I —oh, come back a moment—"

"Tell Borisoff—can't hear with this infernal shrieking of the boulders. By the Lord!"—he raised himself on an elbow—"ten yards of this living, moving ice would hold Goliath back. And it 's sixty miles to the sea!"

She turned her wet face to the door again. The tossing boat out yonder went down before her eyes.

"Don't let any one in!"

"No, no." There it was again, like a toy boat dancing wildly before destruction.

"What I mind most," the faint voice whispered, "is not holding out till—I got across to Alaska. All those months—all that sacrifice—all that suffering—and fail in such a little thing!"

"Why—" interrupted the girl.

"Why? I—I don't seem to remember. There *was* a reason. But it 's too far."

"You don't mean—"

"I shall never get there now. Do you hear the music, Ky?"

"Music?"

"Screaming of the ptarmigan. Music to us, was n't it?" Then in a changed voice, rational but weak: "I can't see you, Ky."

"She 's here with me at the door."

"Then she 's dim as she used to be when she plodded on in front, wrapped in her cloud of frost-smoke."

"Please try to listen. I—I see the sailors bringing the little boat through the surf."

"That 's easy. Let 'em try the ice!"

"They 're coming for me."

"You—you?"

"You don't remember—"

"Yes, I do."

"I am—"

"Ky's friend. Thank you." Feebly he put out his hand. But he would have drawn it back if hers had not closed trembling over it.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" she cried to herself, aware of an anguished impulse to hide the marred hands in her breast, to see if pity might not heal them!

"I think whatever comes of it," she said brokenly, "I must n't go."

The glazed eyes looked at her in faint wonder.

"Because I am Hildegarde."

"That was n't her name."

"No, no. I am *Hildegarde Mar.*"

"A nice name."

"But you 've heard it before."

The faintest motion of the wild head making "No."

"Yes, yes." She was on her knees by the bed. "My father was your friend. My father is Nathaniel Mar."

He said nothing for a moment. She thought he was trying to coördinate the memories her words recalled. But when he spoke it was to say: "No one must know but Bella—only Bella in all the world."

"Only Bella," said the girl, and rose upright. But through her tears she saw that his lips still moved.

"Will you—" he whispered. She bent down again to catch the words. "Will you stand at the door—till the boat 's beached?"

Hoping, with a catch at the heart, that old association dimly stirred by the name Mar had brought him some warmth of her presence in this chill hour, she tried to find a voice to ask why he wanted her to wait those few poor minutes at the door. But she had no need to put the question. His eyes made answer, trying to follow Ky, as the dog left the threshold and went with her slow, halting gait, aimless, half across the little strip of tundra to the sea.

"Don't say—anything to me. Don't—" The wild face twitched with pain—"don't look at me. Just—stand there with Ky—till the boat 's ready. And when you go—don't speak." Again the dimming eyes sought on the tundra for that vague shadow that was his fellow-explorer and his friend. "I shall watch you, Ky—till the whaler—takes you—South."

As Hildegarde, bending lower, tried to form speech with her quivering lips, he said: "No. You 've done—all—you—can. All but this last thing. I 'd like—to see her as long as— But don't speak and—don't—look—back."

His eyes went past the girl, went straining after the dog as though Ky were in truth as dim to-day as on that gray morning when he saw her first—saw her standing in front of the pack, wrapped in mist, nose to the north, waiting for him "up yonder" by the Kara Shore.

Out there on the tundra-edge again the great explorer Ky stood like some old coastguard reading the signs of the sea.

Behind her at the door of the hut, Hildegarde Mar. But though the girl, too, looked straight across the surf toward the islands named for those in the Adriatic after the Argive King, what she saw was not the nearer Diomede and not the little boat fighting its way through the surf; not even her lover running along the shore and looking among the high-piled rocks; not John Galbraith dying behind her there in the shadow. Clearer than if she 'd held it in her hand she saw the colored crayon sketch that lay charred among the ashes. So it was like that, the terrible, beautiful place that would still go luring men with its lying legend on all the maps, crying out in every tongue in Europe:

UNEXPLORED REGION!
COME AND FIND ME!

XXVI

At last! After fruitless, heart-sickening search among the boulders, Cheviot had caught sight of her breasting easily the risen wind, stepping lightly and without the least inconvenience down from the tundra to the beach. Over the rocks he came running, making signals for haste. Red, too, a long way behind, went racing along the shore, back and forth, barely out of the spray; running seaward when the breakers retreated, fleeing from them on their return, howling at the sailors as they bent over their oars, hardly fifty yards from the foam-line.

Hildegarde made her way blindly, stumbling among stones, scattering bits of pilot bread in her wake, and casting backward looks.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Cheviot was shouting.

"She 's so lame!" Hildegarde could n't hear his next words, but she caught the quick gesture of one who reproachfully reminds himself. And he was flying forward to her aid.

"I 'm all right—the dog!"

Without slackening pace, a hand at each side of his mouth, he called: "They can't hold the boat in that surf."

"Ky—the dog—"

"Red 's there." Louis was near enough now for her to see the heat of the race in his face, as he called out: "Captain 'll be furious—" The rest was caught away by the wind, till quite near: "I 'll pull you along. Here, catch hold of my hand."

"Oh, Louis, I 've got something to tell—"

"The ankle giving out?"

"No, not that."

He turned sharply to signal the sailors that the lady would be there in time.

"Louis—"

"Don't waste breath! Come on!"

"Something 's happened. It 's about Jack Galbraith."

Had he heard? What was he going to do? It had n't occurred to her so much as to wonder before. Did he think there was no hurry about this news she had picked up concerning the long-lost traveler, or had the wind carried the name away? Or—

"I must tell you about it, Louis. Wait a moment!"

"You 're asking the tide to wait!" And far from gently his own momentum was carrying her on. Was there, then, one service he would refuse her? Well, well—she steeled herself. He could n't refuse to take the dog in any case. "We—we can't go so fast."

"Yes, we can. We 've got to."

"No. I must wait for—the dog."

A flying look of astonishment sent over shoulder shot from her to Ky. "*That* dog?" But impatience drove even wonderment out. "Can't you see how close—" He flung an arm toward the laboring boat, as with hot face turned seaward to the wind, he hurried on.

"If the dog goes back, he 'll think I failed him—" The wind and the surf took the rest. In the turmoil of her mind, the first thing needful to assure seemed to be Ky's safe conveyance to the ship. While Louis, without slackening speed, snatched her arm through his, compelling her to keep his pace, still the girl looked back as she held behind her the last of the lure. Ky was making her way better than her new friend, for Hildegarde's weakened ankle turned more than once, and now she was almost down. Cheviot had swung back, and had her on her feet again.

"Louis—" But the pain had turned her faint.

"It 's horrible to hurt you, but there may n't be another boat this year," he jerked out, starting on again.

Hildegarde had no real fear of their being left. Was n't "the Watchman" with her? But Ky! The sailors might refuse to wait for a dog.

"Here!" He shook off her slack hand and grasped her by the arm. "I must help you more."

"Yes, yes. Help me to get her down there in time."

"All right!" But he was shouting the reassuring words across the surf. "Come on!" he encouraged the sailors. "Coming on" was easier said than done. An instant the boat had fallen back.

"We 'll be there as soon as you!" Cheviot's shout dropped hoarsely: "We won't, if you can't do better than this."

"You 'll have to tell father—"

"If you stop to talk, we 'll simply be left."

Ah, well, if he took it like that, she would not even go with him to the boat. "You 'd better hurry on with the dog," she said. "Tell father he must manage somehow to come—"

"Are you out of your head!" He seemed to be carrying her forward without volition of hers. She offered no physical resistance. "I 'm not coming with you to the ship," she said. "I 've got to go back."

"Go where, for God's sake?"

"Back to the hut."

"Go—what for?"

"Because Jack Galbraith is there." For just an instant his fingers slackened hold. The shadow of a fear she had never seen in those clear eyes darkened the fine candor of his face, and then, with firmer grasp, he was once more hurrying her on.

"I 'm not going crazy. It 's sober truth. Louis, Louis, what are we to do?"

"Prevent that boat from leaving us behind."

"Ah, you don't care! It 's nothing to you!"

The hand on her arm tightened in such a grip she could hardly keep from crying out with the pain of it, but faster than ever the two were flying along the stony beach.

"Oh, Louis, help me!" she said passionately, and holding back by main force she brought down the pace. "You would n't want me to—oh, tell me what 's to be done!"

"I don't know." Suddenly all that energy of his seemed spent. "Perhaps nothing can be done."

She had never before seen hopelessness in his face. It pierced through all her preoccupation and excitement. "Yes, yes, something can be done. You need n't take it as you 're doing. Oh, Louis, don't you see, *you* might go back."

"I?" He looked at her with eyes that made her draw a breath of pain. "It is true," he said; "I might go back."

"Will you?"

"To Galbraith, you say? You *want* me to go back?"

"Do you 'want' to leave him here friendless, sick? Oh, it was well I came! I must have had an inkling; yes, yes, a presentiment."

"That 's why you came? Why you waited here!"

The sailors might abandon their dangerous task and leave those two there on the beach for all it seemed to matter to Louis Cheviot, since he had halted on the words: "Galbraith behind these days, too!"

The shouting of the sailors made him turn his eyes. The boat out there, baffled again, was driven back in a third effort to make the final run. Cheviot with his free hand shaped a trumpet, and through it shouted across the surf, "Try up here!"

The men in the boat called out something that was drowned in the clamor of the waves, and Cheviot was running Hildegarde faster than ever down that last stretch of the stony beach. Would he never stop and let her get back her voice? Oh, this carrying a hot ball of lead in your breast and having to lift it every time you strained for breath!

"Louis, wait! Ky, Ky, come on!" Why was he hurrying her all the more? Did he imagine—her power to think seemed to be leaving her. A wavering vision off there in the sunshine of Louis's late guide hurrying down from the settlement with several other men, one a native. And the boat, where was the boat? Beaten back again, and that time all but

swamped. Yes, now it was gone—down behind the white breakers, or farther down among the rocks? The look on Louis's face gave her a new measure of loneliness. It was like the door of one's own home locked and barred against one. But she could n't see well, for the loosened hair, blown into her eyes, was blinding her. Tears, too. On and on over the water-worn stones with that harsh hand grasping her. If her feet slipped, they were not suffered to falter; if they stumbled, they were harshly steadied. On and on with this constriction at the breast, and at her side this face of granite. A moment's memory of the Arctic current, and the picture that had stood to Galbraith for the type of helpless human striving. Something of the same sense of futility visited her as her feet followed the stronger will. Did nothing matter, then, except this on and on? Death up yonder on the tundra. Death down there in the surf. Pain wherever there was life. Pain only to draw the breath. She got hers in great, clutching gasps that stabbed her. Now they were down near the foam-line. They were running in the wet sand. The rage of the surf in her ears, the taste of the salt on her lips. John Galbraith found and John Galbraith dying. Everything changing, Louis most of all. The fabric of her world dissolving before her dazed eyes to the sound of sea-born thunder.

"You 've got to make a rush—and not mind drenching!" It was one of the sailors shouting. The big fellow in the hip-boots had leaped out of the plunging boat into the surf. He was hurled headlong, recovered footing, and streaming, buffeted his way out of the foam, while he roared angrily: "Come on if yer comin'. Cap'n's orders, bring ye or leave ye."

"The dog first," Hildegarde cried out. "No, the lame one."

The sailor hesitated, swore, and then on Cheviot's word obeyed. His late guide panting, breathless, appeared with the others at his heels, all but the Eskimos with letters to send out. Cheviot thrust them in his pocket.

"Now, Hildegarde."

"Not both of us," she said, meeting his eye. "Which?" Each looked deep in that swift instant, neither flinching.

"If you are n't coming of your own accord—" he said.

"What, then?"

He made a sign to the blaspheming sailor. The two lifted her in their arms and carried her through the surf just as four hours before they had carried her out.

"Now, sir," said the sailor, "in with you." Cheviot stood with the foam swirling above his long boot-tops: "You want me to stay behind?" he called.

"Yes," said Hildegarde.

If, upon his return home, Mr. Mar was surprised at the warmth of his reception, he was yet more perplexed to find himself never once called upon to state the value of his Polaris mining interests.

When he sufficiently recovered from his astonishment at this oversight on Mrs. Mar's part, he tried once or twice to introduce the subject of his claims into the family circle. But his wife firmly changed the conversation, as one who insists that painful bygones shall be bygones forever. Mar smiled inwardly, for Cheviot's report had been glowing; and for Cheviot to write like that—well, it was, as the Sage said, significant of much. But Cheviot was still "in Alaska, looking after things," and Mar kept his own counsel.

It was plain that these last years had left their mark upon his wife. He laid the change at first to the disintegrating action of time upon even that hard, bright surface. He never knew the secret rage he caused by attributing to the weakness of age what was due to a hard-won self-mastery, a realized and ripened affection. Only little by little did he become aware that the alteration, so far from being a sign of letting-go, was evidence of a fresh taking-hold; a courageous determination not to shrink from making unpleasant discoveries about herself merely because she was of an age when most people cease to make discoveries of any sort.

Whatever pains her late-won knowledge cost Mrs. Mar, her family and especially her old and broken husband reaped some benefit of that lady's ability to go on learning at a time when the majority think it rather noble if they make so much as an effort to teach.

It is probable that, failing Hildegarde,

Mar might never have grasped the full meaning of the enlightenment that had come to his life's partner during those three years of his absence. Upon that first glimpse of him as he came limping in at the door, his wife had looked at him with a face no one who saw could forget.

"It 's been hard for you, too," she said.

"For me, too?" he echoed, wondering.

But she had no other word, either then or after—no gift of tender apology nor even of explanation. Her task, as she conceived it, was not to talk about a long past that was irrevocable, but to "show" the possibility of a brief future that she felt to be still within their reach.

For Hildegarde all life had come to a standstill. Weeks must go by before even Bella, at her old friend's urgent summons, could get back from abroad. Hildegarde's soreness of heart, her hopelessness of the greater gladness for herself, left her the freer to think of it as only half an achievement—this bringing her father back in the flesh. She must see his spirit at home before her task was ended. No discreet opportunity was lost to set her mother in an explanatory light. When the neighbors chorused admiration of the girl's pluck and resourcefulness on the great journey, oh-ing and ah-ing, and, "How on earth did you manage?" "It was never the least difficult," Hildegarde would interrupt. "When I was at a loss, I always thought how my mother would take hold of the matter, and when I had imagined her into my perplexity, it was n't a perplexity any longer. I saw just what she would do, and I saw it was just right."

Only once, with her father alone, did she venture openly to suggest a corrected judgment of the past.

They had been talking of Mrs. Locke. Mar, who had failed so signally in getting a post for himself, had succeeded in getting one for his daughter's friend.

"You *have* been good about it," Hildegarde said. "I 'm so grateful. So is she."

"So is the firm. She 's a success."

"It just shows."

"Shows what?"

"That the reason women are n't more use in the world is because they don't have a chance."

"Hm!" said Mr. Mar.

"No. Not a real chance, father."

"Good heaven! They have everything."

"No. They don't have education. I don't mean out of books. It 's just as Mrs. Locke says. They stand as little chance of knowing about life as kings and queens do. They are still a class apart."

"Oh, she talks like that—your Mrs. Locke?" said Mar, with an obvious uneasiness.

"Not of herself. Of the rest of us—unless"—she smiled—"unless we 've been to Nome—or, like mother, to Mecca."

"To Mecca?"

With a face more serious the girl went on: "I 've only just begun to notice who among the women I know are the most successful and the most sensible. They 're the ones that have had the most experience—gone about most, or"—her voice sank—"had some great trouble—known about life somehow by knocking up against it. It looks as if the only way to get judgment is by having to judge. Men, of course—you 're always practising. You 're *in* things. You are n't an outsider."

"Who is an outsider?"

"Every woman when she comes out of her own front door. Now"—before he could answer she hurried on—"now there 's mother,"—she spoke as if she had only just remembered her,—"A clever person like mother—why, if she 'd had ten times as much to do, she 'd have done it ten times better. And she would n't have had time to think about—a—the cracks in the china. Yes, father, you may depend upon it, it 's the women that have n't got much in them that fit best in the small places. Mother 's always been crowded."

When Bella came back from England that September, Mar and his daughter had already been six weeks at home. Although given full credit for having so happily reconstituted the domestic circle, for Hildegarde herself the devouring loneliness that had invaded existence showed its first sign of yielding when Bella's childish face appeared at the door. None the less for Bella's friend a shrinking of the heart as she held close

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HILDEGARDE'S WEAKENED ANKLE TURNED MORE THAN ONCE, AND NOW SHE WAS ALMOST DOWN"

the slight figure in its smart French gown. What a butterfly to be broken on the wheel of life!

"But Louis!" Twenty minutes after her arrival, Bella, as she followed Hildegarde up-stairs, put the question for the second time. Why had he stayed behind?

Hildegarde's only answer was to hold open the door of her room, and when the new-comer had passed through, to shut it softly behind them both. Still in silence she laid down Bella's hat and gloves, and then came and stood beside her friend, who sat watching her from the old nook of the cushioned window-seat.

"You might have told me something even in a cable. What happened up there?" Bella said softly.

"What happened?"

"Yes. About Louis."

"I came to realize him. There 's nothing like that wonderful north light for making you see truly."

"Well, what did you find he was like when you saw him—like that, in a north light?"

"I found that he was—the man I wanted to go through life with."

"I 've been hoping for that," said Bella, quietly.

"Ah, but I did n't only find him up there. I lost him, too."

Bella leaned forward and took Hildegarde's hand. Very gently she drew her down on the cushioned seat.

Hildegarde had turned her filling eyes away, but she faced her friend for the moments of that low crying. "Oh, Bella, Bella, when you think what a miracle it is to find the right one in the maze, how is it that we ever let the right one go?"

Bella released the hand she had taken, and turned her head, looking out of the window with veiled eyes.

But Hildegarde's thrilling voice went on: "I wonder we don't watch at the gate of the Beloved from dawn till night, waiting till he comes. I wonder he does n't lie all night at her door, for fear in a dream she may steal away."

"And yet," said the other, "in broad daylight each lets the other go."

"Yes, and with an air of being willing—of being able to bear their going. And we can't bear it!" Her dimmed eyes fell on Bella's beautiful little face. "At least I can't bear it—or—if I do, it will be because you will help me, Butterfly Bella. For you 've learned how."

"Yes, I 've learned how."

Strange, wonderful little Bella! Hildegarde stared at the slight creature, half-stoic and half-sprite.

"How was it? Why could n't Louis see?"

"I tried his patience again and again."

"You did n't wait till you got him in a north light for that."

"And he was strong and kind and immovable in his goodness, no matter what I did or said. And his faithfulness to my father—there are n't any words for that. But you remember—Bella sit close—mother told you about the hermit."

"The hermit?"

"The strange man they all thought had found the mother lode."

Step by step, moment by moment, she went through those hours at Polaris, though there was little need to take Bella farther than the threshold of the hut.

She held up two shaking hands. "I know! I know!" she whispered. "Before you open the door, before you knock—I know."

"How do you know?"

"Go on," said Bella, with an intensity of quietness. And like that to the end, looking more than ever a spirit, and like a spirit seeming to have no human heart for breaking, Bella listened with wide, far-looking eyes that half the time were tearless.

It was Hildegarde who broke down when she told how at the last, never looking back, Ky and she had left him. When her choked voice failed, "Of course I know the end," said Bella, and they held each other fast, sitting there a long time with no word spoken.

At last Hildegarde felt the small hands loose their hold. Bella stood up. And now she was walking up and down the room. At last, as by a chance, her eyes found Hildegarde, and a great gentleness came into the little face. She came back to the window and stood close against her friend.

Hildegarde lifted her head. "You say you know the end, but you don't quite. Louis came calling me to hurry." And she told of those minutes on the beach. "I did n't realize I was ruining

my life. I went on insisting. Yes, Jack Galbraith did n't die deserted, for I sent him my best chance of happiness. I clung to the side of the boat and watched Louis cross the beach with Reddy at his heels, never looking back. Ky was crouching at the stern, with her black muzzle turned to the shore, howling, howling. The men were angry; the dog was in their way. 'She is hungry,' I said. She had begun to gnaw the glove I had dropped in the bottom of the boat. Then it suddenly flashed over me: if there was nothing in the hut to feed a hungry dog, neither was there any food for a man."

Bella hid her face.

With fresh tears Hildegarde went on: "And Louis would n't know. It had n't occurred to me at all while I was there. I found myself sobbing and saying half out loud: 'Oh, God, oh, God, is *that* why Jack is dying?' The sailors were staring. I leaned over and said to the big Dane: 'Do you want to make some money, you and these others? I 'll pay you—pay you well, if you 'll give me just five minutes more on shore.' No, no. They were all of one mind. 'I 'll pay you ten dollars a minute,' I said, and I 'd have gone on offering more if they had n't turned back for that. 'It 's risking life,' they said, 'with the wind up,' and they told me how the captain—but they thought I was distracted at leaving Louis, and that all I wanted was to get him. They liked Louis. They turned back. Just then the whistle screamed out from the *Beluga* very angrily. But they ran the boat in on a great wave and I flung out through the surf and ran up on the tundra, calling Louis. He was standing at the door of the hut with the man who 'd shown him the way to the mines. Louis turned round when he heard my voice, and, O Bella, the look on .his face! 'So you could n't leave it to me even to bury him,' he said." She hid her eyes in Bella's lap. "And that was the end."

There was a long, long silence. At last a hand on Hildegarde's hair, and Bella's voice saying: "For *you* it was n't the end."

The other lifted her face. "Yes, for me, too. 'There 's nothing to be done,' Louis repeated that. I was to go back, he said, for father's sake. And I did. I was quite dazed. But for me, too, it was the end."

"Where is Louis now?"

"I don't know. I have n't seen him since."

"Nor heard?"

"Yes, I got a letter to him, but—"

"Was n't there time for an answer?"

"I got an answer. But there was nothing in the letter."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing but how they 'd buried John Galbraith. O Bella!" Hildegarde's horror-struck eyes besought forgiveness.

But Bella spoke with a strange steadiness: "Louis did n't say any of the things you wanted him to say?"

Hildegarde shook her head. "We waited, father and I. We lived on board first one and then another steamer. And two ships went away without us. Father was so good, so good. He moved heaven and earth to get another message to Polaris to say that we were waiting. And Louis never came. I have hurt him so much he can't bear even to see me." They sat in the silence, crying.

"Bella."

"Yes."

"You and I will never let each other go."

"No," said Bella.

"You and I alone together till the end."

"And Ky."

"Ky, of course," Hildegarde amended. "Where is she now?"

"Down there in the shade of the redwood. There, don't you see?"

Hildegarde shook her head. "Not very well. But that 's how I kept seeing life all the way home. You and the great discoverer and I—"

Bella had stood up. "You 're as blind as Ky."

"Why do you say that?" Hildegarde asked miserably, with a sudden sense of desertion. "What do *you* see, then?"

"Louis Cheviot coming across the lawn."

THE END

THE RALLY ON THE HILL

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

FATHER FLOYD, stepping out of Flynn's, on the south side of the hill, was aware of an unwonted hullabaloo. He listened, shook his head; listened, threw up both hands.

"At this hour of the night, and uphill all the way!" he groaned, and began to run heavily in the direction of the sounds. It was not from the plaza at the west foot of the hill, nor from the eastern steep that abruptly overhung the bay, nor from Clancey's saloon on the North Beach side, but from the near Italian quarter, where it fringes on the Irish. He was by no means the only one headed that way. Three blocks in front of him two men were running, and bursting out of a side street, almost at his elbow, came a large woman, her face blazing with excitement, her red shawl streaming behind her, and clattered away up the street like a Valkyr scenting battle.

"Mary Guppey! Mary Guppey!" shouted the priest; but the Guppey's love of ruction was stronger than her fear of church, and she held on her course.

"Annie O'Keefe," he panted as a slim girl flew by, "what 's the matter?"

"It 's Clancey; the Eyetalians are killin' 'im! It 's along o' that Dago Rose. I know it; I could murder her. Awhoo!" she wailed, and breasted the hill like a deer, the Father laboring behind.

Shrill Latin yells, deep-mouthed "Hurroos!" and crashing of chairs and crockery borne to his ears down the dark, narrow street, led him on to Edrigo the Sicilian's place, a lopsided, pea-green structure which only that morning had opened as a wine shop. Pandemonium filled it and extended far into the street; but beating his arms, and proclaiming himself at the top of his voice, the strong priest got himself into the room, a wrecked place, the floor running red, and the fighting men and women with dark stains on faces and garments showing how often they had been down. They were all there, all the worst feuds of the hill—the Dougherty boys, who hated Italians on principle; the Gianini, father, son, and cousins, thirsting for Irish blood; and Dutchy the "barkeep'," who hated Clancey and loved Annie; and Mickie O'Brien, who did n't care whom he hit, slick as a dandy, a rose still in his buttonhole, though his collar was open and his hat was lost; and, most terrible of all, the intrepid Widow Guppey, whose proud boast was that she did n't have a friend on the hill.

Behind the table, back to the wall, stood the prize-fighting saloon-keeper Clancey. His large, imperturbable jaw and small, smiling eye dominated the clamor; and facing him, leaning forward and shaking his fist at arm's-length, the Sicilian Edrigo screamed his defiance. From shoulder to waist his white shirt was splashed with red.

"Blood!" shouted the Father. At the sound of his voice, the conflict wavered and hung fire. "Blood!" he cried, aghast, not believing his eyes; and the whole room responded with a roar, "No; wine!"

Father Floyd gave a quick look about him. The room reeked with the odor of the sour vintage, his feet slipped in its flow, and in the middle of the floor were the fragments of a smashed barrel from which the red liquid still oozed. "Wine, is it?" he cried, in a blaze of anger. "Would ye murdher each other for that?"

"He 's driving me out of business," roared Clancey, with a gesticulation at the Sicilian. "I told him that if he opened his dirty trade I 'd let every drop of his dirty Eyetalian drink run on the floor; and I will so." He made a lunge

Drawn by F. Luis Mora. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'YOU TOUCH MY BROTHER, AND I WILL NEVER LOOK AT YOU AGAIN!'"

for the casks piled in the back of the shop.

Edrigo clapped his hand to his neck, and leaped for the Irishman. But before the knife was drawn, the Sicilian Rose had sprung between. Her hair streamed. Her slender body trembled with rage. She clung with both hands to her brother's wrist, but her look was for Clancey. "Ah, pig, swine,—" her native speech rolled sonorous upon her tongue,—"you touch my brother, and I will never look at you again! I will never speak to you!"

But liquor and the lust of battle deafened Clancey to his sweetheart's voice, and the priest snatched her back just in time. Clancey's fist shot out like a sledge-hammer and sent Edrigo, heels over neck, into the red seepage that stained the ground. Rose flung herself beside him, covering him with her body.

"Good, Clancey!" shrieked Annie O'Keefe from the crowd.

"Black-hearted villain!" said the priest, cornering the saloon-keeper.

"Leave him alone, Father!" rose a chorus of voices.

Father Floyd turned upon them. "And are ye all liquor-sellers?" he demanded sarcastically. "Edrigo 's driving ye all out of business, eh?"

"Sure," boomed Dutchy the "bar-keep'." "The infernal red ink 's putting the beer out."

"There 's enough to drown the hill already," proclaimed Jack Dougherty, "without this pea-green palace." He lunged for a spigot.

"Das 's all right," shrieked a Gianini, striking up the hand with a blow as quick as a knife-thrust.

"Ye idle scoundrels," cried the indignant priest, "ye 're here, each on his own grievance, pretending 't is the public quarrel!" You, Clancey, hatin' Edrigo that he won't let you marry Rose; and you, you Doughertys and Gianinis, fightin' these two years over the matter of a dead pig; and you, Schmidt, ready to let the blood of folks ye 've nothin' against to please Annie O'Keefe! And Mary Guppey! Mary Guppey! Shame to yer sex! Ye 're here fer nothin' but the pleasure of the ruction."

There was a moment of shuffling silence, when each looked at his neighbor and none at the priest. Then, with his back to the wine-casks, spoke Clancey: "I don't take back my word. I 'll empty the shop."

"I kill 'im! I kill 'im!" raved the Gianini.

"They 're a pack of bloody villains," screamed the widow, shaking her fist at the collective crowd.

The wavering ranks seemed about to close again around the prostrate Edrigo. "Back! get back!" commanded the priest, with uplifted arms. "There 's harm enough already. The man may die." He marked the hush, the shrinking back. "It 'll be all on your heads if he does," he followed up his advantage; and with threats of instant excommunication, with blows they dared not return, he drove them apart, and the clatter of approaching police hastened their dispersal. But they went grudgingly, browbeaten, but with unappeased battle in their hearts. Clancey retired down the alley, with Mickie and the Doughertys at his heels, and muttered threats on his tongue; the Gianini slunk away among the shadows; and the widow, by a route unknown to the police, reached her home without ostentation. She feared not God or the devil, but she cherished a healthy Irish apprehension of a magistrate.

When the police arrived, they found only the wine-stained room, with its proprietor senseless on the floor, and the priest and Rose kneeling beside him.

"An accident," the Father explained, and mentally put himself a penance for that lie; but it rid him of the blue-coat and the fear of having to testify against his own parish. "Yet why should n't I? Sure, they deserve it—the murdering people," he muttered. "Rose, run for the doctor, there 's a good girl, and don't be cryin' any more about Clancey."

"Clancey," she said, lifting her head—"Clancey—I hate him. He is the devil." Her eyes blazed with medieval fury through the fringe of her shawl.

"And she 's just one of them," the priest thought, as the door closed behind her—"ready to scratch her brother's eyes out, she was, when he did n't want her to take up with Clancey, and now she turns on Clancey and can't find a name too bad for him. They 're all alike—the whole hill full, hatin' and fightin' one another. And if 't was for a big round reason that

was worth a man's neck there 'd be some forgivin' it. But what is it? A cask of bad wine, a girl with the feelin's of a Fury!"

And while the doctor came and went, and the Sicilian lay in stupor on his bed, and Rose lighted the candles before the shrine of the Virgin, the priest sat by the window with bitter thoughts. He looked at the small interior of the back room where he sat, where all was swept, snug, and in order, and the candle-light fell pleasantly on walls painted pink, and dark against these, the figure of Rose knelt before a niche holding a little figure of the Virgin.

"I teach them to pray," he muttered, "but what good has it done them? How can I teach them to love their enemies when few enough of them love their friends? There 's Mary Guppey would do any one a bad turn for pleasure. Ah, I doubt there 's any good in them at all." He looked westward, upon the city. The window was open, for the night was close, and he could hear the sound of the night activities. It spoke of the rhythmic wheel of civilization, of man's ordered existence, revolving smoothly and safely. Those rows and rows of street lamps, with their complex system, were for no other reason than the lighting of men about their night errands. Those rows and rows of houses were built to shelter men safe from heat and cold.

"And the world so well made," he sighed, "and everything to their hand! Ah, the idle, quarreling, little-hearted people!"

But the Father's weariness was greater than his bitterness. His chin drooped forward on his breast, and though he recovered himself with a jerk, it sank again. "And the peace of God on everything but their own selves," he muttered.

Then the city and its lights melted into the sky and its stars, and both dissolved in sleep.

HE woke with the high scream of Rose ringing in his ears above the thumping of chairs and the smashing of crockery. He felt himself pitching violently out of his chair upon the ground. It flashed to his giddy brain that the fight had been resumed about him while he slept. "Ye villains!" he shouted, gathering himself to his knees. Then he saw that the room was empty. Yet the coppers behind the stove were hailing down with hideous clangor; the image of the Virgin was bowing forward from her illumined niche and crashing on the floor, her candles falling upon her in a shower of little lights; and all the dim, lifeless objects of the room—the stove, the table, the very walls and floor—took to themselves a hideous seeming of animateness, and straddled, rose and sank, with undreamed of possibilities of motion. The priest felt in every organ of his body, in every faculty of his mind, in the contraction and expansion of his emotion, the same excruciating sense of upheaval and disorganization.

"*Il distruzione,*" Rose screamed, flinging herself upon him; "it is the world's end!"

"It is earthquake," the priest shouted above the ringing pans. "Let me go! Help me get him out! God's mercy!" he groaned, for he had flung himself against the outer door, and it stuck fast. With repeated kicks he burst it open, and while the floor still rolled, together they dragged the injured man into the street.

They came into a world peopled with cries, piercing for very ecstasy of fear above the noise of clattering chimneys. All about was nodding, gray confusion, seen dimly in the light of dawn. But it was not the wavering walls, it was the earth, that thing they utterly depended upon, staggering under them, that sent their wail of terror to the sky.

"Ah, look! Look at the city!" screamed a woman's voice beside the priest. His eyes, following her pointed finger, saw afar off steeples moving on the sky like trees in a wind. Just below him a chimney swung around, and with a crash disappeared through the roof of its house. The walls of another house bowed out like a melted box, and among these goblin antics people ran to and fro.

Then motion ceased. Again earth was steady under him, though, to his giddy eyes, the landscape still swung. He looked down at Edrigo, whose head, in bloody bandages, rolled a little where it lay upon the ground; at Rose, who knelt, her eyes blank, her lips apart, her arms hanging limp; then up the steep little street before him. Down the middle of this a man was walking, swaying and

Drawn by F. Luis Mora. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"AS THE GROUPS DREW NEAR, HE DISTINGUISHED FACES"

stepping wide like a sailor. As he drew near, the priest recognized him. It was Clancey, with all the color gone out of his big chin and his smiling eyes sober.

"Where 's Rose?" he shouted.

"Here, safe."

"Thank God!" He hurried to where the girl sat huddled at the priest's feet, and stooped above her. " 'T is only an earthquake, dear. 'T is gone."

She looked up, recognized and clung to him, closing her eyes.

Holding her, Clancey looked at the priest. "Was n't that the worst ever?"

"I never saw the like. Has it done much damage, do you think?"

The saloon-keeper shook his head. "I just stepped out of my door as soon as I knew where I was, and came down to see what had happened to Rose." He stopped short at sight of Edrigo lying prone in his bandages. "Why, he 's hurt!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, he 's hurt bad," said the priest. "He should n't be out here, if there 's a roof safe to put him under."

"His own ain't that; but my place stood fine," said Clancey. "Better bring him up there." In the first bewilderment of the shock he seemed to have forgotten how Edrigo's hurt had come about, and the memory of last night was only dimly in the priest's mind as they hoisted the limp figure by shoulders and heels, and, stumbling with dizziness, started up the street.

A straggling procession followed. The sight of the priest, associated in their minds with protection, drew the people intuitively. He recognized Annie O'Keefe, her thin cheeks as pale as paper, and the Gianini, those fierce men of last night, now with the looks of frightened rabbits.

The gilt sign had fallen from the front of the saloon, and Clancey trod it underfoot as he carried Edrigo in the door; but Rose, who had followed close at his heels all the way up the hill, hung back and wailed. The house would fall! it would fall! Father Floyd pleaded in vain. She would not go in there, not even for Edrigo. Her liquid eyes were bright and blank with terror.

"Aw, come on!" said Annie O'Keefe, thrusting out of the crowd. "I 'll go with ye, if you 're afraid." The priest was astonished. Annie had not spoken to Rose since Clancey changed his heart; but now she was shaking her by the arm. "What 's the matter with ye, Rose! You never used to be afraid at school! Come on! I 'm goin' in. I dare ye!"

A gleam of emulative rivalry answered from the Sicilian's liquid eyes. She went in first, and Annie followed her into the room where the man whom Clancey had half-murdered was lying in Clancey's bed.

Meanwhile the crowd had grown. They were recovering from their first daze, and their wits flew about like feathers. Wild rumors were on all tongues. The Doughertys' house had fallen into the bay. No; the earth had opened and swallowed it. There was a crack as wide as the street at the top of the hill. A tidal wave was coming. Some one had seen it outside the Heads.

Sternly the priest put down these reports; but the boys of the hill, Jack Dougherty, and Clancey, and Mickie O'Brien, slick and dandy among the wild-clad lot, were off for the greater city to find out what was true, and Father Floyd was left with the bewildered crowd.

"Ye that have houses, go to them," he ordered, "and ye that have none, follow me!" And in a fine indignation at their witless fears he hurried them along the desolate streets for his own house. But the sight of the city daunted even him with a sense of man's feebleness in the grasp of nature. The city, which a few hours before had been so peaceful and so powerful, was shorn like a ship that has weathered rough seas. Houses, which the night before had looked invulnerable, had strange sags and tilts. Landmark towers had disappeared from the horizon, and the cries of his following made a chorus to his own shaken comprehension. He hurried for the shelter of walls that would shut out the unnerving spectacle, but when he turned the corner that should have brought his house in sight, he saw only a group of people shivering on the edge of the sidewalk, and behind them the yellow wall of the Widow Guppey's, which he was used to see from his back window, was visible from where he stood.

"Oh, it 's himself!" screamed an old woman from the group. "God be

praised! We feared the house had fallen on ye!"

"Fallen!" cried the priest, staring at a mass of splintered rubbish and wood that lay between him and the yellow wall. It had never occurred to him that his house could fall. He looked at the ruins, and seemed to feel again the city toppling about his ears; then at the people, and his courage shriveled within him.

"Father Floyd!" cried a voice from the yellow wall, and the Guppey, who was wont to observe her world through the crack of the door, flung it open wide and appeared upon the threshold. Her hair had fallen from its high estate of horn comb and stood out around her face like gray rope. She shouted. "Father Floyd, climb over your house, an' come in, an' have a cup o' coffee! You, too!" She gesticulated at the crowd. "I 've a boiler of it hot."

Into that kitchen, which had but grudgingly received her intimates, crowded the homeless of the hill. The hot coffee, laced with whisky, loosened tongues. All talked at once. It was impossible to get a concerted story; impossible to gage the hill's disaster. The room was babel, each narrating his own experiences with excitement, with exaggeration, with gusto. The antics of insensate objects were rehearsed as if they had been the pranks of clever children. They were intoxicated with their cataclysm, and Father Floyd labored in vain to recall them to coherence and a sense of their position. It was a pitiful thing to hear the father of a family describe how the bureau danced around, when his children had no place to sleep. Their self-reliance seemed to have shaken down with their houses.

Like a splash of cold water into the boiling came Clancey, crimson with haste, his tongue hot with news. "The mains are broken! There won't be a drop of water in the city in half an hour," he reported. "Draw all the water ye can! You, Jimmy Dougherty, run to the north hill and tell 'em to draw water."

"Ah, what 's the use?" the crowd wailed. "The hill 's in pieces!"

"More shame on you! The hill 's stood fine," said Clancey. "I 've seen—I 've seen—I 've seen blocks of houses so flat that they can't get the dead out. All downtown 's afire. The fire department 's all out, and not a drop of water!"

A murmuring, then a groan of horror, came from the listeners. "I tell you we 're lucky to have whole skins," said Clancey. "Ye that have sticks of furniture, be lookin' after them. That gang will be up from Tar Flat to see what they can steal. Every boy here that 's got a gun 'll be needin' it. There 's two been shot downtown already for loot."

"They 'll be breakin' into the saloons, too," said the priest in a low voice to Clancey; "have a care for yours."

The big man jerked his head. "I thought of that." He raised his voice. "I 'm for my place," he said. "Dutchy an' me 'll give a free drink all around to the men of the hill, one this morning and one again to-night, and no more do you get, beg or buy, this day." He turned to Beppo Gianini. "And I 'd advise you, too, to shut the door on your red ink, and stop on the outside with a knife." He strode out, with the Gianini following.

"Now, ye heard what Michael Clancey says," said the priest, more elated than if the saying had been his own, "and ye know there are people worse off in the world than ye are. Go along and look out for your belongin's, and save what ye can, and those that want food and clothes come to the church."

As the day advanced, the heat increased, and the dun cloud that had hung over the southern city covered the sun. And through the heavy atmosphere, among the ruins and half ruins, among the people picking salvage from the wreckage, haggard, perspiring, indefatigable, Father Floyd labored to clothe and feed his own people and the refugees driven northward by the fire. He was from one end of the hill to the other, from the church to Widow Guppey's, from the Widow Guppey's to Clancey's, where Annie and Rose sat side by side in the little dark, back room where Edrigo tossed and muttered. But for all his labor he despaired of the people. He felt there was no mind left in them. Hither and thither they ran at his bidding, but they ran like sheep. Each face, staring full of the disaster, looked like every other. And there were those who stood on the hilltop all that day and all the next and watched the fire. It was increasing

with terrific speed. The sky was full of a volume of smoke rising lazily from the southern city like a cloud from a volcano. Half-way across the city, in a diagonal line, a hot peach-colored glow extended, driving westward. Against it the burning buildings stood up black, like paper silhouettes, with the fire through their timbers. It was incredible, grotesque, a transformation scene. Above the smoke, high on the shoulder of a neighboring hill, a great, white, shapely building stood long solid, like a real object against a panorama's painted background, but toward sunset of the second day suddenly it shook out fire from its windows. Seeing that, the priest's brave heart quailed. "God help 'em!" he muttered.

"God help us, if the wind changes!" said Clancey.

"That 's as *He* wills, then, Michael," said the priest. His jaw was set like a prize-fighter's. "We 'll not anticipate His Providence; but have all the water fetched to the southwest side of the hill, and say nothing about it to any one."

He would not admit Clancey's fear, but often he looked anxiously toward the fire. His heart went out to the people burning over there, and at times it was troubled for his own. For what had become of Mickie O'Brien, who had set out so bold the day before? Had he been caught in the flames, the light-hearted boy who thought it such a fine show? Mickie and Edrigo were both heavily on his mind that evening as he toiled up the steep street for Clancey's place. Specks of candle-flames showed here and there over the hill, but most of the houses were dark and silent. The terrible aurora in the sky, that strange, light, diaphanous crash of falling buildings, the disconnected human cries, drew the more curious to the hilltop, and drove the apprehensive to rallying-points. Such a one was Clancey's place. Father Floyd found the saloon-keeper with Jack Dougherty behind the bar; but that was swept clean of bottles and glasses, and the only trade they drove was a brisk one in rumor and speculation.

Clancey greeted the priest eagerly. "Take a look in and tell me what you think of him? He 's been that way these two hours," Clancey said anxiously, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

The priest went into the back room. Edrigo lay in deep slumber, and beside him the Sicilian Rose sat as she had sat all day, with folded hands, with the patience of a mother race.

"Where 's Annie?" the Father asked.

Rose barely moved her eyes. "She 's on the hill. She 's crazy with the fire."

The priest sighed, and turned back into the bar. "He 's better," he reported to Clancey; "he 'll wake in his right mind. And have ye heard any news?"

"There 's this," said Dutchy, opening his mouth for the first time in fifteen minutes. "As I comes in, the wind catches me sideways, und she should be at my face, if she was coming right."

The attention of the room was his—dead silence. Then Clancey strode to the door, wetted his finger, and thrust his arm out. In doing so he nearly thrust from his stoop a man coming in.

"Who 's that?" he said, stepping back.

It was Mickie O'Brien, as black as a chimney-sweep, his coat half off his back. The stalk of his rose still stood up in his buttonhole. He fell against the bar. "Gi' me a drink!" he gasped.

"What 's got you?" Clancey demanded; but he poured the whisky.

Mickie swallowed it in two gulps. "Sojers," he said; "the town 's full of 'em. They ketched me, an' I been shoveling ashes in that furnace,"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder,—"Clancey, do you know what they 're doin' over there? They 're drivin' the people out of their houses; they 're blowin' up everything the fire spares; they 're takin' every man they can get hold of to help them. But I heard 'em say the fire 's comin' this way, and every man for his own, says I. I cut 'n' run. They fired after me, but they only got the wind behind me."

"Drivin' them out of their houses, are they?" said the saloon-keeper with a square of his great shoulders. "I 'd like to see them drive me out of mine. What, boys?" The room answered with a growl.

"But there 's a chance they 'll stop it short of the hill. It 's half the city to cross," said the priest.

"And have they stopped it from takin' Chinatown?" said Mickie. "The firemen have no water."

"Well, we have," said Clancey—

"twenty-two pails of it. Get all the old sacks you can, boys, and take the blankets off the beds. There 'll be nobody cold to-night."

The news spread like spilt water. Five minutes from the time Mickie spoke, the whole hill knew, and the hill that had been so stupid with fear awoke tumultuously. Driven out of their houses, indeed! They 'd stay while there was a stick left standing, and the soldiers could n't light their pipes, either, with the timbers that were down. And from the north hill came the Gianinis, and the Roggios, and the Baccigalupis, and the Silvas; and from the south came the Flynns, and the O'Keefes, and the Doughertys, following Mickie O'Brien, all gathering to the southwest, where Clancey, the captain, in sweater and high boots marshaled them, and Father Floyd, without surprise, found himself one of this rabble, frockless, with his sleeves rolled up. The fire he had seen afar off like a painted picture was now so near he could not realize it. It was a fact; it was upon them. They waited with blankets, with gunny-sacks, with axes, with twenty-two pails of water, with the courage of desperation. They watched their destruction approaching, coquetting as it came, leaping two houses to catch the third, crawling and hiding, and bursting into purring flame like a horrible cat that is playful. The rally on the hillside, with its pitiful weapons, was a small, ridiculous mouse for the paws of the great monster. Now it had reached the last outpost of the greater city, the Greek church on the far side of the plaza. For a while the blue, mosque-like dome showed through the smoke, then in a tower of flame disappeared forever. The monster seemed to hesitate, to crouch and quiver. Then there crept out a terrible paw under the face of the hill northward, toward the water-front and the lumber-yard.

"Glory be," cried the widow, hoarsely, "it 's after the box-factory. It 'll pass us by."

There was a mutter of relief, but still they watched it, alert and incredulous. Then while all their eyes were upon its course, Annie O'Keefe screamed, "There 's fire on Flynn's roof!" Before a man could move, she was from the shed to the housetop, and was beating at the blazing brand.

"Look out!" shouted Mickie O'Brien. "There goes another! Come down, Annie! Let me at it, and hand up the wet sacks."

While they had watched the city, their peril had come to them out of the sky. All about them were falling hot shingles and sparks, the flaming drift of the city.

"Scatter back!" rang Clancey's order. "She 's spittin' sparks clean over the hill."

The agile Italians fled to the housetops like monkeys. A wooden rail fluttered out red. "Down with the fences!" thundered the priest, tearing at the rails.

With dippers, with tea-cups, with wet rags, with old pairs of trousers, they toiled on the roof. With axes and their bare hands they brought down everything of wood that was not a house. But as the buildings about the plaza dropped into smoldering heaps, the heat diminished, the fiery shower grew thinner, and ceased. Men and women drew breath, wiped their streaming faces, and wondered if the danger could have so quickly passed. Then from the south hill came a shouting, and Father Floyd saw a house going up in a long, thin stream of fire. Clancey ran past him, shouting, "Bring the water!"

"Bring the water!" the priest called over his shoulder to some forms dim in smoke, and ran after. He wondered as he ran how the fire had reached them there on the south side of the hill. It had only put out another paw from the south side of the plaza, and now the windows of the Widow Guppey's house and the Flynn's and, on the block above them, Edrigo's pea-green walls, reflected its coming glow. It had caught at the edge of the hill. It was down there at their mercy if they had only had water to pour into it; but now the word went round that the water was low—that the water was gone! From mouth to mouth the terror traveled. The twenty-two pails were as dry as a summer stream.

For a little they doggedly stuck to it, beating out flames with cloths and boughs of eucalyptus, until these dried and smoked and themselves caught fire. But when the front of Dougherty's house, so desperately fought for, began to smoke, a

groan went up. They fell back helpless, and saw it put on its cap of flame.

"There 's nothing for it but the hilltop," Clancey shouted. "Everybody up there."

"I 'm going to stay by my house," cried the Widow Guppey.

"What kin ye do, woman? Ye 'll be burnt."

"Ah, I 'm tough enough," she cried after them as they gave back.

"She 'll run presently," Mickie panted up the hill. At his heels ran Clancey with Rose.

"Don't forget Edrigo," she kept calling; "you would n't let 'Rigo be burnt, would you, Mike? You won't forget 'Rigo?"

"I 'll bring him fast enough," Clancey reassured her. "Run now to the hilltop." But she stuck to his heels, and followed, breathless, as he darted into his saloon, the door of which stood ajar. Father Floyd was after them. The wood of the door was hot to the touch, the atmosphere of the little back room was stifling, and the flame of the solitary candle floated in a penumbra of smoke. The Sicilian was half-risen up on his elbow, blinking bewildered eyes, but at sight of Clancey looming above him a sullen gleam showed through the bewilderment. The priest saw his face flash into recollection, into animosity, and it came to his mind that the splashed and swarming wine-shop had been Edrigo's last recollection of life. He was dropped, a creature from a petty moment, into this destruction.

"Come on!" cried Clancey, oblivious to recollection, hovering over him with great arms extended.

Edrigo hit out with weak fists. "You hita me now, I killa you next time," he cried hoarsely.

"I won't hurt you; are you crazy?" said Clancey, trying to lay hold of the struggling body.

"Be quiet, 'Rigo! We will save you," Rose implored, joining her clinging hands to Clancey's.

"Man, do you want to be burned in your bed?" the priest's voice boomed above the others. "Come, the city 's on fire."

But now there was no need for lifting. Edrigo raised himself, staggered to his feet, and, with his blanket huddled about him, tottered through their detaining hands to the open door.

"*Madonna mia!*" he wailed. "Fire! Rosa, the house! Bring water! water!"

Rose ran to him, for he seemed about to fall. "There is no water. It is all stopped. City is burning up. There is no help; you must come to the hilltop."

"No water?" he repeated dazedly. "No water?" as they began to urge him up the street. "All burning! Little shop —the Virgin from Sicily—the wine!" He stopped. From where they stood the burning was apparent. The yellow conflagration of the lumber-yards, the furnace of the city, and their last stand, that row of houses already beginning to smoke. He looked over it all, expressionless, dumb. His eyes stopped at the green wall of his own shop, leaning drunken from the earthquake, painted lurid by the fire. He broke from them, and crying "The wine! the wine!" ran down the street.

Quick as a panther, Rose was after him. Clancey and the priest pounded behind. "Look out! The house will topple—it will fall on you! You 'll be killed!" they shouted after him; but Edrigo, so lately risen from his bed of pain, with his blanket streaming, ran like the wind. Before they could reach him he had dived in at the sagging doorway. Rose, too, seemed to have taken leave of her senses; for she followed him, and when the priest and Clancey reached the door, they found brother and sister struggling with a wine-cask.

"Come out of that!" panted Clancey. "Can't you make him, Father?"

"No, no," cried the priest, "he is right." He, too, was tussling with a barrel. "Come, Clancey, help us roll them out. Rose, run you to the hilltop, and tell the people we 've water for the fire."

With such a joyful yell as must have summoned the early Celts to battle the saloon-keeper attacked a heap of barrels; while the girl, as unaware of fatigue as an animal, sped away up the hill, and they heard her voice rising shrilly as she went, summoning her clan. "Guido! Beppo! The wine! the wine—pour on the fire!"

Then a new sound was heard through the high, shrill crackling, whistling,—the rumble of the rolling casks. Like an army they traveled toward the threatened place. Not only from Edrigo's place, not only from the deep cellars of the Gianini's, but every Latin rolled out his one hoarded cask, and above the sound of their rolling rolled the voice of Clancey, lamenting that whisky was of no avail. Irish, Greek, Italian, Spanish swarmed to the rallying-point; their figures danced like ants against the furnace beyond. Casks were split, and wine flowed. It was an orgy, but the fire was the drinker. They warded him off with wet cloths, they beat him down with blankets, they dashed him out with dippers. He returned upon them, poured from the inexhaustible fountain of heat; but they stood fast. They laughed with the bare chance of winning. They cheered when a flame smoked out into charcoal.

It was Mickie O'Brien who kept up their hearts, roaring jokes down the line as he passed the buckets. It was Rose and Annie struggling together with wet sacks who saved the walls of Edrigo's wine-shop. It was Clancey and Edrigo, shoulder to shoulder, who met the fire in Flynn's front doorway, and turned it back. And it was the Widow Guppey who beat furiously at the flames with her red shawl as if they were the spirit of all her enemies.

But the fire, beaten out on the south side of the hill, black and expiring, clung to that north end of the row with the last of its fury, and the widow's house front dropped great flakes of paint, and dried and shriveled like an old face; and then in spite of mop and sponge and red shawl and fighting Galway spirit, a scorching line of red ran round the eaves. Then for the first time in her life the voice of the widow was heard crying out for help; and to her whose boast had been that she had not a friend on the hill, the whole hill rallied to a man.

"Stop it!" "Out with it!" "Don't let a house of that size get away from you!" rang the cries, for the whole front seemed to burst into flame at once. There was a hideous smudge and hiss at the eaves where Edrigo and Clancey met it with their buckets, but the flames roared defiantly in the dried-out timbers of the west wall. Once that fell inward, the whole house would go.

"You must break it out!" Clancey shouted. "Break it out before it gets to the roof!" He rushed to the rear of the house, which still stood intact, and through the kitchen, the priest following him with the widow's clothes-line pole. They could hear little Mickie and Edrigo upon the roof above them chopping furiously with axes, but in the stifling smoke they could see before them only a quivering dance of red. They struck out at it again and again. Then the timbers, cut away from above and eaten in below, gave like cheese and the whole burning mass fell outward. The crowd rushed in, stamping upon it. The roof groaned upon three walls; but it stood, it stood! the hill proclaimed with a cheer. And the priest and Clancey, standing in the widow's kitchen, where all was intact, down to the tea-cups, looked forth from the clear gap of the fallen wall over dying fires and square miles of desolation.

LIKE an island from a sea, the hill appeared out of a welter of destruction, in the early morning; and from the bald hilltop Father Floyd, standing solitary, watched the people in twos and threes, climbing to where he awaited them. As the groups drew near, he distinguished faces: old Mrs. Dougherty moving slowly, hanging to the arms of her sons, one on each side of her; Edrigo among the Gianini's, his cousins; and a little behind them, Clancey, his face still black with cinder-dust, his hands stained deep with wine, walked with his arm around Rose. Annie O'Keefe, swift as a lapwing; Dutchy toiling in her wake; Mickie O'Brien, whistling, a torn cap over his eye, a fresh red rose in his buttonhole, followed hard upon them; and last of all, toiling painfully with her great bulk and weariness, came the Widow Guppey, as was her wont, alone. As they reached the hilltop they clustered together, not talking among themselves, hardly aware of one another, but all looking at the priest. He stood a little apart, waiting, while the last stragglers joined the crowd; then he came forward and opened his breviary. The service began.

He read words he had read so often in

church that they fell automatically from his tongue, but in his own mind he was reading a higher service, one written in all creeds and understood in all languages—the litany of great courage, and great deeds, and greatest immolation. He was aware of smoke still towering above the western hills, and, at intervals, of the sullen shock of explosives. He saw the people before him kneeling and rising. His face was rapt. He felt himself lifted to a higher place even than this hilltop, and facing spirits risen above teaching, to whom words were vain.

The sun was rising, and, as he ended, its yellow light filtered through clouds and touched the hill with dim glory. His people rose from their knees. Voices broke out and scattering laughter, and while some gathered about him, he saw others were dispersing to the homes they had saved, and to the life which was beginning again. Then at his elbow a voice rose hoarse and warning.

"Rosa, you coma home! coma with me! No letta you hang about with that Irish. You hear?" And with a vague sense of surprise and doubt the priest saw the girl standing, as often he had seen her before, hesitating, pleading, between her brother and her lover.

"Aw, well, we 're goin' to be married, an' you know it," said Clancey, aggressively; "and don't you go to makin' a fuss, or I 'll—" He caught the priest's eye, and faltered, embarrassed. "Aw, well," he growled; then with a shrug he flung off, and Rose went drooping with her brother. She did not even lift her eyes when Annie O'Keefe passed her with stiff head, without a word.

"I tell you some chicken-thievin' Oranger has taken me tay-pot." Shrill rose the voice of the Guppey. "Just let me get my hands on him"—The voice trailed off out of hearing.

The priest stood, looking at the dust at his feet. He felt himself descending from his high place into the every-day, into the life he had lived before. But doubt had vanished from his eyes. He put his breviary into his pocket and slowly descended the hill. "The heart of man is both great and little," he murmured, "and God who made it, no doubt He understands."

DIANA, CAPTIVE

(THE SAINT-GAUDENS FIGURE)

BY WITTER BYNNER

CAPTIVE, she hunts on her tower,
Caught in her turning flight
From the covert of her bower
To the covert of the night.

Anew the rising day
Reveals her in the sky,
Her hand still poised the way
The dart was wont to fly.

The winds about her still
Are winding sun and rain;
They will not doubt her still
The mistress of the vane.

They bring to eyes of gold
The flashing of a fawn,
They sing the call of old
To feet as white as dawn.

But toward a final goal,
With blindly turning face,
Diana, like the soul,
Goes captive on her chase.

GERALDINE FARRAR

BY EMILY M. BURBANK

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, member of the Royal Opera of Berlin and of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York City, is an American, and was born in Melrose, Massachusetts. She lived with her parents in that suburb of Boston until she was seventeen years of age, when, accompanied by them, she went to Europe to study for opera.

Miss Farrar sang in public for the first time at the age of four. So have countless others, but because she has "made good" as a singer this is recorded as the first link in an unbroken chain every part of which has been forged with character, conviction, and courage. She made her second important appearance, when twelve years old, at a charity concert in Boston. That was after she had begun to have her voice trained. Even before that, her predilection to be a singer of grand opera had shown itself. As a child she thought and talked of little else. Her games were all "plays," her own creations or dramatization of fairy-stories and other tales which had been read to her. She was always "leading lady," often several "leading ladies," and "leading men" as well; "manager," "prompter," and all persons in authority.

An old lady in Melrose, Massachusetts, enjoys telling how she found "Jerry" Farrar, at the age of four, splashing about in her kitchen sink, playing at being a water-fairy, costumed in towels. Lifting her voice above the noise of the running water, the child called out, "I 's *Undine,* Gran'ma Spencer!"

From *Undine* at four to *Elizabeth* at twenty-four (at the Prince Regent Theater, Munich), it never occurred to Geraldine Farrar to take a minor rôle. It is true that many of our greatest artists have mounted by successive steps of the ladder, but Miss Farrar happens to be a marked example of the type of artist who begins at the top. Miss Ellen Terry tells us that she was never ambitious; Miss Farrar is ambition personified. Miss Terry assures us that she drifted into her profession; Miss Farrar sprang into hers at a bound; nothing, no one, could have kept her from it.

When she was about fifteen, interested teachers and friends persuaded M. Jean de Reszke, Mme. Melba, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Calvé, and others to hear the girl's voice. All encouraged her to enter their profession.

In 1897, in the autumn of her seventeenth year, she went to Europe with her mother and father, not returning to her own country until 1906, when she did so as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. During that season she sang the rôles of *Juliette, Marguerite* (Gounod's and that of Berlioz), *Elizabeth, Mimi, Nedda,* and *Madame Butterfly,* the last under the supervision of its composer, Puccini.

Miss Farrar comes of New England stock on both sides. Her father's ancestors were Maine farmers; most of the men in her mother's family were clergymen, but her maternal great-grandfather was a Massachusetts blacksmith. Miss Farrar's father when a young man had a remarkably fine voice, as had his father

before him. Her maternal grandfather supported a wife and several children as violinist, conductor, and composer; and her mother had a good voice, and from a child longed to be an opera-singer. She married at seventeen, and never sang after the birth of her daughter Geraldine, who is an only child, and has had the advantage of her mother's devotion and constant companionship. Before going to Europe to study, Miss Farrar received vocal instruction in Boston, New York, and Washington. She says that the American teacher to whom she owes special gratitude was a Washington woman who has since died. From her she learned the fundamental principles of breathing and the value of concentration. Upon this foundation she was able to build, under the guidance of European teachers.

In 1897, in Paris, Miss Farrar began her vocal studies. During that year she became interested in a book on voice-training, by a once well-known operatic tenor, half-Russian, half-Italian, then living in Berlin, whither Miss Farrar and her parents moved that she might continue her work under his guidance.

Five or six months later she sang at a private musical in Berlin, where she was heard by Herr Hochberg, Intendant of the Royal Opera, at whose suggestion a few weeks later she signed a three-years' contract with the Berlin Royal Opera Company to sing leading soprano rôles the following season. She made her début as *Marguerite* in Faust at the age of nineteen, and attracted marked attention by her voice, acting, and individuality of interpretation. At the expiration of this contract, she was asked to re-sign for a much longer term, at an increase of salary, which she did.

Before Miss Farrar went to Europe to study, Mr. B. J. Lang of Boston said to her: "You will fail in your aim to be a successful opera-singer unless you are willing to reach the theater by way of the concert platform and the church choir." Some years later, after she had scored as prima donna in Berlin, Paris, Stockholm, and Monte Carlo, Miss Farrar and Mr. Lang met in Munich, and the writer was present when the veteran musician to whom America owes so much said, with much grace: "Miss Farrar, I owe you an apology. I was wrong in my predictions. *You* have succeeded in opera without having served a term as concert or church singer. However, I have not altered my opinion. I still believe that, for the *average* aspirant to operatic distinction, my theory holds good."

Ever since her début in opera, whenever Miss Farrar has been in Berlin, she has studied with Mme. Lilli Lehmann. When questioned in the summer of 1907 with regard to Miss Farrar's much-discussed voice, Mme. Lehmann said: "One cannot expect at twenty-five, even for a *grosses Talent,* the perfection of fifty. Miss Farrar's voice is a very beautiful one, and while it is as yet not a fully developed voice, it is always musical and always true." Admiration, friendship, and affection are mutual between the world's greatest singing actress and her richly endowed pupil.

One of her own profession, in speaking of Miss Farrar, recently said: "More than any one I have ever seen, she makes everything on the stage count for *her.*" In a way this is true of her off the stage: everything is grist for her mill.

To be a "quick-study" in the usual theatrical sense is not rare, but to be quick at mental digestion and the creation of a rôle, or, what is much more difficult, the re-creation of a time-worn rôle, is to possess qualities of a high order.

Richard Strauss desired Miss Farrar to create the part of *Salome* in Germany, but after she had studied the taxing music, she decided that her voice was not sufficiently mature to stand the strain and fulfil the other obligations of her contracts, so she reluctantly relinquished the idea.

Miss Farrar is frequently asked for advice by young aspirants to operatic laurels. She is always emphatic in her insistence that, as an equipment to start with, a capacity for work, great patience, and a fixed determination to succeed in spite of all obstacles, are as necessary as talent. The comments which follow have been made in response to specific questions which I have addressed to her, in the belief that what she would say would be of interest to the general reader and of special use to the student of singing.

"It is impossible to lay down rules as to how one should prepare for opera.

That depends very much upon the nature of the student. During my own student days in Paris and Berlin, I studied the voice and diction. For two months at the beginning I took plastic Delsarte; but as this did not seem to advance me as I had wished, I left conventional acting, and devoted the time to reading, observing actors, and actresses, and visiting galleries to study poses from painting and statuary. The lines in architecture also gave me suggestions. After I went into opera, I learned from making mistakes. I never took fencing lessons or any physical culture. Until my début in opera, the general tone of my days was gray: There were no brilliant flashes.

"In my subsequent remarks I do not mean to imply that the necessary and arduous task of voice-placing and breathing was eliminated from my training, or that this is to be dispensed with by the ambitious and talented; on the contrary. The great singers and teachers have frequently given their opinions and valuable data along these lines for the benefit of the eager and intelligent student. It is not my desire to try to tell others how to sing; my interest lies in an attempt to make plain the fact that every artist must learn to feel and to appreciate that which creates interest, and why it does so.

"I began to study singing at the age of twelve, and passed through the usual routine of cultivating the vocal apparatus. I found it extremely tiresome, because there was lacking just that motive of interest in expression and color which was soon to change my view of the procedure. Why does not 'perfect technique' mean equal perfection of form and color? As soon as this idea took possession of me, it immediately lent life, character, and never-ending interest to the otherwise mechanical and dreary process of 'placing one's voice.' I confess that a feeling for color has always predominated in me, and that color has interested me more than technical form.

"Since beginning to sing, I have often disregarded, after conscientious trial, the advice of the experienced, though it meant to break away from the old traditions and to take to new paths far more difficult to tread than those usually prescribed for all students of opera, regardless of individual needs. I believe no young singer can 'grow' in a room; that is, after the pupil is sufficiently advanced to withstand the healthy fatigue of easy singing, and has learned to master breath-control so as to avoid strains. It seems but reasonable that she should then try her faculties, as a young bird tries its wings, in that school where she means to make her life's career. In the foreign opera-houses young voices are given suitable parts, and their progress is watched and encouraged, immaturities not being unkindly censured. The public is too often inclined to demand the ripeness of maturity from youth, while ignoring certain rare qualities which invariably pass with the passing of youth, compensated for, but not regained, by mastering the art of singing. Years of diligent practice in a room under the direction of a vigilant teacher cannot inspire the independence, perception, and self-reliance that a real artist must find when she allows her own intelligence to be her master. I was most fortunate in being able to imbibe much learning from my teacher Lilli Lehmann, and then to present its results immediately to a public which knew me professionally, and had watched my progress with affectionate interest.

"It rests with each one whether he shall *seek from within or accept from without.*

"Imitation is good, if one gains by it. It would be unwise, however, to follow along the lines of a great singer, if to do so meant to paralyze one's independent power of development,—to lose one's own persuasive quality or precious individuality, however crude. Neither should students be herded together like cattle: they need individual attention, not ten or twenty minutes admonition, but at least an hour of earnest singing, interspersed with rest pauses and intelligent comment. To put oneself blindly into the hands of an instructor, without first analyzing one's requirements, might work well for the average, but certainly not for the really talented singer who needs and wants to do her own thinking. The instructor should be the helper, not the prime factor, in controlling one's intelligence.

"That certain melodramatic 'experiences' must be included in the career of a singer is a false and misleading state-

ment. Beyond the natural development that life holds for us all in infinite variety, healthy ideals and hard work are the requirements for the talented and ambitious, as I have said before. I believe the creative force is born of powerful and prolific imagination, and that the ability to portray in dramatic characterization is the outcome of introspection, observation, and study, rather than of personal experience. Illusion is the aim of art, and its creation in its highest form is a most interesting study. As I am fortunately the possessor of perfect health, I am particularly gratified when told, and frequently by medical men, that the death-scene in 'La Traviata,' and the mad-scene in 'Faust' give the impression of absolute reality.

"The claim that 'artistic development' results from a confusion of one's private with one's professional life is to me a mistaken one. To my mind they are absolutely apart and unrelated, and public curiosity as to that part of an artist's existence reserved for herself and a few intimates is to be discouraged.

"Besides the actress and the singer, our modern music-dramas have created the singing actress, and it sometimes occurs that this *genre* of prima donna is misjudged because of the misalliance of text and music. In many instances the rôle seems curiously at variance with the musical portrayal. I feel the drama of *Juliette's* youth, passion, and *Hingebung* (complete yielding of herself) more strongly than the lyric quality. And the well-worn coloratura and 'light soprano style' of 'La Traviata' does not always interpret the depth of the lines and the poignant *quiet* suffering of 'La Dame aux Camelias.'

"I would repeat that the coloring and characterization of a rôle is of quite as much importance as its correct vocal performance. The analysis of a rôle from this point of view is most interesting. In *Elizabeth,* joyous brightness, tempered by maidenly reserve, is followed by an anguished, impersonal accent, during which the silver tone dominates, ending in the quiet, resigned nobility of the prayer. In *Marguerite,* a single thread of easy, light-hearted singing breaks into terrified accents, to culminate in the clarion-like glory of the trio. *Nedda* is brilliant, careless, tempestuous, with an occasional shrill note of terror and accented passion. *Madame Butterfly* is a veritable prism of radiance—sparkling, glowing, multi-colored, emotional fabric of dainty, changing coquetry, leading to pronounced accents of passion, pain, and renunciation.

"An artist gains a distinct advantage if she can appear in a varied repertory; in no other way can she fully develop her power. The Berlin and Monte Carlo opera-houses have been wonderful schools for this kind of growth. I give my repertory in the order of production, merely to show what it has meant to me to carry on my professional work under directors who insist upon a large variety of operas and the frequent presentation of new works.

"At Berlin: 'Faust,' 'La Traviata,' 'I Pagliacci,' 'Il Trovatore,' 'Romeo et Juliette,' 'Manon,' 'Mignon,' 'Black Domino,' 'Don Giovanni.'

"At the Prince Regent Theater, Munich: 'Tannhäuser.'

"At Monte Carlo: 'La Bôheme' by Puccini; 'Amica' by Massenet; 'La Roi Lahore' by Massenet; 'André Chenier' by Giordano; 'La Damnation de Faust' by Berlioz; 'Lancêtre' by Saint-Saëns; 'Le Clown' by Saint-Saëns.

"At New York: 'Madame Butterfly' by Puccini."

MONAD AND MULTITUDE

BY EDMUND GOSSE

DEEP in high woods where none pass by
Strange fancies haunt the ear and eye,
And human forms are lightly seen
Where human foot hath seldom been:
So, to my restless thought to-day,
Grows populous the woodland gray—
Young, stalwart, silent warriors these
Battalions of embattled trees;
Each living bole, awakened, lifts
Toward golden cloud and azure rifts
Slim, slippery limbs, but lately curl'd
In coverts of the savage world,
Each naked, with its silver guard,
Soft skin, and folded muscle hard.

So dreamed I, with that army round
Of forms alert, and—not a sound.

Then as I lay across the bed
Of cold moss temper'd to my head,
I sang: "O million shafts of pines,
On each of which the god-light shines,
In you the miracle I see
Of multitude in unity.
Each silken pillar stands alone;
From root to quivering twig 't is one;
Its body drawn from earth's gray lap,
Its branches fed with gem-like sap;
Through dreamy frosts, submerged in
snow,
Which makes a twilight here below,—
Through summer, opened fanlike out,
By flame of spice made smooth and
stout,—
Each watched and fed and bound and
guarded
As if alone of trees regarded,
Yet standing in this forest fast
An atom in the tree-world vast,
One of a million, swarms that are
Mere velvet from the vale afar,
Uncounted items covering wide
The sloped heroic mountain-side,
Mere units from whose sacrifice
Broad complicated forests rise."

So, in the mystic world of man,
We see the endless double plan —
The individual, for whose boon
Alone God lighted sun and moon,
You, or you other soul, or I,
The central wonder of the sky,
A solitary force that came
From heaven, and holds the heavenly
flame;
Whose life alone is worth the fears
And joys of time's unending years;
Fixed goal round which forever stirs
The ministering universe,
Whose mighty sinew, whose clear nerve,
Whose pulse, and satin skin, deserve
The best that eons can supply
Of vivid immortality.

So, gaze at the sufficing pine
For one view of your being, and mine!
But, in another sense, how slight
Your hold, and mine, on love and
light!

Items we are, of no account,
As pushing toward the sun we mount,
And 't is but in our own conceit
We feign a godhead round our feet.
Since,—this one stunted, that one tall,
And boughs here mildewed, fit to fall,
This soiled from owls' nests, this one
clean,
With shimmering fans of stainless
green—
We are but parts of one design,
Monotonous and unbenign.

Last night along this huge expanse
I saw a crooked lightning dance;
The thunder roared in hollow fit,
And all the forest moaned with it.
If from the vault in darkness steeped
A shaft of angry lightning leaped,
And tipped one pine in elfin mirth,
And scored and blasted it to earth,
Fed on its spices, bored within,
And shriveled up its satin skin,
Where is that stricken pine to-day,
In all the forest's plumed array?

Though it and all its charm are broken,
The broad, sweet woodland gives no token;
Its central oneness left no sense
On the undisturbed circumference,
Nor can the eye, though searching well,
Deplore that vanished miracle.

Such is the wonder of man's soul,
God-guarded, an essential whole;
Yet, in life's broad and mighty scheme,
God-disregarded, and a dream.

THE LATER WORKS OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

MY father's return from Europe in 1900 set apart the last seven years of his life, which he spent in the country at Cornish, New Hampshire. There, though hampered with ever-increasing pain, he completed, among his commissions, statues to General Sherman, to Lincoln, and to Phillips Brooks, besides nearly finishing two groups of caryatids for the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo. His one regret was that through over-anxiety to perfect the figures to be placed before the Boston Public Library, he postponed definite work upon them until too late.

What permitted my father to accomplish so much was his newly aroused love of the out-of-doors, typified by two letters he wrote to friends in Paris:

I would never have believed it, nor do I suppose you will believe me now, but I am enjoying the rigorous young winter up here keenly. Snow over all, sun brilliant and supreme, sleighs, sleigh-bells galore, and a cheerfulness that brings back visions of the halcyon winter days of my boyhood.

And again:

We skate, and I play games upon the ice as I played them thirty-seven years ago. I am a little more stiff, but that makes no difference, since I still feel young. . . . It is very far from the terrible, black, sad days of the winters of London and Paris, and even New York.

In this frame of mind, therefore, he often turned out the whole studio, saying, "Sculpture is n't in it with tobogganing." Thus he developed sufficient energy to keep his mind active through all. For when, toward the last, he no longer walked, he was carried from studio to studio in an improvised sedan-chair. When he no longer stood, he sat by his assistants, sketching his ideas upon a pad. And when he no longer sat, he had sofas placed for himself in his various workrooms.

The first serious occupation toward which my father directed his efforts when he left the hospital in 1900 was the completion of the Sherman monument, the reconstruction of the large Stevenson relief for Edinburgh, and the statue of Governor Roswell P. Flower for Watertown, New York.

At this time one cast of the Sherman stood in the Paris Exposition, while a plaster duplicate had gone to the French

foundry. My father, however, still dissatisfied with the result, and yet dreading a trip abroad, set up a third replica here in Cornish, and engaged assistants, in order to send his alterations to Paris, where they might be inserted in the bronze. And here, in a shed placed around the statue to keep out the snow, but not the cold, he remodeled sections of the cloak until he enlivened it with a possible floating movement. He modified such portions of the Victory as her wing and her "Germanic" hair at the back of her neck. He emphasized the tiny angles and stiff marks of age upon the horse to increase the nervous snap. He restudied the mane, and, at a fortunate suggestion of an assistant, lifted the end of the tail. And he changed the oak-branch on the base to one of pine, and dealt with it as long and short, small and big.

During the alteration of these details he explained many old and fixed ideas. For example, he disliked objects wholly analyzed, since he believed that the final represents the uninteresting. Therefore, he struggled with Sherman's lowered right hand and hat until he drew across it a bit of the coat; and in the same way he satisfied himself by lapping the Victory's wing over Sherman's left leg. This feeling on his part had assumed definite form in his later efforts upon the Shaw Memorial. Once at that time he had complained to Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, then pressing out canteens for the negro soldiers, about the conspicuousness of these accoutrements. The latter had replied, "Hide them under the drapery." Whereupon my father had tested his suggestion with such relish that he not only adopted it permanently, but instituted a system of what he later called "fluing" a general term which covered many devices from the rounding-off and breaking-up of mechanically hard lines, to the filling of black holes, when, if he followed logically his desired folds of drapery, he would model undue depths.

But in quite the opposite fashion, too, the Sherman demonstrated how, after he had built up a careful nude of such a figure as the Victory, he would cut remorselessly into her body to give a natural appearance to her drapery. As an illustration, once he sat at the far end of the camera-shaped studio while an assistant stood upon the scaffolding by the Victory's head.

"Make that line longer and deeper," advised my father.

The assistant gouged into the clay.

"Deeper yet!"

The assistant gave another slash.

"No, no; deep!" My father climbed the ladder. "Is that it?" he asked, pointing to a comparatively slight tool-mark.

"No; here you are," answered the assistant, indicating a tremendous hole.

My father retired, apologizing with, "That all goes to explain how you must get far away from your work properly to see it."

As it was, he had a difficult struggle with the head of the Victory. The initial study failed to content him, for therein he had copied certain beautiful features until he felt that he had filled it with overmuch "personality." The second study, although intrinsically of more worth to him, appeared out of keeping with the monument. Therefore, he returned to his earlier attempt, and labored unfailingly over that until he developed it to his liking.

On the other hand, the bust of General Sherman, which he had modeled from life, evolved smoothly. As it stood, of course, it was not meant for use upon a monument. So after he had determined the proportional size of Sherman's body to the horse, he caused the portrait to be enlarged to a point where it would appear in proper relation to its new shoulders. At first he worried over the result. But when the head went into place, he felt well satisfied, remarking thereafter: "If you have modeled your best sculpture in the small, you should have accomplished your best results for your work when it is made big; since your object should contain both the detail needed for it in the first place, and the breadth that makes it tell at a distance."

This need for carrying power he constantly dwelt upon in his modeling. One day as he watched four or five assistants engaged on various portions of the Sherman, he broke the silence with:

"I am about to invent a machine to make you all good sculptors."

The stillness promptly became uneasy.

"It will have hooks for the back of your necks, and strong springs."

The stillness grew even more uneasy.

"Every thirty seconds it will jerk you fifty feet away from your work, and hold you there for five-minutes' contemplation."

But the troubles with the Sherman were not over after these alterations. My father betrayed too great an interest in this combination of the real with the ideal to let the statue escape him then. So he set up the bronze itself in the field back of his house, to the delight of the farmers, that he might experiment with a pedestal and supervise the application of the patina. He always spent much time over the color of his productions, struggling to obtain the proper "mat" upon their surfaces either by paint or acids or gold-leaf; and in the case of the Sherman he explained, "I am sick of seeing statues look like stove-pipes." Hence he longed for the unusual combination of a gilded bronze on a cream-colored base. The plan was not wholly feasible, as he failed to obtain the stone for his pedestal; yet at least he covered the Sherman with two layers of gold-leaf. Therefore, if the Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline Hill in Rome is a test, that gold-leaf will remain on the Sherman for some centuries, a sad blow to those critics who have expressed hope for the near future, "when the newness of the bronze wears off, and the statue mellows into keeping with its surroundings."

Unfortunately, the surroundings of the statue never met my father's taste. For a long time he fought to gain a location on Riverside Drive in front of Grant's tomb. The protests of some of the Sherman family, however, he believed settled the question against his desires, and the position at the southeast corner of Central Park was chosen. Here, before his death, the authorities replanted trees about the statue, where he had gone to great pains to have the previous ones cut down. While, upon his asking Park Commissioner W. R. Willcox to have grass where the foot-path now runs and to lay the foot-path where the grass now stretches, in order that visitors might view something besides the horse's belly, my father received from him the following:

In the first place, I do not agree with you that people are prevented from viewing the statue because of the grass-plots; but it might be well to consider whether the parks were made for statues or statues for parks. I am unwilling for a moment to admit that the whole park system must revolve around a single statue, or that trees and grass, or other park features, must give way to any hobby, no matter by whom it is ridden.

Besides the Sherman, my father brought back with him from Paris two carefully studied seated groups for the Boston Public Library. One pedestal bore four figures, representing Executive Power, Law, and Love, and the other three figures typifying Science, Labor, and Music. These names convey little significance of the ideas he intended to express, nor would a detailed description of the poses explain the quality of his conceptions. For his own purpose he had created studies quite complete, and had he lived, he would have finished them rapidly. But he considered the problem exceptionally serious with an opportunity so unrestricted, and yet so difficult of treatment, as the figures were to be placed in a position that would force the results violently upon the visitor. Hence, though he often turned to the studies in New York and Paris, he felt unwilling to finish them until he could allot them wholehearted devotion, untrammeled by financial considerations or the distractions of ill health.

The third, and only other, important production which he carried on in Europe, to perfect here, was a large variation of his Robert Louis Stevenson medallion for the church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, Scotland. In Paris he had replaced Stevenson's bed with a lounge, and his cigarette with a pen, as more fitting for a church. But at the time he suffered from the illness that caused his return to America. Therefore, when he saw the relief with fresh eyes in Cornish, and discovered that the foundry, after two or three failures to cast this huge surface, had sent him an unsatisfactory result, he discarded that bronze and altered the changes he had already made. It is a matter of amusing record in the studio that the one thousand and fifty-two letters of the inscription, which contains quotations from Stevenson's poetry, were modeled—not stamped—twelve consecutive times.

Between the return to Cornish and the spring of 1902, my father not only executed a bust of the Hon. David Jayne Hill, bas-reliefs of Mrs. Hettie Sherman Beaman, Mr. Robert Charles Billings, Mr. Jacob Crowninshield Rogers, and Chief-Justice Horace Gray, which last one he probably regarded as his best effort of the time; but also he realized his long-cherished hope of creating a seated Lincoln, a pose which he had considered while evolving his standing statue of that President. He now set his mind upon Lincoln the head of the state rather than Lincoln the man, as in his earlier monument, though he still wished a gaunt Lincoln in a gaunt yet official chair, as he had placed a gaunt Sherman on a gaunt horse. So, to reach his solution of combining the personal with the national, he shifted the three four-foot models of the statue back and forth over seats of countless shapes and sizes. He added thereto the flag of the United States. And for the larger composition, he first considered placing figures of Justice and Charity on each side of the Lincoln, but later modified this scheme to an architectural one of two columns.

A number of other such questions which spread about the Lincoln as the statue progressed explain clearly how my father never hesitated to tread on the toes of Nature if forced thereto in the process of gaining the effects of Nature. As in the standing Lincoln he lengthened the body a trifle at the waist, so here he slightly elongated Lincoln's legs from the knee down, to guard against the foreshortening by the low point of view of the visitor. The head he "shrunk," since he had a horror of making a man "look like a tadpole." And the hair he modeled in a manner quite different from the hair seen in photographs of Lincoln though apparently the result explains to strangers that proper sense of Lincoln's hair which my father desired to convey. Yet, for all this, with his usual care, he spared no pains to obtain correct materials for costume and figure. He even asked the model who posed for the statue to wander among the farmers dressed in black broadcloth of the cut of Lincoln's time, that he might wear the proper wrinkles in the suit.

The two other statues in the round that my father conceived soon after the Lincoln were of Mr. Marcus Daly for Butte, Montana, and of Charles Stewart Parnell for Dublin, Ireland. The Daly aroused his interest as a portrait of a type of successful American business man, simple and natural. The Parnell he attacked with zest, because he declared that he felt in his element with this nationality, though on second thought he added that Parnell was only as Irish as himself, which was just one half.

At the outset in this commission, as often happened, he found trouble in lack of portrait material, because Parnell had sat for few photographs, all of which proved of exceptionally little use. But before long he was lucky enough to think of a series of caricatures in "Punch" and such papers, published during Parnell's trial, by Sydney P. Hall, John Tenniel, Harry Furniss, and others, through which means he completed this monument in Parnell's honor. Except for the face, however, the statue hardly represents so much the man as Irish character in the broad sense, since, although Parnell was known to speak poorly, my father portrayed him in the midst of oratory, with his thin right arm stretched rigidly from his shoulder.

For the composition as a whole my father placed a table with a draped flag close by the figure, forming the requisite mass at the foot of such a shaft as he had long been anxious to erect. And herein he displayed his customary anxiety over the final harmony of his output in its surroundings, and his care in reinforcing his powers of visualization by experiments with tangible objects. First he procured a map of the square in Dublin where the monument is to stand, together with careful photographs and measurements of the blocks that surround the square. Next he caused a small model of the place to be erected from these data, that photographs might be taken with the miniature shaft in the midst of it. Lastly, he had the cast of the nearly finished statue set up in a field before a wooden pillar over seventy feet high, marked to resemble stone, another object of wonder to the farmers. Then, when he asked the committee to inspect the result, one of them said: "Wonderful! Wonderful! It looks just like a marble statue!"

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STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF CHRIST MADE FOR THE PHILLIPS BROOKS MONUMENT

This, and the medallion of Mrs. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, were the last pieces of sculpture worked upon by Saint-Gaudens with his own hands. In the monument the Christ head was somewhat veiled and altered.

Two weeks later, on the night of October 11, 1904, the Parnell burned in the studio, as no one then on the place understood how to move it, though only a slight catch held it to the floor. Close by it the Lincoln also dissolved, while the Daly sank into the embers, with flakes of plastiline bursting from it in sparks, as if from some tortured body. Fortunately, my father owned a second studio; and this, with other such buildings and adaptable barns in the vicinity, allowed the work to progress again immediately, while he comforted himself with the thought that the monuments would improve because of the imposed re-creation.

I was with my father in New York at the time he received the news of the fire. He bore it calmly, as he always bore accidents; but I have no doubt that the shock hastened the return of his ill health and depression. For besides his almost completed work, he lost what seemed to him more valuable—his own drawing of his mother, the portrait of him by Kenyon Cox, the sketch of him by Bastien-Lepage, letters from Robert Louis Stevenson, and many other objects reminiscent of his life.

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PLAQUE MADE BY SAINT-GAUDENS AS A GIFT TO EACH OF THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE MASQUE WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN IN HIS HONOR AT CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, JUNE 23, 1905

The original was modeled about two feet high. Reductions three inches high were made for the participants, their names appearing on the plaque, which shows the Greek altar in front of which the masque was performed.

Soon after the fire, he turned definitely to the Phillips Brooks, which, since 1901, he had been studying in small sketches. As finished, the Brooks stands well forward in an architectural canopy; the left hand grasps a Bible that rests upon a lectern; the right hand is raised in a gesture of concluding emphasis; the gown swings with energetic motion; and the face looks down at the audience, earnestly, soberly. Behind, and above the Brooks, and beside a cross that rises through the shadow of the canopy, Christ, veiled, peaceful, half-remote, touches the man softly on the shoulder with His right hand, as if urging him on.

To my father's understanding, Brooks, in preaching, threw back his shoulders and poured

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THE NEW LINCOLN STATUE FOR THE CHICAGO LAKE FRONT

Ever since the standing Lincoln was erected in Lincoln Park, Chicago, some twenty-three years ago, Saint-Gaudens had desired to create a seated Lincoln. The one here shown is from the clay model, before being cast in plaster. Slight alterations were made later. The commission came from the Creerar Fund.

out thoughts and feelings as if the effort of speech could not hinder the ideas he had to deliver. Therefore, he desired to represent in every nook of his conception this freedom from suggestion of academical oratory. There were few subjects in later years that he "caressed" as long as he did the figure of the preacher. And the process certainly brought him pleasure, for while he could stand and model for himself, he returned to his former habit of singing airs from old Italian operas and of whistling as he worked, after the fashion of the days in the New York Thirty-sixth Street studio. He selected and cast aside. He shifted

folds of the gown back and forth, and juggled with the wrinkles of the trousers, which invariably obstructed his development of standing figures far more than their final interest justified. He moved the fingers and the tilt of the right hand into a variety of gestures. He raised and lowered the chin of his long-studied portrait until finally he left it lowered, as he considered the angle of the head a question of art and not of fact, and as he expressed more definitely the magnetism of the preacher by having him appear to talk directly at the visitor. He shifted the left hand first from the chest to a position where it held an open Bible at the side of the figure, and last to the lectern; since, although the lectern has aroused arguments as not being the point from which Brooks spoke, my father retained it as necessary for his composition.

When he came to the thought of the Christ, my father expressed more belief in the merits of his conception than ever before; but previous to his adopting his desired figure, he designed fully thirty sketches of an angel for the background.

It is strange that his wish to represent Jesus developed in him when it did, since the historical, self-chastising doctrines of Christianity never appealed to him. The joy of religion alone drew from him any response. He always remembered his aversion to his schoolmates, who, according to their instruction, beat their chests and named themselves "miserable sinners." "Craw-thumpers" he and his brothers used to call them. But after reading the lives of Christ by Tissot and Renan, his interest grew intense. Then he hoped to embody the figure of the Saviour many times in his sculpture, and indeed he completed a second conception for Mr. George F. Baker.

Here is a portion of a letter that my father wrote to Tissot concerning this subject:

I am making a statue of Christ, and turn to you as the highest authority in anything pertaining to Him. I would be most grateful if you could give me some information with regard to the shape and size of the garments He wore; details of arrangement I cannot get by simply studying the illustrations in your extraordinary work, which I have the good fortune to possess.

Will you excuse me if I take this opportunity to express the profound admiration I have felt for your art for a long time, beginning with the etchings of the Prodigal Son, which I saw years ago at Knoedler's in New York. Your sincerity and devotion

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MEDALLION OF EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND MRS. WAYNE MACVEAGH

From a photograph, copyright, 1907, by de W. C. Ward

MEDALLION OF THE LATE HORACE GRAY, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT
Made in Washington, D. C., in the spring of 1901.

have been a great incentive and inspiration to me.

My father's ultimate image of Christ, however, grew to be largely his own. Of the representations in the past, the Bon Dieu at the French Cathedral of Amiens attracted him because of its simplicity; while Dagnan-Bouveret's Christ, and Rembrandt's Christ in "The Supper at Emmaus," awoke his strong interest. But in a manner different from these he desired his Christ to be more Christ the man, tender, yet firm; a Christ who, besides the usually attributed qualities, evinced that visible strength of character which enabled Him to endure His sufferings.

Primarily in his efforts upon the Brooks, then, he designed two reliefs of Christ, the first low, the second almost in the round, as in the case of the Shaw Memorial. He considered them failures because, for one thing, he insisted that the hand of the Christ should rest upon the Brooks. In the bas-relief of Dr. James McCosh he had modeled a complete hand extending from a medallion, yet he could not nerve himself to grasp the problem again. So finally he constructed the whole Christ as a statue; and thereat his troubles multiplied. He desired the figure back among the columns, and sought in the head an air of mystery which should be intensified by drapery and shadow. But the folds of Christ's garments would not compose as he wished. When they crossed the shoulder in a humble manner, they did not accord with the lines of the Brooks, and when they har-

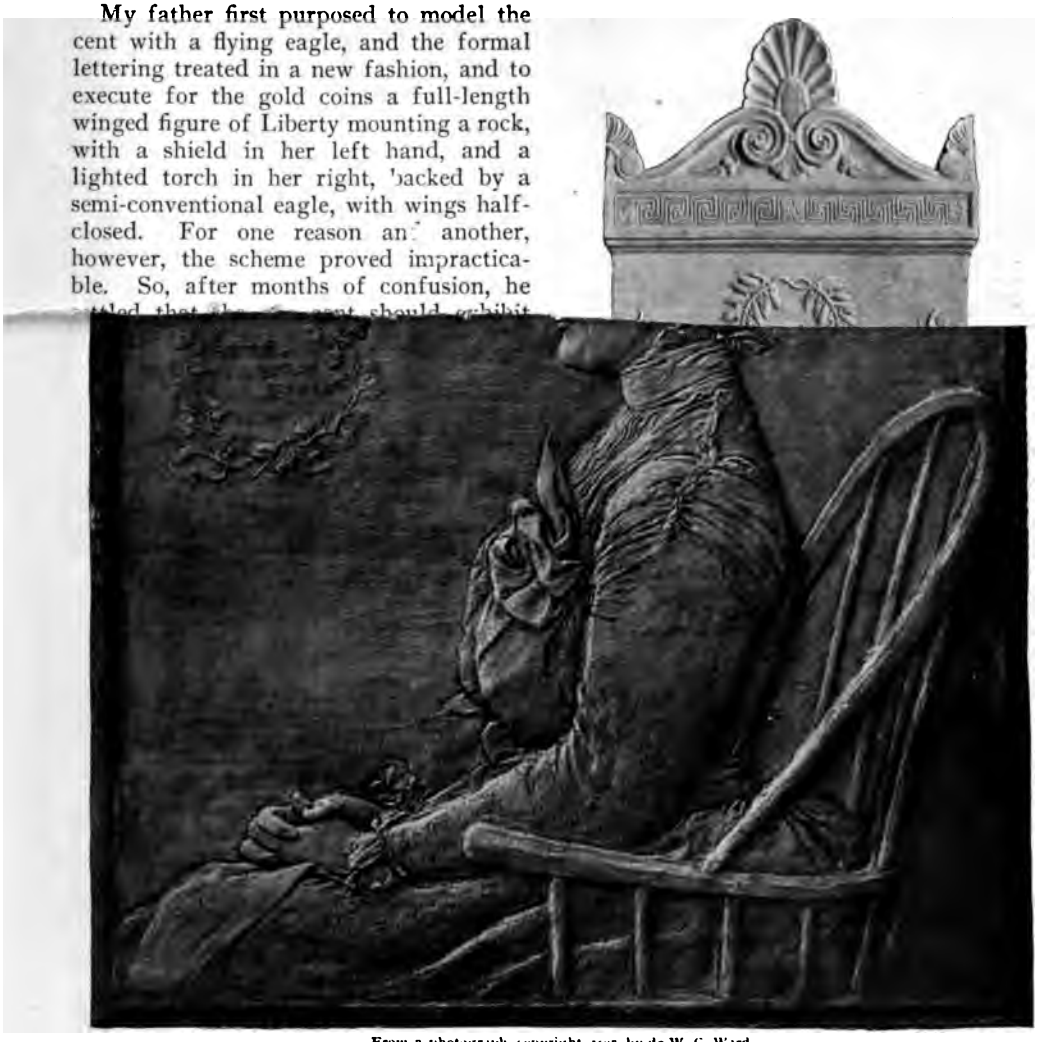
SAINT-GAUDENS'S SECOND STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF THE VICTORY OF THE SHERMAN STATUE

Although the sculptor had a preference for this, it did not accord so well with the statue as the first study. The latter was used for that purpose, and the profile of this second study was later reproduced in relief as the model for the new cent and the ten-dollar coin. (See the next page.)

monized with the figure of the preacher, they failed to characterize properly the Christ. Eventually, however, he evolved a scheme which satisfied him.

The "Head of Christ" was one of the last two pieces of sculpture that he actually touched with his hands, and for itself he felt most happy over the result.

My father first purposed to model the cent with a flying eagle, and the formal lettering treated in a new fashion, and to execute for the gold coins a full-length winged figure of Liberty mounting a rock, with a shield in her left hand, and a lighted torch in her right, backed by a semi-conventional eagle, with wings half-closed. For one reason and another, however, the scheme proved impracticable. So, after months of confusion, he settled that the cent should exhibit



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MRS. CHARLES C. BEAMAN

This medallion, made in the summer of 1900, was the first relief done by Saint-Gaudens after his return from Europe.

The mint replied at random that it was forced, even under the present circumstances, again to reduce on its own account the proportional depths of the relief, and that in the process details were lost. My father's assistant promptly exhibited three grades of relief reduced abroad to the same extent from the same original by the same machine that the mint employed. The details stood out quite as vividly in the low relief as in the high. Thereat certain of the officials changed the subject and, in regard to the double eagle, retracted their assertions about accomplishing in this land what was a matter of course in Europe, because the double eagle showed a greater proportional area of plane surface, because of the difference in metal, and because of the size of the coin. At last, however, Mr. Frank A. Leach, the new director of the mint, took a hand in the turmoil and brought the matter before the President, with the consequence that the mint accomplished the formerly "impossible," and struck the double eagles. Therefore, though the designs remain as my father planned them, what with the lowered relief and most careless reproduction, especially of the profile head, after my

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STATUE FOR THE CHARLES STEWART PARNELL MEMORIAL

The clay model is here shown shortly before it was cast in plaster. Its position on the monument is pictured on the next page.

father's death, the results appear far from those he would have allowed had he been able to assert himself.

Turning to my father's other final commissions, in the round he remodeled the old Springfield Puritan for the Pilgrim Society of Philadelphia, adding a more typical head, and varying the folds of the cloak, and he completed busts of the Hon. John Hay and of the Hon. William C. Whitney. In relief he altered the "Amor Caritas" for Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, he designed a plaque commemorating the "Masque" at Cornish, and portraits of Mr. William Oxnard Moseley, of the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh and his wife, of Justice and Mrs. Stanley Matthews, of Governor Roger Wolcott, of Mrs. John C. Gray, of Mr. Henry W. Maxwell, of Mr. Dean Sage, of Mr. Frederick Ferris Thompson, and of my mother.

The creation of the Hay bust he truly enjoyed, as the two men were warm personal friends. Secretary Hay's letter asking to be modeled is characteristic. He wrote:

> I wonder if you could make anything of so philistine and insignificant a head as mine. You succeed with all sorts and conditions of folks, but, to tell the truth, I do not recall any proposition you have ever tackled so unpromising as mine. I lack profile, size, and every other requisite of sculpture, but I have been an unusual length of time in office, and I fear that after I am dead, if not before, some blacksmith will try to bust me. Turn it over a little in your mind.

Of the medallions, however, I think the MacVeagh interested my father as much as any relief at this time, since, while he often dwelt upon the genuine power of the female sex, he felt that here he could give interpretation of a dominant masculine intellect. Yet all portraits amused him, as he enjoyed studying the conceits of his sitters. For instance, though he invariably emphasized the development of skull under the hair, one lady asked him many times to place a little higher forehead upon her husband. So he conscientiously added the desired amount in her presence, only to remove it later, that the head should not resemble a bulb.

The plaque for the "Masque" originated in a charming manner during the winter of 1905. My father then told three of his friends that as the following summer would number his twentieth in

Cornish, he intended celebrating it by an outdoor party. Therefore, the subsequent spring the Cornish neighbors removed the scheme from his hands. They built in the woods, at the edge of the meadow, a Greek altar, where one June evening at sunset they performed a "Greek" play, written by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, and prefaced by a prologue by Mr. Percy MacKaye, that dealt with the history of Cornish "city folks." At its close, they presented my father with a commemorative "golden bowl," and drew him, with my mother, in a chariot, home across the field. The brilliant, moving colors of the garments, sprinkled through the still, blue shadows of the pines, formed a scene of beauty which became fixed in his memory. But more than that, the charm of the tribute deeply stirred his Gallic nature. Hence, soon afterward, he composed a relief representing this temple, with a young god, lyre in hand, standing upon its steps in an attitude reminiscent of the sketches of the winged Liberty for the coins. The following summer he distributed reductions of it among those who had shared in the performance.

With the sketch of my mother, however, he placed his hands for the last time upon a medallion, since then he could not stand, nor, indeed, labor many consecutive minutes. In the composition he suggested the columns of the porch outside the studio, the golden bowl of the "Masque," and a long-haired, mud-coated sheep-dog associated with my mother by the phrase, "Go 'way, Doodles!" Unfortunately, when the dog received an anonymous haircut, my father was forced to call a premature halt.

During these last years my father talked much about relief-modeling, which he felt he had mastered more than any other branch of his art; since, whereas in his studies in the round he constantly asked his pupils, "What do you think?" in his bas-reliefs he employed others sim-

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MODEL FOR THE PARNELL MONUMENT FOR DUBLIN, IRELAND

This full-size model was erected by Saint-Gaudens at his home at Cornish, New Hampshire, against a background of trees so that the sculptor might judge of the effect. The monument is to stand in a Dublin square.

ply as tools. For one thing, he insisted that the perfect relief should interest from edge to edge, and that the eye should travel vertically rather than horizontally over the space between. For another, it was pleasing to watch how his apprenticeship in cameo-cutting continually aided him. At that early time he learned the value of giving firmness and strength to his lines, avoiding the "drop of wax" feeling, and acquired the knack of realizing instinctively what parts in the surface to lower and what to raise. Also, from the first, he developed his special treatment of light and shade and texture. The dark spot created about the head can be easily dealt with by all. Therefore he paid unusual attention to the "color" of the distant bits of drapery, which often may look amateurish. Furthermore, he reiterated that "a full face in a medallion is too much for the gods," and that he never believed in bas-relief perspective. Because of the latter reason, when he dealt with furniture, as in the medallion of Mr. W. D. Howells and his daughter, he shifted his point of view up and down so as to represent only the edges of the table and of the chairs. Near the end of his life, it is true, he introduced a few trees and open-air scenes; but he hesitated greatly in these problems, and carried them out only under fairly simple conditions. I fancy he himself often wondered why he so strayed from his principles. Perhaps it was because, like all artists, he absorbed and reproduced his surroundings, which here were of the country. But most probably it came about through an unconscious acceptance of his phrase, "You can do anything, if you do it well."

Last of all, the caryatids, his final production, allured him deeply, since he appreciated the rich worth of the architecture he was adorning. Indeed, he wrote[1] concerning Mr. Edward B. Green's design of the gallery:

> I feel the disappointment [of not being present at the opening] all the more because of the remarkable building that Mr. Albright has set up among you. You are to be envied, for it has the breath of Greece about it, and all that that means. There is so little done in this direction with us that this work, with its exquisite judgment and love and appreciation of the beautiful, gives joy to the heart. "If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being," said the Sage, and Mr. Albright is more than justified.

For such a building my father wished to create his caryatids as large, reposeful women, never personal, and to some extent archaic, that they might blend well with the structure of the museum. First he thought of having wings upon them; then he purposed that they should carry garlands in their hands. Later he developed a plan wherein the four central figures should hold lettered tablets, and those on the corners, palms. Again he originated a more elaborate conception of representing attributes by the outside ones, and between them the arts. He feared, however, that such an idea might confuse. So at last he decided that he would place palms in the hands of the end caryatids, while by the middle ones he should denote Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Music.

At the outset he studied the figure of Painting with detailed care, as all the other figures were to be variations upon it. Therefore, while at work at the head and shoulders, he had cast for the living model a heavy plaster cap. She could pose beneath that only for a moment; yet during the moment she carried her head at the angle which banished his hated "stuck-out chin." And when he came to his scheme of drapery, which he drew from the decorative figures on a terra-cotta Etruscan altar, he developed his composition partly through accident, but mostly through very deliberate thought. As a case in point, he showed pleasure when the garments happened to be cut off in a way that cast a straight, dark line across the feet. But, on the other hand, he was extremely slow in deciding exactly how much to lengthen the shins beyond those of any living person, since in this instance, as in all others, he laid stress not on what objects were, but on what objects seemed.

It is only fair to close this account of my father's later years with mention of his assistants. Those in his studio at the time of his death,—Mr. Henry Hering, Miss Frances Grimes, and Miss Elsie Ward,—he held close in his affection,

[1] To Mr. George P. Sawyer.

THE LITTLE SUPER

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

MACLEOD backed the big compound mogul down past the string of dark-green coaches that he had pulled for a hundred and fifty miles, took the table with a slight jolt, and came to a stop in the roundhouse. As he swung himself from the cab, Healy, the turner, came up to him.

"He 's a great lad, that av yours," Healy began, with a shake of his head—"a great lad; but mind ye this, Jimmy MacLeod, there 'll be trouble for me an' you an' him an' the whole av us, if you don't watch him."

"What 's the matter this time, John?"

"Matter," said Healy, ruefully; "there 's matter enough. The little cuss come blame near running 429 into the pit a while back, so he did."

"Where is he now?" MacLeod asked, with a grin.

"Devil a bit I know. I chased him out, an' he started for over by the shops. An' about an hour ago your missus come down an' said the bhoy was nowheres to be found, an' that you was to look for him."

MacLeod pulled out his watch. "Six-thirty. Well," he said, "I 'll go over and see if Grumpy knows anything about him. Next time the kid shows up around here, John, you give him the soft side of a tommy-bar, and send him home."

Healy scratched his head. "I will," he said; "I 'll do ut. He 's a foine lad."

MacLeod crossed the yard to the gates of the big shops. They were still unlocked, and he went through into the storekeeper's office. Grumpy was sorting the brass time-checks. He glanced up as MacLeod came in.

"I suppose you 're lookin' fer yer kid again," he said sourly.

"That 's what I am, Steve," MacLeod returned, diplomatically dispensing with the other's nickname.

"Well, he ain't here," Grumpy announced, returning to his checks. "I 've just been through the shops, an' I 'd seen him if he was."

The engineer's face clouded. "He must be somewhere about, Steve. John said he saw him come over here, and the wife was down to the roundhouse looking for him, so he did n't go home. Let 's go through the shops and see if we can't find him."

"I don't get no overtime fer chasin' lost kids," growled Grumpy.

Nevertheless, he got up and walked through the door leading into the forge-shop, which MacLeod held open for him. The place was gloomy and deserted. Here and there a forge-fire, dying, still glowed dully. At the end of the room the men stopped, and Grumpy, noting MacLeod's growing anxiety, gave surly comfort.

"Would n't likely be here, anyhow," he said. "Fitting-shop fer him; but we 'll try the machine-shop first on the way through."

The two men went forward, prying behind planers, drills, shapers, and lathes. The machines took grotesque shapes in the deepening twilight, and in the silence, so incongruous with the usual noisy clang and clash of his surroundings, MacLeod's nervousness increased.

He hurried forward to the fitting-shop. Engines on every hand were standing over their respective pits in all stages of demolition, some on wheels, some blocked high toward the rafters, some stripped to the bare boiler-shell. MacLeod climbed in and out of the cabs, while Grumpy peered into the pits.

"Aw! he ain't here," said Grumpy in disgust, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. "I told you he was n't. He 's home, mabbe, by now."

MacLeod shook his head. "Bunty! Ho, Bunt-*ee!*" he called. And again: "Bun-*tee!*"

There was no answer, and he turned to retrace his steps when Grumpy caught him by the shoulder. The big iron door of the engine before them swung slowly back on its hinges, and from the front end there emerged a diminutive pair of shoes, topped by little short socks that had once been white, but now hung in grimy folds over the tops of the boots. A pair of sturdy, but very dirty, bare legs came gradually into view as their owner propelled himself forward on his stomach. They dangled for a moment, seeking footing on the plate beneath; then a very small boy, aged four, in an erstwhile immaculate linen sailor suit stood upright on the foot-plate. The yellow curls were tangled with engine grease and cemented with cinders and soot. Here and there in spots upon his face the skin still retained its natural color.

Bunty paused for a moment after his exertions to regain his breath, then, still gripping a hammer in his small fist, he straddled the draw-bar, and slid down the pilot to the floor.

Grumpy burst into a guffaw.

Bunty blinked at him reprovingly, and turned to his father.

"I 's been fixin' the 'iger-'ed," he announced gravely.

MacLeod surveyed his son grimly. "Fixing what?" he demanded.

"The 'iger-'ed," Bunty repeated. Then reproachfully: "Don't *oo* know w'at a 'iger-'ed is?"

"Oh," said MacLeod, "the nigger-head, eh? Well, I guess there 's another nigger-head will get some fixing when your mother sees you, son."

He picked the lad up in his arms, and Bunty nestled confidingly, with one arm around his father's neck. His tired little head sank down on the paternal shoulder, and before they had reached the gates Bunty was sound asleep.

In the days that followed, Bunty found it no easy matter to elude his mother's vigilance; but that was only the beginning of his troubles. The shop gates were always shut, and the latch was beyond his reach. Once he had found them open, and had marched boldly through, to find his way barred by the only man of whom he stood in awe. Grumpy had curtly ordered him away, and Bunty had taken to his heels and run until his small body was breathless.

The roundhouse was no better. Old John would have none of him, and Bunty marveled at the change. He was a railroad man, and the shops were his heritage. His soul protested vigorously at the outrage that was being heaped upon him.

It took him some time to solve the problem, but at last he found the way. Each afternoon Bunty would trudge sturdily along the track for a quarter of a mile to the upper end of the shops, where the big, wide engine doors were always open. Here four spur-tracks ran into the erecting-shop, and Bunty found no difficulty in gaining admittance. Once safe among the fitting-gang, the little Super, as the men called him, would strut around with important air, inspecting the work with critical eyes.

One lesson Bunty learned. Remembering his last interview with his mother, he took good care not to be locked in the shops again. So each night when the whistle blew he fell into line with the men, and, secure in their protection, would file with them past Grumpy as they handed in their time-checks. And Grumpy, unmindful of the spur-tracks, wondered how he got there, and scowled savagely.

When Bunty was six, his father was holding down the swivel-chair in the Master Mechanic's office of the Hill Division, and Bunty's allegiance to the shops wavered. Not from any sense of disloyalty; but with his father's promotion a new world opened to Bunty, and fascinated him. It was now the yard-shunter and headquarters that engaged his attention. The years, too, brought other changes to Bunty. The curls had disappeared, and his hair was cut now like his father's. Long stockings had replaced the socks, and he wore real trousers; short ones, it is true, but real trousers none the less, with pockets in them.

When school was over, he would fly up and down the yard on the stubby little engine, and Healy, doing the shunting then and forgetting past grievances, would let Bunty sit on the driver's seat. In time Bunty learned to pull the throttle, but the reversing-lever was too much for

his small stature, and the intricacies of the "air" were still a little beyond him. But Healy swore he 'd make a driver of him—and he did.

The evenings at the office Bunty loved fully as well. Headquarters were not much to boast about in those days. That was before competition forced a double-track system, and the train-despatcher, with his tissue sheets, still held undisputed sway. They called them "offices" at the Junction out of courtesy—just the attic floor over the station, with one room to it. The floor space each man's desk occupied was his office.

Here Bunty would sit curled up in his father's chair and listen to the men as they talked. If it was anything about a locomotive, he understood; if it was traffic or bridges or road-bed or despatching, he would pucker his brows perplexedly and ask innumerable questions. But most of all he held MacDonald, the chief despatcher, in deep reverence.

Once, to his huge delight, MacDonald, holding his hand, had let him tap out an order. It is true that with the O.K. came back an inquiry as to the brand the Junction despatcher had been indulging in; but the sarcasm was lost on Bunty, for when MacDonald with a chuckle read off the reply, Bunty gravely asked if there was any answer. MacDonald shook his head and laughed. "No, son; I guess not," he said. "We 've got to maintain our dignity, you know."

That winter, on top of the regular traffic, and that was not light, they began to push supplies from the East over the Hill Division, preparing to double track the road from the western side of the foot-hills as soon as spring opened up. And while the thermometer crept steadily to zero, the Hill Division sweltered.

Everybody and everything got it, the shops and the road-beds, the train crews and the rolling-stock. What little sleep Stanton, the Super, got, he spent in formulating dream plans to handle the business. Those that seemed good to him when he awoke were promptly vetoed by the barons of the General Office in the far-off East.

MacLeod got no sleep. He raced from one end of the division to the other, and he did his best. Engine crews had to tinker anything less than a major injury for themselves: there was no room in the shops for them.

But the men on the keys got it most of all. As the days wore into months, MacDonald's face grew careworn and haggard; and the irritability from overwork of the men about him added to his discomfort. Human nature needs a safety-valve, and one night near the end of January when MacLeod and Stanton and MacDonald were gathered at the office, with Bunty in his accustomed place in his father's chair, the Master Mechanic cut loose.

"It 's up to you, MacDonald," he cried savagely, bringing his fist down with a crash on the desk. "There ain't a pair of wheels on the division fit to pull a hand-car. Every engine 's a cripple, and getting lamer every day. The engine ain't built, nor never will be, that 'll stand the schedule you 're putting them on through the hills, especially through the Gap. That 's a four per cent. on each side, with the bed like an S. You can't make time there; you 've got to crawl. You 're pulling the stay-bolts out of my engines, that 's what you 're doing."

Stanton, being in no angelic mood, and glad to vent his feelings, growled assent.

MacDonald raised his head from the keys, a red tinge of resentment on his cheeks. He picked up his pipe, packing it slowly as he looked at MacLeod and the Super. "I 'm taking all they 're sending," he said quietly. He reached over for the train-sheet and handed it to the Super. "You and MacLeod here are growling about the schedule. It 's your division, Stanton; but I 'm not sure *you* know just what we 're handling every twenty-four hours. It 's push them through on top of each other somehow, or tell them down-East we can't handle them. Do you want to do that?"

"No," said Stanton, "I don't; and what 's more, I won't."

MacDonald nodded. "I rather figured that was your idea. Well, we 've about all we can do without nagging one another. I 'm near in now, and so are you and MacLeod here, both of you. I 've got to make time, Gap or no Gap. There 's so much moving there is n't siding enough to cross them."

"You 're right," said Stanton; "we can't afford to jump each other. We 're

all doing our best, and each of us knows it. How 's Number One and Two to-night?"

MacDonald studied for a moment before he answered: "Number One is forty minutes off, and Number Two 's an hour to the bad."

Stanton groaned. The Imperial Limited East and West, officially known on the train-sheets as One and Two, carried both the transcontinental mail and the de-luxe passengers. Of late the East had been making pertinent suggestions to the Division Superintendent that it would be as well if those trains ran off the Hill Division with a little more regard for their established schedule. So Stanton groaned. He got up and put on his hat and coat preparatory to going home. "Look here," he said from the doorway, "they 'll stand for 'most anything if we don't misuse One and Two. They 're getting mighty savage about that, and they 'll drop hard before long. You fellows have got to take care of those trains, if nothing else on the division moves. That 's orders. I 'll shoulder all kicks coming on the rest of the traffic. Good night."

When Bunty left the office that night and walked home with his father, he had learned that there was another side to railroading besides the building and repairing of engines, and the delivery of magic tissue sheets to train crews that told them when and where to stop and how to thread their way through hills and plains on a single-track road, with heaps of other trains, some going one way, some another. He understood vaguely and in a hazy kind of way that somewhere, many, many miles away, were men who sat in judgment on the doings of his father and MacDonald and Stanton; that these men were to be obeyed, that their word was law, and that their names were President and Directors.

So Bunty, trotting beside his father, pondered these things. Being too weighty for him, he appealed: "Daddy, what 's President and Directors?"

MacLeod's temper being still ruffled, he answered shortly: "Fools, mostly."

Bunty nodded gravely, and his education as a railroad man was almost complete. The rest came quickly, and the Gap did it.

The Gap! There was not a man on the division, from track-walker to Superintendent, who would not jump like a nervous colt if you said "Gap!" to them offhand and short-like. A peaceful stretch of track it looked, a little crooked, as MacDonald said, hugging the side of the mountain at the highest point of the division. The surroundings were undeniably grand. A sheer drop of eighteen-hundred feet to the cañon below, with the surrounding mountains rearing their snow-capped peaks skyward, completed a picture of which the road had electrotypes and which it used in their magazine-advertising. What the picture did not show was the two-mile drop to the eastward, and the one, a mile longer, to westward, where the road-bed took a straight four per cent. to the lower levels. So when Stanton or MacDonald or MacLeod, reading their magazines, saw the picture, they shuddered, and, remembering past history and fearful of the future, turned the page hurriedly.

But to Bunty the Gap possessed the fascination of the unknown. He was wakened early the next morning by his father's voice talking excitedly over the special wire with headquarters about the Gap and a wreck. He sat bolt upright, and listened with all his might; then he crawled noiselessly out of bed, and began to dress hastily. He heard his father speaking to his mother, and presently the front door banged. Bunty was dressed by that time and he crept down-stairs and opened the door softly.

It was just turning daylight as he started on a run for the yard. It was not far to the office,—a hundred yards or so,—and Bunty reached there in record time. Across the tracks by the roundhouse they were coupling on to the wrecker; and answering hasty summons, men, running from all directions, were quickly gathering.

Bunty hesitated a minute on the platform, then he entered the station and tiptoed softly up the stairs. The office door was open, and from the top stair Bunty could see into the room. The night lamp was still burning on the despatcher's desk, and MacDonald was sitting there, working with frantic haste to clear the line. In the center of the room, the Super, his father, and Williams, the wrecking boss, were standing.

"It 's a freight smash," Stanton was

saying to Williams—"west edge of the Gap. You 'll have rights through, and no limit on your permit. Tell Emmons if he does n't make it in better than ninety minutes he 'll talk to me afterward. By the time you get there, Number One will be crawling up the grade. She 's pulling the Old Man's car, and that means get her through somehow if you have to drop the wreck over the cliff. You can back down to Riley's to let her pass. We 'll do the patching up afterward. Understand?"

Williams nodded, and glanced impatiently at MacDonald.

The Super opened and shut his watch. "Ready, Mac?" he asked shortly.

"Just a minute," MacDonald answered quietly.

Bunty waited to hear no more. He turned and ran down the stairs and across the tracks as fast as his legs would carry him. He scrambled breathlessly up the steps of the tool-car and edged his way in among the men grouped near the door. He was fairly inside before they noticed him.

"Hello," cried Allan, Bunty's bosom friend of the fitting-gang days, "here 's the little Super! What you doin' here, kid?"

"I 'm going up to the wreck," Bunty announced sturdily.

The men laughed.

"Well, I guess *not* much, you 're not," said Allan. "What do you think your father would say?"

"Nothing," said Bunty, airily. "I just comed from the office," he added artfully, "and I 'll tell you about the wreck if you like."

The men grouped around him in a circle.

"It 's at the Gap," Bunty began, sparring for time as through the window he saw Williams coming from the office at a run. "And it 's a freight train, and—and it 's all smashed up, and—"

The train started with a jerk that nearly took the men off their feet. At the same time Williams's face appeared at the car door.

"All here, boys?" he called. Then he announced cheerfully: "The devil 's to pay up the line!"

Meanwhile, Bunty, taking advantage of the interruption, had squirmed his way through the men to the far end of the car, and the train had bumped over the switches on to the main line before they remembered him. Then it was too late. They hauled him out from behind a rampart of tools, where he had intrenched himself, and Williams shook his fist, half-angrily, half-playfully, in Bunty's face.

"You little devil, what are you doing here, eh?" he demanded.

And Bunty answered as before: "I 'm going up to the wreck."

"Humph!" said Williams, with a grin. "Well, I guess you are, and I guess you 'll be sorry, too, when you get back and your dad gets hold of you."

But Bunty was safe now, and he only laughed.

Breakfastless, he shared the men's grub and listened wide-eyed as they talked of wrecks in times gone by; but most of all he listened to the story of how his father, when he was pulling Number One, had saved the Limited by sticking to his post almost in the face of certain death. Bunty's father was his hero, and his small soul glowed with happiness at the tale. He begged so hard for the story over again that Allan told it, and when he had finished, he slapped Bunty on the back. "And I guess you 're a chip of the old block," he said.

And Bunty was very proud, squaring his shoulders, and planting his feet firmly to swing with the motion of the car.

The speed of the train slackened as they struck the grade leading up the eastern side of the Gap. Williams set the men busily at work overhauling the kit. He paused an instant before Bunty. "Look here, kid," he said, shaking a warning finger, "you keep out of the way, and don't get into trouble."

It would have taken more than words from Williams to have curbed Bunty's eagerness; so when the train came to a stop and the men tumbled out of the car with a rush, he followed. What he saw caused him to purse his lips and cry excitedly, "Gee!"

Right in front of him a big mogul had turned turtle. Ditched by a spread rail, she had pulled three box-cars with her, and piled them up, mostly in splinters, on the tender. They had taken fire, and were burning furiously. Behind these were eight or ten cars still on the roadbed, but badly demolished from bumping

over the ties when they had left the rails. Still farther down the track in the rear were the rest of the string, apparently uninjured. The snow was knee-deep at the side of the track, but Bunty plowed manfully through it, climbing up the embankment to a place of vantage.

His eyes blazed with excitement as he watched the scene before him and listened to the hoarse shouts of the men, the crash of pick and ax, and, above it all, the sharp crackle of the fire as the flames, growing in volume, bit deeper and deeper into the wreck. Fiercely as the men fought, the fire, with its long start, kept them from making any headway against it. Already it had reached some of the cars standing on the track.

From where Bunty stood he could see the track dipping away in a long grade to the valley below. They called that grade the Devil's Slide, and the wreck was on the edge of it, with the caboose and some half-dozen cars still resting on the incline. As he looked, far below him he saw a trail of smoke. It was Number One climbing the grade. By this time the excitement of his surroundings had worn off a little, and the arrival of the Limited offered a new attraction.

He clambered down from his perch and began to pick his way past the wreck. Williams, begrimed and dirty, was talking to Emmons. "I don't like to do it," Bunty heard Williams say, "but we 'll have to blow up that box-car if we can't stop the fire any other way, or we 'll have a blaze down the whole line. The train crew says there 's turpentine—two cars of it—next the flat there, and if that catches—Hi, there, kid," he broke off to yell, as he caught sight of Bunty, "you get back to the tool-car, and stay there!"

And Bunty ran—in the other direction. He knew Number One would stop a little the other side of the wreck, and that there would be a great big ten-wheeler pulling her, all as bright as a new dollar and glistening in paint and gold-leaf. When he pulled up breathless and happy by the side of Number One, Masters, the engineer, was giving Engine 901 an oil round, touching the journals critically with the back of his hand as he moved along.

At sight of Bunty, the engineer laid his oil-can on the slide-bars and grinned as he extended his hand. "How are you, Bunty?" he asked.

And Bunty, accepting the proffered hand, replied gravely: "I 'm pretty well, Mr. Masters, thank you."

"Glad to hear it, Bunty. How did you get here?"

"I comed up with the wrecker-train. It 's a' awful smash."

"Is it, now! Think they 'll have the line cleared soon?"

"Oh, no," Bunty replied, eying the cab of the big engine wistfully. "Not for ever and ever so long."

Masters' eyes followed Bunty's glance. "Want to get up in the cab, Bunty?"

"Oh, please!" Bunty cried breathlessly.

"All right," said Masters, boosting the lad through the gangway. Then warningly: "Don't touch anything."

And Bunty promised.

It was only four hundred yards up to the wreck; but that was enough. Masters and his firemen left their train and went to get a view at close quarters. When it was all over, it was up to the wrecking boss and the engine crew of Number One. Williams swore he blocked the trucks of the cars on the incline; but Williams lied, and he got clear. Masters and his mate had no chance to lie, for they broke rules, and they got their time.

Be that as it may, Bunty sat on the driver's seat of the Imperial Limited and watched the engineer and fireman start up the track. He lost sight of the men long before they reached the wreck. They were still in plain view, but he was very busy: he was playing "pretend."

Bunty's imagination was vivid enough to make the game a fascinating one whenever he indulged in it, and that was often. But now it was almost reality, and his fancy was little taxed to supply what was lacking. He was engineer of the Limited, and they had just stopped at a station. He leaned out of the cab window to get the "go-ahead" signal. Then his hand went through the motion of throwing over the reversing-lever and opening the throttle. And now he was off; faster and faster. He rocked his body to and fro to supply the motion of the cab. He sat very grim and determined, peering straight ahead. He was booming along now at full speed. They were coming to a crossing. *"Too-oo-o, toot, toot!"* cried

Bunty at the top of his shrill treble, for the rules said you must whistle at every crossing, and Bunty knew the rules. Now they were coming to the next station, and he began to slow up. *"Ding-dong, ding—"*

Bang!

Bunty nearly fell from his seat with fright. Ahead of him, up the track, there was a column of smoke as a mass of wreckage rose in the air, and then a crash. Williams had blown up a car. Bunty stared, fascinated, not at the explosion, but at the rear end of the wreck on the grade. He rubbed his eyes in bewilderment, then he scrambled over the side of the seat. He paused half-way off, looking again through the front window to make sure. There was no doubt of it: the cars were beginning to roll down the track toward him. He waited for no more, but rushed to the gangway to jump off. Then he stopped as the story Allan had told about his father came back to him. Bunty's heart thumped wildly as he turned white-faced and determined. No truly engineer would leave his train; his father had not, and Bunty did not.

The reversing-lever was in the back notch where Masters had left it when he stopped the train. It was Bunty's task to reach and open the throttle. He climbed up on the seat and stood on tiptoe. Leaning over, he grasped the lever with both hands and pulled it open. What little science of engine-driving Bunty possessed, was lost in the terror that gripped him. The runaway cars were only a couple of hundred yards away now, and, gaining speed with every rail they traveled, spelt death and destruction to the Imperial Limited, if they ever reached her. The men at the top of the grade were yelling their lungs out and waving their arms in frantic warning.

The train started with a jolt that threw Bunty back on the seat. For an instant the big drivers raced like pin-wheels, then they bit into the rails, and aided by the grade, Number One began to back slowly down the hill.

Bunty picked himself up, his little frame shaking with dry sobs. The freight-cars had gained on him in the last minute, and had nearly reached him. Again he leaned over for the throttle, and hanging grimly to it, pulled it open another notch, and then another, and then wide open. 901 took it like a frightened thoroughbred. Rearing herself from the track under her two hundred and ten pounds of steam, she jumped into the cars behind her for a starter with a shock that played havoc with the passengers' nerves. Then she settled down to travel. The Devil's Slide is three miles long, and some pretty fair running has been made on it in times of stress; but Bunty holds the record,—it 's good yet,—and Bunty was only an amateur.

It was neck and neck for a while, and there was almost a pile-up on the nose of 901's pilot before she began to hold her own. Gradually she began to pull away, and by the time they were half-way down the hill the distance between her and the truant freight-cars was widening. The speed was terrific.

Pale and terror-stricken, Bunty now crouched on the driver's seat. Time and again the engineer's whistle in the cab over his head signaled, now entreatingly, now with frantic insistence. But Bunty gave it no heed; his only thought was for those cars in front of him that were always there. He cried to himself with little moans.

There was a sickening slur as they flew round a curve. 901 heeled to the tangent, one set of drivers fairly lifted from the track. When she found her wheel base again, Bunty, shaken from his hold, was clinging to the reversing-lever. He shut his eyes as he pulled himself back to his seat. When he looked again, he saw the freight-cars hit the curve above him, then slew as they jumped the track and, with a crash that reached him above the roar and rattle of the train, the booming whir of the great drivers beneath him, go pitching headlong down the embankment.

Bunty rose to his knees, and for the first time looked out of the side window, to find a new terror there as the rocks and trees and poles flashed dizzily by him. He turned and looked behind. A man was clinging to the hand-rail of the mail-car, and another, lying flat, was crawling over the coal heaped high on the tender. Bunty dashed the tears from his eyes; he was no "fraidy" kid. He stood up, and holding on to the frame of the window, staggered toward the throttle. As he reached for it, 901 lurched madly, and

Bunty lost his balance and fell headlong upon the iron floor plate of the cab. Then it was all dark.

NUMBER One pulled into the Junction that night ten hours late, and it brought Bunty. His father and Stanton and MacDonald and the shop-hands were on the platform. From the private car, which carried the tail-lights, an elderly gentleman got off with Bunty in his arms. The men cheered, and while the Master Mechanic rushed forward to take his son, the Super and MacDonald drew back respectfully.

"Mr. MacLeod," said the old gentleman, with tears in his eyes, "you ought to be pretty proud of this little lad."

MacLeod tried to speak, but the words choked somehow.

The old gentleman swung himself back upon the car. "Good-by, Bunty!" he called.

And Bunty, from the depths of the blanket they had wrapped around him, called back, "Good-by, sir!"

When Bunty was propped up in bed, his father told him how the express messenger had stopped the train and carried him back into the Pullmans.

Bunty listened gravely. "Yes," he said, nodding his head; "they was awful good to me, and the man that tooked me off the train told me stories, and then I told him some, too."

"What did you tell him?" MacLeod asked.

"Oh, 'bout trains and shops and presidents and directors and—and lots of things."

"Presidents and directors!" said MacLeod, in surprise. "What did you tell him about them?"

"I told him what you said—that they was fools, and you knew, 'cause you 'd seen them."

MacLeod whistled softly.

"And," continued Bunty, "he laughed, and when I asked him what he was laughing at, he gived me a piece of paper and told me to give it to you, and you 'd tell me."

MacLeod groaned. "Guess it 's my time all right," he muttered. "Where 's the paper, Bunty?"

"He putted it in my pocket."

MacLeod drew the chair with Bunty's clothing on it toward him, and began a hurried search. He fished out a narrow slip of paper and unfolded it on his knee. It was a check for one thousand dollars payable to Master Bunty MacLeod, and signed by the President of the road.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH RAILWAY RATES AND REBATES

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

THIS subject carries one back to his early days. It was in 1856 that my chief, Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was made general superintendent, with headquarters at Altoona. I was his secretary and telegraph-operator in Pittsburg, and he took me with him.

The duties of the superintendent of the line, then in its infancy, included the making of local freight rates. These I entered in the rate-book, and naturally grew to take a share in their making. Our great aim in those days was to develop local traffic. Of through traffic little was expected, although President Thomson, the great railroad man of his day, had ventured to predict that a hundred carloads of through freight would in time pass Pittsburg daily. This prophecy was often quoted to show the length to which that sanguine, but far-sighted official could go. Now every day thousands pass through the city in each direction.

Local traffic—that is, traffic originating and ending upon the line—was then de-

pended upon to yield revenue. One enterprising man would write or call to say that he was thinking of opening a stone quarry on the line and shipping dressed stone to the towns and cities, if he could get rates enabling him to do so. Because traffic paying much less than we might think fair was better than no traffic at all, we would hold out every inducement to pioneers, with the result that the quarry was opened.

Another was willing to make the experiment of cutting bark and shipping it to tanneries, intending later, however, to erect a tannery in the forest. Here was a tempting new enterprise, and rates were readily agreed upon. Another thought a peculiar quality of sand was suitable for glassmaking, and was willing to open the deposit and test it. He was promptly accorded a siding, which was usually necessary, and rates low enough to permit him to begin.

The plot began to thicken when a second man came with a proposition to open another similar factory or quarry, which he could not do unless he received rates equal to those given to his predecessor, although his railway haul might be longer. If two factories were to be only a few miles apart, it was obvious that they had to receive the same rates, and so the question of "special rates," starting very simply, soon became a complicated one. Areas had to be established in which the rates were uniform, although this involved the seeming injustice of charging more per ton per mile upon the traffic of one than of the other. This could not be avoided.

At a later date, corporations were found desirous of establishing iron-works and of opening coal-mines, etc.

From such small beginnings was built up the enormous local traffic of the Pennsylvania Railroad, unequaled, it is believed, by any other line in the world. All these rates, it will be understood, referred to traffic within the State of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg and Philadelphia being the terminals of the line. Beyond Philadelphia was the Camden & Amboy Railway; beyond Pittsburg, the Fort Wayne & Chicago, separate organizations with which we had nothing to do.

During this period, through traffic occupied an entirely subordinate position. Rates for it were made in Philadelphia by a "freight agent," who then was an official of little importance compared with what he soon became.

Upon the completion of the Erie, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and the Pennsylvania systems between the Atlantic seaboard and the great West, a strong competition for through traffic at once began. At first it was a scramble, and each road got what it could, at the best rate it could, regardless of everything. The position was peculiar, and is so still, and must long remain so. Eastbound tonnage from Chicago, St. Louis, and other points in the West to the Atlantic seaboard is far greater than that from the East to the West; hence long trains of empty freight-cars have to be hauled westward empty.

It is evident why westward-bound freight was eagerly sought by all lines. Each had its freight agents, all scrambling to secure the prize. What rates might be obtained for westbound freight was a secondary consideration, for any rate was clear gain, since cars must go West in any case, and might as well go loaded as empty.

Hence bitter wars broke out between the roads at intervals, and the four presidents would meet and make what was called a "gentlemen's agreement." These worthy presidents would give their word of honor that certain rates would be strictly adhered to, and gave orders to that effect, we may be sure, in good faith to their subordinates. But it is a remarkable fact, notwithstanding, that these "gentlemen's agreements" did not last long, but required renewal at short intervals. The rates agreed upon were too easily evaded. The assistant freight agent or one of his staff could promise certain favors to shippers upon other traffic, while adhering strictly to the agreed-upon charge for that he was securing, or could remit charges upon other freight not involved in the agreement.

So gentlemen's agreements were made and remade, but meanwhile freight from Pittsburg was often sent by way of the Ohio River, some 500 miles, to Cincinnati, transferred from boat to railroad car there, and transported back to Pittsburg by rail, passing through its

streets to the seaboard, for less than the fixed rate upon the same articles from Pittsburg direct to the seaboard. It was the same with freight from the East to the West. Many a trainload of iron from the East has passed through the streets of Pittsburg, paying less freight than was charged upon the same articles from Pittsburg to the same points west. The Pennsylvania Railroad had a monopoly of the traffic, and much grievous wrong had we manufacturers in that State to suffer in consequence.

We must not be understood as blaming the Pennsylvania officials severely. They did not raise our Pittsburg rates, and these in themselves might be considered fair; but they lowered the rates to our competitors in their warfare with the trunk-lines. This bore hard upon the manufacturers of Pennsylvania, and especially of Pittsburg. It would have been a wiser and broader policy if the Pennsylvania Railroad had been bold enough to say: "Come what may, we will protect manufacturers upon our own lines"; but it required more than the ordinary railroad official of that day to reach this height. A perfect system of rates over the various routes could not be reached without first passing for a season through great irregularities and making many mistakes. Order had to be hammered out of chaos.

These were the days when the much-talked of "rebates" had their origin. "Gentlemen's-agreement" rates were charged, and the bills of lading were fair and square on the surface; but the understanding with the shipper was that rebates would be allowed and settled for at some future time. The keener members soon discovered that evidence might be called for by competing lines, and the question asked, "Have any rebates been paid on this shipment?" The party concerned might be able to say that he had paid none, but had he been questioned a month or two afterward, perhaps, or asked if advantages in other directions had not been granted to the shipper, he could not have so stated truthfully. In short, every conceivable way of keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope was indulged in. At least we shippers over the Pennsylvania road heard from its officials from time to time that the other lines were most unscrupulous competitors and solely blamable for the reigning disorder.

The sentiment aroused in Pittsburg because of these unequal rates became dangerous. The Pennsylvania Railroad was regarded as a monopoly strangling the local interests, and so it was. The manufacturers of Pittsburg, never in a position to get rebates, were in fact being driven to the wall by the competition of manufacturers upon other lines whose products passed their doors and were carried a thousand miles over the Pennsylvania system for less than they were compelled to pay for half the distance. Remonstrances were constantly made, but without avail, until the time came when the railway company had a dispute with its men, which gave occasion for an outburst of the smoldering bitterness Pittsburg felt. Grave riots took place, and the spirit of hostility shown by all classes to the great monopoly brought from Philadelphia my former chief, then vice-president, to Pittsburg. At a conference with the manufacturers it was agreed by him that no matter what the through rates fell to, the local traffic on their lines from Pittsburg would be carried to Chicago or Philadelphia and New York at a small difference less than the through rate between the seaboard and Chicago and other points. That is to say, Pittsburg traffic would be charged only a shade less for half the distance than Philadelphia and Chicago through traffic paid for double the distance. Rates according to distance were denied. With this the Pittsburg manufacturers had to be content. Matters went along tolerably well until railway rates were again thoroughly demoralized by war between the trunk-lines. Our Carnegie Steel Company upon this occasion had had what it thought the certainty of a contract of great value for material with the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, freight from Pittsburg to Newport News being much less than from Chicago. The contract, however, went to Chicago, and upon investigation we found that the rate given to our Chicago competitor to Newport News was less than the Pennsylvania Railroad rate from Pittsburg, the distance not one half so great. President Ingalls of the Chesapeake & Ohio, then beginning his brilliant career, had

made the low rate for his new line not yet embraced in the "gentlemen's agreement." We investigated, and found several rates of a similar nature prevailing to other points, and having a list of these made, the writer carried it to President Roberts of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with a request that he place us upon his own line on an equality with manufacturers on other lines. When the paper was presented to him, showing the overcharges we labored under, he pushed it aside, saying: "I have enough business of my own to attend to; don't wish to have anything to do with yours, Andy."

I said: "All right, Mr. Roberts; when you wish to see me again, you will ask an interview. Good morning."

The situation had become intolerable, and we looked about for the best means of protecting ourselves. A railroad-line of our own from Pittsburg to the lakes would be an invaluable acquisition, rendering us independent of any monopoly and enabling us to transport all our ironstone traffic from the lakes to Pittsburg, and our coal and coke from Pittsburg to the lakes, also giving us connection with the other through lines. I purchased the harbor at Conneaut and a few miles of railroad connected with it, and began extending the line to Pittsburg.

My partners had good reason to dread the consequences of the reckless challenge to the monster monopoly, and I could not blame them; for it undoubtedly had the power to cripple our operations. An intimation to the superintendent that the car-supply for our works, or the movement of our traffic, need not receive undue attention, would be serious, indeed. As a precaution, I took good care that the authorities in Philadelphia were advised of the policy I had determined to pursue if there was the slightest interruption to our business: all our works would be stopped, I would visit each in succession, and inform the workmen why they were idle; publish the monopoly rates; explain why Pittsburg needed our new railroad; and ask them, and all the workmen from other mills, to stand with folded arms upon the streets over which the Pennsylvania trains passed for miles, in peaceful protest and as an intimation that justice had better be done to Pittsburg. No interference with our operations came.

It was not long before I received a note from Vice-President Thomson, saying that President Roberts and himself would like an interview. I agreed to call as I passed through Philadelphia, and did so. I write this in the first person because my partners did not see their way to fight the great Pennsylvania Railroad; but my Scotch blood was up, and I was in to fight to the death, determined no longer to stand what we had been groaning under. It was indeed a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a railroad monopoly in those early days, and yet this is to be said for the railroad; while its rates for competitive traffic were being reduced beyond reason by competition, the company needed all the more the high rates upon local traffic if these could be enforced. This was no doubt taking a very narrow view, but railroading was then in its infancy, and public sentiment was not the force it has since become.

What I needed for the interview with my former railway associates were the secret rebate rates prevailing elsewhere. Our freight agent, Mr. McCague, then a clever young man, obtained these and placed them in my hands in a few days. He had left me with the words of Richelieu ringing in his ears:

> . . . From the hour I grasp that packet,
> think your guardian star rains fortune on you!

Some time after that he was of course admitted to partnership; that was the turning-point in his career.

Entering President Roberts's room, I found him and my dear friend, Frank Thomson, vice-president, sitting together. My reception was cordial.

"How are you, Andy?"

"How are you, Mr. Roberts? How are you, Frank? Gentlemen, you asked me for an interview, and here is the culprit before you. Put me in the dock and question me as you wish."

Frank said: "This is just what we want to do. May I be examiner?"

"Yes," I said, "you are just the man."

"What are you fighting the Pennsylvania Railroad for?" he asked. "You were brought up in its service. We were boys together."

"Well, Frank, I knew you would ask me that question, and here is the answer."

I handed him the packet of secret rates, and, begging to be excused for a few minutes, left the room, desirous of giving them an opportunity of looking it over together. Upon my return they were still sitting with the packet lying before them.

Frank raised his head and exclaimed: "Andy, I feel like Rip Van Winkle."

"Frank, the Pennsylvania Railroad officials have slept just about as long."

"Well, tell us what you want."

"I don't want anything. I did not ask to see you. You asked to see me."

"Don't talk that way. What do you want? We wish to make an arrangement satisfactory to you. We did not know these things were going on. We can hardly believe it; but we shall now find out. Tell us what you think we ought to do."

I said: "Gentlemen, all we have ever asked was that the rates charged us shall be at all times as low as those which competitors on other lines are paying on the same articles for similar distances. We ask for nothing else. Other lines are carrying freight for our competitors cheaper than you are carrying it for us, and you take part of this freight at the cut rates. We cannot stand that. We have never asked for lower rates than our competitors, but we shall never rest satisfied with less."

"If you will stop building that line from the lakes to your works, we will do what you ask," was his response.

"Gentlemen, that cannot be. I have agreed to build that line, and certain parties have taken action in consequence of my promise. It has to be built."

Repeated efforts were made to induce me to forego building, until finally I said to President Roberts: "You have just given a rival concern about to build works on your line in Pittsburg an agreement to give them everything you give us. We make no complaint; but if I had come to you and asked you, Mr. Roberts, to withdraw that agreement, and you had told me you were pledged to give it, I should say no more; I should expect you to keep your word. If abandoning the new line is a condition of anything you will do for us, we must part." No more was said upon that subject.

Then came the extension of the lake line we had decided to build from Pittsburg to our coke-ovens. They wished that stopped, and as I was not yet pledged to build it, I said that was a matter for negotiation. If they wished to carry our coke over their line from the ovens to our works at Pittsburg at the same rate agreed upon with the new proposed line for that service, they could have the contract. This they gladly accepted. The result of the meeting was that I got all I asked for, and greatly obliged the Pennsylvania Railroad by allowing them to retain transportation of our own coke traffic from the coke-fields to Pittsburg. Everything was satisfactorily arranged, and we were all "boys together" again. I was the ally of the P. R. R., much to my delight.

It was estimated that the agreement saved us about one and a half millions of dollars per year, a large sum upon our business then. Railway officials, free from restrictions, could make or unmake mining and manufacturing concerns in those days, and could do so still, had we not at last a court of appeal and laws against obvious discriminations.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission is to become one of our greatest safeguards.

I must not forget to mention that one part of the understanding was that so long as the Pennsylvania Railroad gave us the same rates our competitors paid for similar distances anywhere in the United States, we would not be parties to building any additional lines in the Pittsburg district in competition with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and this agreement lasted until Mr. Cassatt returned to power.

I was in Europe when he changed the coke and other rates, not knowing their origin or the details of our agreement with his predecessors. All that we asked and obtained, as I have explained, was the same rates given by other lines to our competitors, and nothing lower than these. It was impossible, I am told, for the railroad company to do anything, however, but charge the regular rates on some of our shipments as made, and at the end of each month to compare these rates with any they had given to others, or which we could show their competitors had given to others, for similar traffic. Therefore, the necessary de-

ductions, if any, that had to be made to us, might be considered in one sense technically "rebates" upon the higher rates charged, although not such in any true sense; for the net result to us was that, according to the agreement, we got just the rates that the Pennsylvania Railroad officials were satisfied our competitors were paying in other districts over other lines. Thus we were given, as it were, the "most favored nation" clause, nothing more. The new rate on coke was in a different category. Here the Pennsylvania Railroad Company elected to take the place of a threatened rival railroad and had to meet its terms. The Carnegie Steel Company only got what the new line was to give it.

The efforts of Pittsburg manufacturers to escape the thrall of the great monopoly were, first, the making of an independent line to the lakes, and connecting with the New York & Erie, New York Central, etc., which was done, but subsequently sold to the Vanderbilt interests, who offered three dollars for one invested. It proved to be a great mistake to sell, because it permitted the two railroad systems to confer and come to terms upon fixed rates and probably division of traffic. Thus ended effort number one.

Some time after, when war again broke out between the rival systems, the late William H. Vanderbilt asked me what I thought of the project of his able and enterprising son-in-law, Mr. Twombly, to extend the Reading system to Pittsburg through Pennsylvania. I thought so well of it that I said: "If you will undertake it, I and my friends will go with you to the extent of $5,000,000," a prodigious sum then—at least to us.

"If you will, then I will put in $5,000,000 also," he replied. Thus the South Pennsylvania was organized, and its construction begun. Here was a chance for the New York Central to grip and hold its antagonist by the throat; but the Pennsylvania interests, seeing what the movement involved, approached Mr. Vanderbilt while I was absent in Europe and induced him to surrender. Exactly what advantage the New York Central system received, I do not know, but it should have been great indeed, for this was probably the greatest mistake in its history. Mr. Twombly had found the key to masterdom for the Vanderbilt interests, but it was foolishly thrown away. The work on the South Pennsylvania was stopped, and our investment returned. Thus ended effort number two.

My personal effort to build the Bessemer Railroad to the lakes came after these vain efforts of united Pittsburg to emancipate herself.

When Mr. Cassatt ended the agreement entered into between his predecessor and myself, I was quite prepared to take up the challenge. We were once more free. An idea struck me one morning. I called upon Mr. George Gould and said to him: "Years ago, soon after I had taken up residence in New York, your father approached me in the Windsor Hotel and said he would buy the control of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and divide profits equally with me, if I would promise to devote myself to its management. It was a great compliment to be paid to one so young; but my heart was already in steel development, and I declined. This morning I come to you and offer an opportunity to create and control a through line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Extend your line to Pittsburg, and we will give you a contract for one third of all our business, provided you agree to give us the rates prevailing elsewhere and enjoyed by our competitors." I offered to build west to meet him, and also to join him in building east. Fortunately he agreed, and the result is that the Gould system to-day is in Pittsburg, enjoying that contract. We were just upon the eve of arranging to extend the line eastward, taking in our coke-works en route, which would have been a hard blow to the Pennsylvania Railroad, since we controlled our own coke traffic, when Mr. Morgan asked Mr. Schwab if I wished to retire from business; if so, he thought he could let me out. I replied in the affirmative, having resolved early in life not to spend my old age struggling for more dollars. I had seen so many pitiable cases of men with fortunes to retire upon but nothing to retire to, condemned to continue like flies held fast by the revolving wheel, to whom change means misery. Of course we stopped all negotiations looking to Eastern extension after this, and the result was my retirement from business.

With Mr. Cassatt's return to power as

president of the Pennsylvania system, came needed reform, and it gives me pleasure to record the great service that companion of my youth did to the railroad interests of the country. In doing so, he broke the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which prohibits any of its railroads from controlling competing lines by purchase or otherwise. He bought large interests in the Baltimore & Ohio and other competing lines; but when he did this, I do not believe he knew he was breaking the Constitution, for in those days railway officials thought little about the law, because it rarely touched transportation operations. These investments have since been sold by the Pennsylvania company.

His influence upon competing lines became decisive. He enforced uniform rates honestly on the Pennsylvania system, and he gradually induced the other lines to adhere to them. Then was established what is called the "community of interest" idea.

In the interval, the Government had taken up the subject of interstate commerce, which the States were and are clearly unable to control. Wise laws were passed, and a National Commission appointed, and the evils of rebates are today already unknown. Under present laws no corporation can afford to offer, neither can any person or company afford to receive rebates, the risk of exposure and punishment being now fortunately far too great.

Thus the conditions described as prevailing in the past in railway transportation, then still in the formative stage, are rapidly being succeeded by a system finally to become as perfect as is possible for man to create and maintain.

The President has performed a great service, focusing the attention of the country upon certain crying evils, and the present position of the Government is all that could be desired. The dead past is to bury its past. It is rapidly doing so. It was the custom for different rates to prevail in the beginning of railroad development, when all was chaos, but our conditions are soon to be those which the old lands have been led by experience to establish. We are only following their example in supervising railway and other corporations strictly, as we do national banks. Leases, mergers, purchases of shares, control of other lines or corporations, the issue of bonds and stocks, and the rates of freight, must all be reported, examined, and approved by the tribunal which is to become our Industrial Supreme Court.

We may rest assured that the Inter-State Commission, progressing from year to year as it gains experience, will sustain fair rates for the railroad companies and establish what is indispensable—equality of rates throughout the whole country. The equality of the shipper will soon become an axiom ranking with the equality of the citizen—one shipper's privilege over any railroad every shipper's right. Different rates per ton or per mile may prevail in different sections or under different conditions, but these will be open to all.

This will give to shareholders in corporations a degree of security hitherto unknown, enhance the value of their investments, and prove as beneficial for the corporations as for the shareholders and the country. Capital, both domestic and foreign, will be attracted more than ever to this field.

The creation of the commission is the most important addition that has been made in our day to the machinery of government. It should be proclaimed by the Administration and leading statesmen of both parties, and kept clearly before the people that no radical action has either been taken or is contemplated. On the contrary, all that is desired is only what other nations already possess, and is in the truest sense conservative and preservative in the highest degree.

The ease and rapidity with which the commission was established, which has already abolished demoralizing rebates and is rapidly giving to corporate investments the security they possess in other lands by bringing them under supervision, is a great triumph for our governmental system in all departments, legislative, executive, and judicial, and gives to all the assurance that no emergency can arise in our country which will not be promptly and successfully met,—an intelligent, just, and fair-minded people at the base cordially approving the salutory measures of their representatives, with the President, a great reforming force at the head, leading the way.

From a painting by Harrington Mann. See "Open Letters"

A FAIRY TALE

THE SUN DOMINANT

(MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE)

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

TRANSITION

THE passing of the supremacy of its own heat, and the entrance of the sun upon the scene as the dominant power in its life, mark the next stage in a planet's history.

On earth the transition from self-support to solar dependence began with the first symptoms of atmospheric clearing in the time of the great reptiles. The clouds that had veiled the whole earth in the Paleozoic period then began to dissipate; though it was probably not until much later that the sky approached the pellucid character we know. The earth's own cooling thus first let in the sun.

That such must have been our earth's history we gather from the other planets; that it actually was so we discover from the records of the earth itself. For from the fossils imbedded in its rocks we learn that when the Triassic strata, more familiarly known as the New Red Sandstone, were laid down, gymnosperms, cycads, and conifers had replaced the cryptogams of the primary age. These plants require more light than ferns. Though technically called flowering plants, they yet lacked flowers to catch the eye. Still, they demanded more sunlight than their predecessors, and thus testify to the purifying air caused by the gradual cooling of the surface and the consequent less abundant generation of cloud. That the sun had not grown more insistent, but the earth more open-eyed, the latitudinal character of the cooling shows. For it was not the absolute lowering in warmth, but the zonal differentiation of temperature that then set in, which is noticeable. The tropics were as before; the climate was changing slowly toward the poles.

In the next Mesozoic division, the Jurassic, the corals, by dropping down the latitudes as time went on, speak of continued refrigeration. Tropic, temperate, and frigid regions began to belt the earth. But zones were not yet well established, as the presence of the same cycads in Mexico and Franz Josef Land suffices to attest. Corals still grew in latitude 55° north.

THE SUN ASSERTS ITSELF

WITH Tertiary times came in the seasons. Before this the earth knew them not, though its axial tilt was the same as now. Their advent is registered for us in the changed vegetation they induced. For their presence is witnessed by the coming in of deciduous trees, which made their first appearance in its preceding strata, the lower Cretaceous, and spread and flourished in the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene eras. The northern zones had now grown so cold that vegetation had to hibernate in the winter months. Meanwhile we mark the palms successively descend the parallels in search of heat. In the Eocene—the dawn of the recent—already they are lower than in earlier epochs; in the Oligocene, the next age, their northern limit is the smaller fifties; they become rarer there in the Miocene; and in the Pliocene they have virtually disappeared from northern Europe. With increase in light went hand in hand decrease in warmth, which shows that the earth had been the source of the earlier torrid climate. Its seas and continents were both cooling off.

The sun was slowly asserting his posi-

tion as the great giver of both light and heat, and the world as we know it was beginning to be.

This change in dependence from mother earth to distant sun ushered in the reign of beauty in the world. We live in the colored supplement of our globe's history, the time when the pigments were put on; and this because as fashioner the sun has replaced the earth. Though they bear no relation to us, the gorgeous tints of blossom, butterfly, and bird that so delight the eye were called into being by the sunbeams themselves; while the descendants of the plants that were beholden chiefly to the earth—the fungi, mosses, and brakes—now flourish only in the shade. A few indeed have adapted themselves to the new conditions, but the greater part still pathetically cling to the world in which they were brought up—a world (except in corners) long since passed away.

MARS BETRAYS THE SAME EVOLUTION

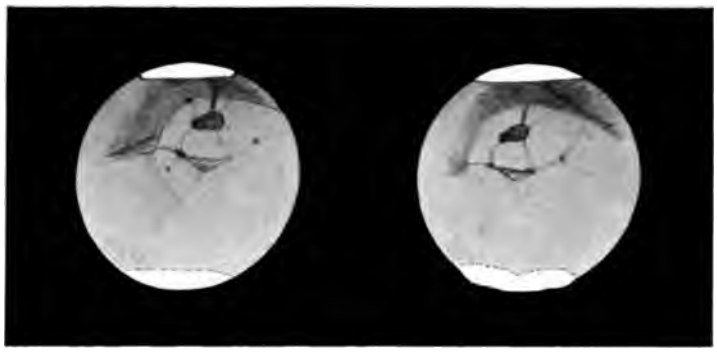
SINCE a general clearing of its sky is a regular step in a planet's development, we should expect to find a cloudless, transparent air in the case of a planet as relatively old as Mars. For thus a body opens its eyes to the cosmos. Now, this is precisely what we do find. For the aspect of Mars shows that it has thus waked to the universe about it. In fact, such was the very first of its characteristics to be made known to the earth, being the one by which the others were revealed. Without it we had never made acquaintance with this other world in space.

Viewed under suitable conditions, few sights can compare for instant beauty and growing grandeur with Mars as presented by the telescope. Framed in the blue of space, there floats before the observer's gaze a seeming miniature of his own earth, yet changed by translation to the sky. Within its charmed circle of light he marks apparent continents and seas, now ramifying into one another, now stretching in unique expanse over wide tracts of disk, and capped at their poles by dazzling ovals of white. It recalls to him his first lessons in geography, where the earth was shown him set ethereally amid the stars, only with an added sense of reality in the apotheosis. It is the thing itself, stamped with that all-pervading, indefinable hall-mark of authenticity in which the cleverest reproduction somehow fails.

In color largely lies this awakening touch that imbues the picture with the sense of actuality. And very vivid are the tints, so salient and so unlike that their naming in words conveys scant idea of their concord to the eye. Rose ocher dominates the lighter regions, while a robin's-egg blue colors the darker; and both are set off and emphasized by the icy whiteness of the caps. Nor is either hue uniform; tone relieves tint to a further heightening of effect. In some parts of the light expanses the ocher prevails alone; in others the rose deepens to a brick red, suffusing the surface with the glow of a warm late afternoon. No less various is the blue, now sinking into deeps of shading, now lightening into faint washes that in places grade off insensibly into ocher itself, thus making regions of intermediate tint the precise borders of which are not decipherable by the eye.

Superimposed upon its general opaline complexion are now and then to be seen ephemeral effects. At certain times and in certain places warm chocolate brown has been known to supplant the blue. Often, too, cold white dots are scattered over the disk, dazzling diamond points that deck the planet's features to a richness beyond the power of pencil to portray. So minute are they that good seeing is needed to disclose them. It is at such moments that color best comes out. To those who know the sun only as golden and the moon as white, even in its color scheme Mars would stand forth a revelation.

It is easy to travel in thought over the strange land thus displayed below you. For though you gaze up into the sky, you still look down upon its ground, and follow consciously or unconsciously the configuration of its surface with cartographic eye, now led by some apparent bay to run with it up into the continent, now witched by the spirit of exploration toward some island, as it seems to be, set remote in the midst of the sea. But whether you purpose it or not, nature,



From drawings made by Professor Lowell, July 20, 1907

TWO VIEWS OF THE SOLIS LACUS REGION OF MARS; ONE HOUR APART (THE ONE TO THE LEFT THE EARLIER), SHOWING THE ROTATION OF THE PLANET

taking the matter out of your hand, decides it for you. For presently you perceive your point of view not to be quite what it was. The bay in question, as well as the island, has slightly changed its place upon the disk, while the two have kept their mutual relation unaltered. A few minutes more and the shift has increased, and then you become aware of what is taking place: this other world is turning on itself, as turns our own, rotating from west to east as it rolls along its orbit about the sun.

Up over the rim of the disk rises a marking, to swing in time across the center, and then on out of sight round the other limb. The one horizon marks the sunrise-line upon the planet, the other the sunset one, and in its course between the two the place has had its Martian day. Unsuspectedly, but no less potently for that, the act of such withdrawal only whets curiosity the more. What perchance might have wearied had it remained forever there, gains an added glamour from the fact that it is gone. But, more than this, it gives an earnest of yet further fields to be explored. From the circumstance of turning comes promise that other regions will later be displayed, and as the observer watches, the predicted comes to pass. One longitude after another turns the corner, rounds into view, and slowly swings into the meridian plane. Objects grown familiar, give place to others that are new. Sitting alone in midnight vigil in his noiseless dome, the astronomer thus silently circumnavigates another world.

The cloudlessness of the planet's sky alone makes such travel possible. Were it not for the unobstructed view, exploration of the sort would be out of the question. Were Mars not an old planet, corroborating by absence of cloud the general course of planetary development, our knowledge of it would have been slight. To begin with, it enables us to mark the permanency in place of the planet's features, and so to time their axial rotation; by which we come to knowledge of the planet's day. This day proves to differ little from our own in duration, being 24 hours, 40 minutes long, instead of 24 hours. Next it discloses the tilt of the axis to the planet's orbital plane, a relation which causes the seasons of the year. Now the Martian tilt, as well as the Martian time of rotation, turns out to be singularly like our own, being in fact 24° as against 23½° for the earth. The year of Mars, however, is twice ours in length, which, joined to great eccentricity of orbit, gives it diversifiedly long seasons. Thus in the northern hemisphere spring lasts 199 days, summer 183, autumn 147, and winter 158, while in its southern hemisphere the figures stand reversed. The numbers have more than academic importance, for absolute length is as vital a factor in a season's influence as the fact of the season itself. Much may be brought to pass in twice the time which could not develop in the shorter period. And it is not a little interesting that precisely this possibility actually turns out to be vital in the vegetative economy of the planet's year.

From a globe by Professor Lowell

THE NORTH POLAR CAP OF MARS, AT ITS LEAST EXTENT

THE THIN ATMOSPHERE OF MARS

ABSENCE of cloud speaks, too, of the thinness of the planet's air, of which we have other evidence as well. Perhaps the best proof of a relatively thin air is the lack of intrinsic brilliancy of the Martian disk, its "albedo," as it is called. This is only 27% of absolute reflection, as against 92% for Venus. Now, a thick air, even if clear,—indeed, because clear,—would cast a luminous veil over the planet's face, as it does with Venus dimming its features. Such is not the case with Mars.

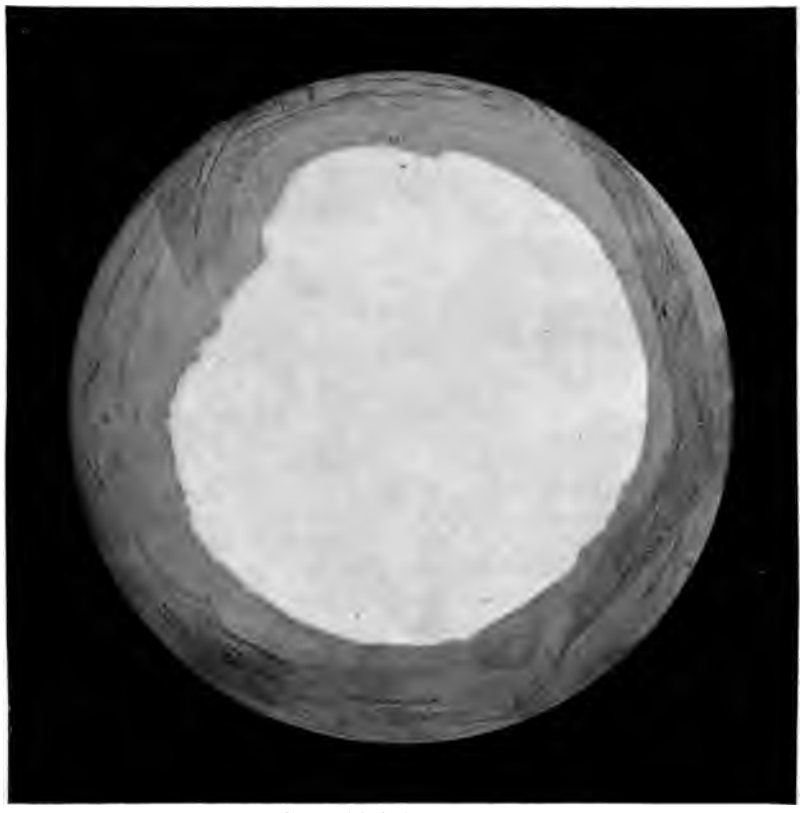
Of twilight, therefore, there should be less, and certain observations made at Flagstaff in 1894 seem to prove this. The refractive medium of air which on earth calls the sun earlier in the morning and keeps him up later at night than would otherwise be the case, is not so potent on Mars. Day there enters with greater abruptness, and lapses into more sudden dusk. Then comes a night when the stars stand forth with an insistency unknown on earth.

That some air exists is, however, patent, both directly from the limb-light that fringes the circlet of the disk and inferentially from the changes that we mark in progress on the planet's face. For change of itself implies an atmosphere.

THE POLAR CAPS OF MARS

FIRST of the phenomena to betray this air were the white caps that bonnet the Martian poles; for in the person of these patches transformation was first recorded upon the Martian disk. Their position, together with their seasonal wax and wane, pointed them out for polar snows gathered during the Martian winter and melting with the Martian spring.

That the polar caps are composed of snow, or, rather, hoar-frost, suggests itself to any one who carefully scans the



From a globe by Professor Lowell

THE SOUTH POLAR CAP OF MARS, AT ITS GREATEST EXTENT

planet. To prove it was not so easy. Fortunately, a phenomenon which accompanies it turned out, when rightly reasoned on, a touchstone to its character. As the cap melts, it is seen to be girdled about by a dark-blue band, deeper in tone than any other blue-green area on the disk. This belt developed the peculiar property of retreating with the cap as the latter shrank, maintaining throughout its attendant post. The phenomenon was first seen by Beer and Mädler, but it was not till 1894 that its significance was seized.

Clearly the outcome of the melting cap, it disposed by that fact of the suggestion that the caps might be solid carbonic acid that freezes at 109° F. into a substance not unlike snow. For carbonic acid under pressures of one atmosphere, or less, such as would be the case on Mars, passes instantly from the gaseous into the solid state. Not so water-vapor. Here, then, was a telltale bit of behavior. The blue belt proclaimed carbonic acid not concerned, and that the substance composing the cap was therefore snow.

The behavior of the cap thus affords intrinsic proof of its constitution. Since this was determined, another line of argument has given extrinsic evidence of the same thing. This is the evaluation of the surface temperature of the planet recently made for the first time with any approach to precision.

THE QUESTION OF TEMPERATURE ON MARS

THE stronghold of doubt as to the habitability of Mars has always been the difficulty of accounting for a temperature there high enough to support life. From its own bodily heat at the present time the planet itself, like our own earth, can contribute to the surface temperature no appreciable amount. The necessary caloric must all come from the sun. Now, because the planet was half as far again from the sun as the earth, and because

DRAWING OF MARS, SHOWING THE DARK BELT THAT GIRDLES THE SNOW DURING ITS MELTING. BY PROFESSOR LOWELL, APRIL 8, 1907

light and heat diffuse inversely as the square of the distance,—a candle two feet away giving only one fourth the light of one a foot off,—it was supposed that Mars must receive only four ninths the warmth that the earth gets, which would render its temperature terribly low.

But the receipt of radiant energy is not so forthright as this. To begin with, the bundle of rays from the sun striking the planet is subject to two adventures at the very threshold of its planetary career. A part of it is at once reflected back into space from the body it strikes—from the air first, then from the planetary surface. But the reflected light or heat does not go to warm the body at all. Strange to say, this important fact had never been taken into account until the present investigation of the subject, and naturally to a completely different outcome from what had previously been supposed. Too technical for exposition here, one or two points in it may be mentioned. First, the proportionate amount of the reflected light-rays which reach an observer stationed on another planet measures the relative brightness of that planet as seen by him. This per square unit of surface at distance unity, is what is called the planet's albedo. Now the albedo of the different planets has been found by more than one observer from investigations unconcerned with our present subject, the only gap in the series being that of our own earth. The latest determination by Müller is:

Mercury	0.17
Venus	0.92
Mars	0.27
Jupiter	0.75
Saturn (Struve)	0.78
Uranus	0.73
Neptune	0.63

Our own earth's albedo is lacking from the table because we cannot see ourselves as others see us, and are consequently somewhat in the dark as to our own appearance. By suitable deduction, however, from the brightness of sunlight at different altitudes above the surface of the earth it is possible to get some idea of it, and from this a modest estimate puts it as at least .75. So that we are not so dull as we thought.

Thus we get the amount of radiant energy received from the visible part of the sun's rays. There are also rays too long to be perceived by our eyes, and these must also be considered in a determina-

From drawings by Professor Lowell, July 20 and 22, before and after the event

EARLY WINTER SNOW-STORM IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE OF MARS, 1907. (NORTH AT THE BOTTOM.) MARTIAN DATES: OCTOBER 22, LEFT-HAND DRAWING; OCTOBER 23, RIGHT-HAND DRAWING

tion of the whole. The bolometer invented by Langley enables us to do this, and so to obtain the fraction of the total incident energy which goes to warm the body. In the case of the earth it proves to be 41% of the whole; and in the case of Mars, 60%. Here, then, we have at once a serious modification of a calculation based on distance alone.

THE CLEAR SKIES OF MARS

But this is not all. The clearness of the Martian sky comes in to abet the greater transmission of its air. From dawn till dusk, day after day in the summer season, and largely in winter, the sun shines out of a heaven innocent of cloud. No shield of the sort, and only a little screen of air, tempers its beams to the soil held up to it. Such an exposure far exceeds anything we have on earth; for with us, even in the tropics, clouds gather as soon as the heating grows excessive, and cool the air by plumps of rain.

How much this means to a planet as far away from the sun as Mars, will appear if we consider what in this respect is the condition of the earth. Over the earth as a whole, the proportion of actual to possible sunshine for the whole year is 50%. That is, the sky is such that the sun shines only half the time it might were there no clouds to screen it.

On Mars the spring mistiness at the borders of the polar cap is the only veiling the surface knows, with the result that the percentage of sunshine throughout the year is 99% of the utmost possible.

Taking these different data, and using the most recently determined relation of radiation to temperature (that of Stefan, which has been independently deduced theoretically by both Boltzmann and Galitzine), we find that the mean temperature of the surface air of Mars should be about 48°F. That of the earth is only 60° F.; so that the mean climatic warmth of the two planets is not very unlike, and far within the possibilities of life for both.

But the circumstances are even more favorable to Martian life than this. For man does not live by mean annual temperatures alone. In fact neither he nor other animals nor plants in our temperate zones pay so much heed to yearly averages as is sometimes supposed. Much more to the point with them is the mean summer warmth they experience.

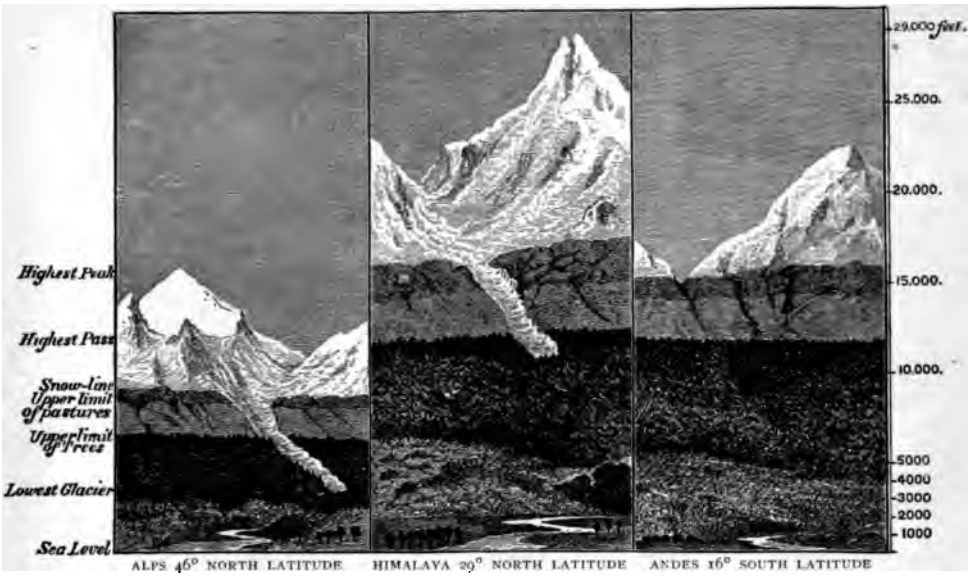
SUMMER AND WINTER TEMPERATURES

Now, in the summer-time, that is, all the way from some months after the winter solstice to some months after the summer one,—more heat is absorbed daily from the sun than is radiated out to the stars at night. The surface temperature is then constantly rising; a fact patent when one stops to think of it in this way, since June is warmer than March, but that this means that the day's gain exceeds the night's loss is commonly lost sight of. The fact

DUST-STORM ON MARS FROM A DRAWING BY PROFESSOR LOWELL, MAY 28, 1903

is pertinent to our present inquiry. For the daily increment continues for half the year, and the Martian year is twice our own in length. Its total gain in summer over the mean would, other things equal, rise to something like twice our own. Instead of a temperature lift of 30° as with us, on Mars it might well be 50°, in spite of the thinner air.

That a thin air is compatible with great surface heat the latest and most authoritative measures of the heat of the moon's surface during the lunar day interestingly corroborate. These measures are those of Professor Very. With great care and thoroughness, this excellent investigator experimented on the amount of heat radiated by different parts of the moon at different times of the lunar day. He continued the work Langley had begun to a much finer point of precision. It used to be thought that even at lunar



From Geikie's "Elementary Lessons in Physical Geography." (The Macmillan Company)

VERTICAL DISTRIBUTION OF CLIMATE ON MOUNTAINS, SHOWING HOW LAND-MASSES RAISE THE TEMPERATURE

midday the temperature of the moon's surface must be below freezing because of its lack of a retaining blanket of air. Very's latest conclusions in the matter put a quite different aspect upon it. In a letter of his to the writer he sums up his results as follows:

When the sun rises, no matter in what latitude, it is cold. I do not venture to say how cold, but below the freezing-point. Not until the sun has reached an altitude of 15° in middle latitudes does the temperature get above freezing. Then the heat mounts rapidly until at the end of the first week of sunshine in dry regions near the equator the rock surface is as hot as boiling water. As midday approaches at the end of the second week, the scorching rocks attain a temperature full 80° Centigrade above the boiling-point of water in regions under a vertical sun (356° F.). Having once become heated, the rocky surface retains its heat to a great extent far into the afternoon, the curve of falling temperature being perhaps a day and a half of our time out of symmetry. Toward the end of the lunar afternoon the fall of temperature is very rapid, and before the sun sets, frost prevails, or at least temperatures which produce frost wherever there is water-vapor to make the article which we call "hoar-frost."

And this great heat occurs where there is virtually no blanket of air.

ASPECT OF MARS CORROBORATIVE

Now, when we turn from deduction to the picture the planet presents, which, after all, is entitled to some consideration in statements about itself, we confront what certainly seems a body in fairly easy circumstances of temperature. In its summer the surface lies fully exposed to our gaze, and it assuredly is not suffering from wholesale glaciation. On the contrary, the phenomena point to something quite the reverse. For weeks its arctic regions up to 86° and 87° north are certainly above the freezing-point, since the snow disappears. Probably they are far above it, for in the polar caps we then behold a shrinkage much greater than anything we similarly experience on earth, showing that it is relatively warmer there than here. Lower down the disk toward the equator, great dust-storms, like the simooms of our Sahara, sweep over parts of it at times, hundreds of square miles in extent, conveying to the onlooker anything but a sense of chill.

In winter the opposite state of things prevails. A good sixth of the whole surface goes into winter quarters as each autumn draws on. It stays so, too, for some eight of our months on end, not to emerge till the next Martian spring. A

winter on Mars in high latitudes has a polar complexion to it not wholly pleasing to contemplate.

But the idea that such a winter's counterpane betokens more than hibernation, and in any sense hazards the existence of life, a moment's thought on our own conditions of living will suffice to dispel. The great nations of the earth, with scarce an exception, live half the year in the earth's north polar cap, buried in snow and hidden the greater part of the time from visual communication with outside space. If Martian philosophers are of the pattern of some earthly ones, they must incontrovertibly prove to their own satisfaction the impossibility of our existence. Nevertheless, from the fairly successful way in which we manage to survive in open contravention of philosophic impossibility, we see that it is not necessary even to suppose hibernation, feasible as nature finds that to be with insects, fishes, and beasts, in order to tide over an animal from one period of warmth to the next. An organism with or without what we are pleased to call human intelligence is quite capable of submitting to conditions which would, in the long run, prove destructive to life, and of biding its time to a more propitious season.

SUMMER THE LIFE SEASON

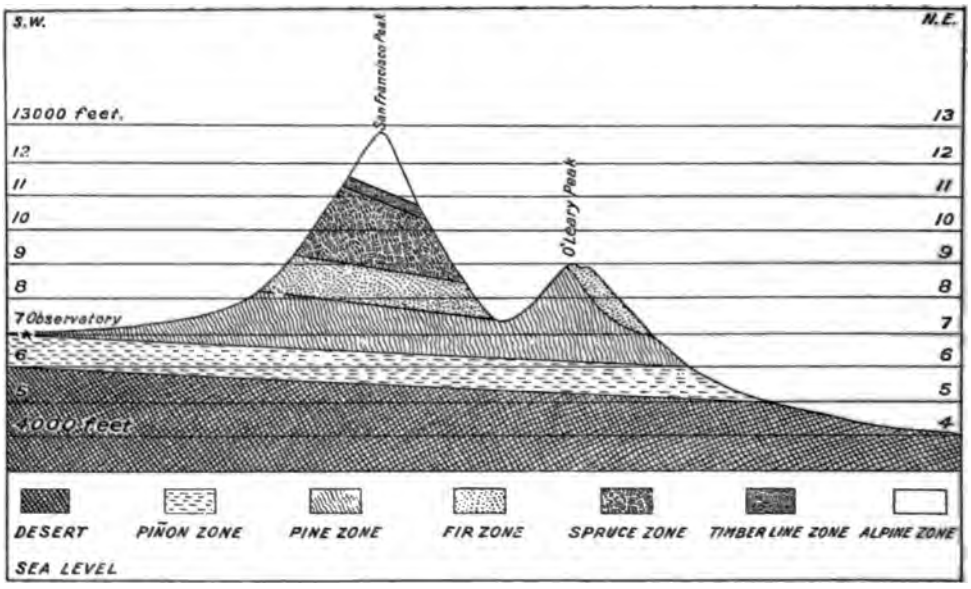
It is, then, the summer temperature, not the winter one, that decides the question as to whether life shall exist upon a planet. An investigation of the United States Government Zoölogist, Dr. Merriam, made upon the region of the San Francisco peaks, in 1889, shows this to be the case beyond what had previously been supposed. Its pertinency to the problem before us commends it to reference here.

In geographic and climatic position combined the San Francisco Mountains of northern Arizona are among the most interesting animal and vegetal habitats of the globe. They are what is left of a great crater of Tertiary times, which rising out of the plateau north of the Arizonian desert, tower to 12,630 feet of altitude. The massive of this once volcanic cone supports now many square miles of forest on its flanks, and their plateau base is clothed with pine; while girdling it about, and cutting it off like an island from other vegetation, stretch the arid wastes of the American desert.

ZONES OF VEGETATION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS

This floral island is remarkable for being banded by successive zones of trees, each distinctive and exclusive, and giving place the one to the other solely according to elevation. Starting from the desert forty miles away, where sage-brush and cacti alone succeed in managing an existence, the traveler enters at an elevation of a mile and a quarter above the sea the initial zone of scrub. Stunted at first, clumps of dwarf juniper—cedars, as they are locally called—make their appearance, and grow in size and vigor as he continues to ascend. With them are soon associated another form of juniper and the piñon, a small tree from twenty to thirty feet in height. At about 7000 feet he encounters the *Pinus ponderosa*, to which the juniper and piñons then give way, and the whole aspect of the tree vegetation changes. The stately pines possess the land alone, save for a few white oaks on the edges of the mesas. At 8500 feet the yellow pines disappear, to be succeeded by the Douglass fir, the Rocky Mountain pine, and the beautiful trembling aspen. At 9500 feet this set of trees gives place to yet another, and the traveler enters the white spruce zone, associated with which is the foxtail pine. At 10,500 feet these are transformed into dwarf specimens of themselves, until at 11,500 feet they entirely lapse, and naked rock stretches supreme to the summit. A climb of 8000 feet from 5000 to 13,000 of elevation has carried the observer through six zones of absolutely distinct tree life, counterparts of what he would have traversed had he journeyed from the foot of the mountains northward to the pole.

To the higher slopes of the mountain every summer deer troop from the lower plateaus, where they have passed the winter, to stay at these heights until October's cold drives them down again; while upon it all the year round are to be found bear, which also go up and down with the change in seasons. In addition



After a plate in "North American Fauna, Number 3," U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy" by Dr. Merriam

DIAGRAMMATIC PROFILE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO AND O'LEARY PEAKS, FROM SOUTHWEST TO NORTHEAST

The diagram shows the several life zones and the effects of slope exposure, but also shows what is unnoticed by the monograph, the effect of a plateau upon life. The location of the Lowell Observatory is indicated by the star.

to these are wild cats and mountain lion, besides a host of smaller mammals like squirrels, gophers, and the like.

SUMMER TEMPERATURE DETERMINATIVE OF LIFE

MERRIAM camped upon the peak in July, 1889, and studied the habits of the animals at high elevations during the summer months, comparing the various genus and species found there with those known elsewhere in the world. Among other interesting results he found that the survival of species is determined not by the mean annual temperature of the locality or by the winter minimum, but by the maximum temperature prevailing during the short summer months. It is in this season that they bring forth their young, and his study showed that if the animals were sufficiently warm during the reproductive season, cold during the rest of the year mattered not. At the worst they hibernated. Hence, the fact that a few warm weeks made life possible, notwithstanding the impossibility of all the remaining cold, forbidding months. Here we see *what* is important to our present discussion. Merriam found that temperature was more potent than humidity, so long as they had any water at all.

This point in animal history has immediate bearing upon the habitability of Mars; for the Martian summer is twice as long as ours, and, as we have seen, the probable acme of warmth attained in it is by no means small. It is by these attributes of its climate, and not by its mean annual temperature, or by the great cold its surface very possibly experiences in winter, that its ability to support life must be judged.

Another point the presence of the animals on the San Francisco Mountains serves to bring out—their indifference to dryness of the air. The creatures which dwell on the peak, or which visit it as a summer resort, are members of the same species whose natural home is at sea-level farther north. The deer are such as one finds in the northern part of the United States; the bear are the same as those inhabiting the forests of Canada and Labrador. Altitude takes the place of latitude in sufficiently cooling the habitat to their accommodation. But it does this at the expense of air. On the peak they

dwell at elevations of 10,000 feet, where the barometer marks only 18 inches, instead of the 30 to which their relatives are accustomed. Yet, in spite of living in atmospheric penury on the mansard roof of the world,—for the mountain here is steep,—they suffer no inconvenience, and seem totally unaware that they are doing anything peculiar. Nor have they seemingly changed in organic or even in functional development. With the deer the lack of special adaptation is equaled only by the lack of conscious absence of it, and the animal is as much at home as in the timber of the Minnesota woods.

That thinning of the air proves no bar to a species, provided other conditions are the same, is further shown on the high lands of the western United States. The meadow-larks of the great plains rise with the surface into the parks of the Colorado Rockies, with an altitude of eight thousand feet, and are there as much acclimated as at two thousand in the Kansas prairies.

Now, if such a barometric range can be borne semi-annually without special modification by the organism, how much more may not be accomplished by accommodation, given a sufficiency of time? Men who gasp pitiably at first, learn to endure, and finally, embrace, a life of elevation. Quito, at ten thousand feet, has a population who live as easily as their relatives at the sea-level.

PLATEAUS HOTTER THAN PEAKS AT A LIKE ELEVATION

OWING to the thinness of the air, it has been customary to liken the conditions on Mars to those upon our highest mountain-tops, where life finds it impossible to exist. But the analogy is misplaced. Mars, with its level surface, is more like some vast plateau. Now, that the temperature of a plateau exceeds that of a peak at the same height, table-lands on the earth make evident. Humboldt cited the Himalaya. On the north side of this great range, both snow-line and timber-line are 3000 feet higher than on the south side, a climatic lift brought about by the Tibetan table-lands on the north; and this in spite of the contrary effect of slope exposure. During the last summer I spent some time in studying this point upon the San Francisco peaks in its bearing on tree-zones. I found the trees rose regularly with the land in proportion to its mass. Nor is the explanation far to seek. Each bit of plateau helps warm its neighbor, and so keeps a heat that else would have radiated away. If even a limited area of high ground can so far ameliorate the temperature, how much more would be accomplished were it to become world-wide?

That we do not find animal and vegetable life at the tops of our highest mountains is due to other cause than elevation; namely, to the restricted nature of the habitat upon the pointed needle of a peak, separated by impassable gulfs from other equally limited areas. The animal has no range of forage and no chance of commerce with its kind. This is one reason for the absence of life upon isolated pinnacles. Yet even so his presence proves surprising. On the very pinnacle of the peaks, at 12,630 feet, the tracks of a vole, I think it was, showed clearly in the snow on October 15. Another exterminating cause is the wind that of necessity always draws over a peak at the slightest provocation. The consequent drain upon an animal's own heat when made under low temperatures is fatal to life. Man can endure 70° below zero F. if the air is still, but perishes at 40° below under the least wind. Even a breeze, therefore, is equivalent to a fall of 30° F. in the temperature.

WATER-VAPOR IN THE AIR OF MARS

BY both temperature and appearance, then, water-vapor proves a constituent of the Martian atmosphere. Now, the vapor of water is a light gas, the lightest of the constituents of our own air, and in consequence, by the laws of gases, among the most difficult for a planet to retain. Its presence, therefore, in a planet's gaseous envelop is of the nature of a guarantee that less volatile associates are also to be found there. These in an increasing order of weight are nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid gas. So we may conclude that these are probably also to be found on Mars.

But we are far from having to rely upon such inference, well-founded in

principle as it is, for our knowledge of the existence of these important gases in the atmosphere of the planet. Modern observation of a quite unrelated class of features puts their presence there upon a secure footing—a planting on the premises of two feet instead of one by the logical body of fact; and that, too, by reason of a descent from the air to the solid surface of the ground. It is the now recognized constitution of one of the two great classes of markings that diversify the disk which has given us the necessary information. The blue-green regions have proved themselves the sybils in the case.

In form first, in color subsequently, the blue-green areas commended themselves as seas and oceans to the mind of the early areographers. Even Schiaparelli so considered them. Nor at that stage of acquaintance was the characterization at all far-fetched. But as these seeming seas were better scanned, differences of tint became apparent in them. This should have shaken belief in their character, but so tenacious is an idea when once it has taken root that the discovery awoke no doubt. The oceans were merely spoken of as shallower in some places than in others, as if thousands of square miles of water so few feet deep that the bottom showed through did not of itself need explanation.

Next, these very differences showed variation. Areas as large as Great Britain, and often very much larger, would lighten in the course of a few weeks in a perfectly unmistakable manner. Indeed, the greater part of the whole southern hemisphere of the planet would thus doff one tone, and even tint, to don another at surprisingly short notice, and this without anything approaching a correspondingly sizable darkening elsewhere.

When we set ourselves to consider the matter in the light of what was seen, we perceive that such absence of reciprocity is fatal to the theory of a liquid film. For were the transformation some subtle shift of substance, what one part lost, another must have gained. Either transferred as water elsewhere or wafted away, to be deposited as snow about the pole, the thing should still be somewhere in the planet's aqueous economy. Yet neither of these counterbalancing effects was perceptible. As water it had vanished, and the polar caps were not increased.

VEGETATION OF MARS

LEFT, thus, without a marine character to their name, we are led to inquire what these patches, which both in form and color ape water, can in reality be. If the great blue-green regions be observed at intervals of a few weeks, and the aspects they successively present be recorded in drawings, intercomparison suffices to make evident that the metamorphoses they experience are periodic, and the period that of the planet's year. The changes, then, are seasonal in cause. That is, they depend upon the sun. And in proof of the relation, their fading out is found to occur in winter, when the sun is least operative, and their greatest evidence in midsummer, when the sun is locally most potent.

Now, there is only one thing, so far as we know, thus obedient to the sun and indicative of its subserviency by a change of hue from blue-green to ocher, and that is vegetation. Both colors are self-accusatory. The first speaks of verdure in its prime, the second of the change of the leaf to the sear and yellow stage, just as it takes place in our own foliage on the approach of autumn's frosts, indicating that its course is run. Not otherwise could we observe it from space, should we mark our own familiar earth change color when its season's work was done.

Vegetation thus vouched for, the constitution of the air becomes more certain. Besides water-vapor, oxygen and carbonic acid gas must both be present, and undoubtedly nitrogen, too, since in the matter of density it holds an intermediate position. To find that the Martian air is made up of our old familiar friends in the matter of gas is an important step to acquaintance with what goes on upon that other world. Though we are indebted for our knowledge of its existence to the vegetation, which is visible while the air is not, it is in fact the vegetation that is indebted to it for being able to show at all.

MODE OF MANIFESTATION OF LIFE

OF organic existence there the main, or natural, features of the planet's face could not be looked to for more disclosure.

Indeed, the surprising thing is that they should have disclosed so much. That the coming and going of vegetation should be visible across the thirty-five millions miles of space to which at its least the gap separating us from Mars is reduced, is little short of marvelous. As for a direct view of any animal life the planet might support, it would be out of the question. In a very different manner would this reveal itself. Not through its body should we beware of it, but *through manifestation of its mind.* By the material changes in the surface of a planet wrought by the dominance of his mind over matter would the other world worker stand confessed. This we shall realize if, from the point we have gained in establishing the probable existence of such life, we go on to consider its probable character. This can be done by reviewing the experience of our own planet.

From what has taken place on earth, we see that cooling and complexity of organism have advanced together. Life originated here as soon as the temperature fell below the boiling-point, and it started in water, the liquefying of which out of steam gave it at once an essential factor of its substance and an environment of the most easily satisfying kind.

An upward step in evolution occurred when life stepped out upon the land. While less directly favorable to life, the land was fraught with more possibilities for organisms capable of turning them to account. Brain was needed, and brain evolved.

Brain, indeed, now became the chief concern of nature. The character of the habitat undoubtedly brought this about through the prizes it offered the clever, and the snuffing out to which it consigned the crass.

For long the animal remained thus the creature of its environment, its view restricted in both time and space. Greater possibilities came in with man. Doubtless his was no very dignified entry, though something better than on all fours. Brain now finally distanced brawn, and even in his savage state man became a being that others feared. From thus standing *primus inter pares*, he soon developed into first, "with the rest nowhere." Fire and clothes raised him to some independence of his surroundings, and slowly he began to take possession of the earth. His breeching, the putting on by the race of the *toga virilis*, was both an incident of his rise and part cause of it as well, for it made him superior to climate. But the fertility of brain, however humble in its beginning, which suggested the means of protecting the body, devised the methods by which he was to subjugate the earth.

For some centuries now this has been his goal, unconscious or confessed. The true history of man has consisted not in his squabbles with his kind, but in his steady conquest of all earth's animals except himself. He has enslaved all that he could; he is busy in exterminating the rest. From this he has gone on to turn the very forces of nature to his own ends. This task is recent and is yet in its infancy, but it is destined to great things. As brain develops, it must take possession of its world.

Subjugation carries its telltale in its train; for it alters the face of its habitat to its own ends. Already man has begun to leave his mark on this his globe in deforestation, in canalization, in communication. So far his towns and his tillage are more partial than complete. But the time is coming when the earth will bear his imprint, and his alone. What he chooses, will survive; what he pleases, will lapse, and the landscape itself become the carved object of his handiwork.

Equally applicable is this deduction to planets other than the earth. Instead of its being true, as a recent writer remarked, that "we cannot expect to see any signs of the works of inhabitants of Mars if such exist," precisely the opposite is the case. Until the animal attain to dominance of his world, his presence on it would not be seen. Too small in body himself to show, it would be only when his doings had stamped themselves there that his existence could with certainty be known. Then and not till then would he stand disclosed. It would not be by what he was, but through what he had brought about. His mind would reveal him by its works—the signs left upon the world he had fashioned to his will. And this is what I mean by saying that through mind and mind alone we on earth should first be cognizant of beings on Mars.

ALEC BIVINS'S GUN

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "Two Runaways," etc.

COUNTRYMEN lounged about corners and doorways and crowded the sidewalks. Women, chiefly negro women, threaded their ways through the throng as they traded, adding a note of cheerfulness to the scene with the many colors of their wearing apparel. Everywhere there were life and action, for the coming of the court in Georgia is to the county-seat as the coming of spring to the valley.

The court-house was the focal point. The criminal docket had been called, and the broad room was uncomfortably filled with members of the visiting and local bars, and a curious population. The sheriff, in obedience to a time-honored custom, had shouted from a window the names of witnesses and the case of The State vs. Tom Bentley was pending, when a stranger entered the court room and became the object of many a curious gaze. He was a tall man, and pale, his figure slightly bent, but from occupation apparently rather than age, though his years were evidently many. His hair, long and white, fell in curls to his broad shoulders, and with the expression of refinement which his features bore gave him an air of gentleness almost womanly. It was the fine blending of the intellectual masculine and feminine that made him a marked man as he advanced slowly into the room and paused for a moment at the entrance reserved for the bar and jury. Standing there, oblivious to the interest manifested in the faces about him, the stranger searched with inquiring gaze the features of the lawyers near at hand, his bright, black eyes resting finally on the countenance of the aged judge who sat wearily enthroned above the heads of the assembly. Hesitating but a moment longer, he advanced. The eyes of the judge met his in a flash of recognition, surprise, and pleasure.

"John!"

"Tom!" The next instant the hands of the two old men came together in a quick, warm clasp, and the visitor was drawn to a seat by the judge's side.

How long the two friends sat thus in sympathetic touch, their lips moving in whispers, neither, it is likely, realized. In the court room perfect silence prevailed, and the wheels of justice stood still. It was the silence that called the judge back to the present, and a quiet smile diffused itself over the bar when, rapping with his gavel, he said:

"Suspend a moment, gentlemen!" Rising, he continued, "Gentlemen of the bar, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Hon. John Bentley, the eminent author, whose works are as familiar to most of us as the Code itself. More than forty years ago, having grown up as boys on adjoining places in this county, we began our careers together in this room. With talents that he deemed better suited to literary pursuits, though I am sure he spoiled the making of a good lawyer in making himself a famous story-writer," —the judge smiled indulgently,—"he passed into a broader field than ours. Seldom since he left home have we met, and this is his first visit to the scenes of his youth. He will not meet here a face he has ever seen,—but mine!"—the speaker's voice trembled and he hesitated for words as his hand slowly moved the volume on which it had rested,—"but in the names of many of you, and in the features of some, he will renew the memory of vanished friends. I am sure that I voice the sentiment of this bar when I bid him welcome among us!" The speaker laid his hand on the shoulder of his friend as he concluded, and looked down on him with eyes growing moist, while the lawyers, gathering about their

distinguished visitor, affirmed with hearty greetings the judgment of the court.

The incident formed a pleasant break in court monotony. It could not have occurred in a metropolis, but the amenities of country life in Georgia take precedence over courts. On this occasion, the amenities properly observed, the wheels of justice moved again, and the sunshine departing, the shadow of tragedy crept out and over the prisoner at the bar.

During the reading of the indictment which followed this scene, judge and visitor renewed their youth in smiles and whispers and were only recalled to the stern necessities of the hour by the appearance of Alec Bivins, the State's first witness, on a little platform in front. Conversation ceased, and both listened in silence to his testimony.

Bivins was short and black and immensely in earnest. He was also extremely careful, using an almanac with turned-down pages for reference when he encountered a necessity for dates. The back of his bullet-shaped head with its fringe of gray, kinky hair pointed alternately to wall and ceiling as, consulting his references and facing the jury, he told his story. Bivins testified in brief, but not briefly, that on the second Sunday night in the preceding June, he left his cabin where he was living alone, to go to church, he being a presiding elder, and returning, found its single window open and his gun missing. (Here he identified a gun handed to him by the solicitor.) The next time he had seen the gun it was in its accustomed place in his cabin. And this was on the third Saturday night in October of the same year; or "the very same year" as he expressed it, his eyes glaring impressively at the jury through his big spectacles. A neighbor's barn about a half mile off had burned on that night, and while he was there helping to save fodder somebody came to his house, broke open the window again, and, "bless Gord, sot the gun back whar hit b'longed!" Ras' Wiggins came to see him on the next day and told him Tom Bentley had had it all the time. And then Tom came and said yes he had had the gun, and that he had brought it back as soon as he found out who it belonged to; that he bought it for a dollar from a boat-hand in the swamp while he was out rabbit hunting. When he brought the gun back there was nobody in the cabin, so he pulled the blind open and stood it up inside. Tom had offered to pay him for the gun, or get him another, even, if he would n't give him any trouble. And the witness added that he did not have anything against Tom, but being a presiding elder thought he ought to take the law on him.

Bivins stood fire very well under cross-questioning and made way for Rasmus Wiggins. Rasmus stood fire very well also, but did not create a good impression. He looked at the wall over the head of the jury and said he got his information about the gun from Tom Bentley's wife. She came by his house, which was about two miles from hers, and said she wanted to tell him something, but she was afraid his wife might hear it. After she was gone, he went over to where she lived and she showed him a gun which he recognized as Alec Bivins's because Alec had once loaned it to him. She took it from beneath the mattresses where she said Tom had hidden it. In reply to questions from the defendant's young counsel, Rasmus looked out over the audience and said he did n't know anything about Tom Bentley's character. He looked at his feet which he shifted from side to side and admitted that he had told Bivins that Tom had his gun. And with his eyes on the ceiling he said he had known Tom all his life.

The witness's tongue when not talking was busy carrying moisture to his lips.

Tom Bentley came next to the witness-stand to make a statement. He had bought the gun from a strange negro in the swamp, paying him one dollar, which was all the money he had. He bought it because he wanted a gun, and this one was cheap. He hid it between the mattresses because he was working in the sawmill every day and his wife "was always running about and away from home." He thought if any one broke into his house, he would not find the gun. As soon as he, Tom, found out that the gun belonged to Bivins, he carried it to him, and Bivins being away he pulled open the blind and set the gun inside the cabin. He offered to pay Bivins because he heard that Bivins was going to take the law on him.

Tom told his story without hesitation and made a good impression. Perhaps his blue overalls helped him.

Of course there were tilts between the State's solicitor and the defendant's counsel, but the case went to the jury with the testimony as given. It was not much of a case so far as money values were involved. The jury were bored, the bar were bored, and the audience were glad when both sides closed. But there was one man present as spectator who was intensely interested in the case; who had studied closely its every phase as developed. The distinguished visitor had started perceptibly when the prisoner's name was pronounced, and when Tom came to the stand, leaned forward and held a whispered consultation with the court. When Tom had finished, the following conversation took place between court and prisoner:

"What was your father's name?"

"Reuben, sah, Reuben Bentley!"

"Your grandfather's name?" The prisoner hesitated a moment, and, his face lighting with relief, replied:

"Daddy Jesse, sah! I reck'n his name was Bentley, too!" Thereupon the distinguished visitor nodded and turned again to the court. He was shaking his head and extending a detaining hand when the latter arose and said with much gravity:

"The court learns that the defendant at the bar is the grandson of one who was an humble friend of our distinguished guest when he lived on the old plantation in boyhood. The gentleman has not invoked the courtesy of recognition as a member of this bar of forty years' standing, doubtless from excess of modesty, nor asked permission to join in the defense of the prisoner,—doubtless from want of self-confidence,—but the court feels assured that not only will he cheerfully lend his aid to the prisoner, but is able to throw light on the involved features of the grave case under consideration. It is ordered, therefore, that in addition to the counsel already provided by court to defend the prisoner, the Hon. John Bentley be appointed!"

The judge smiled mischievously, and waved his visitor to the front. As the latter began his descent, which he did without hesitation, the judge added: "If the gentleman shall have occasion to tell us one of his inimitable stories,—or how in the name of goodness he finds them,—the court is of the opinion that what has promised to be a dull day will close with something more than a glow of interest." The joke was clearly on John Bentley, and the bar, including the defendant's young counsel, laughing, made room for him.

But the face of John Bentley did not reflect the humor of the crowd about him.

The solicitor presented the State's case: Tom Bentley was clearly guilty, as charged, of burglary in the night-time. There was not a scintilla of evidence for the defense. Not a word in the prisoner's behalf had been uttered by a witness. Only his own statement had been offered, a statement not under oath; and in that statement he had admitted possession of the stolen property without satisfactorily accounting for that possession. True, he had told a story about meeting a man in the swamp and buying the gun of him. What man? Who knew him? Who else had ever seen him? And what man would sell a gun, a double-barrel gun, for a dollar? On the other hand, Tom Bentley had been found in possession of the gun, and had not returned it until he knew there was a witness against him. This circumstance and his surreptitious replacing of the gun robbed his action of the credit which would otherwise have accrued to him. He actually broke into Bivins's house to return the gun,—he was familiar with the fastenings of the blind, having broken them to get the gun out; and his fears getting the better of his discretion, he actually returned next day and offered to pay for the gun instead of claiming repayment of his dollar if Bivins would not prosecute him. Tom Bentley had the gun. He concealed it. He returned it only to escape prosecution. He it was who broke into Alec Bivins's house on the second Sunday night in June and stole the gun.

The solicitor supported his points with forcible arguments and read the law to the jury. When he took his seat, Tom Bentley was, in the minds of his listeners, with but few exceptions, a convicted man, and ten years in the penitentiary stared him in the face. The negro may some-

times get more than justice in Georgia, but he never gets less in a burglary case.

One of the persons present who did not accept Tom Bentley's conviction as a foregone conclusion was the old gentleman whose curly gray hair rested on his shoulders. All eyes were turned to him expectantly when, after a brief consultation with the prisoner and his associate counsel, he arose and courteously saluting court, jury, and solicitor, said in a voice of infinite sweetness and pathos:

"My friends, the court in assigning me to the defense of the prisoner at the bar, has placed on me responsibilities so grave that but for reasons which will presently develop, I would respectfully ask for a release. It is no little thing, gentlemen of the jury, to defend a human being whose liberty is at stake,—negro though he be; whose life may be wrecked by a single error, whose happiness may perish with a jest." There was a look in the face of the speaker and an eloquence in his bright eyes that instantly commanded attention. He let his gaze rest on the jurymen collectively and individually, but it was noticeable that wherever he looked, his eyes returned to those of a young man of aquiline features who, leaning forward with elbows on knee, was ever regarding him intently, so quickly is a bond of union established between kindred natures.

"But, gentlemen, I have now as I have had at all times in my long life, faith in innocence,—an abiding faith. Innocence is at last its own defense, and its best. It is sword, shield, and buckler; and yet it is intangible, invisible, inexpressible. Surround it with unfriendly argument and bewildering sophistry, array against it apparent and irreconcilable fact, circumstance and deduction, it finds its way to the hearts of honest men and triumphs in the end. Hercules achieved all his mighty tasks successfully. He never tried to convict an innocent man of crime before an honest jury. And standing in my place as a representative of yonder humble prisoner at the bar, with nothing personally at stake, with no reputation to gain or fee to lose, I say that he is innocent of the crime imputed to him, and that the united bar of Georgia cannot convict him!" The old gentleman was now some inches taller and his voice rang out like a trumpet call. Color had come back to the pale face and his eyes flashed the fire of youth. So sudden was the change, men in the audience unconsciously arose, and there was a movement forward. "This is not bravado nor personal boast. I say to you, Mr. Solicitor, that you may invoke the aid of the ablest minds, the most eloquent tongues in this State, and argue this case on the evidence, and when you have ended, Tom Bentley will still walk from this room a free man. He will go forth free not because I am here but because he is innocent and there is the ægis of Minerva, the hand of God stretched over his head!" The mood of the speaker changed again as rapidly as it did in the outburst which gave birth to his prophecy. "Your Honor," he continued, turning partially toward the court, "was generous enough to refer to my stories and to express a desire to hear one of them. I thank you most sincerely for the high compliment, and infinitely more for a suggestion born of it. I wonder, gentlemen of the jury, if any of you have thought seriously of the nature, mission, and effect of the story, as we call a certain form of writing? Have you ever considered it in its perfection, as the one product of the human mind that approaches immortality? Have you realized that the most ancient history of the world and the human race is preserved in this form? I say it reverently of the Old Testament that it contains the most ancient stories and in them the most ancient records of earth. What writings are more beautiful than the story of Adam and Eve? What more tragic than the death of Abel? And if we search further for beauty, the dramatic and tragic, why, then, turn to the stories of Ruth and Boaz, of Judith, of Esther, of Susanna, of Tobit! No story-writer of this or any other age has excelled them, if they have equaled. Empires have risen and disappeared from even the memory of man! A thousand kings are in the dust, their names unrecorded! Great cities, monuments, and records have perished! The earth has changed its face and the seas sweep over mountain tops that once held the blush of morn and dying glow of evening, but these old stories of love, devotion, passion, jealousy, godlike faith, and human

sorrow, float down to us as real to-day as when first whispered in the gray of civilization's dawn to the nomad of the desert and the shepherd on the hill. They live because they cannot perish; because they are true; because they are histories that fit all the ages and hold the variable human heart as the roses hold the prisoned dew. We are writing them over every day, these old, old stories. Our magazines are full of them. The Garden of Eden, the tempter, and the fall of man!—Why, gentlemen, these form the bases of ten thousand novels. Susanna! To-day your witnesses were brought in separately and so did the young Daniel demand—the first demand of its kind in history—that wise Daniel who came to judgment, confounding the conspirators and wringing from her enemies' lies the innocence of a woman already condemned. Ah, my friends, a greater than Daniel was there!

"You wonder why I dwell on the story when a man's liberty is at stake. It is because there is obliged to be in every man's life who comes before you one true story that contains his case. There can be but one. His honor expressed the wish that I should have occasion to tell you how true stories are found. Why, gentlemen, they are not difficult to find. They are found every day in every court. The test of a true story is its logic. Its causes, conditions, and sequences must do no violence to each other. You do not need all the facts to find the true story of a man's actions, but your story when constructed must include all the facts. If it does not, you have missed the true story. You have all seen a swallow circling in the blue skies. Perhaps you have seen his shadow circling on the bluer waters of a lake beneath. The circles are there after the swallow has departed and the mind can see them. If you were supplied with the smallest segment of any circle he has described, this wandering mystery of the skies, you could supply the entire circle, exact in its diameter. I say to you that given the fragment of any rounded story which contains the original motive and direction, every fact connected with it will be found in place when you have drawn the right circle. Behind every human action is a story as true, as logical, as unchangeable as the geometric circle itself. Gentlemen of the jury, it is your mission to take the statements of the witnesses and the prisoner in this case, weigh their value, establish the facts and fit to them the true story. Only one story will fit them. You may build your story and adopt it. You may exchange it for one your neighbor has built when you enter the jury room. And you are the sole judges. The Supreme Court of your State will not destroy your work without first removing from your future consideration some point on which it is based.

"You have heard the story composed by the State's prosecuting officer. I say to you that the career of a prosecuting officer is likely to be fatal to his career as a story-writer. All his stories here, to be successful, must end one way. Every man who comes to him from the grand jury finds him prepared to fit a ready-made story to his case. The necessities of his position trammel his judgment and destroy his sense of proportion. He has made in this very case the error that breeds so many unsuccessful story-writers. The critics will tell him so if he should reduce his story to writing and submit it to their judgment; for he has adopted as the controling influence which underlies the swift action that has brought Tom Bentley before you, simple cupidity. There is not an editor of any first-class magazine in America but would turn down the story, as illogical and unconclusive. Can you not see that the story starting from such a point ignores a stronger, a deadlier, a more irresistible force? Can you not see that the story starts at the wrong place, disregards important facts and necessarily reaches a wrong conclusion? *Does it account for the wandering gaze of Rasmus, his chief witness? For the statement of this man that he had known the defendant all his life and yet did not know anything of his character? For his intimacy with the defendant's wife, his presence in the defendant's house—and his unfriendliness for the defendant?* Gentlemen, the real story of this case begins with the showing of the gun to Rasmus Wiggins by the wife of the defendant. It begins where most stories, ancient and modern, good and bad, begin,—with a woman." The speaker smiled as he glanced along the

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'ONCE UPON A TIME,'— BEGAN THE OLD GENTLEMAN"

jury-box. "The proof is here already, my friends. I see in the faces before me that every man on the jury has written in his mind at once the same story. Shall I tell it?" The young man of the aquiline face closed his lips suddenly.

"Tell it!" he said, straightening up.

"Once upon a time,"—began the old gentleman and hesitated. "I trust," he said, glancing good-naturedly toward the solicitor, "that I may be pardoned for the trite opening. Many good stories, as we all know, begin with 'once upon a time.'"

"Generally fairy stories"; said the solicitor, glancing significantly at the jury.

"Generally fairy stories!" assented the speaker. "Well, perhaps there are fairies in this. We shall see. Once upon a time there was a negro boy or young man of good character who worked in a sawmill. His character was necessarily good, because when later he was brought into court charged with a grave offense, no one, not even his enemy, said it was bad. This young man was away from home a great deal, because he was industrious and stuck to his work. He lived in a neighborhood where the cabins were far apart and he had for his wife a comely young woman; but he had no children. The young wife was not a good housewife; she did not have flowers, and vegetables, and chickens, and pigs, and a cow. She did not take pride in her house and seek to make it attractive. She was always running around—and away from home, living on the reward of her husband's work, but doing nothing to aid him. On the contrary, she did much to trouble him: she kept company with other men, whose wives feared and distrusted her influence She kept company notably with a man named Rasmus who lived two miles away. She was afraid to stay about the house of Rasmus, so she picked her time and gave Rasmus a chance to come to her house while her husband was away. And while there, she showed him a gun that her husband had bought and kept concealed. Why had her husband bought a gun? He seldom went hunting. He was not afraid that people would attack him. He bought it because he was human, and a purpose was forming in his mind. He had warned this wife of his against her folly and especially against Rasmus. He had told her plainly that if he ever caught Rasmus about his house he was going to kill him. And he told her this as he rammed home the loads in his gun. When the woman showed this gun to Rasmus, she told him the story and gave him warning. This, gentlemen of the jury, is the first stage of the story. The second begins with the gun in the hands of Rasmus. If the story were dramatized and put on the stage Rasmus would be shown at this point as scrutinizing the gun carefully and with sudden start and lifted hand, gazing into the distance. In a cheap theater, he would say aside: 'Alec Bivins's gun!' For the cabin of Alec Bivins, a worthy elder, had been broken into previously and his gun taken. And Rasmus, who had often borrowed it, recognized the stolen property. Here, then, was an unlooked-for opportunity. Here was a chance to remove the husband and clear a dangerous path. It was easy to tell Bivins. It was easy to convince him of his duty as presiding elder. It was easy to bring the husband into court, and it looked easy to carry him into the penitentiary. Ah, my friends, what an old story it is! Is it not singular that so able a man as your solicitor should have started his story with cupidity as the motive? Rasmus, in betraying the ownership of the gun, ruined his own plot, for the plot was his and not the woman's. She was not in it or she would not have told her husband that he had Bivins's gun and have given him an opportunity of returning it before he was arrested. It is pleasant to think this good of the woman. The plot formed by Rasmus worked well as far as he could think it out and the day came when the husband was in court charged with crime, the presumption of guilt against him. But Rasmus did not know that justice would be here to stand guard over innocence; that invisible eyes would seek his when he sought to lie; that an unseen hand would clutch at his throat, his mouth go dry and his nerves unsteady; that although he might frame and pronounce feeble words, his restive glances, the moistening visitation of tongue to lips, his shifting feet, his confused logic, and his improbable declarations would write liar, perjurer, and scoundrel all over him. Gentlemen, the story is summed up in a very few words: accident gave Rasmus

Wiggins a chance to plot away the liberty of a man whose wife he coveted and he has tried to take advantage of it. It is an old, old story, as I have said—as old as David and Uriah. The difference is the difference between the firing-line and the penitentiary.

"And now, my friends, I promised you in the beginning reasons for my acceptance of the grave responsibilities of this hour. Later, I believe, I half promised you some fairies. I am a firm believer in fairies and I pity the child who has grown up without the benefit of the suggestive values of these old mothers'-knee stories. They help us later in life to make real and visible the thoughts and influences that guide and govern us. We who have seen in imagination the fairies dancing in their circles by moonlight, can easier see the fairy thoughts that haunt the circles of our lives. Aye, the hand and voice of God are also more real to us.

"There were two boys who lived in this county on the same plantation many years ago; two boys born on the same day. One was white and the other black. They were master and slave afterward and friends always. They fished for bull-heads and waded in the branches. They hunted the same rabbits with the same stump-tail terrier and the same 'possums and coons with the same lean hounds. They set traps for birds and beasts in the swamp and they camped by the river's side to fish the long trot-line. They had their fights, but not with each other. They were ever on the same side, and when one was whipped, the colors of the other were also trailing in the dust. Once in early life death nearly parted them as time and changed conditions did later. The river was overflowing and the white boy, venturing in a clumsy bateau after a wounded duck, was swept over a submerged log and upset. Heavily weighted with boots, jacket, and shot pouch, he was half-drowned in a few minutes, but through the gathering mists of death he saw the black face of a negro boy above the flood, his strong, quick hands dividing the waves. Soon one of these hands was grasping him, and panting, gasping, choking, they swept on, these two boys, to live or die together. There were minutes of dumb struggles that seemed hours and then one of the black hands found the overhanging limb of a tree. Inch by inch the hand slipped shoreward and the white boy lying in the mud of the river's bank found the exhausted form of his rescuer by his side. My friends, the fairies, the good fairies, were not all dead in those days. And shall I tell you that war had no more terrors for this black boy than the raging floods? His Honor on the bench above us knows that where one of these boys, men then, went in battle, the other followed until sent home. And shall I speak of faith? He it was, this black friend, who in the final years of that titanic struggle between the States slept at the call of his mistress, a ready guard. And in the after times, the bitter times of defeat and poverty, he was at his post, faithful to the end. Full of honors for duties well done, trusts discharged, bearing with him the gratitude of those he had served so well, he has gone to his final reward. In the burial ground of the people whose friend he was, his body sleeps to-day, a marble shaft above it.

"And after many years, the white boy who had been plucked from a watery grave, grown old in the struggle of life, but not forgetting, comes to the scenes of his youth, and to the house where his young manhood first stretched its limbs. He is of a race that does not limit its gratitude to a generation, but stands for the blood lien until time has ended. The grandson of his humble friend, asleep so restfully under the marble in the old burial-ground, on trial before you, is to him that friend returned and in need. Call it Providence, call it accident, call it the beckoning of the good fairies, but the boy grown old who has come back to you after many years comes with his feet wet with the rain on the grass of his dead friend's grave, his eyes wet with the dew from the cloudless skies of memory. Call it what you will, he will go away well-satisfied if his coming has not been in vain."

Silence fell on court and spectators when the speech ended. The old man's eyes were turned to the floor and his lips moved on in inaudible whispers. Moments passed. "Is it not strange," he said at length, looking up, "how stories from life cross and recross, how the cir-

cles intersect? . . . I thank you, gentlemen of the jury, for your patience."

That night under the influence of reminiscence and generous fig-stem pipes, the Hon. John Bentley and the judge lingered long and amiably. Finally in one of those mellow interregnums that relax the features of old men and start the mind silently on the backward path, the judge lifted his chin from his swelling shirt-bosom to find the half-closed eyes of his friend regarding him from a multitude of assembling smile wrinkles.

"What is it, John?"

"Tom!"

"Well!"

"You won't tell on me?"

"No!"

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright!"

"Tom, the darky took that gun from Bivins's cabin!"

"Sure 'nough!"

"Borrowed it for the summer and expected to return it when the hunting season opened. Borrowed it to kill Wiggins with!"

"How do you know?"

"He told me so after they turned him loose!"

Passers-by who paused and looked in from the sidewalk through the open window smiled. Every one in hearing smiled when the judge's laugh got an outing.

ONE-ACRE RANCH

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING FROM ONE ACRE OF GROUND

BY WILLIAM HOWARD KIRKBRIDE

"Clarkston, Washington, June 8, 1902.

"DEAR COUSIN JOE: Cousin Phebe tells me that you are in poor health, and that she thinks you would give up railroading if you could find some better way of earning a living. I have been urging you for some time to come out here and try fruit-ranching, and now I insist upon it. This is one of the most successful irrigated communities in the Northwest, and the climate is delightful. Many people are making money from their fruit and vegetables, and I am sure that you could do the same; for, with water it is possible to grow almost anything in this wonderful soil. The work would be easy and in the open air, and I think that you would like it. We have everything ready for you, so pack right up and come along.

"Your loving cousin, S— S—"

THE RANCH COTTAGE

The destination of this letter was a small two-roomed flat in the crowded quarter of Minneapolis, where lived Joseph Lipe, who for thirty years, with hardly a day's intermission, had piloted a locomotive. He was over sixty years old, in poor health, and anxious to give up railroading for a quieter occupation.

Two weeks after receiving the letter, he and his wife were in Clarkston.

Irrigated land was more expensive than he had supposed. Bare, unbroken ground, with water rights, was selling for three hundred and four hundred dollars an acre, while orchards

From a photograph by H. Fair, Lewiston, Idaho

A VIEW OF CLARKSTON, WASHINGTON. (THE "ONE ACRE RANCH" IS SEEN BENEATH THE STAR)

in bearing brought a thousand dollars and more.

He knew nothing about farming, his only income was a government pension, and his bank account limited him to a small area at such a price. But he liked the country, saw its possibilities, and determined to remain. A one-acre lot was offered him. On it was a square, six-roomed house, unpainted, one hundred and eighteen two-year-old fruit-trees, a few vegetables, dying for want of attention, six half-starved chickens, and a huge rubbish pile. Inclosing it was a rickety barbed-wire fence. That was all. He looked it over, thought it over, consulted his wife, and bought the acre. He paid fourteen hundred dollars for the land and "improvements," and an additional two dollars and a half to the former owner's son for clearing away the rubbish-heap. From that day he has paid not another cent for hired labor.

From a photograph taken by the author

"FROM THE MAIN LATERAL, RUNNING PAST HIS HOUSE, HE EXTENDED A SMALL FLUME ACROSS THE WEST END OF THE TRACT"

The first few months he passed in experimenting, drawing upon his pension for living expenses. He read all that he could find upon the subject, talked with men who had made a study of irrigation farming, and went among those of his neighbors who were successful, working in the fields with them. He saw that the climate, soil, and natural conditions were favorable for agriculture in all its diversified forms; he saw the results obtained through the practical operation of scientific methods, and that intelligent effort and careful supervision were what counted, not the amount of land one possessed. So he went to work upon his one acre. He pruned the trees and set out thirty others of different varieties; he plowed out the old vegetables and vines, and planted new ones; he sold the half-dozen sick chickens, and replaced them by a thoroughbred Black Spanish rooster and three hens, and built

THE POULTRY-YARD IS THE CHIEF SOURCE OF INCOME

them a chicken-yard, sowing it to wheat.

From the main lateral, running past his house, he extended a small flume across the west end of the tract. In this flume he placed a series of stops and plugs. Now, by removing one of the plugs, a small rivulet of water was made to flow between a certain row of trees. When the thirsty roots had been refreshed, he replaced the plug, turned the stop, and the next row received a watering. A few moments with the hoe, and the rivulet was made to wind in and out among plants and vegetables to any part of the tiny ranch. A turn of the hand, and the "rain" was over.

He soon learned in just what quantities each tree and vegetable required the life-giving moisture, with the result that his crops have never famished for want of water or drowned from excess of it.

At the end of the first year his pension went into the bank. The sale of fruits, vegetables, and chickens had not only paid all living expenses, but had left a surplus as well. This was returned to the land for improvements. The house was painted, new chicken-houses were built, and the old fence was replaced by a neat wire one.

People, hearing of the great success, came to see for themselves if so much could be grown on one acre, thus augmenting the owners' pride and interest in their venture. While the husband experimented with every variety of fruit and vegetable, and found which were the best growers and sellers, the wife experimented with her preserves until they became as famous as her husband's crops. Winter and summer, spring and autumn, they were raising something, until flour and beef were virtually all that they had to buy. Each year there were more improvements, better crops, and larger yields, and each year more money went into the bank with the pension.

To-day the One-Acre Ranch has reached its culmination, and displays extraordinary results. Every inch of ground has its duty to perform, every tree is in bearing, every vine and plant is at a high point of development. The

THE STORAGE-CELLAR, TOOL-HOUSE AND CHICKEN-YARD

land, however, is by no means all given to agriculture. The house, a neat, comfortable cottage, takes up one corner. In front of it is a small, well-kept lawn and a flower-garden. To the north of the house is a large storage-cellar, a tool-house, a dog-kennel, numerous chicken-houses, and several fenced-in breeding and feeding pens, covering one half acre.

The orchard occupies one fourth of the acre. In it are one hundred and thirty trees, including eight varieties of peach, seven of cherry, and four of apple; also plum, apricot, quince, English walnut, Spanish chestnut, and almond. Between the trees, and on the other fourth part of the acre, are grown berries and vegetables, thirty varieties or more, including potatoes, peas, beans, cucumbers, tomatoes, beets, onions, squash, parsnips, asparagus, peppers, pickles, turnips, cabbage, strawberries, grapes, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and blackberries. The fence on three sides of the place serves as a grape-arbor, and, in season, fairly groans with the weight of the fruit.

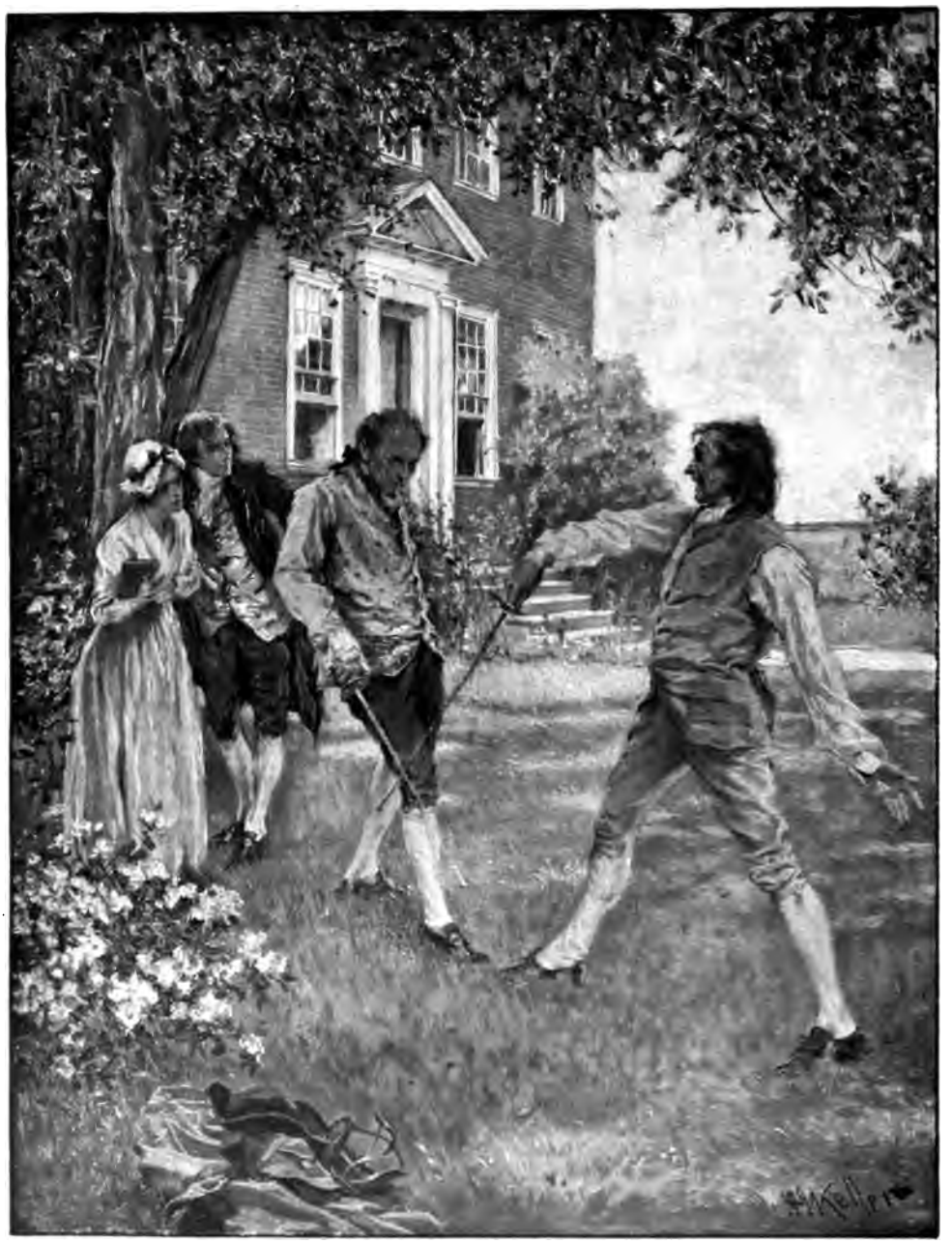
The yearly income from these products would easily support the proprietors of the One-Acre Ranch, but the poultry-yard, not to be outdone by the vegetable kingdom, works prodigiously to outstrip its rival in swelling the bank account. The one hundred and seventy-odd thoroughbred chickens last year laid over five thousand eggs, which sold at prices ranging from twenty to forty-five cents per dozen. Two industrious Black Spanish hens, which were kept in a pen of their own, laid four hundred and twenty eggs in one year. Two hundred and fifty settings were sold for hatching purposes, netting approximately one dollar a setting. Besides the chickens for their own use, the Lipes sold over two hundred from last year's brood, from fifty cents for the spring chickens to three dollars for the thoroughbred roosters.

Probably the most striking example of what has been accomplished on this one acre of ground was the position it held at the Lewiston Inter-State Fair, where the One-Acre Ranch occupied one corner of the great pavilion. Above the exhibit hung a sign, "What one acre will do," and, to quote its owner, "It did." In addition to an astonishing variety of fresh fruits and vegetables, there were entered two hundred and sixty-seven cans of preserves, all of which were different, either in fruit or in the mode of preserving. Even dealers who had made a specialty of one variety were outclassed by the One-Acre Ranch, in the size, quality, and excellence of their products. In almost every class it had an entry, and took a prize,—thirty-six in all,—from one little acre of ground. The competitors for the Sweepstake prize dwindled down to two—a twenty-acre Nez Percé County ranch and the One-Acre Ranch. The judges, fearing to award too many prizes in one locality, decided in favor of the former, although it was generally admitted that the latter deserved it. The cash prizes amounted to more than one hundred dollars, and, after the fair, one hundred and sixty jars of preserves and many baskets of fruit and vegetables were sold.

THE OWNER AND HIS SMALL WHEEL-PLOW

I rode down to see the owner the other day, and found him industriously plowing the orchard with his hand-plow.

"I am my own horse and plow and farm-hand, and even my own rain-maker. I tell you," he said earnestly, "with irrigation and careful supervision, there 's nothing in the way of a profit-producer that can beat the small farm."



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WELL PLAYED!' CRIED SCHMIDT—'THE JEST AND THE RAPIER'"

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

VI

DESPITE the disgust he felt at the routine of daily domestic service, the life of the great merchant's business began more and more to interest De Courval. The clerks were mere machines, and of Mr. Wynne he saw little. He went in and laid letters on his desk, answered a question or two in regard to his mother, and went out with perhaps a message to a shipmaster fresh from the Indies and eager to pour out in a tongue well spiced with sea oaths his hatred of England and her ocean bullies.

The mother's recovery was slow, as Chovet had predicted, but at the end of June, on a Saturday, he told Mistress Wynne she might call on his patient, and said that in the afternoon the vicomtesse might sit out on the balcony upon which her room opened.

Madame was beginning to desire a little change of society and was somewhat curious as to this old spinster of whom René had given a kind, if rather startling, account. Her own life in England had been lonely and amid those who afforded her no congenial society, nor as yet was she in entirely easy and satisfactory relations with the people among whom she was now thrown. They were to her both new and singular.

The Quaker lady puzzled her inadequate experience—a *dame de pension*, a boarding-house keeper with perfect tact; with a certain simple sweetness, as if any common bit of service about the room and the sick woman's person were a pleasure. The quiet, gentle manners of the Quaker household, with now and then a flavor of some larger world, were all to Madame's taste. When, by and by, her hostess talked more and more freely in her imperfect French, it was unobtrusive and natural, and she found her own somewhat austere training beginning to yield and her unready heart to open to kindness so constant, and so beautiful with the evident joy of self-sacrifice.

During the great war the alliance with France had made the language of that country the fashion. French officers came and went, and among the Whig families of position French was even earlier, as in Mary Plumstead's case, a not very rare accomplishment. But of late she had had little opportunity to use her knowledge, and with no such courage as that of Gainor Wynne, had preferred the awkwardness of silence until her guest's illness obliged her to put aside her shy distrust in the interest of kindness. She soon found the tongue grow easier, and the vicomtesse began to try at short English sentences, and was pleased to amuse herself by correcting Margaret, who had early learned French from her mother, and with ready intelligence seized gladly on this fresh chance to improve her knowledge.

One day as Mrs. Swanwick sat beside her guest's couch, she said: "Thy son told me soon after thy coming that thou art not, like most of the French, of the Church of Rome." He, it seemed, desired to see a Friends' meeting, and his mother had expressed her own wish to do the same when well enough.

"No," said madame; "we are of the

religion—Huguenots. There is no church of my people here, so my son tells me, and no French women among the emigrants."

"Yes, one or two. That is thy Bible, is it not?" pointing to the book lying open beside her. "I am reading French when times serve. But I have never seen a French Bible. May I look at it? I understand thy speech better every day, and Margaret still better; but I fear my French may be queer enough to thee."

"It is certainly better than my English," said the vicomtesse, adding, after a brief pause: "It is the French of a kind heart." The vicomtesse as she spoke was aware of a breach in her usual reserve of rather formal thankfulness.

"I thank thee for thy pretty way of saying a pleasant thing," returned Mrs. Swanwick. "I learned it—thy language—when a girl, and was foolishly shy of its use before I knew thee so well. Now I shall blunder on at ease, and Margaret hath the audacity of youth."

"A charming child," said madame, "so gay and so gentle and intelligent."

"Yes, a good girl. Too many care for her—ah, the men! One would wish to keep our girls children, and she is fast ceasing to be a child."

She turned to the Bible in her hand, open at a dry leaf of ivy. "It has psalms, I see, here at the end."

"Yes, Clement Marot's. He was burned at the stake for his faith."

"Ah, cruel men! How strange! Here, I see, is a psalm for one about to die on the scaffold."

"Yes—yes," said the vicomtesse.

"What strange stories it seems to tell! It was, I see, printed long ago."

"Yes, two years before the massacre of St. Bartholomew."

"And here is one for men about to go into battle for God and their faith." The hostess looked up. Her guest's face was stern, stirred as with some deep emotion, her eyes full of tears.

She had been thinking, as she lay still and listened to Mary Swanwick's comments, of death for a man's personal belief, for his faith, of death with honor. She was experiencing, of a sudden, that failure of self-control which is the sure result of bodily weakness; for, with the remembrance of her husband's murder, she recalled, amid natural feelings of sorrow, the shame with which she had heard of his failure at once to declare his rank when facing death. For a moment she sat still. "I shall be better in a moment," she said.

"Ah, what have I done?" cried Mrs. Swanwick, distressed, as she took the thin, white hand in hers. "Forgive me."

"You have done nothing—nothing. Some day I shall tell you; not now." She controlled herself with effectual effort, shocked at her own weakness, and surprised that it had betrayed her into emotion produced by the too vivid realization of a terrible past. She never did tell more of it, but the story came to the Quaker dame on a far-off day and from a less reserved personage.

At this moment Margaret entered. Few things escaped the watchful eyes that were blue to-day and gray to-morrow, like the waters of the broad river that flowed by her home. No sign betrayed her surprise at the evident tremor of the chin muscles, the quick movement of the handkerchief from the eyes, tear-laden, the mother's look of sympathy as she dropped the hand left passive in her grasp. Not in vain had been the girl's training in the ways of Friends. Elsewhere she was more given to set free her face to express what she felt, but at home and among those of the Society of Friends she yielded with the imitativeness of youth to the not unwholesome discipline of her elders. She quietly announced Aunt Gainor as waiting below stairs.

"Wilt thou see her?" said Mrs. Swanwick.

"Certainly; I have much to thank her for. And tell my son not to come up as yet," for, being Saturday, it was a half-holiday from noon, and having been out for a good walk to stretch his desk-cramped legs, he was singing in the garden bits of French songs and teasing June or watching her skilful hunt for grasshoppers. He caroled gaily as he lay in the shade:

"La fin du jour
Sauve les fleurs et rafraîchit les belles;
Je veux, en galant troubadour,
Célébrer, au nom de l'amour,
Chanter, au nom des fleurs nouvelles,
La fin du jour."

The message was given later, and as Mistress Gainor came in to his mother's room she was a striking figure, with the beaver hat tied under her chin and the long, dark-green pelisse cast open so as to reveal the rich silk of her gown. It was not unfit for her age and was in entire good taste, for as usual she was dressed for her rôle. Even her god-daughter was slightly surprised, well as she knew her. This was not the Gainor that Chovet knew, the woman who delighted to excite the too easily irritated Dr. Rush, or to shock Mrs. Adams, the Vice-President's wife, with well embroidered gossip about the Willing women and the high play at Landsdowne, where Mrs. Penn presided, and Shippens, Chews, and others came. This was another woman.

Margaret, curious, lingered behind Miss Wynne, and stood a moment, a hand on the door. Miss Wynne came forward, and saying in French which had amazed two generations, *"Bonjour, Madame,"* swept the entirely graceful curtsey of a day when even the legs had fine manners, adding, as the vicomtesse would have risen, "No, I beg of you."

"The settle is on the balcony," said the hostess, "and Cicero will come up by and by and carry thee out. Not a step—not a step by thyself," she added, gently despotic.

As Miss Wynne passed by, the girl saw her curtsey, and closing the door, said to herself, "I think I could do it," and fell to curtseying on the broad landing. "I should like to do that for Friend Nicholas Waln," and gaily laughing, she went out and down the garden to deliver her message to the young vicomte.

Neither man, woman, nor the French tongue dismayed Mistress Wynne. *"C'était un long calembourg,* my son," the vicomtesse said later—"a long conundrum, a long charade of words to represent le Bon Dieu knows what. Ah, a tonic, truly. I was amused as I am not often." In fact, she was rarely receptively humorous and never productively so. Now she spoke slowly, in order to be understood, comprehending the big woman and knowing her at once for a lady of her own world with no provincial drawbacks, a woman at her ease, and serenely unconscious of, or indifferent to, the quality of the astounding tongue in which she spoke.

She talked of London and of the French emigrant nobles in Philadelphia, of the Marquis de la Garde, who taught dancing; of the Comte du Vallon, who gave lessons in fencing; of De Malerive, who made ice-cream. Madame, interested, questioned her until they got upon unhappy France, when she shifted the talk and spoke of the kindness of Mr. Wynne.

"It will soon be too hot here," said Gainor, "and then I shall have you at the Hill—Chestnut Hill, and in a week I shall come for you to ride in my landau,"—there were only four in the city,—"and the vicomte shall drive with you next Saturday. You may not know that my niece Mrs. Wynne was of French Quakers from the Midi, and this is why her son loves your people and has more praise for your son than he himself is like to hear from my nephew. For my part, when I hate, I let it out, and when I love or like, I am frank," which was true.

Just then came the old black servant man Cicero, once a slave of James Logan the first, and so named by the master, folks said, because of pride in his fine translation of the "De Senectute" of Cicero, which Franklin printed.

"Cicero will carry thee out," said Mrs. Swanwick.

"Will he, indeed?" said Gainor, seeing a shadow of annoyance come over the grave face of the sick woman as she said, "I can walk," and rose unsteadily. The pelisse was off, and before the amazed vicomtesse could speak, she was in Gainor's strong arms and laid gently down on a lounge in the outer air.

"Mon Dieu!" was all she could say. "but you are as a man for strength. Thank you."

The roses were below her. The cool air came over them from the river, and the violet of the eastward sky reflected the glow of the setting sun. A ship with the tricolor moved up with the flood, a *bonnet rouge* at the masthead, as was common.

"What flag is that?" asked the vicomtesse. "And that red thing? I do not see well."

"I do not know," said Gainor, calmly

fibbing; and seeing her goddaughter about to speak, she put a finger on her lips and thrust a hand ignorant of its strength in the ribs of the hostess as madame, looking down among the trees on the farther slope, said: "Who is that? How merry they are!"

"Adam and Eve—in the garden," replied Gainor.

"For shame!" murmured Mary Swanwick in English. "It is well she did not understand thee." Then she added to the vicomtesse: "It is Margaret, Madame, and thy son."

Again gay laughter came up from the distance; the vicomtesse became thoughtful.

"I have left you lettuce and some fruit," said Miss Wynne, "and may I be pardoned for taking the place of Cicero?"

"Ah, Madame, kindness in any form is easy to pardon." Then Gainor went away, while Mrs. Swanwick sat down, saying: "Now no more talk. Let me fan thee a little."

The next day being the first Sunday in July, Schmidt said after breakfast: "De Courval, you said last night that you would like to go to church. It shall be Christ Church, if you like—Episcopal they call it."

They set out early, and on Delaware Second Street saw the fine old church Dr. Kearsley planned, like the best of Christopher Wren's work, as De Courval at once knew.

"I shall go in. I may not stay," said Schmidt. "I do not like churches. They seem all too small for me. Men should pray to God out of doors. Well, it has a certain stately becomingness. It will suit you; but the Druids knew best."

They found seats near the chancel. Just before the service began, a black servant in livery entered by a side door. A large man, tall and erect, in full black velvet, followed. The servant opened a pew; the tall man sat down, and knelt in prayer; the servant went back to the door, and seated himself on the floor upon a cushion.

Schmidt whispered, "That is George Washington."

The young man, it is to be feared, paid small attention to the service or to good Bishop White's sermon. The grave, moveless, ruddy face held him with the interest of its history. The reverent attention of the great leader pleased him, with his Huguenot training. At the close the congregation remained standing until Washington had gone out—

"Come," said Schmidt, and crossing the church they waited at the south gate until the President passed. He raised his hand in soldierly salute, and bowing, took off his beaver as he met Mrs. Chew and the Chief-Justice.

The two men walked away, silent for a time. Then the German said: "You have seen a great man, a great soldier,—says our Frederick, who ought to know,—a statesman, too, and baited now by Jefferson's creature Freneau. It must have pleased the Almighty to have decreed the making of a man like George Washington."

That the God of Calvin should have pleasure in things made had never occurred to the young Huguenot, who was already getting lessons which in days to come would freely modify and make gentle the stern tenets which through habit and education he accepted with small cost of thought. His mind, however, was of serious type, and inquiry was in the whole world's atmosphere of his time.

He said, "Herr Schmidt, can a man conceive of God as having enjoyment?"

"If you were God, the all-creative, the eternal power, the inconceivable master, would you not make for yourself pleasure, when you could make or mar all things? Does it shock you? Or has the thought of your church the clipped wings of an eagle that must ever stumble on the earth and yearn for the free flight of the heavens? Terrible shears are creeds."

De Courval was new to such comments. He felt hindered by all the child home-rule of habit, and the discipline of limiting beliefs held the more stringently for the hostile surroundings of neighbors and kinfolks of the Church of Rome.

The German was of no mind to perplex him. He had some clearly defined ideas as to what as a gentleman he could or could not do. As to much else he had no ruling conscience, but a certain kindliness which made him desire to like and be liked of men, and so now, with something akin to affection, he was learning to love the grave young noble to whom he

owed a life endowed by nature with great power of varied enjoyment.

"We will talk of these things again," he said. "Once I was speaking of the making of men, and I said, 'If the father of Shakspere had married another woman, or his wife a year later, would "Hamlet" ever have been written?' "

De Courval laughed. "I do not know 'Hamlet.' "

The German looked around at him thoughtfully and said: "Is that indeed so? It is a sermon on the conduct of life. When once I spoke of this and how at birth we are fortuned, the king said to me, I think—" and he broke off his sentence. "You must not take me too seriously, De Courval. This is mere gossip of the imagination. I have lived too much in France with the philosophers, who are like Paul's men of Athens."

"I like it," said De Courval, pleased, puzzled, flattered, and immensely curious concerning the man at his side; but decent manners forbidding personal questions, he accepted the German's diversion of the talk and asked, "Who is that across the street?"

"A good soldier, General Wayne, and with him the Secretary of War, Knox. It is said he is one of the few whom Washington loves. He is a lonely man, the President, as are the kings of men, on thrones or elsewhere."

"To be loved of that man would be worth while," said his companion. He was to see him again in an hour of distress for himself and of trouble and grief for the harassed statesman.

When at home he told his mother he had seen Washington.

"What was he like?"

"I can not say—tall, straight, ruddy, a big nose."

She smiled at his description. "Your father, René, once told me of a letter Marquis La Fayette had of him the day after he last parted with Washington. It was something like this: 'When our carriages separated, I said, I shall never see him again. My heart said Yes. My head said No; but these things happen. At least I have had my day.' That is not like a man, René. He must have strong affections."

"Men say not, mother."

VII

THE years which followed our long struggle for freedom were busy years for the mind of man. The philosophers in France were teaching men strange doctrines, and fashion, ever eager for change, reveled in the new political philosophy. The stir of unrest was in the air, among the people, in the talk of the salons.

The bastile had long since fallen, and already in the provinces murder and pillage had begun. The terrible example set by Jourdan late in '91 was received in Paris with other than reprobation. He was to return to Avignon and, strange irony of fate, to be condemned as a moderate and to die by the guillotine amid the rejoicing of the children of his victims; but this was to be far away in '94.

The massacres of August, '92, when the king left the Swiss to their fate, all the lightning and thunder of the gathering storm of war without and frenzied murder within the tottering kingdom, had not as yet in this midsummer been heard of in America.

After four years as our minister in Paris, Mr. Jefferson had long ago come back to add the mischief of a notable intellect to the party which sincerely believed we were in danger of a monarchy, and was all for France and for Citizen Equality, who, as Hamilton foresaw, might come to be the most cruel of tyrants.

The long battle of States' rights had begun in America. The Federalists, led by Hamilton, were for strong central rule; their opponents, the Republicans, later to be called Democrats, were gone mad in their Jacobin clubs of many cities, *bonnet rouge* at feasts, craze about titles, with Citizen for Mr., and eagerly expecting a new French minister.

Washington, a Federalist, smiled grimly at the notion of kingship, and the creature of no party, with his usual desire for peace, had made up, of both parties, a cabinet sure to disagree.

To hear the clamor of the Jacobin clubs, a stranger coming among us in '92 might have believed us ruined. Nevertheless, Hamilton had rescued our finance, assured a revenue not as yet quite sufficient, founded the bank, and assumed the

state debts. The country was in peril only from disorders due to excess of prosperity, the podagra of the state. There was gambling in the new script, lotteries innumerable, and the very madness of speculation in all manner of enterprises —canals, toll-pike roads, purchases of whole counties.

Cool heads like Schmidt looked on and profited. The Quaker merchants, no wise perturbed by the rashness of speculation, accumulated irredeemable ground rents, and thriving, took far too little interest in the general party issues, but quietly created the great schools which are of our best to-day, endowed charities, and were to be heard of later as fearless Christian gentlemen in a time of death and despair, when men unafraid in battle shrank from the foe which struck and was never seen.

In the early August days, madame had driven now and then with Mistress Wynne, and at present was gone, not quite willingly, to stay a while at the Hill. Mrs. Wynne had called, and her husband, more than once, with a guarded word or two from his wife as to the manner of usefulness of his young clerk. "Mind you, Hugh, let it be secretary. Do not hurt the poor lady's pride." So counseled Darthea, kindly wise, and he obeyed, having come in time to accept his wife's wisdom in many matters social and other.

To the Hill farm came to call, on the vicomtesse, the Vicomte de Noailles, the prosperous partner of William Bingham; and, asked by the Wynnes, Mrs. Bingham, to be at a later day the acclaimed beauty of London; her kin, the Willings, with the gift of hereditary good looks; and the Shippens. The vicomtesse received them all with a certain surprise at their ceremonious good manners and their tranquil sense of unquestioned position. She would return no visits as yet, and her son was busy and, too, like herself, in mourning. In fact, she shrank from general contact with the prosperous, and dreaded for René this gay world of pretty young women. *Ciel!* What might not happen?

On their part, they were curious and kind. Emigrant ladies were rare; but, as to foreign titles, they were used to them in the war, and now they were common since a great influx of destitute French had set in, and not all who came were to their liking.

"There," said the German one evening, kindling a great pipe, "enough of politics, De Courval; you are of the insatiably curious. We are to dine to-morrow at the fashionable hour of four with Mistress Wynne and the maid, my Pearl. It is an occasion of some worthiness. She has come to town for this feast, one of her freaks. Did ever you see a great actress?"

"I?" said De Courval. "No, or yes—once, in France, Mademoiselle Mars. We of the religion do not go to the theater. What actress do you speak of?"

"Oh, women—all women; but to-morrow on the stage will be Miss Gainor, become, by pretty courtesy of possibilities declined, Mistress Gainor by brevet—"

De Courval, delighted, cried: "But your little Quaker lady—is she to have a rôle? She seems to me very simple."

"Simple! Yes, here, or at meeting, I daresay. Thou shouldst see her with Friend Waln. Her eyes humbly adore his shoe-buckles—no, his shoe-ties—when he exhorts her to the preservation of plainness of attire, and how through deep wading, and a living travail of soul, life shall be uplifted to good dominion. It is a godly man, no doubt, and a fine, ripe English he talks; and Arthur Howell, too."

"I must hear them."

"You will hear noble use of the great English speech. But best of all are the Free Quakers, like Samuel Wetherill, an apostate, says Friend Pennington with malignant sweetness, but for me a sterling, well-bred gentle, if ever God made one. Ah, then the maid, all godliness and grace, will take his hat and cane and, the head a bit aside, make eyes at him. Ah, fie for shame! And how we purr and purr—actresses, oh, all of them! There is the making of a Quaker *Juliet* in that girl."

"One would scarce think it. My mother is *éprise*—oh, quite taken with Miss Margaret, and now, I think, begins a little to understand this household, so new and so wonderful to me and to her. But I meant to ask you something. I have part paid the queer doctor, and the bill, I suppose, is correct. It is long—"

"And large, no doubt."

"And what with a new gown my mother needs and some clothes I must have—"

The German interrupted him. "De Courval, may I not help you, to whom I owe a debt which can never be paid?"

"Oh, no, no. I shall soon have more wages." He grew red as he spoke.

"But why is money such a wonder thing that only some salable article shall count against it? I lack hospitality to entertain the thought."

"Would you take it of me?"

"I? Yes. I took my life of you—a poor thing, but mine own."

"I think you had small choice in the matter," laughed René.

"*Der Teufel!* Very little. Let it be a loan, if you will. Come, now. You make me unhappy. I lend you five hundred *livres*—a hundred dollars we call it here. You pay when you can."

De Courval hesitated. Was there not something ignoble in refusing a kindness thus offered? Schmidt laughed as he added: "Reverse it. Put it in this fashion: good master of my fate, let me drown. I would owe no coin of life to any. To end it, I put to-night in this left-hand drawer money. Use it freely. Leave a receipt each time, if you like."

"I am so little used to kindness," said De Courval, wavering.

"I know," returned Schmidt—"bitter-sweet to some men, but should not be to the more noble nature."

"No, no, not to me. I take it and gladly, but"—and once more he colored, as he said with a certain shyness—"would you mind calling me René? I—I should like it."

"And I, too," said the German, as he put a hand of familiar kindliness on the younger man's knee. "Now that is settled, and you have done me another favor. I have an errand at Germantown, and shall join you at Miss Wynne's at four to-morrow. Are there any ships come in? No? There will be, I fear, evil news from France, and storms, storms that will roll across the sea and beat, too, on these shores. It will stir here some foolish echoes, some feeble mockery of what over there cries murder." De Courval had had too much reason to believe him. "Ach, I am sleepy. Shall you go to see your mother on Sunday? There is my mare at your service."

Yes, he had meant to walk, but he would be glad of the horse.

When, on Saturday, Mrs. Swanwick knew that Schmidt had gone to the country, she said Margaret would walk with the vicomte, and show him the way. He felt a fresh surprise, a little embarrassment. Young women were not thus free in France; but as he was the only one thus amazed, he set out with the Pearl in some wonderment at what his mother would have said or thought.

They walked up Front Street, and at last along Fifth. She was now, as Schmidt had said, the other Margaret of whom De Courval had had brief knowledge at times. A frank, natural, gay good humor was in all her ways, a gentle desire to please, which was but the innocent coquetry of a young girl's heart. She stayed a moment as they crossed Walnut Street, and replying to a question, said: "Yes, that is the jail men called the Provostry in the war. My grandfather lay in it—oh, very long. We have his sword in the attic. I would hang it up downstairs, but Friends would not approve, thou must know. And that is Independence Hall, but thou hast seen it."

"Yes. Are you proud of it?"

"Surely. My people shed our blood for what strong men did in that hall. My uncle and my grandfather came out of the jail to die, oh, both of them!"

"And of what party are you, Miss Margaret?"

"Of George Washington's," she cried. "But Friends must have no party, or their women, at least—not even tea-parties," and she laughed.

"I think I am of your party," said De Courval—"George Washington's."

The conventual shelter of the silk bonnet turned toward him as she said: "Then we agree; but I am not sure that I like people to agree with me. It spoils talk, Mr. Schmidt says."

"Then I am all for Jefferson," he cried gaily, thinking in his grave way that this young girl was of a sudden older than her years.

"I am not sure that I like that either," she replied, and so chatting with easy freedom they came to Miss Wynne's door, opposite the Quaker burial-ground, where their dead lay in unmarked graves. A negro servant in the brown livery of the

Wynnes opened the door, and Aunt Gainor appeared in the hall in more than usual splendor.

"Good day, Vicomte," and to Margaret: "Take off your bonnet, child. How can any one, man or woman, kiss thee with that thing on thy head? It might be useful at need, but I do suppose you could take it off on such occasions."

"For shame, Aunt Gainor!" said the Pearl, flushing and glad of the bonnet she was in act to remove. Miss Wynne kissed her, whispering, "Good Lord! you are on the way to be a beauty!"

De Courval, who of course had called long since to thank his hostess, had so far dined in no one of the more luxuriously appointed homes of Philadelphia. Here were portraits; much, too much, china, of which he was no judge; and tables for work that Miss Wynne never did, or for cards at which she liked high play.

"Mr. Hamilton was to dine here, but was with me just now to be excused."

"He was with my mother an hour this morning," said Margaret, "about some small affairs we have in New York. He is to be here again on Saturday sennight to tell mother all about it."

"I am sorry to miss him," said Gainor; "but if I lose a guest I desired, I am to have one I do not want. Mr. Josiah Langstroth has bidden himself to dine with me."

"Uncle Josiah? I have not seen him for a month."

"There is a joss in the corner like him, Vicomte," said Miss Wynne. "If you look at it, you will need no presentation. I pray you to avoid the temptation of a look." Of course both young persons regarded, as she meant they should, the china god on his teak-wood stand.

"A reincarnation of the bulldog," remarked Gainor, well pleased with her phrase.

"If," said Margaret to the young man, "thou dost take my aunt or Uncle Josiah seriously, it will be what they never do one another. They fight, but never quarrel. My mother thinks this is because then they would stay apart and have no more the luxury of fighting again, a thing they do love."

"Are you sure that is thy mother's wisdom, Margaret?" said Gainor. "It is not like her."

"If I said it was mine, thou wouldst box my ears."

"Did ever one hear the like?"

The young girl occasionally ventured, when with aunt or uncle, upon these contributions of observation which now and then startle those who, seeing little change from day to day, are surprised by the sudden fruitage of developmental growth.

"I shall profit by Miss Swanwick's warning," said De Courval.

Miss Wynne, who kept both houses open, and now would not as usual, on account of the vicomtesse, fill her country-house with guests, had come to town to dine Mr. Hamilton and to amuse herself with the young man. It cannot be said, despite her bluff kindness, that De Courval altogether or unreservedly liked her sudden changes of mood or the quick transitions which more or less embarrassed and at times puzzled him. Upon his inquiring for his mother, Miss Wynne replied:

"She is better, much better. You are to come to-morrow. You should come more often. It is absurd, most absurd, that you are so tied to the legs of a desk. I shall speak to my nephew."

"I beg of you, Madame, to do no such thing. I am a clerk and the youngest." And then a little ashamed of his shame, he added: "I sweep out the office and lock up at evening. You would cause Mr. Wynne to think I had asked you." He spoke with decision.

"It is ridiculous. I shall explain, make it easy."

Then he said, "You will pardon me, who owe you so much, but I shall have to be beforehand and say I do not wish it."

"I retreat," said Miss Wynne. "I haul down my colors." He was quite sure that she never would.

"You are again kind, Madame," he returned.

"I hear Mr. Schmidt and the joss," she said as she rose, while Margaret, unobserved, cast a thoughtful glance at the clerk. It was a new type to her. The gravity, the decisiveness, and the moral courage, although she may not have so labeled the qualities, appealed to her who had proudly borne the annoyances of restricted means among friends and kindred who lived in luxury. She had heard

Schmidt say to her mother that this De Courval was a man on the way to the making of a larger manhood. Even young as she was, about to be seventeen in September, she had among the young Friends those she liked and some who were disposed to like her too well; but this was another kind of man.

When Schmidt entered, followed by Friend Langstroth, De Courval was struck by the truth of Gainor's reference to the joss. Short, very fat, a triple chin and pendant cheeks under small eyes, and a bald head—all were there.

"You are both late. My back of mutton will be overdone. The Vicomte de Courval—Mr. Langstroth."

"Glad to see thee; meant to come and see thee. I was to give thee this letter, Friend Schmidt. Mr. Wynne sent it. A messenger came up from Chester while I was with him at the counting-house. The *Saucy Sisters* was lying below for the flood."

Schmidt glanced at it, hesitated a moment, and put it in his pocket as they went in to dinner.

"Any news?" asked Langstroth. "Any news from France?"

"I do not know," said Schmidt. He had no mind to spoil the meal with what he knew must very likely be evil tidings. "It is from England," he added. Miss Gainor, understanding him, said: "We were to have had Mr. Hamilton. I think I told you."

"I saw him at the office of the Secretary of the Treasury," said Schmidt; "a less capable successor he has in his place. We talked much about the rage for lotteries, and he would stop them by a law."

"He should let things alone," said Langstroth. "A nice muddle he has made of it with his bank and his excise."

"And what do you know about it?" said Gainor, tartly.

"Fiddlesticks! I know that a man who cannot manage his own affairs had better leave larger things alone."

"He has," said Schmidt quietly, "as I see it, that rare double gift, a genius for government and finance."

"Humph!" growled Langstroth.

Schmidt was silent, and took the Wynne Madeira with honest appreciation, while the young man ate his dinner, amazed at the display of bad manners.

Then the girl beside him said in a half-whisper: "Fiddlesticks! Why do people say that? The violin is hard to play, I hear. Why do men say fiddlesticks?"

De Courval did not know, and Aunt Gainor asked, "What is that, Margaret?"

"I was saying that the violin must be hard to play."

"Ah, yes, yes," returned the hostess, puzzled, while Schmidt smiled, and the talk fell upon mild gossip and the last horse-race—and so on to more perilous ground.

"About lotteries," said Josiah, "I have bought thee a ticket, Margaret, number 1792—the lottery for the college of Princeton."

"A nice Quaker you are," said Miss Wynne. "I see they forbid lotteries in Massachusetts. The overseers of meeting will be after you."

"I should like to see them. A damn pretty business, indeed. Suppose thee were to win the big prize, child." He spoke the intolerable language then becoming common among Friends. "Thee could beat Gainor in gowns."

"I should not be let to wear them." Alas! she saw herself in brocades and lutestring underskirts. The young man ignorantly shared her distress.

"There is small chance of it, I fear," said Gainor. "A hundred lottery chances I have bought, and never a cent the richer." And so the talk went on, Langstroth abusing all parties, Schmidt calmly neutral, the young people taking small part, and regarding the lottery business as one of Josiah's annoying jokes—no one in the least believing him.

At last the cloth was off the well-waxed mahogany table, a fresh pair of decanters set before the hostess, and each guest in turn toasted.

Langstroth had been for a time uncomfortably amiable. He had said abusive things of all parties in turn, and now Schmidt amused himself by adding more superlative abuse, while Gainor Wynne, enjoying the game, fed Langstroth with exasperating additions of agreement. The girl, knowing them all well, silently watched the German's face, his zest in annoying Josiah unexpressed by even the faintest smile—a perfect actor. De Courval, with less full understanding of the players, was at times puzzled, and heard

in silence Schmidt siding with Josiah. "It was most agreeable, my dear," said Mistress Gainor next day to one of her favorites, Tacy Lennox. "Josiah should of right be a gentleman. He has invented the worst manners ever you saw, my dear Tacy. He was like a mad bull, eager for war, and behold—he is fed and petted. Ah, but he was furious and bedazed. Tacy, I would you had seen it."

It was at last quite too much of a trial for Josiah, who turned from Gainor to Schmidt, and then to De Courval, with wild opinions, to which every one in turn agreed, until at last, beginning to suspect that he was being played with, he selected a subject sure to make his hostess angry. A look of pugnacious greed for a bone of contest showed on his bulldog face as he turned to Mistress Wynne. "This Madeira is on its last legs, Gainor."

"All of us are," laughed Schmidt.

"It is hardly good enough for my toast."

"Indeed," said Gainor; "we shall know when we hear it."

Then Josiah knew that for her to agree with him would this time be impossible. He smiled. "When I am at home, Gainor, as thee knows, I drink to our lawful king." He rose to his feet. "Here 's to George the Third."

Gainor was equal to the occasion.

"Wait a little, Josiah. Take away Mr. Langstroth's glass, Cæsar. Go to the kitchen and fetch one of the glasses I use no more because the Hessian hogs used them for troughs when they were quartered on me in the war. Cæsar, a Hessian wine-glass for Mr. Langstroth."

De Courval listened in astonishment, while Schmidt, laughing, cried, "I will drink to George with pleasure."

"I know," cried Margaret: "to George Washington."

Schmidt laughed. "You are too sharp, Pearl. In a minute, but for your saucy tongue, I should have trapped our Tory friend. To George the greater," said Schmidt.

The Quaker turned down his glass. "Not I, indeed."

"I hope the poor man will never hear of it, Josiah," said Miss Wynne as she rose laughing, and presently Schmidt and the young people went away, followed shortly after by Langstroth.

For a while Margaret walked on in silence, De Courval and the German talking. At last she said: "Thou shouldst know that my uncle is not as bad as he seems. He is really a kind and generous man, but he loves to contradict my aunt, and no one else can so easily make her angry."

"Ah, Pearl, the Madeira was good," said Schmidt—"too good; or, rather, the several Madeiras. In the multitude of vinous counselors there is little wisdom, and the man's ways would tempt an angel to mischief."

Mrs. Swanwick, being alone, had gone out to take supper with a friend, and as Margaret left them in the hall, Schmidt said to De Courval: "Come in. I have a great package from Gouverneur Morris, from Paris. You may as well hear what news there is. I saw your anxiety, but I was of no mind to have that imitation Quaker discuss the agony of a great nation."

It took two months or more to hear from France, and each week added to the gathering anxiety with which De Courval awaited news. He was grateful for the daily labor, with its steady exactions, which forbade excessive thought of the home land, for no sagacity of his friend or any forecast that man could make three thousand miles away was competent to predict the acts of the sinister historic drama on which the curtain was rising far away in France.

As the German opened the envelop and set aside letter after letter, he talked on in his disconnected way. "I could like some bad men more than Josiah Langstroth. He has what he calls opinions, and will say, 'Welladay,'—no, that is my bastard English,—he will say 'Well, at all events, that is my opinion.' What means 'all events,' Herr René? A kick would change them. 'T is an event—a kick. And Mistress Wynne is sometimes not easy to endure. She steps heavily on tender toes, even when on errands of goodness." The younger man scarce heard these comments as letter after letter was put aside, until at last he put down his pipe, and Schmidt said: "I was sorry to keep you, but now this last letter has it all—all. There is no detail, my

friend, but enough—enough. He writes me all France is in a ferment. This is from Mr. Morris, whom our mobocrats loathe for an aristocrat. He writes: 'The King has vetoed two bills, one about the priests and one of less moment. La Fayette is in disgrace, and wants the surgeon's courage to let blood. Worst of all, and I write in haste,' he says, 'a mob on June 20th broke into the Tuileries and there, in the Œil de Bœuf, a butcher mocked the King to his face as Monsieur Veto. The King laughed, it is said, and set their damned bonnet on his head, and drew his sword, and cried *"Vive la nation!"* The war goes ill or well as you please; ill for all, I fear. Dillon was murdered by his own regiment after a retreat.' "

"I knew him in the army," said De Courval. "I was young then. But the king—has he no courage? Are they all mad?"

"No. He has not the courage of action. He has the courage to endure, if that is to be so nominated. The other is needed just now. That is all—all."

"And too much."

"Yes. Come let us go out and fence a bit in the garden, and sweat out too much Madeira. Come, there is still light enough."

VIII

THROUGH the quiet of a Sunday morning, De Courval rode slowly up Fifth Street, and into a land of farms and woodland, to spend a quiet day alone with his mother, Miss Wynne, not altogether to the young man's regret, having to remain in town over Monday. As he came to the scenes where Schmidt, in their walks of Sundays, had explained to him Washington's well-laid plan of the Germantown battle, he began at last to escape for a time the too sad reflection which haunted his hours of leisure in the renewed interest of a young soldier who had known only the army life, but never actual war. He bent low in the saddle, hat off to a group on the lawn at Cliveden, the once war-battered home of the Chews, and was soon after kissing his mother on the porch of the Hill farm.

There was disquieting news to tell of France, and he soon learned that despite the heat and mosquitoes she preferred the tranquillity of the widow's home to the luxury of Miss Wynne's house. She was as usual calmly decided, and he did not urge her to stay longer. She would return to the city on Thursday. They talked of money matters, with reticence on his part in regard to Schmidt's kindness and good counsels, and concerning the satisfaction Mr. Wynne had expressed with regard to his secretary.

"It may be good training for thee, my son," she said and then, after a pause, "I begin to comprehend these people," and, pleased with her progress, made little ventures in English to let him see how well she was learning to speak. An habitual respect made him refrain from critical corrections, but he looked up in open astonishment when she said rather abruptly: "The girl in her gray gowns is on the way to become one of the women about whom men go wild. Neither are you very ugly, my son. Have a care; but a word from me should suffice."

"Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "do not misunderstand me!"

"My son, I know you are not as some of the light-minded cousins we knew in France; but a word of warning does no harm, even if it be not needed."

"I think you may be at ease, *maman*. You amaze me when you call her beautiful. A pleasant little maid she seems to me, and not always the same, and at times gay,—oh, when away from her mother,—and intelligent, too. But beautiful—oh, hardly. *Soyez tranquille, maman.*"

"I did not say she was beautiful. I said she was good-looking; or that at least was what I meant. Certainly she is unlike our too ignorant demoiselles; but contrast with the familiar may have its peril. It is quite another type from our young women at home, and attractive enough in its way—in its bourgeoise way."

He smiled. "I am quite too busy to concern myself with young women." In fact he had begun to find interest in a little study of this new type. "Yes, quite too busy."

"That is as well." But she was not at ease. On the whole, she thought it would be proper now for him to go to Mrs. Bingham's and to the President's receptions. Miss Wynne would see that he

had the entrée. He was too occupied, he said once more, and his clothes were quite unfit. Neither was he inclined yet a while. And so he rode away to town with several things to think about, and on Thursday the vicomtesse made clear to the well-pleased Mrs. Swanwick that she was glad of the quiet and the English lessons and the crisp talk of Schmidt, who spoke French, but not fluently, and concerning whom she was mildly jealous and, for her, curious. "Schmidt, my son? No; a name disguised. He is a gentleman to his finger-ends, but surely a strange one."

"It is enough, *maman,* that he is my friend. Often I, too, am curious; but—ah, well, I wonder why he likes me; but he does, and I am glad of it."

"You wonder. I do not," and she smiled.

"Ah, the vain *maman!*" he cried. It was very rare that she praised him, and she was by long habit given to no demonstrations of affection.

Two weeks ran on in the quiet routine of the Quaker home and the increasing work of the great shipping merchant. De Courval was more and more used by Wynne in matters other than copying letters in French. Sometimes, too, he was trusted with business affairs demanding judgment, and although Wynne spoke no word of praise, neither was there any word of censure, and he watched the clerk with interest and growing regard. Twice he sent him to New York, and once on an errand to Baltimore, where he successfully collected some long-standing debts. A new clerk had come, and De Courval, to his relief, was no longer expected to sweep out the counting-house.

By degrees Wynne fully realized that he had found a helper of unusual capacity, and more and more, as the great and varied business attracted De Courval, he was taken into Wynne's confidence, and saw the ships come and go, and longed to share the peril and see the wonders of the ocean. There were great tuns of wine from Madeira on the pier or in the cellars. Gentlemen came to taste it, men with historic names—General Wayne, Colonel Lear for the President, and Mr. Justice Yeates. De Courval was bade to knock out bungs and dip in tasting vials. Also Miss Wynne came to refill her cellar, but took small notice of him. He was out of favor for a season, and her nephew had laughed at her remonstrances.

"A thoroughbred put to the work of a farm-horse!"

"Nonsense, Aunt Gainor! Let him alone. You can not spoil him, as you did me. There is stuff in the fellow worth a dozen of my clerks. At six they are gone. If there is work to do, he stays till nine. What that man wants, he will get. What he sets himself to do, he does. Let him alone."

"A miserably paid clerk," she cried. "He deserves no better. I wash my hands of him."

"There is soap in the closet," he laughed.

She went away angry, and saw the young noble talking with a ruddy gentleman whose taste in wine has made his name familiar at the dining-tables of the last hundred years. Major Butler was asking the vicomte to dine, and promising a perilous education in the vintages of Madeira.

When the major had gone, Mr. Wynne sent for his clerk. To be opposed was apt to stiffen his Welsh obstinacy. "Your wages are to be now, sir, two hundred and fifty livres,—fifty dollars a month,—and you are doing well, very well; but the clerks are not to know, except Mr. Potts." He owed this unusual advance to Miss Wynne, but probably the master was as little aware of what had caused it as was the irate spinster. De Courval thanked him quietly, knowing perfectly well that he had fairly earned what was so pleasantly given.

It was now the Saturday sennight mentioned by Margaret as the day when Mr. Hamilton was to come to settle certain small business matters with Mrs. Swanwick. Some wit, or jealous dame, as Schmidt had said, called Mrs. Swanwick's the Quaker salon; and, in fact, men of all types of opinion came hither. Friends there were, the less strict, and at times some, like Waln, to protest in their frank way against the too frequent company of world's people, and to go away disarmed by gentle firmness. Mrs. Swanwick's love of books and her keen interest in every new thing, and now the opening mind and good looks of Margaret,

together with the thoughtful neutrality of Schmidt, captured men, young and old, who were apt to come especially on a Saturday afternoon, when there was leisure even for busy statesmen. Hither came Aaron Burr, the woman-hawk, Aunt Gainor called him, with his dark, fateful face; Pickering, in after days of the War Department; Wolcott, to be the scarce adequate successor of Hamilton; Logan, and gay cousins—not often more than one or two at a time—with, rarely, the Master of the Rolls and Robert Morris, and Mr. Justice Chew—in fact, what was best in the social life of the city.

Mr. Hamilton was shut up with Mrs. Swanwick in the withdrawing room, busy. It was now too late to expect visitors—five o'clock of a summer afternoon. The vicomtesse avoided this interesting society, and at last René ceased to urge her to share what he himself found so agreeable. Margaret sat entranced in the "Castle of Otranto," hardly hearing the *click, click,* of the fencing-foils on the grass plot not far away. Birds were in the air; a woodpecker was busy on a dead tree; bees, head down, were accumulating honey for the hive at the foot of the garden; and a breeze from the river was blowing through the hall and out at the hospitably open front door—a peaceful scene, with still the ring and clash of the foils and De Courval's merry laughter.

"A hit, a palpable hit!" said a voice behind Margaret as she rose.

"Thou art dead for a ducat—dead, Friend de Courval."

"Ah," said Schmidt, "a critic. Does it look easy, Mr. de Forest?"

"I am a man of peace, how shouldst I know? but the game looks easy." He threw up his head and stretched out his hand. "Let me look at the thing."

"Then take off your coat and put on a mask. But I shall not hurt you; there is no need for the mask."

He was quietly amused, and if only Nicholas Waln would come; for now the Quaker gentleman had put aside hat and coat, and in plainest gray homespun faced him, a stalwart, soldierly figure.

"How does thee hold it, Friend Schmidt? Ah, so?"

In a moment the German knew that he was crossing blades with a master of the small sword. Margaret and De Courval looked on merrily, exchanging gay glances.

"Dead," cried De Forest, as he struck fair over the German's heart, "and a damn good hit!"

"Well played!" cried Schmidt—"the jest and the rapier. Another bout—no!" To his surprise he saw the Quaker gentleman's face change as he hastily put on his coat.

"Thank thee," he said to De Courval as the young man handed him his hat, and without other words than "I bid thee good day. I shall not bide this afternoon," went into the hall and out of the farther door, passing with bowed head and without a word a gentleman who entered.

Schmidt showed little of the astonishment easily read on De Courval's face, who, however, said nothing, having been taught to be chary of comments on his elders; and now taking up his foil again, fell on guard.

"A man haunted by his past," said Schmidt, as was in fact explained at breakfast next day, when Mrs. Swanwick, being questioned, said: "Yes. He was a colonel in the war, and of reckless courage. Later he returned to Friends, and now and then has lapses in his language and his ways, and is filled with remorse."

"The call of the sword was too much for him," said Schmidt. "I can comprehend that. But he had a minute of the joy of battle."

"And then," said the Pearl, "he had a war with himself."

"The maid is beginning to think," said Schmidt to himself. But this was all on the next day.

As the tall man came out on the porch, Margaret said: "My mother is occupied. Friend Schmidt, thou knowest Friend Jefferson; and this is our new lodger," and she said boldly, "the Vicomte de Courval."

"Ah," exclaimed Jefferson, "we have met before. And Madame is well, I trust?"

"Yes; but at this hour she rests. We owe you, sir, our thanks for the good chance of finding what has been to us most truly a home."

Margaret looked up pleased, she did not fully know why. And so he did really like them and their quiet home?

Presently Schmidt said to Jefferson: "There is sad news from France, Mr. Secretary."

"Good news, Citizen; altogether good. What if men die that a people may live? Men die in war. Where is the difference? Titles will go, a king be swept on to the dust-heap of history." A hot answer was on the lips of the young noble. He turned, vexed at the loss of his chance as Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Swanwick joined them. Jefferson ceased to speak to Schmidt, and the two statesmen met with the formal courtesy of bitter hatred. Jefferson could see no good in the brilliant finance of the man who now talked with courteous ease to one or another. The new-comer was slight of figure, bright-eyed, with the deep line so rarely seen where the nose meets the forehead, and above all graceful, as few men are. The face was less mobile than that of Jefferson, who resembled to a strange degree the great actor of his name, a resemblance only to be explained by some common English ancestry in an untraceable past. He had been to a bad school in France as minister, and perhaps had by this time forgotten the day when he desired his agent in London to find for him a coat of arms.

(To be continued)

SO MANY JOYS

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I HAVE so many joys. One joy, of lovely sights
That down my days defile and dream along my nights:
My soul is like a room with mirrors all set round,
Where Beauty, once beheld, hath infinite rebound.

I have so many joys. One joy, of movement free,
That makes me sister to the winds and to the sea.
Oh, verily, my hand hath pleasure all its own;
My feet that press the turf distinct delight have known!

I have so many joys. One joy, of hearts that speak—
That, ere a word can pass, will tell me what I seek:
Such joy there is in being loved, but vaster joy
In loving. These twain joys there 's nothing can destroy.

I have so many joys. In yielding homage, one.
Such glorious creatures God hath made beneath the sun!
For some of these, and their white faith, and deeds sublime,
'T was given me to meet as on toward God we climb.

I have so many joys. One, memory linked with hope;
For, even as those stars struck out in heaven's cope,
Are shining, still, these thousand years upon the earth,
So, all the loves I 've lost, still shine upon my hearth.

I have so many joys. One joy of loneliness,
And one, unnamed, that bears me whither none may guess.
Nay, not myself. For out of self afar I wing;
And only know, returning, I my joys must sing.

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THE DUTCH BIRD-CAGE — FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

"SENSE AND SENSIBILITY"

BY HELEN KELLER

PART II

THE poets have taught us how full of wonders is the night; and the night of blindness has its wonders, too. The only lightless dark is the night of ignorance and insensibility. We differ, blind and seeing, one from another, not in our senses, but in the use we make of them, in the imagination and courage with which we seek wisdom beyond our senses.

It is more difficult to teach ignorance to think than to teach an intelligent blind man to see the grandeur of Niagara. I have walked with people whose eyes are full of light, but who see nothing in wood, sea, or sky, nothing in city streets, nothing in books. What a witless masquerade is this seeing! It were better far to sail forever in the night of blindness, with sense and feeling and mind, than to be thus content with the mere act of seeing. They have the sunset, the morning skies, the purple of distant hills, yet their souls voyage through this enchanted world with a barren stare.

The calamity of the blind is immense, irreparable. But it does not take away our share of the things that count—service, friendship, humor, imagination, wisdom. It is the secret inner will that controls one's fate. We are capable of willing to be good, of loving and being loved, of thinking to the end that we may be wiser. We possess these spirit-born forces equally with all God's children. Therefore we, too, see the lightnings and hear the thunders of Sinai. We, too, march through the wilderness and the solitary place that shall be glad for us, and as we pass, God maketh the desert to blossom like the rose. We, too, go in unto the Promised Land to possess the treasures of the spirit, the unseen permanence of life and nature.

The blind man of spirit faces the unknown and grapples with it, and what else does the world of seeing men do? He has imagination, sympathy, humanity, and these ineradicable existences compel him to share by a sort of proxy in a sense he has not. When he meets terms of color, light, physiognomy, he guesses, divines, puzzles out their meaning by analogies drawn from the senses he has. I naturally tend to think, reason, draw inferences as if I had five senses instead of three. This tendency is beyond my control; it is involuntary, habitual, instinctive. I cannot compel my mind to say "I feel" instead of "I see" or "I hear." The word "feel" proves on examination to be no less a convention than "see" and "hear" when I seek for words accurately to describe the outward things that affect my three bodily senses. When a man loses a leg, his brain persists in impelling him to use what he has not and yet feels to be there. Can it be that the brain is so constituted that it will continue the activity which animates the sight and the hearing after the eye and the ear have been destroyed?

THE SENSES COMPLEMENTARY

IT might seem that the five senses would work intelligently together only when resident in the same body. Yet when two or three are left unaided, they reach out for their complements in another body, and find that they yoke easily with the borrowed team. When my hand aches from overtouching, I find relief in the sight of another. When my mind lags, wearied with the strain of forcing out thoughts about dark, musicless, colorless, detached substance, it recovers its elas-

ticity as soon as I resort to the powers of another mind which commands light, harmony, color. Now, if the five senses will not remain disassociated, the life of the deaf-blind cannot be severed from the life of the seeing, hearing race.

The deaf-blind person may be plunged and replunged like Schiller's diver into seas of the unknown. But, unlike the doomed hero, he returns triumphant, grasping the priceless truth that his mind is not crippled, not limited to the infirmity of his senses. The world of the eye and the ear becomes to him a subject of fateful interest. He seizes every word of sight and hearing because his sensations compel it. Light and color, of which he has no tactual evidence, he studies fearlessly, believing that all humanly knowable truth is open to him. He is in a position similar to that of the astronomer who, firm, patient, watches a star night after night for many years and feels rewarded if he discovers a single fact about it. The man deaf-blind to ordinary outward things, and the man deaf-blind to the immeasurable universe, are both limited by time and space; but they have made a compact to wring service from their limitations.

The bulk of the world's knowledge is an imaginary construction. History is but a mode of imagining, of making us see civilizations that no longer appear upon the earth. Some of the most significant discoveries in modern science owe their origin to the imagination of men who had neither accurate knowledge nor exact instruments to demonstrate their beliefs. If astronomy had not kept always in advance of the telescope, no one would ever have thought a telescope worth making. What great invention has not existed in the inventor's mind long before he gave it tangible shape?

A more splendid example of imaginative knowledge is the unity with which philosophers start their study of the world. They can never perceive the world in its entire reality. Yet their imagination, with its magnificent allowance for error, its power of treating uncertainty as negligible, has pointed the way for empirical knowledge.

In their highest creative moments the great poet, the great musician cease to use the crude instruments of sight and hearing. They break away from their sense-moorings, rise on strong, compelling wings of spirit far above our misty hills and darkened valleys into the region of light, music, intellect.

What eye hath seen the glories of the New Jerusalem? What ear hath heard the music of the spheres, the steps of time, the strokes of chance, the blows of death? Men have not heard with their physical sense the tumult of sweet voices above the hills of Judea nor seen the heavenly vision; but millions have listened to that spiritual message through many ages.

Our blindness changes not a whit the course of inner realities. Of us it is as true as it is of the seeing that the most beautiful world is always entered through the imagination. If you wish to be something that you are not,—something fine, noble, good,—you shut your eyes, and for one dreamy moment you are that which you long to be.

INWARD VISIONS OF BEAUTY

ACCORDING to all art, all nature, all coherent human thought, we know that order, proportion, form, are the essential elements of beauty. Now order, proportion, and form, are palpable to the touch. But beauty and rhythm are deeper than sense. They are like love and faith. They spring out of a spiritual process only slightly dependent upon sensations. Order, proportion, form, cannot generate in the mind the abstract idea of beauty, unless there is already a soul intelligence to breathe life into the elements. Many persons, having perfect eyes, are blind in their perceptions. Many persons, having perfect ears, are emotionally deaf. Yet these are the very ones who dare to set limits to the vision of those who, lacking a sense or two, have will, soul, passion, imagination. Faith is a mockery if it teaches us not that we may construct a world unspeakably more complete and beautiful than the material world. And I, too, may construct my better world, for I am a child of God, an inheritor of a fragment of the Mind that created all worlds.

There is a consonance of all things, a blending of all that we know about the material world and the spiritual. It con-

sists for me of all the impressions, vibrations, heat, cold, taste, smell, and the sensations which these convey to the mind, infinitely combined, interwoven with associated ideas and acquired knowledge. No thoughtful person will believe that what I said about the meanings of footsteps is strictly true of mere jolts and jars. It is an array of the spiritual in certain natural elements, tactual beats, and an acquired knowledge of physical habits and moral traits of highly organized human beings. What would odors signify if they were not associated with the time of the year, the place I live in, and the people I know?

The result of such a blending is sometimes a discordant trying of strings far removed from a melody, very far from a symphony. (For the benefit of those who must be reassured, I will say that I have felt a musician tuning his violin, that I have read about a symphony, and so have a fair intellectual perception of my metaphor.) But with training and experience the faculties gather up the stray notes and combine them into a full, harmonious whole. If the person who accomplishes this task is peculiarly gifted, we call him a poet. The blind and the deaf are not great poets, it is true. Yet now and again you find one deaf and blind who has attained to his royal kingdom of beauty.

BLIND POETS

I HAVE a little volume of poems by a deaf-blind lady, Madame Bertha Galeron. Her poetry has versatility of thought. Now it is tender and sweet, now full of tragic passion and the sternness of destiny. Victor Hugo called her "La Grande Voyante." She has written a comedy and two dramas which have been acted in Paris. The French Academy has crowned her work.

The infinite wonders of the universe are revealed to us in exact measure as we are capable of receiving them. The keenness of our vision depends not on how much we can see, but on how much we feel. Nor yet does mere knowledge create beauty. Nature sings her most exquisite songs to those who love her. She does not unfold her secrets to those who come only to gratify their desire of analysis, to gather facts, but to those who see in her manifold phenomena suggestions of lofty, delicate sentiments.

Am I to be denied the use of such adjectives as "freshness" and "sparkle," "dark" and "gloomy"? I have walked in the fields at early morning. I have felt a rose-bush laden with dew and fragrance. I have felt the curves and graces of my kitten at play. I have known the sweet, shy ways of little children. I have known the sad opposites of all these, a ghastly touch picture. Remember, I have sometimes traveled over a dusty road as far as my feet could go. At a sudden turn I have stepped upon starved, ignoble weeds, and reaching out my hands, I have touched a fair tree out of which a parasite had taken the life like a vampire. I have touched a pretty bird whose soft wings hung limp, whose little heart beat no more. I have wept over the feebleness and deformity of a child, lame, or born blind, or, worse still, mindless. If I had the genius of Thomson, I, too, could depict a "City of Dreadful Night" from mere touch sensations. From contrasts so irreconcilable can we fail to form an idea of beauty and know surely when we meet with loveliness?

Here is a sonnet eloquent of a blind man's power of vision.

THE MOUNTAIN TO THE PINE

Thou tall, majestic monarch of the wood,
  That standest where no wild vines dare to creep,
  Men call thee old, and say that thou hast stood
  A century upon my rugged steep;
Yet unto me thy life is but a day,
  When I recall the things that I have seen,—
  The forest monarchs that have passed away
  Upon the spot where first I saw thy green;
For I am older than the age of man,
  Or all the living things that crawl or creep,
  Or birds of air, or creatures of the deep;
I was the first dim outline of God's plan:
  Only the waters of the restless sea
  And the infinite stars in heaven are old to me.

I am glad my friend Mr. Stedman knew that poem while he was making his anthology, for knowing it, so fine a poet and critic could not fail to give it a place in his treasure-house of American poetry. The poet, Mr. Clarence Hawkes, has been blind since childhood; yet he finds

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HELEN KELLER IN HER STUDY

in nature hints of combinations for his mental pictures. Out of the knowledge and impressions that come to him he constructs a masterpiece which hangs upon the walls of his thought. And into the poet's house come all the true spirits of the world.

It was a rare poet who thought of the mountain as "the first dim outline of God's plan." That is the real wonder of the poem, and not that a blind man should speak so confidently of sky and sea. Our ideas of the sky are an accumulation of touch-glimpses, literary allusions, and the observations of others, with an emotional blending of all. My face feels only a tiny portion of the atmosphere; but I go through continuous space and feel the air at every point, every instant. I have been told about the distances from our earth to the sun, to the other planets, and to the fixed stars. I multiply a thousand times the utmost height and width that my touch compasses, and thus I gain a deep sense of the sky's immensity.

Move me along constantly over water, water, nothing but water, and you give me the solitude, the vastness of ocean which fills the eye. I have been in a little sail-boat on the sea, when the rising tide swept it toward the shore. May I not understand the poet's figure: "The green of spring overflows the earth like a tide?" I have felt the flame of a candle blow and flutter in the breeze. May I not, then, say: "Myriads of fireflies flit hither and thither in the dew-wet grass like little fluttering tapers"?

Combine the endless space of air, the sun's warmth, the prevalence of fitful odors, the clouds that are described to my understanding spirit, the frequent breaking through the soil of a brook or the expanse of the wind-ruffled lake, the tactual undulation of the hills, which I

recall when I am far away from them, the towering trees upon trees as I walk by them, the bearings that I try to keep while others tell me the directions of the various points of the scenery, and you will begin to feel surer of my mental landscape. The utmost bound to which my thought will go with clearness is the horizon of my mind. From this horizon I imagine the one which the eye marks.

Touch cannot bridge distance,—it is fit only for the contact of surfaces,—but thought leaps the chasm. For this reason I am able to use words descriptive of objects distant from my senses. I have felt the rondure of the infant's tender form. I can apply this perception to the landscape and to the far-off hills.

ANALOGIES IN SENSE PERCEPTION

I HAVE not touched the outline of a star nor the glory of the moon, but I believe that God has set two lights in my mind, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night, and by them I know that I am able to navigate my life-bark, as certain of reaching the haven as he who steers by the North Star. Perhaps my sun shines not as yours. The colors that glorify my world, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, may not correspond exactly with those you delight in; but they are none the less color to me. The sun does not shine for my physical eyes, nor does the lightning flash, nor do the trees turn green in the spring; but they have not therefore ceased to exist, any more than the landscape is annihilated when you turn your back on it.

I understand how scarlet can differ from crimson because I know that the smell of an orange is not the smell of a grape-fruit. I can also conceive that colors have shades, and guess what shades are. In smell and taste there are varieties not broad enough to be fundamental; so I call them shades. There are half a dozen roses near me. They all have the unmistakable rose scent; yet my nose tells me that they are not the same. The American Beauty is distinct from the Jacqueminot and the La France. Odors in certain grasses fade as really to my sense as certain colors do to yours in the sun. The freshness of a flower in my hand is analogous to the freshness I taste in an apple newly picked. I make use of analogies like these to enlarge my conceptions of colors. Some analogies which I draw between qualities in surface and vibration, taste and smell, are drawn by others between sight, hearing, and touch. This fact encourages me to persevere, to try to bridge the gap between the eye and the hand.

Certainly I get far enough to sympathize with the delight that my kind feel in beauty they see and harmony they hear. This bond between humanity and me is worth keeping, even if the ideas on which I base it prove erroneous.

Sweet, beautiful vibrations exist for my touch, even though they travel through other substances than air to reach me. So I imagine sweet, delightful sounds, and the artistic arrangement of them which is called music, and I remember that they travel through the air to the ear, conveying impressions somewhat like mine. I also know what tones are, since they are perceptible tactually in a voice. Now, heat varies greatly in the sun, in the fire, in hands, and in the fur of animals. Indeed, there is such a thing for me as a cold sun. So I think of the varieties of light that touch the eye, cold and warm, vivid and dim, soft and glaring, but always light, and I imagine their passage through the air to an extensive sense, instead of to a narrow one like touch. From the experience I have had with voices I guess how the eye distinguishes shades in the midst of light. While I read the lips of a woman whose voice is soprano, I note a low tone or a glad tone in the midst of a high, flowing voice. When I feel my cheeks hot, I know that I am red. I have talked so much and read so much about colors that through no will of my own I attach meanings to them, just as all people attach certain meanings to abstract terms like hope, idealism, monotheism, intellect, which cannot be represented truly by visible objects, but which are understood from analogies between immaterial concepts and the ideas they awaken of external things. The force of association drives me to say that white is exalted and pure, green is exuberant, red suggests love or shame or strength. Without the

color or its equivalent, life to me would be dark, barren, a vast blackness.

HOW CONCEPTS ARE COMPLETED

THUS through an inner law of completeness my thoughts are not permitted to remain colorless. It strains my mind to separate color and sound from objects. Since my education began I have always had things described to me with their colors and sounds by one with keen senses and a fine feeling for the significant. Therefore I habitually think of things as colored and resonant. Habit accounts for part. The soul sense accounts for another part. The brain with its five-sensed construction asserts its right and accounts for the rest. Inclusive of all, the unity of the world demands that color be kept in it, whether I have cognizance of it or not. Rather than be shut out, I take part in it by discussing it, imagining it, happy in the happiness of those near me who gaze at the lovely hues of the sunset or the rainbow.

My hand has its share in this multiple knowledge, but it must never be forgotten that with the fingers I see only a very small portion of a surface, and that I must pass my hand continually over it before my touch grasps the whole. It is still more important, however, to remember that my imagination is not tethered to certain points, locations, and distances. It puts all the parts together simultaneously as if it saw or knew instead of feeling them. Though I feel only a small part of my horse at a time,—my horse is nervous and does not submit to manual explorations,—yet, because I have many times felt hock, nose, hoof and mane, I can see the steeds of Phœbus Apollo coursing the heavens.

With such a power active it is impossible that my thought should be vague, indistinct. It must needs be potent, definite. This is really a corollary of the philosophical truth that the real world exists only for the mind. That is to say, I can never touch the world in its entirety; indeed, I touch less of it than the portion that others see or hear. But all creatures, all objects, pass into my brain entire, and occupy the same extent there that they do in material space. I declare that for me branched thoughts, instead of pines, wave, sway, rustle, make musical the ridges of mountains rising summit upon summit. Mention a rose too far away for me to smell it. Straightway a scent steals into my nostril, a form presses against my palm in all its dilating softness, with rounded petals, slightly curled edges, curving stem, leaves drooping. When I would fain view the world as a whole, it rushes into vision—man, beast, bird, reptile, fly, sky, ocean, mountains, plain, rock, pebble. The warmth of life, the reality of creation is over all—the throb of human hands, glossiness of fur, lithe windings of long bodies, poignant buzzing of insects, the ruggedness of the steeps as I climb them, the liquid mobility and boom of waves upon the rocks. Strange to say, try as I may, I cannot force my touch to pervade this universe in all directions. The moment I try, the whole vanishes; only small objects or narrow portions of a surface, mere touch-signs, a chaos of things scattered at random, remain. No thrill, no delight is excited thereby. Restore to the artistic, comprehensive internal sense its rightful domain, and you give me joy which best proves the reality.

BEFORE THE SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

BEFORE my teacher came to me, I did not know that I am. I lived in a world that was a no-world. I cannot hope to describe adequately that unconscious, yet conscious time of nothingness. I did not know that I knew aught, or that I lived or acted or desired. I had neither will nor intellect. I was carried along to objects and acts by a certain blind natural impetus. I had a mind which caused me to feel anger, satisfaction, desire. These two facts led those about me to suppose that I willed and thought. I can remember all this, not because I knew that it was so, but because I have tactual memory. It enables me to remember that I never contracted my forehead in the act of thinking. I never viewed anything beforehand or chose it. I also recall tactually the fact that never in a start of the body or a heart-beat did I feel that I loved or cared for anything. My inner life, then, was a blank without past, present, or future, without hope or anticipation, without wonder or joy or faith.

It was not night—it was not day,
. . . . . .
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime.

My dormant being had no idea of God or immortality, no fear of death.

I remember, also through touch, that I had a power of association. I felt tactual jars like the stamp of a foot, the opening of a window or its closing, the slam of a door. After repeatedly smelling rain and feeling the discomfort of wetness, I acted like those about me: I ran to shut the window. But that was not thought in any sense. It was the same kind of association that makes animals take shelter from the rain. From the same instinct of "aping" others, I folded the clothes that came from the laundry, and put mine away, fed the turkeys, sewed bead-eyes on my doll's face, and did many other things of which I have the tactual remembrance. When I wanted anything I liked,—ice-cream, for instance, of which I was very fond,—I had a delicious taste on my tongue (which, by the way, I never have now), and in my hand I felt the turning of the freezer. I made the sign, and my mother knew I wanted ice-cream. I "thought" and desired in my fingers. If I had made a man, I should certainly have put the brain and soul in his finger-tips. From reminiscences like these I conclude that it is the opening of the two faculties, freedom of will, or choice, and rationality, or the power of thinking from one thing to another, which makes it possible to come into being first as a child, afterward as a man.

Since I had no power of thought, I did not compare one mental state with another. So I was not conscious of any change or process going on in my brain when my teacher began to instruct me. I merely felt keen delight in obtaining more easily what I wanted by means of the finger motions she taught me. I thought only of objects, and only objects I wanted. It was the turning of the freezer on a larger scale. When I learned the meaning of "I" and "me" and found that I was something, I began to think. Then consciousness first existed for me. Thus it was not the sense of touch that brought me knowledge. It was the awakening of my soul that first rendered my senses their value, their cognizance of objects, names, qualities, and properties. Thought made me conscious of love, joy, and all the emotions. I was eager to know, then to understand, afterward to reflect on what I knew and understood, and the blind impetus, which had before driven me hither and thither at the dictates of my sensations, vanished forever.

I cannot represent more clearly than any one else the gradual and subtle changes from first impressions to abstract ideas. But I know that my physical ideas, that is, ideas derived from material objects, appear to me first in ideas similar to those of touch. Instantly they pass into intellectual meanings. Afterward the meaning finds expression in what is called "inner speech." When I was a child, my inner speech was inner spelling. Although I am even now frequently caught spelling to myself on my fingers, yet I talk to myself, too, with my lips, and it is true that when I first learned to speak, my mind discarded the finger-symbols and began to articulate. However, when I try to recall what some one has said to me, I am conscious of a hand spelling into mine.

THE WORLD ALIVE

It has often been asked what were my earliest impressions of the world in which I found myself. But one who thinks at all of his first impressions knows what a riddle this is. Our impressions grow and change unnoticed, so that what we suppose we thought as children may be quite different from what we actually experienced in our childhood. I only know that after my education began the world which came within my reach was all alive. I spelled to my blocks and my dogs. I sympathized with plants when the flowers were picked, because I thought it hurt them, and that they grieved for their lost blossoms. It was years before I could be made to believe that my dogs did not understand what I said, and I always apologized to them when I ran into or stepped on them.

As my experiences broadened and

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THE LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR

deepened, the indeterminate, poetic feelings of childhood began to fix themselves in definite thoughts. Nature—the world I could touch—was folded and filled with myself. I am inclined to believe those philosophers who declare that we know nothing but our own feelings and ideas. With a little ingenious reasoning one may see in the material world simply a mirror, an image of permanent mental sensations. In either sphere self-knowledge is the condition and the limit of our consciousness. That is why, perhaps, many people know so little about what is beyond their short range of experience. They look within themselves—and find nothing! Therefore they conclude that there is nothing outside themselves, either.

However that may be, I came later to look for an image of my emotions and sensations in others. I had to learn the outward signs of inward feelings. The start of fear, the suppressed, controlled tensity of pain, the beat of happy muscles in others, had to be perceived and compared with my own experiences before I could trace them back to the intangible soul of another. Groping, uncertain, I at last found my identity, and after seeing my thoughts and feelings repeated in others, I gradually constructed my world of men and of God. As I read and study, I find that this is what the rest of the race has done. Man looks within himself and in time finds the measure and the meaning of the universe.

THE UNITY OF THE RACE

So, in the midst of life, eager, imperious life, the deaf-blind child, fettered to the bare rock of circumstance, spider-like, sends out gossamer threads of thought into the measureless void that surrounds him. Patiently he explores the dark, until he builds up a knowledge of the world he lives in, and his soul meets the beauty of the world, where the sun shines always, and the birds sing. To the blind child the dark is kindly. In it he finds nothing extraordinary or terrible. It is his familiar world; even the groping from place to place, the halting steps, the dependence upon others, do not seem strange to him. He does not know the countless pleasures that the dark shuts out from him. Not until he weighs his life in the scale of others' experience does he realize what it is to live forever in the dark. But the knowledge that teaches him this bitterness also brings its consolation—spiritual light, the promise of the day that shall be.

The blind child—the deaf-blind child—has inherited the mind of seeing and hearing ancestors—a mind measured to five senses. Therefore he must be influenced, even if it be unknown to himself, by the light, color, song which have been transmitted through the language he is taught, for the chambers of the mind are ready to receive that language. The brain of the race is so permeated with color that it dyes even the speech of the blind. Every object I think of is stained with the hue that belongs to it by association and memory. The experience of the deaf-blind person, in a world of seeing, hearing people, is like that of a sailor on an island where the inhabitants speak a language unknown to him, whose life is unlike that he has lived. He is one, they are many; there is no chance of compromise. He must learn to see with their eyes, to hear with their ears, to think their thoughts, to follow their ideals.

If the dark, silent world which surrounds him were essentially different from the sunlit, resonant world, it would be incomprehensible to his kind, and could never be discussed. If his feelings and sensations were fundamentally different from those of others, they would be inconceivable except to those who had similar sensations and feelings. If the mental consciousness of the deaf-blind person were absolutely dissimilar to that of his fellows, he would have no means of imagining what they think. Since the mind of the sightless is essentially the same as that of the seeing in that it admits of no lack, it must supply some sort of equivalent for missing physical sensations. It must perceive a likeness between things outward and things inward, a correspondence between the seen and the unseen. I make use of such a correspondence in many relations, and no matter how far I pursue it to things I cannot see, it does not break under the test.

UNITY OF THE INNER AND OUTER WORLDS

As a mere hypothesis, correspondence is adequate to all life, through the whole range of phenomena. The flash of

thought and its swiftness explain the lightning flash and the sweep of a comet through the heavens. My mental sky opens to me the vast celestial spaces, and I proceed to fill them with the images of my spiritual stars. I recognize truth by the clearness and guidance that it gives my thought, and, knowing what that clearness is, I can imagine what light is to the eye. It is not a convention of language, but a forcible feeling of the reality, that at times makes me start when I say, "Oh, I see my mistake!" or "How dark, cheerless is his life!" I know these are metaphors. Still, I must prove with them, since there is nothing in our language to replace them. Deaf-blind metaphors to correspond do not exist and are not necessary. Because I can understand the word "reflect" figuratively, a mirror has never perplexed me. The manner in which my imagination perceives absent things enables me to see how glasses can magnify things, bring them nearer, or remove them farther.

Deny me this correspondence, this internal sense, confine me to the fragmentary, incoherent touch-world, and lo, I become as a bat which wanders about on the wing. Suppose I omitted all words of seeing, hearing, color, light, landscape, the thousand phenomena, instruments and beauties connected with them. I should suffer a great diminution of the wonder and delight in attaining knowledge; also —more dreadful loss—my emotions would be blunted, so that I could not be touched by things unseen.

Has anything arisen to disprove the adequacy of correspondence? Has any chamber of the blind man's brain been opened and found empty? Has any psychologist explored the mind of the sightless and been able to say, "There is no sensation here"?

I tread the solid earth; I breathe the scented air. Out of these two experiences I form numberless associations and correspondences. I observe, I feel, I think, I imagine. I associate the countless varied impressions, experiences, concepts. Out of these materials Fancy, the cunning artisan of the brain, welds an image which the skeptic would deny me, because I cannot see with my physical eyes the changeful, lovely face of my thought-child. He would break the mind's mirror. This spirit-vandal would humble my soul and force me to bite the dust of material things. While I champ the bit of circumstance, he scourges and goads me with the spur of fact. If I heeded him, the sweet-visaged earth would vanish into nothing, and I should hold in my hand nought but an aimless, soulless lump of dead matter. But although the body physical is rooted alive to the Promethean rock, the spirit-proud huntress of the air will still pursue the shining, open highways of the universe.

MENTAL VISION NOT LIMITED BY BLINDNESS

BLINDNESS has no limiting effect upon mental vision. My intellectual horizon is infinitely wide. The universe it encircles is immeasurable. Would they who bid me keep within the narrow bound of my meager senses demand of Herschel that he roof his stellar universe and give us back Plato's solid firmament of glassy spheres? Would they command Darwin from the grave and bid him blot out his geological time, give us back a paltry few thousand years? Oh, the supercilious doubters! They ever strive to clip the upward daring wings of the spirit.

A person deprived of one or more senses is not, as many seem to think, turned out into a trackless wilderness without landmark or guide. The blind man carries with him into his dark environment all the faculties essential to the apprehension of the visible world whose door is closed behind him. He finds his surroundings everywhere homogeneous with those of the sunlit world; for there is an inexhaustible ocean of likenesses between the world within, and the world without, and these likenesses, these correspondences, he finds equal to every exigency his life offers.

The necessity of some such thing as correspondence or symbolism appears more and more urgent as we consider the duties that religion and philosophy enjoin upon us.

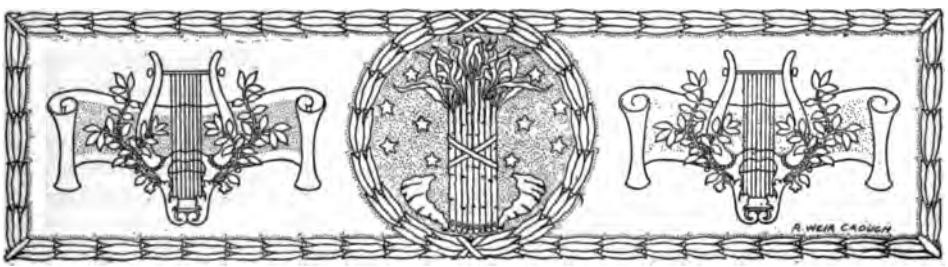
THE SANCTION OF RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE blind are expected to read the Bible as a means of attaining spiritual happi-

ness. Now, the Bible is filled throughout with references to clouds, stars, colors, and beauty, and often the mention of these is essential to the meaning of the parable or the message in which they occur. Here one must needs see the inconsistency of people who believe in the Bible, and yet deny us a right to talk about what we do not see, and for that matter what *they* do not see, either. Who shall forbid my heart to sing: "Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; His pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies."

Philosophy constantly points out the untrustworthiness of the five senses and the important work of reason which corrects the errors of sight and reveals its illusions. If we cannot depend on five senses, how much less may we rely on three! What ground have we for discarding light, sound, and color as an integral part of our world? How are we to know that they have ceased to exist for us? We must take their reality for granted, even as the philosopher assumes the reality of the world without being able to see it physically as a whole.

Ancient philosophy offers an argument which seems still valid. There is in the blind as in the seeing an Absolute which gives truth to what we know to be true, order to what is orderly, beauty to the beautiful, touchableness to what is tangible. If this is granted, it follows that this Absolute is not imperfect, incomplete, partial. It must needs go beyond the limited evidence of our sensations, and also give light to what is invisible, music to the musical that silence dulls. Thus mind itself compels us to acknowledge that we are in a world of intellectual order, beauty, and harmony. The essences, or absolutes of these ideas, necessarily dispel their opposites which belong with evil, disorder, and discord. Thus deafness and blindness do not exist in the immaterial mind, which is philosophically the real world, but are banished with the perishable material senses. Reality, of which visible things are the symbol, shines before my mind. While I walk about my chamber with unsteady steps, my spirit sweeps skyward on eagle wings and looks out with unquenchable vision upon the world of eternal beauty.



TO EDWARD MACDOWELL

(OCTOBER, 1907)

BY MARGARET D. GORDON

WHEN thou did'st ponder o'er the ivory keys,
Changing the things of God from sight to sound,
Transposing what in all the world is found
Into a rapturous joy of melodies,
Thou did'st not know that all those subtleties
Of artists' craft, which in thy works abound,
Were meant for others' joy, and not for thine.
For us thy clash of chords, sweet, rushing, wild,
Which stir the soul like rich and mellowed wine;
For thee, alas, the pleasures of a child.

BEAUTY'S SISTER

BY OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "Arrows of the Almighty," "In the Name of Liberty," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I

His hair it is a faded white,
His eye a watery blue;
He has no buttons on his coat,
No shoe-strings in his shoe.

"BEAUTY" SAWTELLE, or Chesterton V. Sawtelle, as it was pronounced when each Monday the Master of the Form read the bi-weekly absences from bath, sat adjusting his skate on the edge of the pond, with a look of ponderous responsibility on the freckled face, crowned by a sheaf of tow hair, like the wisp of a Japanese doll. Presently he drew from his pocket a dance-card, glanced over it for the twentieth time, and replaced it with a sigh.

"Cracky!" he said in despair. "Sixteen regular and eight extras; sixteen and eight, twenty-four. Gee!"

Beauty's heart was heavy, and his hope faint, for the sinister finger of the Prom had cast its shadow over the light-hearted democracy of boyhood. Into this free republic, where no thoughts of the outside society could penetrate, the demoralizing swish of coming petticoats had suddenly intruded its ominous significance of a world without, where such tyrannies as money and birth stand ready to divide the unsuspecting hosts.

Now Beauty's woes were manifold: he was only a Second Former, and the Prom was the property of the lords of the school, the majestic Fourth Formers, who lived in the Upper House, and governed themselves according to the catalogue and a benevolent tempering of the exact theory of independence.

A few rash under-formers with pretty sisters were admitted on sufferance, and robbed of their partners if the chance arose. Beauty, scrubby boy of fourteen, with a like aversion to girls and stiff collars in his ugly little body, had been horrified to learn that his sister, at the invitation of Tompkins, the House Master, was coming to the Prom. On his shoulders devolved the herculean task of filling a card from the upper class, only a handful of whom he knew, at a moment when the cards had been circulated for weeks. So he stood dejectedly, calculating how to fill the twenty-four spaces that were so blank and interminable. Twenty-four dances to fill, and the Prom only two weeks off!

In the middle of the pond the Upper House boys were darting and swaying in a furious game of hockey. Beauty lingered, biding his opportunity, searching the crowd for a familiar face, until presently Wash Simmons, emerging from the mêlée, darted to his side, grinding his skates and coming to a halt for breath, with a swift: "Hello, Venus! How 's the Dickinson these days?"

Beauty murmured some inaudible reply, and stood turning and twisting, desperately seeking to frame a demand.

"What 's the secret sorrow, Beauty?" continued Wash, with a glance of surprise.

"I say, Wash," said Beauty, plunging —"I say, have you got any dances left?"

"I? Oh, Lord, no!" said the pitcher of the school nine, with a quick glance. "Gone long ago."

He drew the strap tight, dug his hands into his gloves again, and with a nod flashed back into the crowd. Beauty, gulping down something that rose in his

throat, started aimlessly to skirt the edge of the pond. He had understood the look that Wash had given him in that swift moment.

In this abstracted mood, he suddenly came against something angular and small that accompanied him to the ice with a resounding whack.

"Clumsy beast!" said a sharp voice.

From his embarrassed position, Beauty recognized the Red Dog.

"Excuse me, Red Dog," he said hastily; "I did n't see you."

"Why, it 's Beauty," said the Red Dog, rubbing himself. "Blast you! all the same."

"'WHAT 'S THE SECRET SORROW, BEAUTY?'"

"I say, Red Dog," said Beauty, "have you any dances left?"

"All gone, Beauty," answered Red Dog, stooping suddenly to recover his skate.

"Nothing left?"

"Nope—filled the last extra to-day," said Red Dog, with the shining face of truth. Then he added, "Why, Venus, are *you* going to the Prom?"

"No," said Sawtelle; "it 's my sister."

"Oh, I 'm sorry. I 'd like to oblige you, but you see how it is," said Red Dog, lamely.

"I see."

"Ta, ta, Beauty! So long!"

Sawtelle shut his lips, struck a valiant blow at an imaginary puck, and began to whistle.

'T is a jolly life we lead,
Care and sorrow we defy—

After piping forth this inspiring chorus with vigorous notes, the will gave way. He began another:

To Lawrenceville my father sent me,
Where for college I should prepare;
And so I settled down,
In this queer, forsaken town,
About five miles away from anywhere.

The bellows gave out. Overcome by the mournfulness of the last verse, he dropped wearily on the bank, continuing doggedly:

About five miles from anywhere, my boys,
Where old Lawrenceville evermore shall stand;
For has she not stood,
Since the time of the flood—

Whether the accuracy of the last statement or the forced rhyme displeased him, he broke off, heaved a sigh, and said viciously: "They lied, both of 'em."

"Well, how 's the boy?" said a familiar voice.

Beauty came out of the vale of bitterness to perceive at his side the great form of Turkey Reiter, preparing to adjust his skates.

"Oh, Turkey," said Beauty, clutching at the straw, "I 've been looking everywhere—"

"What 's the matter?"

"Turkey, I 'm in an awful hole."

"Out with it."

"I say, Turkey," said Sawtelle, stumbling and blushing—"I say, you know, my sister 's coming to the Prom, and I thought if you 'd like—that is, I wanted to know if—if you would n't take her dance-card and get it filled for me." Then he added abjectly: "I 'm awfully sorry."

Turkey looked thoughtful. This was a commission he did not relish. Beauty

looked particularly unattractive that afternoon, in a red tobogganing toque that swore at his faded white hair, and the orange freckles that stared out from every point of vantage.

"Why, Beauty," he began hesitatingly, "the way it is, you see, my card 's already filled, and I 'm afraid, honestly, that 's about the case with all the others."

"She 's an awfully nice girl," said Sawtelle, looking down in a desperate endeavor to control his voice.

"Nice girl," thought Turkey, "ahem! Yes; must be a good-looker, too, something on Venus's particular line of beauty."

He glanced at his companion, and mentally pictured a lanky girl, with sandy hair, a little upstart nose, and a mass of orange freckles. But between Turkey and Sawtelle relations had been peculiar. There had been many moments in the last year at the Dickinson when the ordinary luxuries of life would have been difficult had it not been for the superior financial standing of Chesterton V. Sawtelle. The account had been a long one, and there was a slight haziness in Turkey's mind as to the exact status of the balance. Also, Turkey was genuinely grateful, with that sense of gratitude which is described as a lively looking forward to favors to come.

"'TURKEY, I 'M IN AN AWFUL HOLE'"

"Oh, well, young un," he said with rough good humor, "give us the card. I 'll do what I can. But, mind you, I can't take any myself. My card 's full, and it would n't do for me to cut any dances."

Jumping up, he started to escape the effusive thanks of the overjoyed Sawtelle, but suddenly wheeled and came skating back.

"Hello, Beauty!" he called out! "I say, what 's your sister's name?"

"Sally—that is, Sarah," came the timid answer.

"Heavens!" said Turkey to himself as he flashed over the ice. "That settles it. Sally—Sally! A nice pickle I 'm in! Wonder if she sports spectacles and old-fashioned frocks. A nice pickle—I 'll be the laughing stock of the whole school. Guess I won't have much trouble recognizing Beauty's sister. Whew! That comes from having a kind heart!"

With these and similar pleasant reflections he threaded his way among the crowd of skaters until at length he perceived Hickey skimming over the ice, stealing the puck from a bunch of scrambling players, until his progress was checked, and the puck vanishing into a distant mêlée, he came to a stop for breath. Turkey, profiting by the occasion, descended on his victim.

"Whoa there, Hickey!"

"Whoa it is!"

"How 's your dance-card?"

"A dazzling galaxy of beauty, a symposium of grace, a feast of—"

"Got anything left? I have a wonder for you if you have."

"Sure; twelfth regular and sixth extra—but the duchess will be awfully cut up."

"Twelfth and sixth," said Turkey, with a nod; "that 's a go."

"Who 's the heart-smasher?" asked Hickey, with an eye on the approaching puck.

"A wonder, Hickey; a screamer. There 'll be nothing to it. Ta, ta! Much obliged."

"What 's her name?"

"Sawtelle—some distant relative of the Beauty's, I believe. I 'm filling out her card. Obliged for the dance. Ta, ta!"

"Hold up!" said Hickey, quickly. "Hold up! Jiminy! I almost forgot—why, I do believe I went and promised those two to Hasbrouck. Is n't that a shame! Sorry. To think of my forgetting that! Try to give you some other. Confound it! I have no luck." With the most mournful look in the world he waved his hand and sped ostentatiously toward the bunch of players.

"Hickey is on to me," thought Turkey as he watched him disengage himself from the crowd and skate off with Sawtelle; "no hope in that quarter."

Finally, after an hour's persistent work, during which he pleaded and argued, or commanded and threatened, he succeeded in filling exactly six of the necessary twenty-four dances. Indeed, he would have had no difficulty in completing the card if he could have passed over that fatal name. But each time, just as he was congratulating himself on another conquest, his victim would ask, "By the way, what name shall I put down?"

"Oh—er—Miss Sawtelle," he would answer nonchalantly; "a distant relative of the Beauty—though nothing like him—ha! ha!"

Then each would suddenly remember that the dances in question were already half-promised,—a sort of an understanding; but of course he would have to look it up,—but of course, if he found they were free, why, then of course he wanted above all things in the world to dance with Miss Sawtelle.

"Well, anyhow," said Turkey to himself, recapitulating, "I 've got six, provided they don't all back out. Let me see. I can make the Kid take three,—that 's nine,—and Smeed will have to take three,—that 's twelve,—and, hang it! Butcher and Egghead have got to take two each—that would make sixteen. The other eight I can fill up with some harmless freaks: some will snap at anything."

"'OLD MAN, DO YOU WANT TO DO ME A FAVOR?'"

That night at the supper-table Turkey had to face the music.

"You 're a nice one, you are," said Hickey, starting in immediately, "you arch deceiver. You are a fine friend; I have my opinion of you. 'Handsome girl,' 'a wonder,' 'fine talker,' 'a screamer'—that 's the sort of game you try on your friends, is it? Who is she? Oh—ah, yes, a *distant* relative of the Beauty."

"What 's up now?" said the Kid, editor of the "Lawrence," and partner of Turkey's secrets, joys, and debts.

"Has n't he tried to deceive you yet?" continued Hickey, with an accusing look at Turkey. "No? That 's a wonder! What do you think of a fellow who tries to pass off on his friends such a girl as the Beauty's sister?"

"No!" said Butcher Stevens.

"What!" exclaimed Macnooder, laying down his knife with a thud.

"Beauty's sister?" said the Egghead, gaping with astonishment.

"Well, why not?" said Turkey, defiantly.

"Listen to that!" continued Hickey. "The brazenness of it!"

The four graduates of the Dickinson, after a moment of stupefied examination of Hickey and Reiter, suddenly burst into roars of laughter that produced a craning of necks and a storm of inquiries from the adjoining tables.

When the hilarity had been somewhat checked, Hickey returned to the persecution of the blushing Turkey.

"Bet you three to one she 's a mass of freckles," he said. "Bet you even she wears glasses; bet you one to three she 's cross-eyed; bet you four to one she won't open her mouth."

"Hang you, Hickey!" said Turkey, flushing, "I won't have her talked about so."

"Did you take any dances?" said the Kid to Hickey.

"Me?" exclaimed the latter, in great dudgeon. "Me! Well, I guess not! I would n't touch any of that tribe with a ten-foot pole."

"Look here, you fellows have got to shut up," said Turkey, forced at last into a virtuous attitude by the exigency of the situation. "I promised the Beauty I 'd fill his sister's card for him, and I 'm going to do it. The girl can't help her looks. You talk like a lot of cads. What you fellows ought to do is to join in and give her a treat. The girl is probably from the backwoods, and this ought to be made the time of her life."

"Turkey," said the malicious Hickey,

"TROUSERS THAT WERE LIMP AND DISCOURAGED, GREW SMOOTH"

"how many dances have you eagerly appropriated?"

Turkey stopped point-blank, greeted by derisive jeers.

"Oho!"

"That 's it, is it?"

"Fake!"

"Humbug!"

"Not at all," said Turkey, indignantly. "What do you think I am?"

"Pass over your list and let 's see the company you 're going to introduce her to," said Hickey, stretching out his hand for the dance-card. "Ah, I must congratulate you, my boy; your selection is magnificent; the young lady will be charmed." He flipped the card disdainfully to the Egghead, saying, "A bunch of freaks!"

"Hang it all!" said the Egghead, "that 's too hard on any girl. A fine opinion she 'll have of Lawrenceville fellows! We can't stand for that."

"Look here," said the Kid, suddenly. "Turkey is at fault, and has got to be punished. Here 's what we 'll do, though: let 's each take a dance on condition that Turkey takes her out to supper."

"Oh, I say!" protested Turkey, who had other plans.

The others acclaimed the plan gleefully, rejoicing in his discomfiture, until Turkey, driven to a corner, was forced to capitulate.

That evening on the esplanade he called "Hungry" Smeed to him, and resting his hand affectionately on the little fellow's shoulder, said: "Old man, do you want to do me a favor?"

"Sure."

"I 'm filling up a girl's card for the Prom, and I want you to help me out."

"Certainly; give me a couple, if the girl 's the real thing."

"Much obliged. I 'll put your name down."

"Second and fifth. Say, who is she?"

"Oh, some relative of Sawtelle's—you remember you used to go with him a good deal in the Dickinson. It 's his sister."

"Whew!" said Smeed, with a long-drawn whistle. "Say, give me three more, will you?"

"Hardly," answered Turkey, with a laugh; "but I 'll spare you another."

"GET OFF MY FEET! . . . A FINE LADY YOU ARE!'"

"I did n't think it quite fair to the girl," he explained later, "to give her too big a dose of Hungry. Queer, though, how eager the little brute was!"

II

THE last week dragged interminably in multiplied preparations for the great event. In the evenings the war of strings resounded across the campus from the "gym," where the Banjo and Mandolin clubs strove desperately to perfect themselves for the concert. The Dramatic Club, in sudden fear, crowded the day with rehearsals, while from the window of Room 65, Upper, the voice of Biddy Hampton, soloist of the Glee Club, was heard chanting "The Pride of the House is Papa's Baby," behind doors stout enough to resist the assaults of his neighbors.

Oil-stoves and flatirons immediately came into demand, cushions were rolled back from window-seats, and trousers that were limp and discouraged, grew smooth and well-creased under the pressure of the hot iron. Hickey and Doc Macnooder, who from their long experience in the Dickinson had become expert tailors, advertised on the bulletin board:

HICKS AND MACNOODER,
BON TON TAILORS.

Trousers neatly pressed, at fifteen cents per pair; all payments strictly cash—*in advance.*

Each night the dining-room of the Upper was cleared, and the extraordinary spectacle was seen of boys of all sizes in sweaters and jerseys, clasping each other desperately around the waist, spinning and bumping their way about the reeling room to the chorus of:

"Get off my feet!"

"Reverse, you lubber!"

"Now, *one*, two, three—"

"A fine lady you are!"

"Do you expect me to carry you around the room?"

"Darn you, fatty!"

"Hold tight!"

"Let 'er rip now!"

From the end of the room the cynics and misogynists, roosting on the piled-up tables and chairs, croaked forth their contempt:

"Oh, you fussers!"

"You lady-killers!"

"Dance, my darling, dance!"

"Squeeze her tight, Bill!"

"That 's the way!"

"Look at Skinny!"

"Keep a-hoppin', Skinny!"

"Look at him spin!"

"For heaven's sake, some one stop Skinny!"

"Fussers!"

Of evenings certain of the boys would wander in pairs to the edge of the woods and confide to each other the secret attachments and dark, forlorn hopes that were wasting them away. Turkey and

the Kid, who were going as stags, opened their hearts to each other and spoke of the girl, the one distant girl, whose image not all the fair faces that would come could for a moment dim.

"Kid," said Turkey in solemn conclusion, speaking from the experience of eighteen years, "I am going to make that little girl—my wife."

"Turkey, old man, God bless you!" answered the confidant, with nice regard for old precedents. Then he added, a little choked, "Turkey, I, too—I—"

"I understand, Kid," said Turkey, gravely clapping his shoulder; "I 've known it all along."

"Dear old boy!"

They walked in silence.

"What 's her name?" asked Turkey, slowly.

"Lucile. And hers?"

"Marie Louise."

Another silence.

"Kid, is it all right?"

The romanticist considered a moment, and then shook his head.

"No, Turk."

"Dear old boy, you 'll win out."

"I must. And you, Turk, does she care?"

A heavy sigh was the answer. They walked back arm in arm, each fully believing in the other's sorrow, and almost convinced of his own. At the esplanade of the Upper they stopped and listened to the thumping of the piano and the systematic beat from the dancers.

"I wish it were all over," said Turkey, gloomily. "This can mean nothing to me."

"Nor to me," said the Kid, staring at the melancholy moon.

III

On the fateful day the school arose as one boy, shaved, and put on a clean collar. Every boot was blacked, every pair of trousers creased to a cutting edge. The array of neckties that suddenly appeared in gigantic puffs or fluttering wings was like the turn of autumn in a single night.

Chapel and the first two recitations were soon over, and the esplanade of the Upper was crowded with Fourth Formers, circulating critically in the dandified throng, chattering excitedly of the coming event. Perish the memory of the fashion there displayed! It seemed magnificent then: let that be the epitaph.

The bell called, and the group slowly departed to the last recitation. From each house a stream of boys came pouring out and made their lagging way around the campus toward Memorial. Slower and slower rang the bell, and faster came the unwilling slaves—those

"'I WISH IT WERE ALL OVER,' SAID TURKEY, GLOOMILY"

in front with dignity; those behind with despatch, and so on down the line to the last scattered stragglers, who came racing over the lawns. The last peal sounded, the last laggard tore up Memorial steps, and vanished within. A moment later the gong in the hall clanged and the next recitation was on. The circle, a moment before alive with figures, was quiet and deserted. A group of seven or eight lounging on the esplanade were chatting indolently, tossing a ball back and forth with the occupant of a third-story window.

At this moment Turkey emerged from the doorway in shining russets, a Glad-

stone collar, a tie of robin's-egg-blue, and a suit of red and green plaids, such as the innocent curiosity of a boy on his first allowance goes to with the thirst of possession.

"Hurrah for Turkey!" cried the Kid. "He looks like a regular fashion-plate."

In an instant he was surrounded, punched, examined, and complimented.

"Well, fellows, it 's time to give ourselves those finishing touches," said the Egghead, with a glance of envy. "Turkey is trying to steal a march on us. The girls are coming."

"Hello!" cried the Kid, suddenly. "Who 's this?"

All turned. From behind the Foundation House came a carriage. It drove on briskly until nearly opposite the group on the steps, when the driver reined in, and some one within looked out dubiously.

"Turkey, you 're in luck," said Hickey. "You 're the only one with the rouge on. So go down gracefully and see what the lady wants."

So down went Turkey to his duty. They watched him approach the carriage and speak to some one inside. Then he closed the door and spoke to the driver, evidently pointing out his destination, for the cab continued around the circle.

Then Turkey made a jump for the esplanade, and, deaf to all inquiries, seized upon his room-mate and dragged him aside.

"Great guns! Kid," he exclaimed, "I 've seen her—Beauty's sister! She is n't like Beauty at all. She 's a stunner, a dream! Look here! Get that dance-card. Get it, if you have to lie and steal. He 's in recitation now. You 've got to catch him when he comes out. For heaven's sake! don't let any one get ahead of you. Tell him two girls have backed out, and I want five more dances. Tell him I 'm to take her to the debate to-night, and the Dramatic Club to-morrow. Kid, get that card!"

Releasing his astounded room-mate, he went tearing across the campus to meet the carriage.

"What 's happened to our staid and dignified president?" cried Hickey in wonder. "Is he crazy?"

"Oh, say, fellows," exclaimed the Kid, overcome by the humor of the situation, "who do you think that was?"

The carriage had now stopped before the Dickinson, and Turkey, arrived in time, was helping out a tall, slender figure in black. A light flashed over the group.

"Beauty's sister."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Impossible!"

"Beauty's sister it is," cried the Kid; "and the joke is, she 's a stunner, a dream!"

"A dream!" piped up the inevitable Smeed. "Well, I guess! She 's an all-round A-No. 1. Gee! I just got a glimpse of her at a theater, and I tell you, boys, she 's a paralyzer."

But his remark ended on the air, for all, with a common impulse, had disappeared. Smeed, struck with the same thought, hastened to his room.

Ten minutes later they reappeared. Hickey, in a suit of pronounced checks, his trousers carefully turned up *à l'Anglais,* glanced approvingly at the array of manly fashion.

"And now, fellows," he said, pointing to the Chapel, which Turkey was entering with Miss Sawtelle, "that traitor shall be punished. We 'll guard every entrance to Memorial, capture our friend, 'Chesterton V. Sawtelle (absent from bath),' relieve him of that little dance-card, and then, Romans, to the victors belong the spoils!"

The Kid having delayed over the choice between a red-and-yellow necktie or one of simple purple, did not appear until Hickey had stationed his forces. Taking in the situation at a glance, he chuckled to himself, and picking up a couple of books, started for the entrance.

"Lucky it 's Hungry and the Egghead," he said to himself as he passed them and entered the Lower Hall. "Hickey would have guessed the game."

He called Sawtelle from the Second Form, and, slipping his arm through his, drew him down the corridor.

"Sawtelle," he said, "I want your sister's dance-card. There 's some mistake, and Turkey wants to fix it up. Thanks; that 's all. Oh, no, it is n't, either. Turkey said he 'd be over after supper to take your sister to the debate,

and that he had seats for the Dramatic Club to-morrow. Don't forget all that. So long! See you later."

In high feather at the success of this stratagem, he skipped down-stairs, and avoiding Hickey, went to meet Turkey in the Chapel, where he was duly presented.

When Sawtelle emerged at length from the study-room, he was amazed at the spontaneity of his reception. He was no longer "Beauty" or "Apollo" or "Venus."

"Sawtelle, old man," they said to him, "I want to see you a moment."

"Chesterton, where have you been?"

"Old man, have you got anything to do?"

Each strove to draw him away from the others, and failing in this, accompanied him to the Jigger shop, where he was plied with substantial flattery, until having disposed of jiggers,[1] soda, and éclairs, he cast one lingering glance at the tempting counters, and said with a twinkle in his ugly little eyes:

"And now, fellows, I guess my sister must be over at the house. Come around this afternoon, why don't you, and meet her?"—an invitation which was received with enthusiasm and much evident surprise.

IV

WHEN the Prom opened that evening, Beauty's sister made her entrée flanked by the smitten Turkey and the languishing Hasbrouck, while the stricken Kid brought up the rear, consoled by the responsibility of her fan. Five stags who had been lingering miserably in the shadow searching for something daring and imaginative to lay at her feet, crowded forward only to be stricken dumb at the splendor of her toilet.

Beauty's sister, fresh from a Continental season, was quite overwhelmed by the subtle adoration of the famous Wash Simmons and of Egghead, that pattern of elegance and *savoir-faire*—overwhelmed, but not at all confused. Gradually under her deft manipulation the power of speech returned to the stricken. Then the rout began. The young ladies from city and country finishing schools, still struggling with their teens, were quite eclipsed by the gorgeous Parisian toilette and the science of movement displayed by the sister of Chesterton V. Sawtelle. The ordinary ethics of fair play were thrown to the winds. Before the eyes of every one, Turkey held up the worthless dance-card, and tore it into shreds. Only the brave should deserve the fair. Little Smeed, Polar Fox, and Snorky Green struggled in vain for recognition, and retired crestfallen and defrauded, to watch the scramble for each succeeding dance, which had to be portioned among three and often four clamorers.

In fact, it became epidemic. They fell in love by blocks of five, even as they had sought the privileges of the measles. Each implored a memento to fix imperishably on his wall. The roses she wore consoled a dozen. Hickey obtained her fan; the Kid her handkerchief, a wonderful scented transparency. Glendenning and Hasbrouck brazenly divided the gloves, while Turkey, trembling at his own blurting audacity, was blown to the stars by permission to express in a letter certain delicate thoughts which stifle in the vulgar scramble of the ball-room.

When the last dance had been fought for, divided, and redivided, and the lights peremptorily suppressed, the stags *en masse* accompanied Beauty's sister to the Dickinson, where each separately pressed her hand and strove to give to his "Good night" an accent which would be understood by her alone.

On that next morning that somehow always arises, Turkey and the Kid, envied by all, drove her to the station, listening mutely to her gay chatter, each plunged in melancholy, secretly wondering how she managed to conceal her feelings so well.

They escorted her to the car, and loaded her with magazines and candies and flowers, and each succeeded in whispering in her ear a rapid, daring sentence, which she received from each with just the proper encouragement. Then, imaginary Luciles forgot, they drove back, heavy of heart, and uncomprehending, viewing the landscape without joy or hope, suffering stoically as men of eighteen should. Not a word was spoken until from the last hill they caught the first glimmer of the

[1] A jigger is a scoop, of all too small capacity, for measuring ice-cream.

school. Then Turkey hoarsely, flicking the air with the lash of the whip, said:

"Kid—"

"What?"

"That *was* a woman."

"A woman of the world, Turk."

They left the carriage at the stable, and strolled up to the Jigger shop, joining the group, all intent on the coming base-ball season; and gradually the agony eased a bit. Presently a familiar little figure, freckled and towheaded, sidled into the shop, and stood with fists jammed in empty pockets, sniffing the air for succor.

"Oh, you Beauty! oh, you astonishing Venus!" cried the inevitable persecutor. Then from the crowd Hickey began to intone the familiar lines:

"His hair it is a faded white,
His eye a watery blue;
He has no buttons on his coat,
No shoe-strings in his shoe."

"Hickey," said the Beauty, blushing sheepishly, "set me up to a jigger. Go on, now!"

Then Hickey, roaring, shouted back: "Not this year; next year—SISTER!"

CHRISTIANITY AND HEALTH

AN EXPERIMENT IN PRACTICAL RELIGION

BY THE REV. SAMUEL McCOMB, D.D.

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NO thoughtful observer can fail to be struck by the fact that we are living in the midst of a wide-spread religious movement the keynote of which is the search for simplicity and reality. Men are everywhere asking: "What new thing did Christ bring with him into the world?" and are convinced that in the answer to this question there are healing and reconciling forces strong enough to overcome all the maladies of life. To the mind of the judicious, the forms which this new manifestation of religion is taking are bizarre and grotesque enough, implying as they often do a kind of crazy idealism, as though philosophy, flinging off all restraint, had suddenly gone mad, and an uncritical conception of the Bible framed in defiance of all the painful travails of theological scholarship for the past century; nevertheless, tens of thousands feel that at last religion has become a reality, and the optimism of Emerson and Browning is no longer a mere philosophical doctrine or a bold flight of poetic fancy, but is the deepest truth of experience, a light that transfigures the world.

There is, however expressed, a rapidly growing revolt against scientific materialism; so much so, indeed, that one need not be a prophet to predict that if the nineteenth century was rationalistic and skeptical, the twentieth will be mystical and believing. Renan spoke much of "the religion of the future"; already it appears to be knocking at our doors.

This result is nowhere more clearly marked than in the science of medicine. Cautiously and circumspectly the medical profession is coming to the conclusion that "mind-cure" has much to say for itself at least as regards many nervous disorders. The modern physician recognizes that in only a certain number of diseases can we speak of a specific drug or even of serum-therapy, and that in most cases only the symptoms of the fundamental disorder are treated. This is even more true of a group of clearly defined nervous and mental disorders, because we know by observation and experiment that

for these some form of psychological treatment is the method *par excellence*.

The present dislike of drugs and medicines has, of course, grown fanatical; nevertheless, there is a truth behind it which can no longer be ignored. And if medical science is to regain the esteem of the world, it must fairly and squarely take the ground that for the great majority of the ailments that afflict American humanity the contents of the pharmacopœia are of very limited efficacy; that for these the directly curative agencies must be moral and psychical. Indeed, it is to this position that the most advanced medico-psychological experts are now coming.

Along the lines above indicated an interesting and, it is believed, fruitful experiment has been going on in connection with Emmanuel Church, Boston. The church is Protestant Episcopal, but the work it is seeking to do is human and universal, knowing no distinction of creed or social station. This effort may be described as an attempt to weld into friendly alliance the most progressive neurological knowledge of the schools and a primitive New Testament Christianity as scholarship has disclosed it, with a view to the relief of human suffering and the transformation of human character. The purpose of this paper is to give an authentic account of the principles and methods by which it is sought to realize this idea, in the hope that other ethical and religious societies may be encouraged to take up the same work and make it a source of still greater blessing to the children of misery and melancholy.

In the first place, the effort is scientific. It was initiated with the approval of some of the leading neurologists of New England, and has been carried on not without their advice and coöperation. Hence it differs from the various mental-healing cults by freely acknowledging that if the mind exercises a profound influence over the body, the body no less really affects the mind. This commonplace is ignored by the quasi-theosophical systems at present in vogue, and men and women are treated as if they were disembodied spirits, instead of being, as they really are, very much at the mercy of physiological processes. We distinguish, then, with science between "organic" and "functional" disorders, and we believe that the legitimate sphere for moral and psychical methods is that of the "functional," not the "organic," though even in the latter they are a valuable adjunct, inasmuch as they tend to strengthen the resistive powers of the patient against the pathological causes at work. We do not agree with those religious persons who would tie down the divine operation in healing disease to one method, nor do we think that it betokens any lack of faith to suppose that God can heal by pure air, good water, and even by medicines compounded by human skill. Why should we tax our psychic energies with tasks which could be easily discharged by physical instrumentalities?

What, then, are some of those disorders most amenable to psychotherapeutic methods? All functional disturbances of the digestive apparatus; congestive, neuralgic, and anemic headaches, certain forms of paralysis, simulated epilepsy, neurasthenia, hypochondria, psychasthenia, hysteria, hysterical pains, functional insomnia, melancholia, nervous irritability, hallucinations, morbid fears, fixed ideas (including a long list of troubles dignified with Greek names, such as monophobia, claustrophobia, agoraphobia, and so forth), incipient insanities, stage-fright, worry, stammering, abuse of tobacco, alcoholism, morphinism, cocainism, kleptomania, suicidal tendencies—in a word, the vast and complicated field of what is technically called the functional neuroses and the psychoneuroses.

Now, it will be noted that in all these and allied miseries there are moral and mental factors at work, giving rise to, or intensifying, the physical disturbance; and it seems the merest common sense to suppose that in order to eliminate them, moral and mental and not chemical agencies are necessary. A man may be attacked by smallpox or by diphtheria without necessarily undergoing any moral change in the process, but let him fall a victim to any of the above-named disorders, and he is no longer the same man. Not his body merely, but his personality, is more or less disordered. These troubles spring from psychic and moral causes; they have psychic and moral effects, and demand psychic and moral remedies. What, then, are the chief psy-

chic remedies for these affections of personality?

SUGGESTION

FIRST and foremost stands the power of suggestion. The therapeutic use of this power is simply an application of a principle which is at work in the common relations and experiences of life. For example, haunted by disagreeable thoughts, I am unable to fall asleep: I suggest to myself pleasing thoughts or I call up in imagination scenes and persons that soothe and comfort; and after a little I sink into unconsciousness. Or take another illustration. I remember addressing a gathering in a school-room in a North of England town. Carried away by the argument, I struck my hand violently on a broken ink-bottle that some school-boy had left in its hole in the desk in front of me. For a moment the pain was acute, and I felt the blood flowing freely. Slipping my hands behind my back, I improvised a dressing out of my handkerchief, continuing my speech the while, which doubtless grew incoherent at this point. In a few minutes I had forgotten all about the accident, and found myself making a gesture with the bandaged limb. It was an illustration of the psychological principle of dissociation; that is, the concentration of the mind on some things to the exclusion of others. Upon this principle the suggestive method of cure is based.

SUBCONSCIOUSNESS

BUT modern psychology has discovered that mind is a much more mysterious entity than even the greatest of ancient thinkers had supposed. We are coming to recognize that in addition to our normal, every-day consciousness, there is a vast and obscure domain with which it is in the closest relation. Our entire mental organism has been fitly compared to a floating iceberg of which the smaller portion is visible, sustained by a larger mass beneath the waves. Psychologists differ as to a theory of the subconscious and its relation to ordinary consciousness, but they are agreed as to the fact that there is a subconscious activity in mind. In such books as Myers's "Survival of Human Personality after Death" and Dr. A. T. Schofield's "Unconscious Mind," abundant proofs are given, though every person who has any inward world at all can easily find evidence for himself. In the processes of memory, of dreaming, of literary or artistic creation, of mathematical calculation, in deeds of heroism, in moments of profound emotion, whether under the influence of love or religion or art, when we are carried, as we say, beyond ourselves, the influence of a subconscious energy is too evident to be denied. Without some such hypothesis, these and other phenomena are utterly inexplicable. But it is with the physiological action of the subconscious element in mind that we are here concerned. Under its control are such processes as those of the circulation of the blood, the assimilation of food, the elimination of waste products, and, in general, the vital chemistries of the body.

It is the subconscious that regulates the healthy rhythm of the forces of life, and when those forces are disordered, it is the subconscious that is the true *vis medicatrix naturæ*. "What shall doctors do?" asks Sir William Gull. And he answers: "Rest and be still. The workman that made the machine can repair it." These facts have been ascertained mainly by hypnotic experiment in which a dissociation of the conscious from the subconscious may be induced. But suggestion may be administered in a waking state; and this is the ordinary rule in the Emmanuel clinic An effort is made to reach the subconscious so as to enlist its powers in the interests of health, to offer hints of calm and self-control, to picture ideals of peace and poise, to arouse the reserve forces of moral energy that have not as yet been tapped.

These psychical operations affect physical processes. Thus the temperature of the body can be elevated or lowered, the action of the digestive organs can be stimulated, and certain kinds of pain can be alleviated or removed. Suggestion effects a change of thought or consciousness, and this in turn, through the cerebrospinal and sympathetic nerve-systems, effects beneficent changes in the bodily functions. For example, nervous dyspepsia often springs from worry. Change the mental state, induce peace and quiet, and in time the malady will disappear.

Our clinical note-books are full of such cases. Now, man has been defined as "a suggestible animal." His ordinary consciousness is open to the influence of environment and of other personalities. But the subconscious mind is especially amenable to control from without: hence the healing power of suggestion.

FAITH

ANOTHER therapeutic agency which is absolutely indispensable lies in the faith of the patient. The higher and the purer the faith, the deeper and the more potent are its effects. So far as the removal of a given disorder is concerned, it would appear that it is not so much the quality as the strength of the faith that is of vital moment. The relic of a dead superstition may achieve as great things in the cure of physical disorders as faith in the living God. The ecclesiastical miracles in the Middle Ages, and the healing wonders in our own time at Lourdes and Trèves, attested as they are by the highest medical authorities, show what curative power lies in the mere psychological state of trust and confidence. But the more deeply personality is involved in any given ailment, the more necessary is it that faith should have an object worthy of man's ethical dignity and one fitted to draw forth in reverence all his moral and spiritual energies.

Christ, who was not only the greatest of teachers, but an ever-successful physician as well, achieved his mighty deeds through the faith in God, which was the secret of his own life, and which he sought to awaken in the sufferer. As a rule, he relieved the conscience of its heavy burdens of guilt and remorse before he put forth his hand to heal the body. The faith that he called upon men to exercise is a rational trust in God, not a blind credulity. To awaken such a trust, especially where the patient has sustained a great moral shock, or has experienced some soul-shaking sorrow, is to make a great step forward in the restoration of nervous balance and self-control and in the reconstruction of character.

PRAYER

IT follows that this trust in God will find natural expression in prayer. One of the most significant signs of the age is a revived belief in and cultivation of this spiritual habit. It is not a theologian, but our leading American psychologist who says: "As regards prayers for the sick, if any medical fact can be considered to stand firm, it is that in certain environments prayer may contribute to recovery and should be encouraged as a therapeutic measure." In the light of modern science we do not believe that prayer can work a miracle,—that is, a violation of those general laws by which God rules the physical world,—but the same science has revealed the world as a storehouse of infinitely subtle energies, man as the unity of matter and spirit, and material processes as conditioned by happenings in the spiritual domain.

What if there should be a law of prayer amid the mysteries of the universe? At all events, men feel to-day that, in spite of the arguments of logic, they must satisfy an instinct that lies deeper still, and that in some strange way prayer does make for health of body, as it certainly makes for strength of soul. It does not seem irrational to believe that prayer opens the inner consciousness to the absorption of spiritual energy by which, as philosophy assures us, the universe is sustained. And this attitude of receptivity toward the highest things in turn affects character and life, and a calmed and purified spirit acts on the nerve-systems, restoring their tone and rhythm. Whether we can give a rationale of prayer may be disputed; but at least experience vindicates our belief that it has the therapeutic effects here ascribed to it. Hence, to teach men to pray so as to win the good which such a movement of the human spirit brings is one of the purposes for which the Emmanuel clinic has been founded.

But in many instances all these agencies must be supplemented by a moral and psychic re-education of the patient. This is effected by the psychotherapeutic conversation. While suggestion is administered to the patient when he is in a calm, passive, and relaxed condition, the aim of the dialogue between the patient and the psychologist is to rouse the energies of the conscious mind, to convince it of the unsubstantial character of the miseries that obsess it. In these interviews an effort is made to dig out of the mind the concealed cause of its wretchedness,

to analyze this cause, to hold it up, so to say, in the clear light of consciousness, and so divest it of all its malign power. Perhaps it is a secret fear, unknown to the sufferer's dearest friend or relative. This fear is traced to its origin, its history is disclosed, and the sufferer sees reconstructed before his eye the process by which, from some trivial beginning, the morbid action of the mind has built up an elaborate structure that has perhaps made life seem quite impossible.

Since unhealthy self-centered thoughts, taken up by the brain mechanism, translate themselves into mischievous nervous effects, our aim is to teach the sufferer to remove these mental images from the focus of consciousness by substituting for them thoughts of power and of inward harmony, by stirring up dormant interests, and by suggesting lines of unselfish activity. The majority of nervous patients are extremely emotional and suffer from lack of will-power. Now it is true that the emotions are not under the direct control of the will; nevertheless, indirectly, we can suppress or modify them by selecting the things to which we will give attention. The things selected will excite the appropriate emotion. The vital importance of this discipline of the emotions comes out when we reflect that it is only through these elements in our experience that the will has any control over the functional activities of the body. The sufferer is warned against the power of attention and introspection to originate and to develop nervous states. By persuasion and sound instruction we seek to change his center of gravity, to wean him from brooding over real or fancied ills, from the melancholy of a hypersensitive conscience that too often magnifies venial offenses into flagrant crimes against God and man. He is taught to let the dead past bury its dead, and to go forth with heart of hope to meet a new future.

The clinic has been in existence for about twelve months. What of results? the reader will ask. Of course, as might be expected, there have been some rather striking and dramatic cures; but these the writer purposely passes by and confines himself to several typical cases of an ordinary and normal kind. Many hundreds have passed through the clinic, and the illustrations here given are taken almost at random from the clinic notebooks.

The first case is one of drug-addiction. A. B., a highly intelligent person, had given way to spells of extreme intoxication during a period of six years or so. He was also addicted to the use of morphine and chloral; indeed, rarely went to sleep without the use of the latter drug. After three weeks' treatment, he was obliged to leave Boston; but we know that the drugs were abandoned, and even the temptation to use them has disappeared. This patient is now in excellent mental and physical health.

C. D. is another alcoholic. He was accustomed to drink, incredible as it may sound, three or four quarts of whisky daily for months. One of his habits was to take a bottle of liquor to bed with him. He had been attacked with *delirium tremens*. He was treated twice each week for seven weeks. For the last eight months he has been a total abstainer. Said this sufferer: "Something within me has died, and something has been born; the desire for drink has died, a moral power that lifts me above temptation has been born." Of alcoholism generally it may be said that about seventy per cent. of its victims are amenable to suggestive treatment.

E. F. is a woman who had suffered for a long period from neurasthenia and melancholia. For nine months she knew no sleep without drugs. Much against her will she was induced to attend one of our meetings for nervous patients. She was greatly interested and impressed: that night she took no narcotic, and slept seven hours. In three weeks or so she obtained normal sleep, and though since then she has been exposed to great mental stress, she has gained thirty pounds in weight and feels, as she expresses it, "ten years younger."

G. H., a man over middle age, has been ever since he can remember a victim to persistent and constitutional constipation. His life has been one long misery from this cause. For the last four months he has been under treatment. The constipation is much better, and in his general mental and physical health there is a marked improvement.

K. L., a man of fifty-five, came for treatment about the middle of last April.

He described himself as a "nervous wreck." He suffered agony from psychic pains all over the body. He believed, on the authority of physicians, that he suffered from Bright's disease and *angina pectoris*. As a matter of fact, these disorders were not real, but simulated. He had been unable to do any work for two years. He is an intelligent and religious man. After six months' treatment he was enabled to take up his business again, is now free from pain, and recently has reported himself as feeling as well as he ever did in his life.

O. P. is a case of a curious phobia—fear of leprosy. The patient had read in the Bible about lepers, and she had heard of some Chinese sufferers from the same malady. Suddenly the fear seized her that she was in danger of becoming a leper. She spent most of her time in washing her hands to get rid of the supposed contagion, until she remembered that the soap might be infected. Then she came to the clinic. After a few treatments the fear vanished, and has not returned. This occurred several months ago.

R. S. is a clergyman afflicted with pulpit fright. He was greatly worried about his nervousness, and his usefulness was much impaired by his condition. He was taught how to practise the art of auto-suggestion. "On the first Sunday," he says, "after I began the self-cure, it worked like magic; I felt like a new man. I had more power, more energy, consequent upon more courage and self-confidence. I was more at my ease, which meant that the audience was more at theirs." Here, it may be mentioned, that many clergymen, public speakers, actors, and actresses have come to the clinic to gain greater freedom and ease in the discharge of their tasks. Ministers especially have been enabled to get rid of inhibitions of one kind and another, with the result that their duties, which formerly were burdensome, have now become a delight.

X. Y. is a woman prostrated for more than two years with neurasthenia. She had tried many alleged "cures" and sanatoria with no benefit. Great weakness confined her for the most part to bed, and her suffering was intense. She began to get better by the use of auto-suggestion. "Sometimes," she says, "when meditating on God's power, I have felt a strength and energy that almost frightened me." Her cure was completed by systematic hetero-suggestion administered for several weeks. She is now in excellent health, and has gained twenty-five pounds in weight.

Z. is an aged man suffering from creeping paralysis,—an incurable disorder. On his first visit,—with violently shaking limbs,—after a few quiet, reassuring suggestions, he experienced a reduction in the extent of the vibrations to the amount of about twenty-five per cent. Subsequent treatments reduced the nervous tremor still further.

It is a cheering reflection that the method here outlined is specially applicable to those deep-rooted perversions of human nature, half-physical and half-moral, before which too often the physician and the minister stand baffled and helpless. Henceforth no victim of these disorders need despair. At bottom this movement is essentially religious and ethical, and is in line with the practice of the Founder of Christianity and the church of the early centuries. Armed with the new powers which psychology has given her, the Church may renew her ancient triumphs, and once more stand between the soul and the abiding discouragements of humanity, sin, sickness, and death.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE SAINT-GAUDENS COINS

IT is conceivable that the new coins,—which we owe to President Roosevelt's appreciation of the genius of Saint-Gaudens,—might have been more satisfactory in certain details had the sculptor lived. It is incontestable that, just as they are, they are the first and only competent and distinguished coins we have ever had—as Kenyon Cox has said, "The only thing we have had in the way of coinage worthy of a civilized nation." If any person of taste will lay the old and new coins side by side he will see at once how the designs pass from insipidity to artistic strength.

The main reason for the ridicule which the new designs have met with seems to us to lie in the element of novelty. The first effect of the new in art is to surprise, even to shock. When this magazine was started in 1870, the cover was a conventional scroll-work design by a well-trained and able draftsman and designer. When later an architect of genius made a new design in which the lettering was concentrated at the top of the page, in monumental fashion, and the color was changed, this was received with much ridicule. But the architect said: "They will first jump on it; then they will imitate it"; and the prediction proved true. Though sometimes modified, and more an influence than a reality in the present cover of the magazine, the new cover actually revolutionized the periodical covers of the time. On account of certain intrinsic merits it became a standard.

As time goes on, and as the old is compared with the new coinage, we think the latter will be more and more appreciated for its unusual artistic merits, and will become the standard. In Loubat's "Medallic History of the United States" it is sad to see our public medals gradually deteriorating, owing to the fact that the first American medals were made by competent European artists. When the medal became home-made, it became poor. The progress of sculpture in the United States has raised our medallic standard, and now the standard of our coinage.

IMPROVEMENT IN STANDARDS

IN support of the working hypothesis that the world is growing better instead of worse, some more witnesses have been testifying. For instance, in Mr. Carnegie's striking article in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE on "Railway Rates and Rebates," he says, "the evils of rebates are to-day already unknown." The bad conditions prevailing a few years ago are rapidly being succeeded by a "system finally to become as perfect as is possible for man to create and maintain."

In "The Atlantic Monthly" for January that admirable citizen, Henry L. Higginson, has a suggestive paper on "Justice to the Corporations." In this he says: "Let us begin anew, knowing that the corporations are to-day obeying the laws, and knowing also that the standards of honesty, honor, and fair dealing between man and man *have been carefully studied and are higher than in the last century*. We live in a busy day, and so let us busy ourselves with the future and try to fit our acts to the newer standards."

In the line of improvement in business methods comes testimony from a scientific source. Professor Duncan, the author of "The New Knowledge," in the "Introduction" to his new book, "The Chemistry of Commerce," declares that: "The Federal laws, supplemented by the laws of the individual States, are formidable in what they stand for, and the attitude of the people is menacing in its settled

determination that these laws shall be enforced, and that they shall be supplemented by others that shall, as much as is practicable, *eliminate the whole process of unethical business.* For this and succeeding generations the days of *laissez-faire* are past, and ever more and more the combinations of capital will be forced back upon the basis of their original excuse for existence, the efficiency which may result from large-scale operations. . . . The industrial struggle which is about to be precipitated in America will be fought out on a basis of efficiency, better efficiency, still better efficiency, but, universally, efficiency." This word "efficiency," by the way, is getting to be a battle-cry in the fight for good government, especially in our cities. The word embodies, particularly the spirit of the "Bureau of Municipal Research," which has already done so much practical service in the American metropolis, and the methods of which are influencing reform movements throughout the country.

Now that a national election is approaching, we become aware of a new standard with regard to the unwarranted use of money on these occasions. It looks now as if that menace to our institutions were diminishing. The New York "Evening Post" said recently: "It is already generally conceded that whatever may be the deciding factor in the Presidential election of 1908, it will not be money in its grosser uses. The checks put on campaign-fund collections by new laws and by an awakened moral sentiment on the subject, will undoubtedly be supplemented by a new reluctance on the part of magnates and corporations."

The anti-gambling and anti-drinking waves which are spreading over the country give evidence that a good many people are determined that the world shall be better, and that soon, in these respects. Movements of this kind are subject to reaction; but the net results, in the present instances, are likely to be an appreciable improvement in both sentiment and practice.

In the literary world there are now and then incidents which point to a lowering of moral standards, but those who look below the surface are apt to conclude that the frantic waving of the yellow flag by the self-advertising brotherhood—and sisterhood—indicates individual vulgarity rather than general decadence. There is some occasion for nausea, but no reason for alarm in this direction.

OPEN LETTERS

Two Notable Pictures

HARRINGTON MANN'S "A FAIRY-TALE"

LIKE Lavery, Henry, and many of his colleagues of the Glasgow School, Mr. Harrington Mann has left the city by the Clyde and settled permanently in London, where he is devoting his energies mainly to portraiture. A native of Glasgow and a member of that gallant little band who have made the name of their city famous throughout the world of art, Mr. Mann's early training was, however, begun in London, where he studied at the Slade School under Professor Legros. Later he crossed the Channel to Paris, and entered Julian's, attending the classes of Boulanger and Lefebvre. Possessing a flexible, receptive temperament, it did not take the young Scot long to acquire a ready command of crayon and brush, his first important canvas, entitled "Ulysses and the Sea Nymph's Veil," being exhibited as early as 1885. This initial success was rapidly followed by appearances at the Royal Academy, the Glasgow Institute, and elsewhere. In common with his immediate associates of the North, Mr. Mann has always showed singular versatility, having devoted himself by turns to decorative cartoons for stained glass, to mural painting, landscape, genre, and portraiture. While his likenesses usually maintain a high level of attainment, it is in certain less formal portrait groups that Mr. Mann reveals perhaps the most sympathetic and attractive phase of his talent. In the earlier "William, Frances, and Michael Beach," and "Mona and Kathleen," he displayed that same refreshing charm and that touch

of juvenile romance which distinguish "A Fairy-Tale" (see page 729) lately shown at the Knoedler Galleries. Mr. Mann is a gifted and sincere artist, and it is a pleasure to learn that, like Mr. Shannon and others from overseas, he intends passing a portion of each season in this country, where the refinement, the simplicity, and the instinctive poetry of Anglo-Saxon art should find a particularly congenial home.

ERNEST PEIXOTTO'S "THE DUTCH BIRD-CAGE"

CONSIDERING his Latin ancestry and his particular fondness for southern European life and scene, it is fitting that Ernest Peixotto should have been born in California. between which and the Mediterranean basin there are many marked affinities. From the outset an enthusiastic draftsman, Mr. Peixotto's first systematic artistic training was obtained at the San Francisco School of Design, where he studied under Emil Carlsen. With a restless, active temperament, it did not take the young Californian long to find his way to Paris, where, at eighteen, he entered Julian's as a pupil of Jules Lefebvre and Benjamin-Constant. Returning to his native city after three years abroad, he soon made his presence felt in the field of pen-and-ink illustration, which, until recently, has continued his chief economic mainstay. His delicate skill in black-and-white brought him commissions that carried him into many picturesque corners of the world. Almost half his life has been spent abroad, with brief stationary intervals in San Francisco, and, latterly, in New York. Though at first better known as a draftsman, Mr. Peixotto has always painted, his début having been made at the Salon of 1890. Just ten years later he exhibited "The Lady in Yellow," now owned by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, a canvas which, in a sense, formed the prelude to "The Dutch Bird-Cage" (reproduced on page 771). Like its predecessor, "The Dutch Bird-Cage" was painted in Paris, in the studio of a Flemish artist, which largely accounts for the quaint interior, the softly modulated play of light and shade, and the almost Metzu-like treatment of figure and accessories. Exhibited at the Salon of 1905, the picture was subsequently seen at the National Academy of Design and the Corcoran and Albright Galleries, finally coming into the possession of Miss Grace Manchester. *Christian Brinton.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN

ALICE FINN.

A MERMAID

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH

UPON a morning jocular
The half of one binocular
  Might have observed two sailormen
    a-strolling by the sea,
And by their actions dignified,
It very easy signified
  That one of 'em was Henry Smith and
    one of 'em was me.

The day was rather tropical,
Our talk was rather topical,
  When suddenly upon a rock we saw just
    what we seen:
A mermaid quite attractive-like
A-settin' there inactive-like,
  And sort of doin' up 'er hair, which same
    was long and green.

I made as if to speak to her,
But what I said was Greek to her;
For she remained ob-liv-i-ous, a-powderin'
'er nose,
And with a pair of girly-gews,
She done 'er hair in curly-kews,
And kind o' smiled as if to say, "I 'm
pretty, I suppose."

I yelled, "Ahoy there!" breezily.
She turned around quite easily,
And snapped 'er fingers in the air as perky
as could be,
(The way you talk to fareigners)
At two lone, lornsome mariners,
And one of 'em was Henry Smith and
one of 'em was me.

Though Henry's face was laffable,
I doffed me bonnet affable,
And said: "Though me and Henry
Smith has sailed for years a score,
In schooner, junk and tub marine,
A charming maiden submarine,
A-settin' plain before our eyes, we never
seen before."

She looked at first suspiciously,
And then she spoke deliciously,
"I 've often wished a sailorman me hand
and heart to win."
Says Henry, "Thankee, marm," says 'e,
Says she, "I meant no harm," says she,
"For I 'm a niece o' Neptune, and me
name is Alice Finn."

I speaks without a falter: "Ma'am,
I 've tacked around Gibraltar, ma'am,
I 've navigated rocks and shoals on many
ocean tours;
I 've sailed through Spain and Venice, too,
But never seen a menace to
The art o' navigation like them hand-
some eyes o' yours."

Says Hank (his mind 's so sordid-like!):
"I 've got some money hoarded-like,
Full fifteen hundred dollars in the bank
o' Greenwich town,

(Intention matrimonial)
And in yon house colonial,
A mermaid and a mariner might wed and
settle down."

Says she, "My fear of losing you
Makes matters hard in choosing you —"
Just then above the waves appeared her
mother, Mrs. Finn,
Who said: "Who 's them there men, my
dear?
What! flirting there again, my dear?
Your father 's home for luncheon, now—
come in, my child, come in!"

So Alice, lookin' sweetly up,
Just tied 'er back hair neatly up,
Then dove *ker-plunk* into the sea and
never spoke at all,
Just gave a sort o' hop-and-skip,
And hit the water flop-and-flip,
Without so much as askin' if we 'd drop
in for a call!

Says Hank, "She tried to divvil us!"
Says I, "Her natur' 's frivolous!"
Says Hank, "Her mind is shallow, but 'er
home is deep," says 'e.
And so, as meek as tailor-men,
Back walked two lonesome sailormen,
And one of 'em was Henry Smith and
one of 'em was me.

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THE RAILWAY BEAUTIFUL

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN

OUGHT not one of the greatest factors in modern civilization, one of the chief instrumentalities in the wonderful progress of the age, to present an aspect that in itself should stand for the glory of what it has helped mankind to achieve? The gracious beauty of the ship typifies the commerce that is knitting all nations together, developing the bonds of sympathy and mutual understanding between remote peoples that arouse them to a realizing sense of the world's unity. But the ship's complement on land has long been synonymous with ugliness, noise, dust, dirt, and general discomfort. The railway, however, is not necessarily characterized by these ills. Possibly they will vanish at no distant day, to leave it as smooth-running, as quiet, as cleanly, and in every way as agreeable, as the gliding of a boat over tranquil waters. Mechanical achievement may accomplish much of this. For the rest, we may depend upon the growing demand that functions of utility shall be given beautiful expression not only because of the heightened pleasure therefrom, but since thereby their very end of utility is the better fulfilled. Some of the ways in which these tendencies are already realized under enlightened policies will here be indicated.

The railway, no more than its prototype, the common highway, is not essentially an evil element in natural scenery. It is true that all too frequently it cuts savage gashes in the landscape. These are usually, however, wounds that time may heal and efface. The marks that a railway makes upon the face of nature are seldom more considerable than the lines described by ordinary roads. If we look from a height over a broad reach of country where for years a railway has been built, it is only here and there, as a rule, that it makes itself evident. Often, too, as the line loops itself among the hills, there is a fascination in tracing its course, an impressiveness in what it suggests: a thing of minor account—a mere thread laid across the face of nature, but of immense significance in betokening the dominance of the world by the creature man.

There is also something to say for the railway as positively an esthetic factor. At times it contributes pleasing elements to the scene. Certain marks of the early days of railway construction in this coun-

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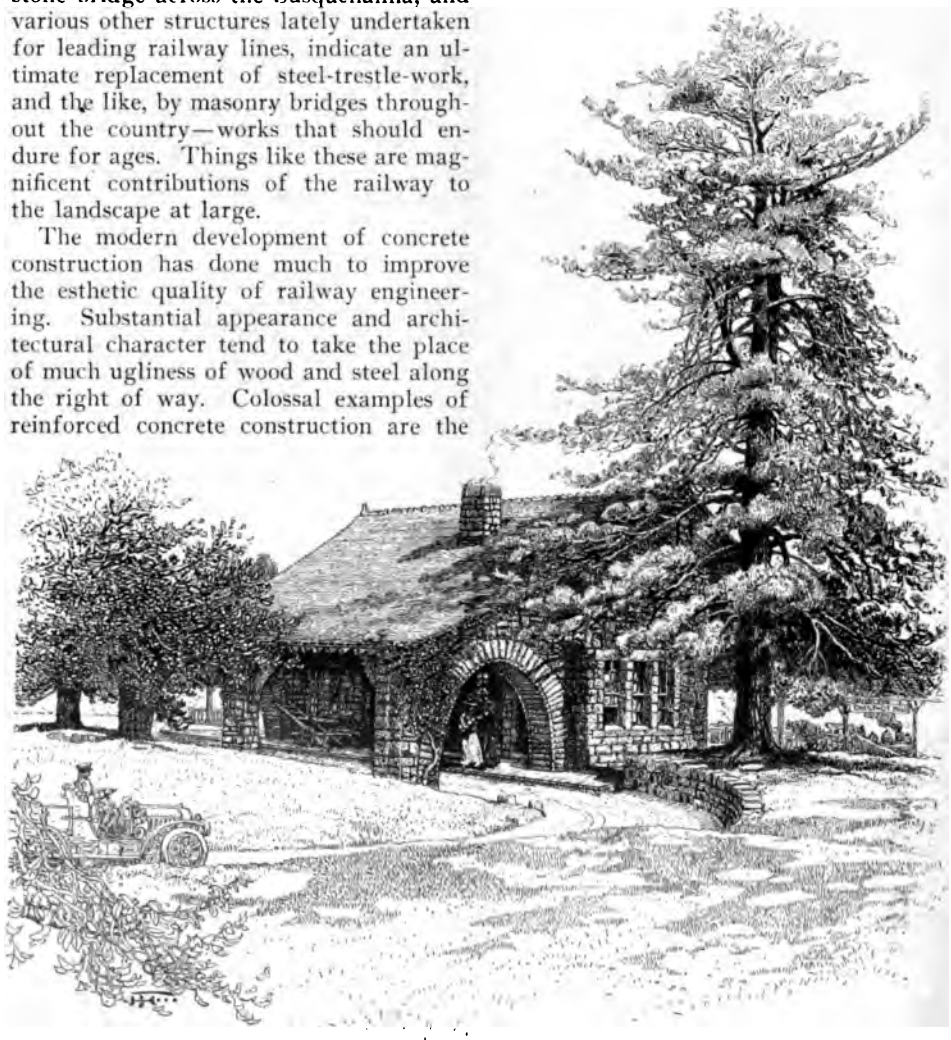
try stand as monuments, picturesquely architectural, and comparable, in their graceful massiveness of form, with the ancient aqueducts and bridges of Europe. Such, for instance, are the noble viaducts at Starrucca, Pennsylvania, and at Canton, Massachusetts. Works like these form notable accents in a landscape. Their number is all too few at present; for the most part they belong to the first period of railway-building in this country, before the development of metal bridge-work had wrought its horrors upon the land. But works like the great new stone bridge across the Susquehanna, and various other structures lately undertaken for leading railway lines, indicate an ultimate replacement of steel-trestle-work, and the like, by masonry bridges throughout the country—works that should endure for ages. Things like these are magnificent contributions of the railway to the landscape at large.

The modern development of concrete construction has done much to improve the esthetic quality of railway engineering. Substantial appearance and architectural character tend to take the place of much ugliness of wood and steel along the right of way. Colossal examples of reinforced concrete construction are the several miles of viaduct built across the salt water between many of the islands to carry the railway from the Florida mainland to Key West. As impressive as a Roman viaduct is the rhythmic order of these great monolithic arches—about six miles of them, altogether. In one stretch alone are nearly three miles, in another two. Fancy the ugliness of piles or steel trestles in contrast with this gigantic work, which declares that modern engineering, like that of antique days, can be not only strong, but beautiful!

Great railway companies, as a rule,



Drawn by Harry Fenn

CHESTNUT HILL STATION, ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY

This is a good example of the use of natural surroundings. The white pines and beeches have been worked into the composition, and harmonize with the red and brown sandstones of the station. The lawns are kept in perfect condition.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

WELLESLEY FARMS STATION, ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY

The surroundings are entirely artificial. An unsightly pond has become a little lake, with rhododendrons grouped upon its banks. All the rest of the planting harmonizes perfectly with the lines of the station.

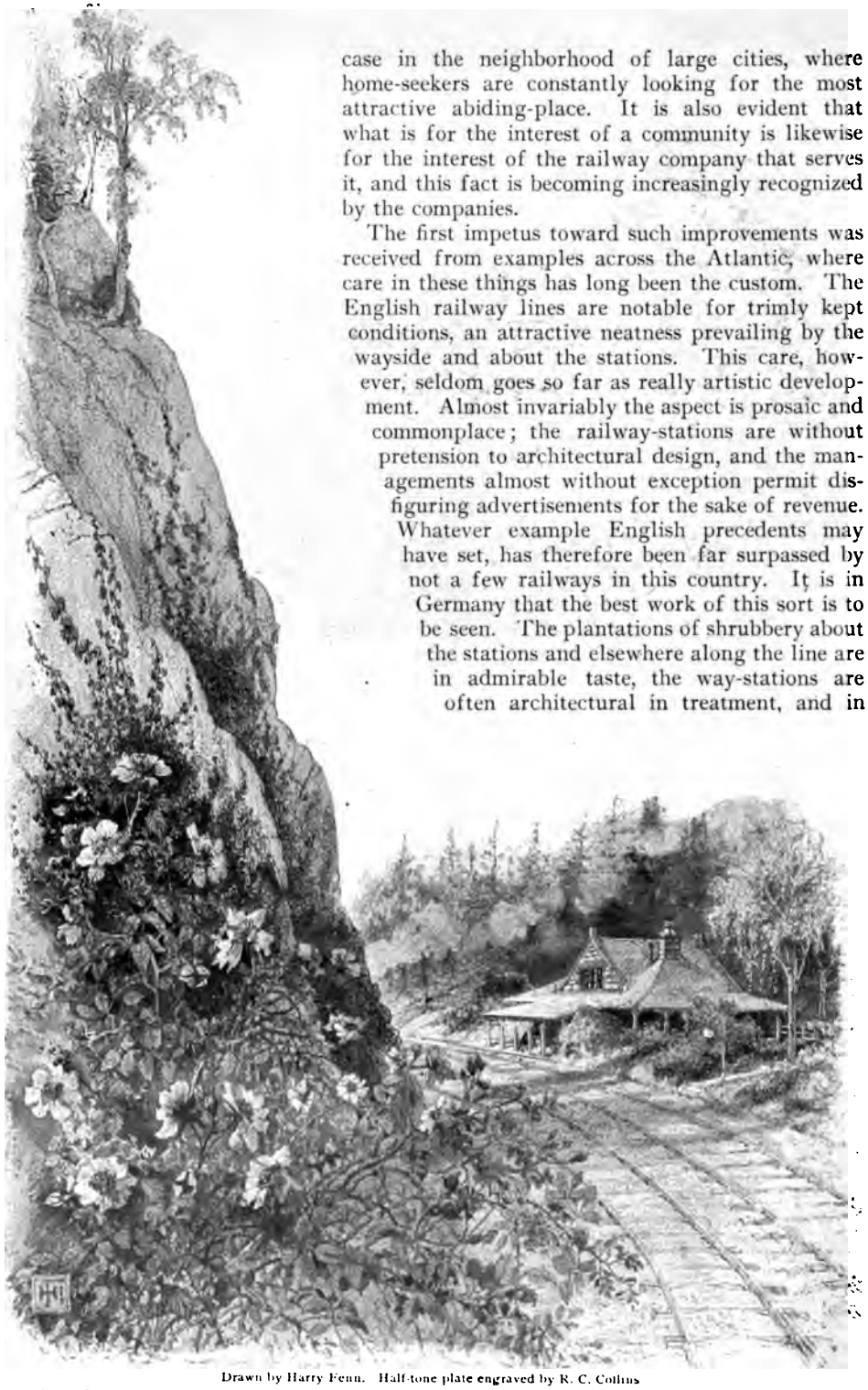
very naturally lay stress upon the attractiveness of the scenery along their lines; they spend enormous sums in the production and circulation of illustrated literature to make it known. Incidental to this attractiveness, in no small degree, are the improvements carried out in many parts of the country by various companies under policies of enlightened self-interest. Indeed, few things can make a more agreeable impression upon the traveler than glimpses of well-ordered and beautiful surroundings at the way-stations, caught perhaps only for a flashing instant in passing, or satisfying the eye during pauses that otherwise would be tedious.

Where a railway passes through a town, the community commonly presents its least attractive aspect. The noise, the smoke, the dust, and the cinders make property that borders a railway line undesirable for residential purposes. Consequently it is left to the poorest sort of occupancy. A railway is customarily lined, if not by ugly factories, by squalid tenements, or by the shabby little houses of the poorer classes, with unkempt back yards, and outbuildings *en déshabille*. Aspects of this sort commonly convey about the only feature of a place obtained by passers-through. There are thousands of towns and villages in the United States that for hundreds of thousands of persons are associated only with scenes of this sort. In truth, however, the impressions made by these strips of shabbiness along the railway are as erroneous as those which might be derived from a trip through the main sewer of a town. Just beyond, they might behold pleasant, tree-shaded streets, attractive homes, and a community well equipped with good public and business buildings; in short, a place where prosperity abides and good civic standards obtain.

It is desirable for a community that it should make an agreeable first impression upon strangers. Through such impressions not a few are likely to form business or social connections with its people, and perhaps even be attracted to make the place their home. Particularly is this the

case in the neighborhood of large cities, where home-seekers are constantly looking for the most attractive abiding-place. It is also evident that what is for the interest of a community is likewise for the interest of the railway company that serves it, and this fact is becoming increasingly recognized by the companies.

The first impetus toward such improvements was received from examples across the Atlantic, where care in these things has long been the custom. The English railway lines are notable for trimly kept conditions, an attractive neatness prevailing by the wayside and about the stations. This care, however, seldom goes so far as really artistic development. Almost invariably the aspect is prosaic and commonplace; the railway-stations are without pretension to architectural design, and the managements almost without exception permit disfiguring advertisements for the sake of revenue. Whatever example English precedents may have set, has therefore been far surpassed by not a few railways in this country. It is in Germany that the best work of this sort is to be seen. The plantations of shrubbery about the stations and elsewhere along the line are in admirable taste, the way-stations are often architectural in treatment, and in



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

WELLESLEY HILLS STATION (BY H. H. RICHARDSON), ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY

In this clever treatment of a rock-cut, the unsightly scar is partly covered with *Ampelopsis veitchii*. The base of the cliff is a dense mass of single roses, giving the effect of the natural growth of the wild rose. The bank and hillside around the station are planted with shrubs and evergreens.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

AUBURNDALE STATION, ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY

It was here that the movement for beautiful stations had its start, the originators being the late Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape-architect, and the late Henry H. Richardson, the Boston architect.

the large cities the terminal stations are of monumental character, as befits their commanding sites and their relation to public life.

In this country the first notable example of regard for the appearance of things along the line was furnished by a great railway company in the Middle States. Here the English idea was followed. In keeping with the exceptionally thorough organization of the company's service, the manifest aim in these improvements was to have everything along the line present what along the seaboard is known as a "shipshape" appearance—that is, to bear a neat, trim, and well-groomed look, as on a ship, where the decks are kept immaculately holystoned, the woodwork freshly scraped or painted, the brasses polished, the ropes coiled, etc. Such conditions on shipboard are marks of discipline, good repair, and general efficiency. So on a railway, where in similar ways attention is given to good appearance, public confidence in safe and competent management is promoted. Therefore, just as the good mechanic takes care to make his joints well fitting and his lines good, so on this model railway the nicest attention was given to a thoroughly well-ordered appearance of all the work about and near the tracks. For instance, the crossties are squarely cut at an exactly uniform distance from the rails, on the roadbed the ballast is bordered by clean and regular lines, the yards are kept scrupulously clean and clear of all rubbish, and about the stations and other buildings the turf is nicely maintained. In this case, however, until recently little attention has ever been given to really artistic character; the way-stations, as a rule, are not architectural; in the way of adornment some sparse flower-beds represent good intention rather than achievement.

Two diverse methods are exemplified in our forms of railway embellishment. One is governed by the principle that ornament should be developed from the character of the thing ornamented; that while general principles may be laid down for guidance, their application must be modified according to the circumstances attending each particular problem. What would be admirable in one place might prove wholly out of keeping, and correspondingly bad, in another. The second method has found a wider acceptance.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

NEWTON HIGHLANDS STATION, ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY

The banks are fine examples of planting, much of the native growth being effectively used, notably in the case of the sumac.

This proceeds with the assumption that ornament consists in something pretty, something decorative; that applying this prettiness to things makes them beautiful.

The former method was adopted for the first railway line in the United States where a comprehensive attempt at artistic treatment was made. The results have been so beautiful, so wholly admirable, and withal so truly economical in maintenance, that it seems remarkable that the example has not been more widely followed. This railway was a leading line in New England. One of the most influential directors was a gentleman who took a deep interest in all matters of outdoor art, and who himself was a recognized authority in certain aspects thereof. When the question of a new station for one of the Boston suburbs arose, a gentleman there resident, the editor of a daily newspaper, urged upon this director that, instead of the conventional, stereotyped kind, the station and its surroundings be given an artistic character commensurate with the standing of the suburb as a cultivated community. The director promised his cordial support. He laid the problem before two friends, one of them the leading architect of his day, the late Henry Hobson Richardson, and the other the great landscape-architect, the late Frederick Law Olmsted. Their coöperation produced results thoroughly delightful; after two decades the station stands as beautiful as when built, its surroundings increasing in beauty with every year that passes. So great was the satisfaction with this station that the two artists were commissioned with the development of a scheme of station-improvement for the entire line. Wherever a new station was to be built, it was designed according to the principles represented in this pioneer instance of the new departure. All along the line the station grounds were designed and improved in a similar way, not after one uniform pattern, but taking shape according to local circumstances.

The architect held that rural way-stations were not for show, and hence should avoid ostentation; that their design should primarily represent their purpose, which was that of shelters, made comfortable and pleasant for passengers waiting for their trains. Therefore they were designed with simple, wide, and low-descending roofs as the most conspicuous feature, frankly supported by pillars—the roof overhanging broad platforms on all sides of the structure, whose substantial walls of stone meant permanence and stability. These stations have a quiet picturesqueness, an ever-satisfying restfulness. Of one general type in each instance, they vary sufficiently for individual character. They have set an example of station construction that has furnished a style very widely followed in all parts of the country.

The beautiful effect is enhanced by the charm of admirably designed surroundings. Wherever possible, the stations were given ample grounds, laid out with pleasantly modulated surfaces of turf, ornamented with diversified shrubbery disposed in masses and clumps to give the most pleasing impressions. Paths and driveways, studied carefully with reference to local conditions, provide convenient approaches. The shrubbery is selected with a view to agreeable effects not only throughout the growing part of the year, but so far as possible all through the inclement months. To relieve the season's bleakness, for instance, the varieties chosen bear berries that have a brilliant coloring and that remain on their stems until spring. In other varieties the color of branches and twigs make a pleasing effect when the ground is covered with snow. Such shrubberies are, moreover, of great service in permanently screening the unsightly objects that often abound in the neighborhood of a railway. Wherever practicable, this is done with the aid of trees, and also of embankments that simulate natural surface undulations.

Local circumstances often invite pleasing landscape features for such grounds. Close to one station, for instance, there was a piece of swampy surface. The excavation of this has created a charming little pond, with aquatic plants naturally disposed along its margin. At another station the dripping from a water-tank on a bank has been taken advantage of to promote a luxuriant growth of ferns and mosses in a natural-looking grotto-like arrangement of rocks. After the first cost, the maintenance of these station-surroundings is economical, the only expense being the care of turf, shrubbery, and paths. In the way of sights from a train nothing is pleasanter than glimpses caught at these way-stations: people arriving and departing over walks through the shrubbery with the effect of pleasuring in a park, carriages driving up to take persons to happy, prosperous homes from these gateways of rural beauty. For the casual beholder, incidents of every-day life are thus invested with picturesque interest and even with poetic charm.

On the same railway much attention is paid to the development of attractive conditions all along the line as well. The sides of cuts, for example, are either

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

MONTSERRAT STATION, ON THE BOSTON & MAINE RAILWAY

The station owes its beauty to tasteful planting. Its trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers are kept in admirable order.

turfed, or are planted with native shrubs that mask the scars made by the exposure of bare gravel or rock. Ledges and retaining-walls are covered with climbing plants, as are the walls of buildings that otherwise would look bald and cheerless. In all this work an appearance of stiffness or fussiness is avoided. The aim is to produce an impression of neatness and order, combined with a pleasing simplicity made consistent with conditions that for the most part are those of rural or rustic informality.

The method that has grown up on another great New England railway that gives much attention to beautifying its stations exemplifies the other principle in adornment—the improvement of surroundings by the decorative application of pretty things. This railway company offers annually a number of prizes to station-agents for keeping their grounds in the most attractive shape. The agents take a great interest in the work, and delight themselves, as well as the public at large, by aiming at pleasing results.

The movement for the improvement of railway surroundings is wide-spread, and in many communities has made its influence felt far beyond the railway premises. While there are very many railway lines where it has not been considered at all, being regarded as outside the legitimate sphere of railway activity, on others a high value is rightly attached to it. This is the case in all parts of the country, West as well as East, South as well as North.

Much attention is given to the design of stations as well as to the improvement of their surroundings. One great company in the Mississippi Valley, for example, has a standard design for station buildings, with changes at many points to suit local conditions. The aim is to have plain, neat structures. At the larger stations, however, there are more elaborate buildings, thoroughly architectural in character. The company pursues a policy of improving its station grounds and adjacent right of way by the planting of trees, shrubbery, and flowers. A trained landscape-gardener is employed to travel over the various lines of the system and to make plans and estimates for such improvements. Station-agents are instructed to coöperate with him, and after he has mapped out the improvements and furnished the necessary material, they are expected to take care of the premises. The scheme of improvement also contemplates the erection of greenhouses and the establishment of nurseries at one or two central points to supply flowers and shrubbery. Various other companies have established landscape departments as a feature of their work.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

WEST MANCHESTER STATION, ON THE BOSTON & MAINE RAILWAY

The graceful curve of the sea-wall, the terracing and flower-planting of the embankment, and the well-kept wooded slope beyond, make this a most attractive station.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

SCARSDALE STATION, ON THE HARLEM DIVISION OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY

Every advantage has been taken of the picturesque surroundings of this station. The wooded rocky slope has been provided with winding paths built to the bank of the Bronx.

One of the great transcontinental systems pays particular attention to the architecture of its station buildings, and in many instances the designs are studied with special reference to local conditions. In California, for example, the Mission style has very appropriately been adapted to railway-station requirements. In another part of the Southwest an elaborate hotel and passenger-station combined was designed in the Spanish-Colonial style, a choice most appropriate to the history and surroundings of the locality.

On another great system operating in the arid Southwest the local conditions are charmingly reflected in the grounds of one of the stations, where the agent has carried out an original scheme of a cactus garden with a rich representation of all the varieties obtainable in the neighborhood.

One gratifying feature of railway conditions west of the Mississippi is the fact that the advertising nuisance, represented in gigantic bill-boards and the defacement of buildings by huge signs, which has grown to such an intolerable extent in the East, has taken but slight hold.

One of the most elaborate and comprehensive schemes of railway improvement ever undertaken is that adopted by a great company whose lines extend through several of the Southern States. Some of the features of this policy are of an extraordinary character. They transcend the limitations of embellishment and make the railway a great civilizing agent, with functions to that end exerted beyond its more immediate sphere as a common carrier. It thus comes in touch, socially and industrially, with the life of the people to an unusual degree, and is affecting that life profoundly and beneficently.

More than any other part of the United States, the South has been marked by a neglected aspect of things. This general behind-the-times effect has been one of the greatest drawbacks to the progress of the South. The management of this railway, aware how heavily its possibilities were handicapped by such conditions, set actively out to better them. It recognized that the value of the property was dependent upon the character of the tributary population; that increased popular intelligence meant increased prosperity, and consequently increased earning capacity for the railway. A broad scheme

of development was therefore entered upon, and the work of lifting the population of six great States to higher levels of life, and consequently to vastly heightened productive efficiency, was undertaken along several important lines of coördinated effort. The office of Chief Industrial Agent was created, and the entire work was intrusted to a man of uncommon energy, breadth of view, and executive capacity. This official thoroughly appreciated the situation, and threw himself heart and soul into his task.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

DEAL BEACH STATION, ON THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY

An admirable effect has been obtained by trees and shrubs treated in a formal decorative manner, giving the station a homelike look that is very satisfying.

One of the first aims was to organize local-improvement associations at all possible points. Sub-agents were appointed in each town whose duty was to advance local interests by coöperating with the plans of the company. The railway did its part by improving the surroundings of its stations with tree-planting and gardening, and entered upon the remarkable work of bordering its road-bed with margins of grass for a length of a thousand miles or more.

The example thus set led to a very general improvement of home-surroundings. The schools were made a great instrumentality in the work. A general propaganda was instituted whereby the children were interested in improving the appearance of the school-houses, adorning the rooms with pictures, painting the exteriors, and beautifying the grounds. A great educational conference, composed of the State and county superintendents of instruction of all the States from Virginia to Florida inclusive, was held, and the main topic was the work of local improvement. The interest of women was enlisted. The company organized two special departments, and placed each in the charge of a prominent Southern lady, one as Superintendent of School-house Improvement and the other as Superintendent of Libraries. A system of traveling libraries was instituted, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie was so interested in the scheme that he contributed liberally toward making it effective. Thirty-two libraries of well-selected books were thus formed; these the railway company sends to any point where they may be called for, stimulating and developing the rural regions by furnishing the farmers with good reading matter. Not only are books thus circulated, but every week a large number of papers and magazines are sent

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

STARRUCCA VIADUCT, ON THE ERIE RAILWAY

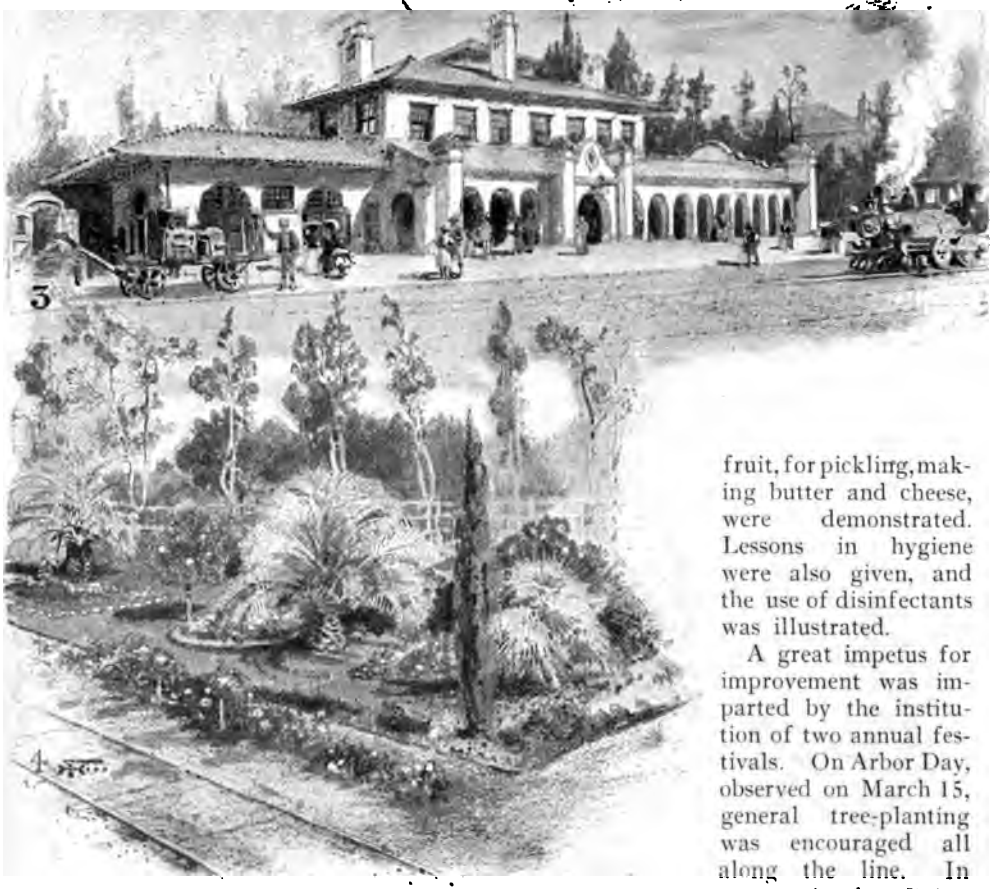
out by the railway to the people of the small towns and villages, as well as to the farmers. All this helps interest the people in improving the surroundings of their homes.

To promote agricultural development, more than a hundred experimental farms were established at central points. Placed in charge of trained graduates of agricultural colleges, these furnish for the farmers invaluable object-lessons as to the things best to do and how best to do them. Yet another great feature of practical instruction was an industrial training-school on wheels—an exhibit train of twelve cars sent out along the line and announced well in advance to stop at certain places on certain dates. The coming

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE NEW STONE BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER AT ROCKVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY

of this train was a great event for the surrounding country, and the entire population gathered to welcome it. In the morning, addresses were made by prominent persons, and the afternoon was devoted to practical experiments with improved machinery, etc., conducted by experts. Road-rollers were put to work creating a section of good road, labor-saving agricultural machinery was operated, and the best processes for canning and preserving



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

STATIONS ON THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FÉ RAILWAY

1 Albuquerque, New Mexico; 2. La Mirada, California; 4. Stockton, California; 4 Garden at Santa Ana, California.

fruit, for pickling, making butter and cheese, were demonstrated. Lessons in hygiene were also given, and the use of disinfectants was illustrated.

A great impetus for improvement was imparted by the institution of two annual festivals. On Arbor Day, observed on March 15, general tree-planting was encouraged all along the line. In preparation for "Painting Day," the people were called upon to paint, whitewash, clean

up, and beautify generally, the company encouraging the work by the offer of special facilities. Yet another gala-day instituted by the company was a movable feast called "Work Day." On this occasion the people of a given locality were invited to meet the Chief Industrial Agent and his associates at a basket picnic. Circulars were sent out urging the people to come "prepared to do some work and see some fun." The people were taught how to do many little things to make home-surroundings pleasant. Farmers were invited to come in their wagons, bringing a few tools and also some poles of white oak, hickory, or cedar, to be made into attractive ornaments for the home. Everybody was urged to come in working clothes, so as to be able to lend a hand.

Another institution was a "Southern Carnival Association," organized to promote county and town fairs, street carnivals, and expositions, the railway coöperating in getting up local affairs of the kind, and offering premiums for the best agricultural and forest products, minerals, and manufactures.

Another line of effort was directed to the improving of the dirty and dilapidated negro-quarters in the towns, stimulating their denizens to better things by diverting their attention from politics to the improvement of their homes.

Many circulars were sent out, instructing people how to do things and how to make things,—among the latter, for instance, cheap and effective evaporators for fruit,—thus adding to the productivity of the community. Other circulars urged people to whitewash their fences and buildings. It was represented in such documents that the person looking for a place to settle in does not stop with the people who have unkempt front yards, broken-down fences, and unpainted or unwhitewashed outbuildings. Work of this sort, undertaken also by other great Southern railways, is making itself strongly felt. Hundreds of towns and villages in the South, lately slouchy of aspect, have awakened to new life, and

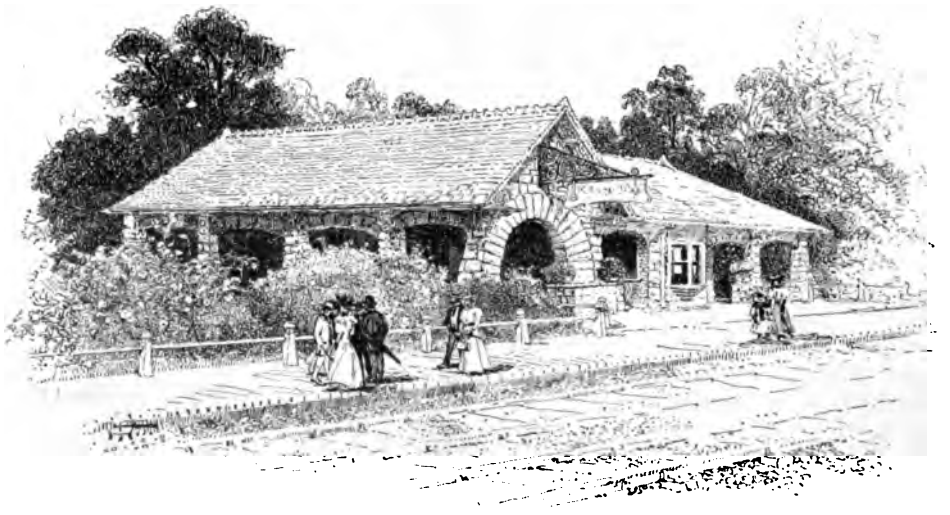
Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

OCEAN VIADUCT UNDER CONSTRUCTION BETWEEN LONG AND GRASSY KEYS, FLORIDA. AS SEEN FROM LONG KEY

are presenting an appearance as trim, well-kept, and prosperous as that of the typical New England community. The initiative taken by the railway company having very extensively realized its purpose in awakening a higher civic sense among the people in general, it later was decided that various activities above enumerated were no longer called for so far as the company's part was concerned. But others have been retained as permanent features.

One of the finest instances of recent railway progress in the appreciation of the traffic-promoting value of beauty is furnished by the history of the movement for the embellishment of the national capital. The chief feature of the plans, the magnificent Mall, would have been impossible had the railway line which until lately has had its station on Pennsylvania Avenue continued to occupy that location. The enlightened and public-spirited president of the company, however, the late A. J. Cassatt, declared himself heartily in agreement with the project. He looked at the question from the point of view of an American citizen, appreciating that if Congress intended to make of the Mall what the founders of Washington intended it to be, no railway should be allowed to cross it. His consent to a new location was also justified from a strictly railway point of view. With the carrying out of these plans, Washington will be made the most beautiful capital city in the world, and will correspondingly attract increased travel thither, greatly to the profit of the railways. In architecture and in site the new station is one of the finest ever erected, even surpassing the splendid terminals that characterize the large cities in Germany. It stands on Massachusetts Avenue, facing the Capitol, and yet not too near it. Fronting upon a semicircular plaza six hundred feet wide, the building is nearly fifty feet wider than the Capitol. It is constructed of white marble, with a façade of classical style. The plaza before it is a fine feature in itself, and provides a place where bodies of troops or large organizations can be formed for Inauguration ceremonies or on other occasions. The railway-station thus forms the great vestibule of Washington, a fitting introduction to its attractions.

The monumental treatment of railway terminals to express their functions as the modern gateways of a great city has received a remarkable impetus from the example set at Washington. Direct consequences are the two magnificent stations now under construction in New York, the Union Station in Cleveland, and the beautiful Atlanta terminal built in the style of the Spanish renaissance.



Drawn by Harry Fenn

KENILWORTH STATION, NEAR CHICAGO, ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN

Here is offered a fine display of shrubs and flower-boxes.

THE PRISON OF AFFECTION

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

Author of "A Deputy to the World," etc.

ROSA JERROLD stood idly by her little garden—a round patch of earth reserved for her each spring, just as "saucer pies" were still included for her in the family baking—and watched her father swing lazily up the shaded street. Part of the pleasure of being Aaron Jerrold's daughter lay in his agreeable conspicuousness. People always liked to watch that long, leisurely stride, or to linger in the big, shaggy man's magnetic presence. It had always been so satisfying to be his "little girl," to be drawn into his lap and petted with his big, comforting hand, to be teased with boisterous tenderness. Rosa was now no longer "little," as she was obviously no longer young; but Aaron was always magnificently able to overlook the rigidities of fact, while his daughter still swam in the bland sea of utter irresponsibility.

They had long ago stopped wondering in Farndon Corners whether Aaron Jerrold's daughter would ever grow up. To their irritated perceptions it had become fairly apparent that she would not. While her contemporaries emerged from girlhood, married, raised families, and then paused comfortably on the serene plateau of middle age, Rosa Jerrold remained an elderly young girl. Theoretically of a certain bodily frailness, and guarded always by an over-anxious mother, she had spent her life in a kind of nursery extension. Nevertheless, various dim buds of talent were popularly understood to await their due season of encouragement, and Farndon Corners half-skeptically awaited Rosa's début in one of the arts, dramatic, musical, or, for all that anybody knew, terpsichorean. To this event Rosa herself looked forward cheerfully, but by no means impatiently, her thin days filled with the easy and deceptive solace of an ambition not sharp and real enough to be a torment. She supposed that some more than usually agreeable destiny lay awaiting her, did she only choose to grasp it; meanwhile she was content to peer with untroubled innocence from out the stony sheath of her artificial youth.

As her father lightly accepted the miracle of Rosa's stationary adolescence, so Mrs. Jerrold—who had on this score secret agonies of misgiving, due to her persistent recollection of her daughter's date of birth—cherished as her particular fetish the belief in Rosa's beauty. There was not a celebrated heroine whom the gaunt and swarthy young woman had not been taught that she in some way or another resembled, and the local dressmakers gossiped freely about the ordeal of sewing week at the Jerrolds. It was hard enough to acquiesce in the theory of Rosa's loveliness; but it was degrading, they agreed, to cast aside the decent conventions of the fashion-sheets and construct the barbaric costumes that Mrs. Jerrold demanded for beauty's enhancement.

Aaron Jerrold swung open the gate, and it slammed behind him. Immediately, to Rosa, the whole inclosure became filled with him. To her, her father was an atmosphere.

"Why, Dolly, your flowers have grown better than mother's!" Aaron had scarcely glanced at the pansy-bed, but it was the family practice to toss off praise to Rosa, whatever her occupation. "Come into the house with me, young lady."

How well Rosa understood that tone, and how perfect was her schooling in the expected reply! It meant that her father had brought some sweets for her, and

Drawn by Paul Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'COME INTO THE HOUSE WITH ME, YOUNG LADY'"

that after he had played caressingly with her for a little, he would draw them out, and she would pretend surprise. They had played this comedy since she was ten years old.

At supper Rosa drank weak tea from a pink-flowered cup marked "Baby," and ate a rich kind of quince preserve which her mother made for her alone. Mrs. Jerrold, a slender, fluttery person, described the triumph that was being wrought with Rosa's new pink muslin, and Mr. Jerrold repeated, with plenty of emphasis and inferences always creditable to himself, the conversations that had taken place in his office during the day. Once he remembered to tease his daughter mildly about Tom Kinnerton, the widower whose tepid and intermittent suit had been slyly encouraged by Mrs. Jerrold. It was a singularly compact and complementary little family, in which one pleasantly tolerated, and one ignorantly accepted, and one passionately gave. Each spun his separate share of the little domestic web as though some utterly arbitrary fate assigned it, which was perhaps the case. Her mother worked and strove and schemed for Rosa, and gained a thoughtless affection in return; her father petted her, and she adored him.

An evening in Farndon Corners was construed as the interval between seven and nine o'clock; but the Jerrolds, who, it will be seen, diverged by ever so little, here and there, from the local traditions, dared to defer their bedtime on such a night as this, with its moist, hushed atmosphere, pale glitter of fireflies, and clinging perfume of honeysuckle. The sweet impression of it returned to stifle Rosa when, at dawn the next day, her mother came to her door to send her for the doctor. Aaron Jerrold was very ill.

"What shall I say, mother?" asked Rosa, childishly.

"Say it is the worst attack he has had —he does not know me. Oh, hurry, dear child! hurry!"

It may be that she had never hurried before in her life, this tall, thin woman with the sallow, frightened face,—"Aaron Jerrold's little girl,"—who ran stumbling along the uneven brick sidewalk that led under the thick row of maples. A pink cotton dress, half-buttoned, clung closely to her lank figure, and a leghorn hat, heavy with crimson roses, flopped with incongruous coquetry over her anxious eyes. Alone, breathless, running through the silent dawn, with the doctor's brown house at the dim end of the long village street not yet even visible, the dread of death grew in her steadily. Yet knowing nothing, after all, of the great catastrophe, the terror that swam in her brain was a great, empty, inflated thing, like a child's painted balloon. Shielded as she had been from sane, steadying griefs, she was giddy now from the very fear of fear, and leaned heavily for an instant against a dew-dampened picket-fence.

Through her brain thoughts flew dizzily, like mad leaves; she could not seize or detain them. Yet they were crudely eloquent, like picture-writing. They told that Rosa Jerrold was not wondering whether she would succeed in saving her father's life: she was shrinking from the horror of no longer being "Aaron Jerrold's little girl."

But before Rosa had reached the doctor's house and pulled its old-fashioned glass bell-handle with all the violence it was its sullen habit to demand, Aaron Jerrold's wife had already seen that no doctor was needed in that big, still chamber. Her husband was dead. They had told her it would be like this—some day. Yet his bushy head and bearded face seemed to lie on the pillow with a feigned submissiveness. His strongly vocal presence seemed to be deliberately and jocosely dumb. That carelessly vital personality was irreconcilable with death; yet it was death that lay there under the still sheet, that each instant filled the room with a more and more stifling presence.

Susan Jerrold did not sob or speak or move. A certain sublimity of those first moments of her widowhood held emotion mute. It is the moment when the only solace, as the only loyalty, is the belief that everything is lost—when unlovely memories seem only distortions. A belated but ineffable understanding, the more intimate for being unspoken, seemed to pass between them, the dead and the living. Trembling, she bent low to kiss him, when, below, there was the sound of a door hastily flung open. It was Rosa, with her careless, childish ways—poor,

dear Rosa, who did not know, who perhaps did not even dream—

The widow rose hastily to her feet without kissing her dead husband. The sound that meant Rosa's return had sufficed to detach her from her irrecoverable communion. Her supreme moment was forfeited. Hastily she placed something over Aaron's sharpened face and left the room. Outside she seized Rosa by the arm.

"Rosa, your father—is n't so well," she found the courage to say. "I cannot have you in the room. Come with me, child; you are pale—"

"Who is with him? You must not leave him, mother; you—"

"He does not need—"

There was only a second's faltering, but Rosa understood, and signified her understanding: her eyes closed; she sank down upon the floor and screamed. It had always been her way to scream by way of protest against the unusual or the unpleasant. When her kitten was lost, or when a dress had not come in time for a party, Rosa had screamed, and had been soothed and petted till she stopped. It could only be expected that her father's death would elicit at least ar equal demonstration; so that now, while Aaron Jerrold lay alone and dead, the woman whom his death had most bitterly bereaved had already turned to soothe a shriller sorrow. But Susan Jerrold could not have understood that her action was unnatural. It was unthinkable that she should fail to relinquish the luxury of articulate grief when Rosa demanded service.

Thus they were still together, the mother and daughter, when Abby Barrows, Susan's sister, whom the little house-servant had gone unsolicited to fetch, arrived, and arrived firmly, to stay, to "take charge." Turning blindly toward her, Mrs. Jerrold made two statements in what seemed the inverted order of their importance.

"Rosa is sick," she said, "from too much crying. And her father 's—dead. You knew?"

"Susan, you must leave Rosa to me. Have n't you tears of your own?" Vainly combating this more solidly resolute sister, Mrs. Jerrold was led from her daughter's bedroom.

"I wish you would give her some aromatic spirits of ammonia," the widow lingered to urge. "I meant to have—I cannot think quickly enough. Are you any better, Dolly? Lie quietly, if you can, and I will come back."

Already the house was filled with soft footsteps and whispers. The doctor had come, and a little later his wife benevolently followed him. Mrs. Barrows's daughter, Emma Hardy, a vigorous young woman of something less than Rosa's own age, with four or five children at home, came to assume the degree of authority that the village would consider fitting. Faint and scarcely sensible as she was, the widow resented the forcible smothering of her activities that these good people conspired in; resented being led to the "spare room" and given strong tea. For her sorrow the others had conventional indulgence, but none for her restlessness. And there was perhaps a shade of malice in their tacit determination, now that the hour of reversals had come, to thwart for once Rosa's preëminence in the household.

By noon Mrs. Jerrold had yielded somewhat to her exhaustion, and was lying submissively on the bed, guarded by her sister, when Emma Hardy came in. The young matron's always rosy face was deeply flushed, and she repeated her phrases again and again as if by way of fortifying points that had been challenged. She was at that very moment, she told the sisters, on her way to "the city" to make the necessary purchases for the stricken family. Yet Rosa, whom she had just consulted in order to spare Aunt Sue's feelings, had declined her services utterly.

"It 's no use talking to her, mother," —Emma's cheerful voice was oddly plaintive,—"it 's simply no use talking to her. We have said all we can, Mrs. Ware and I. Rosa says that her mother has never let her wear black, not even a black ribbon nor a black belt—"

"It 's true," the widow eagerly corroborated. She had risen from the bed.

"And that it would make her look hideous and"—Emma paused to give the word its full effect—*"old;* and that her father would n't care any more for her if she did it. She says to ask her mother if it is n't so."

"Oh, she does n't need to, does she?" The widow looked in terrified appeal at the grim faces of her kindred. "My poor little girl, my baby, dressed in black? It would kill me to see her. Get all the crape you want to, Emma,"—she spoke as though her niece were pleading to gratify herself in some indulgence,—"and put it on me. I am old; I will wear it."

"But Rosa is n't"—Mrs. Barrows swallowed forbearingly a word that tempted her—"a child."

"She is to me. She was to Aaron. And you know how gay she has always been, how happy. She and her father were so—I think she has never cared for anything but him. It is the most terrible sorrow that could come to her, and you wish to make it more terrible still? Nobody expects a young girl to wear mourning. Emma, you 're very kind indeed, but I think you will have to let the poor girl do as she likes."

Emma flushed again resentfully. "It may be cruel to talk to you about it, Aunt Sue, but she has n't even a gray dress. Her dresses are all red and pink!"

In her eagerness to defend her daughter, Mrs. Jerrold appeared to have risen far beyond her own affliction. She continued patiently, tears standing in her innocent, pale-blue eyes: "But you must remember that she has to consider her coloring. You don't realize how handsome Rosa's black eyes are till she gets on a touch of pink. Her father always said so."

Mrs. Barrows and her daughter exchanged a glance of agreement that maternal fatuity could go no further. And Emma returned to the Jerrolds that night with but one mourning dress.

In the black decorum of Aaron Jerrold's funeral there was, therefore, a single strident, scarlet note. A soft, red silk, white-spotted, was Rosa's "best" summer dress, and she wore it on the day of somber draperies with a satisfaction that her grief could not quite dispel. An arrangement of cream-colored lace was fastened to her bosom, and a long gold chain suspended about her neck a heavy, old-fashioned locket. But her eyes burned from long weeping. It was plain to her that she was the same beautiful, beloved, gifted Rosa that she had always been; but she wept for the loneliness that would come upon her, now that her immediate world was gone.

THE fall season of dressmaking was planned for as usual, and through recurrent tears Mrs. Jerrold looked long and earnestly at hectic "samples" from which her daughter's new finery was to be chosen. For the dreariness and solitude which the period of mourning meanwhile imposed upon Rosa her mother felt almost apologetic, and conceived a hundred devices for her distraction. As Mrs. Jerrold could not see Rosa leave the house without running to add some trinket to the girl's toilet, so at home she pursued her constantly with little cakes to eat or stories to read. Her master plan was an arrangement with a "professor" in the next town to give Rosa a course in "fancy dancing." Here, after all, might lie the opportunity for that public exhibition of Rosa in costume for which she had always vaguely sought a legitimate excuse. Rosa herself was entirely submissive. Her father's death had left her what she had always been, a child. Even when it became known with cruel promptness in Farndon Corners that Tom Kinnerton had transferred his limp allegiance, Rosa herself, of all her circle of relatives, was by far the least afflicted. Kinnerton had never made himself real to her, and she had always been sleepy when he called. And what if everybody did know that Emma Hardy, with her brood of babies, was a year younger than Rosa,—a fact that Mrs. Jerrold had so strong a passion to obliterate? Rosa had always found it easy to neglect the arithmetic of life. After all, it was not surprising that her relatives, commenting on her father's death and her suitor's desertion, declared her an insensible creature, heartlessly immune to experience. Nor could they regard it as less than a violation of decency when Rosa began to take a cheerful interest in dancing-lessons. They were not wise enough to foresee the girl's ultimate contact with the ungracious mirror that should for the first time show her to herself without the magic veil her parents had twined about her.

Some months after Aaron Jerrold's death, his widow sat one day sewing magenta velvet blossoms on a hat for Rosa. The congenial occupation absorbed her,

and she hummed softly to herself, scarcely noticing when the outer door closed and a slow step entered. Rosa, apparently returning from her dancing-lesson, came in and seated herself in an almost theatrical silence, as though challenging inquiry. When her mother spoke, she looked up with bright eyes and a tightened mouth.

"I did n't go for my lesson, mother. I left the trolley and walked back. I overheard some people talking about me. Mother, what good has it done for you to keep things from me always, to treat me as a child?"

The last magenta bud trembled in Mrs. Jerrold's fingers. "My dear, what are you but a child? What do you mean?"

"I am almost thirty-sev—yes, mother; we all know. The people on the trolley knew. They said I had been—an old maid for years, but that I would n't seem nearly as—ridiculous, if you did n't dress me as you do."

"It was n't you they were speaking of, Rosa. It could n't have been." Mrs. Jerrold felt her fingers growing icy, and the bud dropped to the floor.

"They said 'Aaron Jerrold's daughter' —and they said things—about daddy, too! I could n't leave the car while they were talking because—I felt that what they said was true. It seemed to me the only time I had ever heard the truth. I have been 'Dolly' and 'little girl' all my life —to you and daddy. But I am no such thing. I am old—and ugly—and ridiculous, and you have made me so. I have n't had any life; I have been defrauded of everything—and it is too late now. Dancing-lessons! Dancing-lessons! You ought to have heard those people laugh about it! Then you would know what you have done to me. Daddy did n't know any better, perhaps—poor daddy! But you 're a woman, mother; you ought to have known."

Mrs. Jerrold could not meet her daughter's blazing eyes. She knew that Rosa had spoken the pitifully belated truth; yet she was distraught with the desire to deny it all, to wrap the girl again in tender falsities.

"Dolly," she began in a weak, uncertain voice, "I 've never known a girl who was so loved and petted—"

"Yes; but I 'm not a girl now; I 'm old. The people who talked about me said I was old. And I have n't ever been young. There 's something in youth that I 've missed. I feel it. Was there something the matter with me, mother, that you kept me different? Look at Cousin Emma! She is younger th—"

"Hush, Rosa!" Mrs. Jerrold fairly screamed. "Do you think I would have you like *Emma?*"

"Why not? Emma 's happy. She will always have comfort in those stout children of hers. Of course she is n't young; but she was once, in a way. I never was. What I have been until now is a sort of child. Now I am old. I ought to wear black dresses. You know that longing to shroud oneself and stay hidden. You said you felt it when daddy died. I did n't then, but I do—now. I shall stay at home always. I—"

Rosa had risen from her chair and bent her black eyes unswervingly on her mother's pale face, as if to make her accusation strike more deeply. In her passion of resentment and misery she had a nearer approach to beauty than she had ever had before. Her first knowledge that she was old brought out in her, from its very sharpness, a fleeting tinge of youth. Her egotism was dead, that artificial self that had had a lifetime's nourishing, but of her shorn and bleeding state there was born an exulting cruelty. Without a throb of pity, she stared silently at her stricken mother, fumbling blindly with the gay fragments of her sewing, and left the room. Alone, intangibly bereft, the mother sat and staunched her tears, and strove to defend to herself the long and lavish zeal of her motherhood. But there came no comfort. The house of affection, it seemed to her, was tenantless, the prisoner fled, the gaoler left to grasp, in lonely bitterness, her ineffectual keys.

Boosting Myrtle

By John Corbin

(ADVENTURES ON THE RAGGED EDGE)

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"OUT with it!" said Jaffray. There was something portentous on Mary's mind, and he had not been married over a year without learning that sooner or later he was bound to hear from it.

"Myrtle has a love-affair."

"I congratulate her."

"Roger!" Mary cried. On this subject he was painfully ungallant.

Myrtle, otherwise known as Miss Rarrish, was his step-cousin, and a bone of contention older than their marriage, which in their fond eyes was already ancient. The finger of fate had once pointed to her as Roger's bride; and Mary, whose heart was excessively tender, cherished a sentimental, even a pathetic, interest in Myrtle, as in one whose budding affections she herself had blighted. Her desire to atone amounted to a gentle mania.

Roger had predicted that his finish would be to marry Myrtle, too, and move to Salt Lake City. "And I congratulate myself," he now added.

"An unhappy love-affair!"

Roger saw a new light, and held up the finger of warning. It was Mary's foible to take a romantic view of the affairs of their friends, and to try to arrange them with a romantic disregard of human nature. "If the poor fellow can escape, why not let him?"

"*He* is only too willing. It is Aunt Augusta who objects."

"You think we should get up a runaway match?" His accent was scornful.

"For once I am as unromantic as Aunt Augusta. Mr. Bumpus is very common. Myrtle is a member of your family—and besides, she really does n't care for him."

"Then, why all this perturbation?"

"We 're afraid she may. He is the only man who has ever taken notice; and Myrtle is just in the position to be caught on the rebound—from you, dear."

"Rubbish!" interrupted Roger. "How can *we* do anything?"

"In order to make her forget Bumpus, we are to give her a social lift—see that she meets and knows the really nice sort of fellows."

"Already she has every chance. She lives in one of the most beautiful houses in New York, and is an heiress in her own name."

"Aunt Augusta has given dinners—but such dinners! Myrtle has never really had her chance. You know what Archie Stuyvers said." Archie had described Myrtle as "the sort of girl, when you get an invitation to dine at her house, you say, 'Oh, the deuce!' and telephone up another engagement."

"But there 's no call now for us to mix in," he protested. "After all, it 's Aunt Augusta's business."

"But there *is* a call—and for that reason. You know how important it is to make Aunt Augusta feel more kindly toward us."

Even the best of women has the gift of mingling calculation with sentiment. The cold north light of the main chance,

Roger perceived, interpenetrated Mary's rosy dreams for Myrtle.

Mrs. Sturtevant Jaffray had played the rôle of villain in the love-story of the younger Jaffrays. Once she had presented Roger with the alternative of marrying—marrying Miss Rarrish—or going to work; and she was not the person to pardon it that he had chosen work—and Mary—as the less bitter proposition. And except for Aunt Augusta's interference, there was every reason to believe that his uncle would long ago have rewarded Roger's diligence and ability down-town by increasing his salary. Mary's plot was as clear as day—to take arms against the unwelcome Bumpus as a means of propitiating his aunt.

There was pressing need of the smallest addition to their income. Happiness, according to the wisdom of the ancients, lies in having one's own vine and fig-tree. In modern parlance, we should say, though less poetically, that it lies in preserving a balance in the bank. Vast riches are a weariness to the spirit: but let debit overtop credit never so little, and a blight falls on the fruits of content; the wine of moderate enjoyment turns sour. Their efforts to keep the bank-account in stable equilibrium had resulted in an increasing number of unpaid bills.

"Who is this Bumpus?" Roger asked. "And how did he get at Myrtle?"

"He is a prosperous sanitary plumber in Hoboken, and he scraped acquaintance last fall, coming home on the *Kaiser.*"

"How did he scrape acquaintance?" Roger had the love of detail, which is an even stronger safeguard of married affections than a common sense of humor. "Imagine scraping acquaintance with Myrtle!"

"He came up to her on the promenade-deck, after breakfast the first day, and said: 'Good morning, Miss Whitewings. May I walk with you?' "

"Miss Whitewings?"

"Myrtle had on pipe-clayed yachting-shoes beneath a blue tailor-made skirt."

"O Bumpus, I love you!" Jaffray cried. "Those gentle little patties, all in white—of course they looked like wings! Bumpus, your suit is won. I have said it."

"But he 's impossible."

"How—after her money?"

"He did n't know she had it till they landed. But he 's—what do you call them?—a chump, a galoot, a gazebo."

"Not if he had power to move the Rarrish breast by an insult—a poetical insult. There 's something in this Bumpus. More! more!"

"He 's a plain cad. Once, when he was arranging a footstool for Myrtle, he said: 'You 'd better look out as you grow old, Miss Whitewings. Women of your size of bone put on fat.' "

"Advice worth millions! Did Myrtle object?"

"N—n—o. He seemed to interest her."

"The very man!" Jaffray cried. "My own soul's brother!"

"But think," said Mary, as if delivering the final word: "he deals in bath-tubs."

"A useful, and therefore a beautiful, calling. Socrates himself once said it. Beau Brummel Bumpus, I 'm with you every time. Down with Aunt Augusta!"

"His name is not Beau Brummel."

"It ought to be."

"Will you be serious!" Mary cried. "We owe it to Myrtle."

"And to my salary," he added satirically.

"To the tradespeople who dun us." His shaft splintered on the armor of a great resolve.

"But if they can't boost Myrtle," he asked, "how can I? I 'm afraid she is too large-boned and already too solid for the social ladder."

"That simply is n't true. When you know her, she 's a real good sort, and in her healthy way quite handsome."

Mary paused, collecting her forces for a final onslaught on mannish unreason.

"Aunt Augusta has agreed to give us her house to do what we will with, and to put no limit on the expense. You are to manage the whole affair; and so that we can invite our friends, our names are to go on the invitation. Think of it!"

It was the undertaking of all others best calculated to fire Jaffray's imagination. Living in a tiny apartment on Stuyvesant Square, he had the talent of splendid entertainment. He did think of it, and his pupils dilated.

Aunt Augusta's house, built in the style of the châteaux of the Loire, and over-

looking Central Park from Fifth Avenue, was palatially ample and beautiful. She had bought it as it stood from the estate of its first owner, but she could not buy the taste that had inspired it. Hitherto it had only thrown her large and overfed pomposity into grotesque relief. Now it lay in his power to redeem it, and make it worthy of the family name.

"We 'll give a costume dinner," he exclaimed—"one hundred covers, with everything in the style of François Premier—the sober richness of the Middle Ages blending with the splendid variety of the Renaissance! After the dinner, we 'll have a medieval interlude in the grand'salle. I know an old play—English, but of the very time and temper."

Eagerly he took from the shelf a volume of the "Towneley Mystery Plays," and turned to the "Secunda Pastorum," which deals with the shepherds and the Nativity. It begins with a realistic scene of sheep-stealing among the flocks on the moor—the earliest comedy in the modern drama, and still one of the most expertly devised for the theater, and most broadly amusing. The Star of Bethlehem appears, and the singing of angels. Then comes the scene at the manger, with the shepherds presenting their humble gifts. The little sequence sums up, as nothing else of the kind does, the rough, broad humanity of the Middle Ages and the native sweetness of its piety.

For actors there was a popular English troupe in town, versed in the Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan drama. In view of the nature of the comedy, they would give it on Christmas Eve. As for the costumes and draping of the stage, Roger had an old friend, Jimmy Claflin, a brilliant young mural painter, fresh from Paris, who knew the Loire châteaux down to the ground, and had an eye for the splendid magic of color.

It was now Mary who had misgivings. "I love the little play," she said; "but is n't it above the heads of the Johnnies we 're to get for Myrtle?"

"Johnnies!" Roger cried. "Rot! It 's true newspaper writers and novelists have made capital out of calling smart people silly and ignorant, shallow and pretentious. The climbing public delights to be told that the grapes out of reach of its ladder are sour. But we *know.*"

"But the sort of young fellow we 're after for Myrtle—"

"You and I love the little play; why should n't they? Think of them as they are! Besides wealth and position, they have birth and breeding, education and travel. They 're sick to death of tomfoolery. The only way left to make a hit with them is to appeal to their intelligence and their love of beauty. Bumpus of Hoboken!" he cried. "We 'll put it all over *him!*"

Mary still had her doubts; but she held her peace. She had roused him to zeal in her cause; that was enough for the present.

Aunt Augusta, too, as it presently appeared, was dubious. "We 'll see these players ourselves," she decreed. In the time of her late husband, endeared to Roger by the title of the "Coughdrop King," she had been president of a literary and social club on the upper West Side, and prided herself on her executive ability.

"She promised to leave the whole thing to me," Roger demurred.

Mary placated him. "After all," she said, "it is her party."

Communicating their design to the players, Roger received passes for a proscenium-box. His aunt asked them all to dine with her before the play.

Now for the first time Roger had doubts. "How about Claflin?" he asked.

"He 's just the man!" said Mary. "He is even poorer than we, and has talent as well as family. With her money he can devote himself to his art without one mercenary thought."

"Mercenary in love, but in art a cavalier *sans peur et sans reproche!*"

"In arranging the interlude, he will get to know Myrtle, and what a nice girl she *really* is."

"And don't forget my salary," laughed Roger. "What I was thinking of," he explained, "was inflicting upon him not Myrtle, but Aunt Augusta—and her dinner. She 's the very type of everything in American life offensive to art—and to the artist. He 's a wild-eyed Parisian; his soul will writhe."

"But in the end," said the matchmaker, "he will forgive us."

Roger threw up his hands.

As it happened, Claflin had been *en*

charrette, rushing through a competitive design. For days he had been almost without sleep, and it was as much as he could do to finish his work after plugging since six in the morning without luncheon. Roger himself, to be on time for the early dinner, had had to jump into his clothes after a long, hard day.

"By all rights," said Claflin, as they met beneath the Italian Gothic entrance, "our host should have vintage wine from the Loire. I remember when I used to bicycle along the châteaux—" A liveried footman, opening the door, cut short the inspiring reminiscence. Both men were as temperate as they were hard-working; but both had been accustomed from boyhood to the relaxation of wine with dinner.

Uncle Sturtevant met them with what Roger called his late-Perpendicular manner—shoulders thrown back and head erect in the effort to live up to palatial surroundings that had overtaken him too far along in life. His heavy, solemn eyes were vaguely swimming in the way that so clearly betokens the cocktail.

As the two young men handed their coats to attending footmen, Jaffray shrugged his shoulders. "Not quite in the period," Claflin assented.

The table was set with a wine-service of cut glass, garishly modern, but promising refreshment to the tired workers. The dinner was an elaborate series of rich French dishes; but course followed course, and still the glasses remained empty. To eat such food without the digestive aid of wine was worse than intemperance, Roger reflected; it was gluttony. Aunt Augusta sat up to her trencher till she was red in the face.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"UNCLE STURTEVANT MET THEM WITH . . . SHOULDERS THROWN BACK AND HEAD ERECT"

Roger now saw the reason for his uncle's pre-prandial libations. This was the fare to which the executive Mrs. Sturtevant had reduced him, after his long club bachelorhood of burgundy and port.

Toward the end of the dinner the butler appeared with bottles of beer and tumblers on a tray. "Have something to drink?" said the elder Jaffray to Claflin.

"Thank you," said Claflin, his eye still fixed on the resplendent cut glass.

"I think you 'd better," said Roger;

but the note of warning was unheeded, and he chivalrously felt obliged on his own part to refuse.

"We don't consider it right to lay temptation in the way of young men," the elder Mrs. Jaffray said, tapping her empty champagne glass.

Uncle Sturtevant talked wisely of the stock market and of what he had just learned at the club from the hero of the latest railroad scandal. As the business man of the family, he had always assumed the air pragmatical. Now his conversation, like everything else, was inflated.

Claflin sat between Myrtle and her mother. At first the drought and the conversation seemed to tell on his spirits and hang weights on his tired eyelids. But presently, as Mary observed with delight, he had become interested. He even encouraged both mother and daughter to talk about art. Mary beamed.

The reason why painting was at so low an ebb in America, Aunt Augusta said in her most authoritative manner, was that the artists were obliged to truckle to the ignorance of their clients.

Roger flamed angrily at the insult to his friend.

Claflin had often protested that American artists were among the best in the world, and that those who had courage to live at home were able to impose right standards on the public in spite of itself; but now he nodded approval to his hostess. From time to time he looked at Myrtle intently, as if he found her a strangely interesting beauty.

Mary gave Roger a glance of triumph. Even Roger saw new charms in his step-cousin. She was certainly imposing to the point of the statuesque. Yet—Claflin!

The dinner ended with a sickly rich dessert. There was no time for coffee and cigars. "It is just as well," said Aunt Augusta, as she swallowed the last mouthful. "Coffee is bad for the nerves, and the modern young man smokes altogether too much."

The play, as it happened, was "Everyman," that wonderful fifteenth-century morality that sent a shiver of tragic awe throughout the land with its poignantly religious presentation of the universal tragedy of death.

Roger and Mary had seen it a dozen times, and it had never failed to bring their hands together as if with the clasp of the final parting. It was the token of their great happiness that always the sister fate of love hovered about them and lent them the larger vision. But to-night Roger felt the fatigue of the day settling upon his very bones.

Claflin, back in the shadow of the box, relapsed into his mood of boredom. "Can we make a get-away in the first entr'acte?" he presently whispered, fingering his cigar-case.

"In medieval productions," Roger groaned, "there are n't any entr'actes."

Claflin's chin sank on his shirt-front. Then, opening his heavy eyes as if with a muscular effort, he caught sight of the two portly supers in the costume of beef-eaters, who, as motionless as statues, guarded the legs of the proscenium-arch. "I 'll bet you a quarter Bricktop moves before the Ace of Spades," he whispered out of a parched gullet. Roger nodded.

But for almost half an hour neither beef-eater moved. When the awed and hushed audience rose to go, Roger was in despair. Claflin was nodding in his seat.

"I don't like unhappy endings," Myrtle said, as Claflin helped her with her wrap. "They leave a bad taste in the mouth."

It was the cant of bourgeois unspirituality; but Roger, not Claflin, writhed at it.

"I agree with you, quite," said Claflin, with his piercing look of interest in her. "But at least," he added, "there is a happy ending for the bad taste."

"The function of art," said Aunt Augusta, "is to bring pleasure and exhilaration—courage for the battle of the world. There are enough sad things in real life without adding to them in the theater."

Jaffray ground his teeth; but Claflin nodded approval of the judgment. The man was inscrutable.

That night, as they went to bed, Mary was beaming with triumph. "*Now* what do you think? I still doubt whether Myrtle's young men will appreciate the interlude. But now that we have Mr. Claflin for her that will hardly matter."

Unshaken in his hopes of the little play, Roger spent the nights of a week reducing its middle-English dialect to modern verse, and took a typewritten

copy to his aunt. With the pride of authorship he read her the central comedy scene. To conceal a stolen lamb, the thief's wife puts it into a cradle and pretends that it is a new baby; and the shepherds, when they discover the deception, genially content themselves with tossing the thief in a blanket. "First-rate dramatic business," he commented with enthusiasm, "—wholesome, broad, and deliciously in character. It can't fail to make any audience laugh." The scene in which the shepherds bring their humble gifts to the manger, and the exquisite poetry with which they acclaim the child, he read with doting tenderness.

"I am very doubtful about the players," said Aunt Augusta. "They struck me as too sad."

Roger controlled his impatience. "In comedy," he said, "they are as gay as they are grave in tragedy. I 've often seen them."

But his aunt still had doubts. "New York society is hopelessly vulgar," she observed.

Then Mary had another inspiration. "The same was true of medieval society. They used to vary such entertainments with jugglers and acrobats." She explained about the *Jongleurs*.

"That is a brilliant suggestion," said Aunt Augusta, for once bestowing approval on Mary.

To Roger the idea was an artistic outrage—"Hamlet," with vaudeville between the acts. But he gave in, and was rewarded with a diplomat's consciousness of virtue.

To make sure of his part in the entertainment, he took a copy of his manuscript to the players. When the chief, in his presence, sent it out to be typed in "parts," he had a delicious sensation, such as a successful author might feel while awaiting the rise of the curtain.

A week passed, and then came a brief note from Aunt Augusta. "Your part," it read, "will be to call upon our friends and bespeak their attendance. I find the Heath-Burtons have already sent out invitations for Christmas Eve. It might be well to make sure by giving a series of little preliminary dinners."

"The Heath-Burtons!" Roger broke out in irony. These were new-comers from the West who were making persistent and brilliant, but quite unsuccessful, efforts to establish themselves in the set to which the younger Jaffrays were born.

"'I have decided,'" Mary read on, aghast, "'to put the management of the château party in the hands of a professional. An entertainment on such a scale might easily be ruined by amateurs.'"

"Amateur!" Roger fumed. "Claflin is an artist to the finger-tips, and knows more about château life and costume than any other man in the country. We can't go back on him now. I won't stand for this." He rushed into the hall and jammed on his hat, determined to fight the matter out on the instant. "She thinks because I am in her husband's employ she can treat me like a chattel."

Mary saw the duplex fabric of her dreams tumbling about her ears—Myrtle married to Bumpus, and themselves doomed to an eternity of duns. With gentle force she took off his hat. "It 's for Myrtle we 're doing it," she said. "I find that her case is even worse than we feared. Bumpus has kept on calling. Three times lately he has spent the whole evening with her."

This was an astute appeal to his family feeling.

"They need n't admit him," he objected. But he let her hang up his hat.

"I imagine he has been liberal to the doorman. Aunt Augusta, you know, is a skinflint with servants." She led him back to the drawing-room. "Besides, it seems Myrtle likes him to come. After all, she is a girl, and she has never before had a lover. Somehow Bumpus manages to give his suit the air of adventure and romance."

Roger was again the partizan. "So that 's your game, Beau Brummel," he said. "Romance! Wait for our interlude. We 'll smear you and smudge you."

Mary even got him to grant the wisdom of hearkening to Aunt Augusta in the matter of the preparatory dinners. Little as they could afford it, they made them unusually elaborate—and expensive. Their bills mounted portentously.

Claflin came to many of them. Tactfully Mary spoke of Myrtle's handsome presence, and of her fortune in her own name. Miss Rarrish, Claflin remarked with some enthusiasm, was curiously characteristic and artistically interesting.

"If he were a low-down portrait-painter," Roger commented, "I should say he was after a rich sitter."

Exactly six weeks before Christmas the invitations came out. They bore the inscription: "Costume François Premier. Les Jongleurs."

"Idiot!" Roger ejaculated. "I told her to call it an interlude! 'Les Jongleurs'!"

Then the unforeseen happened. The autumn was raw and wet. Fagged by long days of work and the pressure of their social life in the evenings, Roger took a touch of the grip. Even Mary saw the necessity of calling a halt. She wrote Mr. Claflin that Roger was obliged to put the whole matter of preparation in his hands, and to Mrs. Sturtevant Jaffray that, when the time came, she had only to call on the young architect, and he would lend the professional his aid.

Meantime the papers busied themselves with the château fête, featuring it in article after article as the great social event of the decade. They described, and even pictured, many of the costumes to be worn. Two prominent Fifth Avenue clergymen made it a text for sermons against the modern increase in luxurious self-indulgence. The yellow journals took up the cry. A conservative paper suggested that it would be well to police the château on Christmas Eve against anarchistic bombs.

Roger's mood ascended from triumph to magnanimity. "I 'm rather sorry for Bumpus," he said. "And it 's tough on the Heath-Burtons."

Details of progress at the great house were lacking, however; and toward the middle of December, Mary fell prey to vague alarm. On her aunt's day she called. The elder Mrs. Jaffray was portentous with mystery and importance. Mary mentioned Mr. Claflin.

"Professor Zartleben objects to the interference of amateurs," said her aunt. "He has grasped the idea with entire sympathy. He is a real ar-teest."

Mary protested stoutly that the whole idea was Roger's, and that Mr. Claflin's name and professional reputation had been widely connected with the occasion: it was only just that they should have a hand in the final arrangements.

What she had in mind was her scheme for throwing Claflin with Myrtle; but she thought it wiser not to mention this.

Her aunt did not budge. "You may depend upon Professor Zartleben," she said. "We are perfectly agreed. His tastes are wonderfully ree-fined."

There was something disquieting in her aunt's new vocabulary, which Mary tried in vain to analyze. To Roger, however, she said nothing, for his illness had made him nervous and fretful. It was only on the afternoon before the party, when the costumer came to give his suit its final touches, that she dared to mention it.

He took the news with a grim stolidity that vaguely alarmed her. "Oh, well," he said, "old Tenderlife can't spoil the show. The Elizabethan players will see that it is n't *too* awful."

On Christmas Eve, as they drove up the avenue toward the château, Roger felt a sudden thrill of anticipation. Every window was brilliantly illumined, and sills and copings were fantastically piled with moist and softly falling snow.

As they alighted, the marquee was guarded by sturdy pikemen in beautifully wrought antique armor. Indoors the effect of the gathering guests surpassed even Roger's vivid imaginings. Everywhere was the frou-frou of fine satin, the rustle of heavy silk, the softly crunching sound of cloth-of-gold. It has been said that sobriety of modern costume has dulled our sense of harmony and contrast in color; but those who saw the château fête would find this hard to believe.

And there was more than outward show in the gathering, as Roger remarked to Mary with a little note of triumph. Much of the conversation was in French, sometimes with a quaint touch of antique pronunciation and phrase. Many of the women had been at pains to make themselves familiar with the lives of the characters impersonated, and mingled snatches of ancient court gossip with current small talk. "Eh, what!" he said. "Will *they* like my interlude! Smear Bumpus? We 'll put him out of business."

Aunt Augusta's bulky figure was at its best in the robes of Anne of Brittany; and as the brilliant guests assembled, she fairly exuded social triumph. Myrtle, as the Princess Claude of France, was stately

and handsome. What is more, she was charmingly girlish and pleased. Claflin lingered about her with a devotion that made Mary groan inwardly at the thought of the lost rehearsals: by this time they should have been engaged.

As the diners gathered at the little tables in the grand'salle, a single detail jarred on Roger's sense of success. Above the dais at the end where the play was to be, stared the legend, "Les Jongleurs." Roger shrugged, but gave himself over to the spirit of the hour.

As the tables were clearing, brilliantly costumed pages distributed the programs of the entertainment. It was beautifully engraved, and Roger inwardly expanded as he opened it. He frowned as he saw it was also headed "Les Jongleurs." But that was only a prelude to his horror. The title of his interlude was not there. Instead, there was a long list of names such as the Bannerleigh Brothers, the Wonderful Warrington, Professor Marmontel, and the Musical Monkeys.

Just then his aunt passed by to the door of the grand'salle to welcome a late-comer.

Jaffray followed. "What is this?" he cried. "Where is my interlude?"

"We omitted it, after careful consideration."

"*We!*"

"Professor Zartleben and I. He agreed with me that the cradle incident was impossible."

"Impossible! It 's only make-believe."

"The scene at the manger of Bethlehem is a Romish sacrilege."

"But in the Middle Ages all the world was Catholic."

"I would n't have been," said Aunt Augusta. Then she added, as if for his much needed edification: "Professor Zartleben says that it is the first principle of a conscientious ar-teest never to offend religion, and to permit nothing, however funny, that is not ree-fined."

"Ar-teest!" Roger groaned. "The Wonderful Warrington, the Musical Monkeys! Refined! Ree-fined vawdyville!"

"'Les Joungleurs,'" Mrs. Sturtevant Jaffray corrected, rolling the word on her tongue with elaborately false accent.

It was a time when men are proverbially cautioned to count a hundred. Roger strode through the vacant rooms and toward the head of the hall stairs.

Over the banisters he saw a strange man leaping up two steps at a time. The footman who stood at the top, back to Roger, made a warning movement forward. "It 's all right for you, too, Cyrano," said the stranger, with obvious reference to the footman's nose as well as to his costume. Saying this, he produced and handed over a greenback. On the corner of it Roger saw the figures 100.

"I *beg* your pardon," Roger said.

The footman turned, aghast.

The stranger did not lose his composure. "Don't mention it," he said sweetly. Looking beyond Roger, he saw Myrtle and her mother still standing at the hall door. "I must join my hostess."

"You will *not!*" said Roger. The man was in modern evening clothes, except that he wore a black waistcoat, black satin tie, and a huge ruby solitaire in his shirt-front.

"Who may you be?" the stranger asked, still very sweetly.

It was a new one on Roger. He spoke his name.

"What name?" With solicitous cordiality, the stranger bent forward to listen, extending his hand.

Roger repeated his name.

"Oh—of course! Mine is Bumpus—Charlemagne Bumpus. Glad to meet you, Mr. Roger Jaffray. You 're a great favorite with Miss Rarrish. I often wished to make your acquaintance. See you later, I hope."

The breezy assurance of Charlemagne Bumpus was like a tonic. Roger found himself laughing. After all, it was his aunt's party, and she was standing there with Myrtle. In view of her present mood, it would be no slight recompense for the loss of his medieval interlude to see her give Bumpus a modern bouncing.

But Les Jongleurs were beginning, and Mrs. Jaffray had started toward her seat. Myrtle, however, turned at a whispered summons, and with a smile of obvious pleasure, gave Bumpus her hand.

Roger laughed ironically and aloud. "All right," he said to the footman, who had been a terrified witness of the scene; "I won't peach."

As he passed again in to the grand'salle, Myrtle and her romantic lover were

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"MRS. STURTEVANT JAFFRAY . . . LAUGHED LONG AND LOUD, IN AN ECSTASY OF DELIGHT, AT HER OWN ENTERTAINMENT"

at a deserted table, far back, deep in confidential conversation.

The full story of the reception of "Les Jongleurs" was never made public. The newspapers go to press early on Christmas Eve, and in any case the end was too late to be reported. They acclaimed the occasion as a triumph, repeated the exaggerated reports of its expense, and the descriptions of the guests' costumes; there was an imposing list of those present, made up from the record of acceptances, and a plentiful lack of other information.

All the fairest ornaments of the vaudeville stage performed—black face and white face, singers and dancers, jugglers and acrobats, monkeys, seals, and dogs. Performers from the popular stage had once been a novelty in the homes of the rich, but the time was long past. The modern rage of curiosity has left little of the life of the other half unrevealed. The young men present, and many of the young women, had been familiar with "Les Jongleurs" from childhood.

In their own haunts, there is a delight in the accent and walk of the Bowery, and in all arts of low comedy. Now, one and all of the performers, white face and black face, monkeys and dogs, were clad in Renaissance costume. A Yiddish comedian imitated a popular comic actor in the raiment of a seneschal. A man whose face and hair were a copy of a famous low comedian, rasped fiddle music out of strings stretched on a beer barrel, and waltzed round and round a xylophone as he smote sweet numbers from it—and all in the habiliments of a troubadour. The vulgarity of it shrieked aloud.

At first the exhibition was received in silence. Then, as the full enormity of it sank in, there were sporadic bursts of laughter, which gradually became a general, irresistible convulsion. This, far from disconcerting the performers, encouraged them to many repetitions. By and by, in self-defense, the spectators were obliged to control themselves. And still the interminable numbers dragged on. The vaudeville was not only refined, it was continuous.

By and by, Freddie Tarleton, who sat near one of the two enormous stone fireplaces that stood in the middle of the side walls, got up, and stepping beneath the yawning chimney, looked up-

ward. In point of fact, he had been remarking that it was about time for Santa Claus to come down with his pack; but to a dozen minds at once the same thought occurred: he had found up the chimney an avenue of escape from the horrible torture. A general laugh arose, which brought on another repetition of refined vaudeville.

Of all those present, Mrs. Sturtevant Jaffray alone, being puritanically opposed to the theater, was unfamiliar with the vaudeville stage. She laughed long and loud, in an ecstasy of delight, at her own entertainment. As often as she did so, another cachinnation was heard—from Charlemagne Bumpus, who was still sitting back with Myrtle. Soon every one had remarked him, and wondered at his black tie and flaming solitaire.

To Jaffray it seemed that a thousand eyes were fixed upon him, and—what he felt more keenly—upon the young painter. He could stand it no longer. Catching Claflin's eye, he passed the signal. Both got up and strode out into the adjoining rooms. Just ahead of them they saw Archie Stuyvers escaping to the coat-room.

Archie saw them. "Will you kindly say good-by for me to your aunt?" he sheepishly said. "I 've just remembered an engagement at the club. Awfully awkward of me—the kind of thing one simply can't explain himself."

"You 've guessed the combination," was all Roger could say.

Archie grinned.

The two victims of art found a table in an obscure corner of the conservatory, from which, however, they could see the hallway. In grim silence they watched the guests by twos and threes stealthily following in the path of Archie. Presently the show was over, and there was a general exodus.

The excuse given at departing was the dance at the Heath-Burtons'. That function, though it had begun tamely enough, ended in a blaze of splendor—château splendor. Over the mangled social corpse of Mrs. Sturtevant Jaffray unaided intelligence rose triumphant. It was only by degrees that the world learned how the new-comers had come into the land of heart's desire. To this day the Heath-Burtons have a sense of peculiar gratitude toward "ree-fined" and continuous vaudeville.

"Don't let me keep you, Claflin," Roger at last found words to say. Then he remembered Myrtle, and Mary's long machinations. "Unless you *want* to see Mrs. Jaffray and Miss Rarrish," he added.

"*Want* to see them?" Claflin burst out from a mood of artistic violence.

"I—I had an idea," Roger stammered, "that you had found them interesting."

"Interesting—yes! They 're what in the Latin Quarter we used to call *types*. All the damnable ignorance of my native land is in them, and its still more damnable propriety. Do you remember that passage in Homer about the great white sow? They are the American counterpart; only their bestiality is that of the proprieties, not of the vices. I had an idea of making a picture of it,—the mother for the character, the daughter for the plastic model,—a great national emblem. But the subject is n't big enough. The prig and the prude, however gross, have no place in art." He paused. "I beg your pardon," he broke off. "I forgot—in a way—"

Truth prompted Roger to make an exception in favor of Myrtle, who had much of her father's human sense. But he was in no mood to split hairs. "They 're no kin of mine," he said. "You 're excused."

"Then I 'll go," Claflin laughed.

By now the little tables had all been set for supper. A few of them were occupied, but for the most part the scene was a wilderness of linen and silver. On each table stood an uncorked bottle of vintage wine, bubbling away its precious life in vain.

"Aunt Augusta will be pleased," said Claflin as he departed. "She does n't like to put temptation in the way of young men."

A few months later, despairing of his native land, he sailed to join the colony of American artists in Paris.

Roger found Mary pluckily standing by Mrs. Jaffray to the last. Gliding in behind her, he summoned her to the obscure table he had chosen, and gave her food and a glass of wine.

Aunt Augusta, she told him, was either a hero or a fool: she gave no sign of being aware of the disaster. After that,

neither spoke; but each knew that the other was thinking of what the sorry effort had cost them in money—or rather in credit.

"But there is still hope for Myrtle," Mary protested.

"And of my raise in salary," Roger suggested, with a flicker of his old irony.

Mary was still undaunted.

"Myrtle and Mr. Claflin have both disappeared somewhere," she said, with a pleasurable suspicion.

Roger had not the heart to disillusion her.

In the pause that followed, they heard a whisper of voices from a nook in the conservatory beyond. Peering into the darkness, Roger saw two people at a table placed by a window overlooking Central Park. Presently they descried Myrtle and Bumpus, hand in hand.

"That will have to be put an end to," said Mary.

"Then come with me." Roger laughed a little harshly, and stalked into the gloom.

"I am taking advantage," he said to the plumber, "of the hope you so politely expressed to see me later. Unless I am mistaken," he continued, with calculated effrontery, "you were just telling Miss Rarrish, Othello-like, of the dangers you have passed in reaching her—the pikemen on the sidewalk, the footmen within."

"Pshaw!" said Bumpus, "that was nothing. They all feed out of my hand. Why, Miss Myrtle and I have met three times a week since we landed—out there in the park in the afternoon when I could get away from business, and, when I could n't, here in the evening."

"Charley!" Myrtle protested.

"No time like the present! They got to know sooner or later. We 're engaged."

A portentous silence fell on the intruders.

Bumpus did not heed it. "If you really want to know what I was talking about to Miss Myrtle," he said, with the air of waving aside their interruption, "it was about a business deal I have on. Othello! Romance! If you ask me, there never was a time when the world was as full of big and glorious adventures as to-day, never a place as chuck full of them as these here United States. My idea is a trade combination of American sanitary architects. As I was remarking"—he turned to Myrtle—"every light you see there beyond the trees comes from a home with porcelain bath-tubs and open-work plumbing. We can make it the same all over the world. The man that brings the industry into economic coördination, prevents the waste of piecemeal manufacture and competitive selling, will do a bigger thing than any of those old tin shop soldiers you fellows are so struck on, who thought they had done a day's work when they robbed a church and burned a city. And that 's what this Othello is up and doing—with the help of Miss Myrtle."

"With the help of her money, you mean?" Roger said, still with his calculated incisiveness.

"Precisely," Bumpus exclaimed. "Oh," he added, "you think I 'm a fortune-hunter. In this assemblage the mistake is natural. I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray. Miss Myrtle has told me all about you. You are the sort of plumb American I am. Say," he broke off, sweeping an eloquent hand toward the grand'salle, "was n't that a bum show! Why, even those dramatized novel actors and actresses in the audience were on to it. I laughed till my jaws most split, trying to 'liven it up; but that show was a dead dog before it started. Now, if they had really wanted to do something fine, why did n't they give one of the dramas of Shakspere. *They 're* all to the mustard. They say there are thirty-seven of them. I have been to every one ever given in Jersey City or Hoboken, and still there are twenty-three I never heard the names of."

Roger had begun to listen. "But about the open-work trust," he prompted.

"Oh, yes. Why, Miss Myrtle knows I 'm no matrimonial grafter. I proposed to her and was trun down three times on the steamer before I knew she had a thing beyond her pretty face. It was n't till to-night, when I stood by her through this cheap vawdyville, that she owned up she loved me."

Roger despaired of maintaining longer his rôle of protector of the family. "Beau Brummel Bumpus," he said, "you 're the man for me!"

"Simon Charlemagne," Bumpus cor-

rected him. "My family calls me Charley, and I 'd take it kindly if you would do the same."

"Cousin Charley! In spirit we are brothers."

"I know a man when I see one," said Charlemagne, "and folks usually get along with me. But there 's one thing I wish you 'd stand in with me on. The proud parent over yonder ain't *on* yet. We 're keeping this thing secret till Miss Myrtle has come of age. That 's why I had to sneak beneath the tent, so to speak. Savvy?"

"Sure, Mike!" Roger cordially exclaimed.

"And if you ever want a place to meet," Mary added, like the philosopher she always was, though tardily, "our apartment and our table are at your disposal."

"Well, now," said Charlemagne. "That 's talking like *family!*"

The name of their hostess had broken the spell. With a hurried and humorous good night, Bumpus made his way down the great stone staircase.

Roger and Mary found Mrs. Sturtevant Jaffray at her *métier* of speeding the parting guest. "Good night," said Roger; and Mary repeated, "Good night."

To their amazement, Anne of Brittany was still in her mood of triumph. "Was n't it a grand success!" she said, in the manner of a phrase one has often repeated. "The credit is all due to Professor Zartleben. He is *such* an ar-teest." It was, however, with the personal touch that she added: "I 'm so glad, my dears, that I could include you in it all. It will keep your social ledger balanced for a good two seasons. In society, all take and no give is a short story."

As they turned to go, they were met by a portentous figure—that of Charlemagne Bumpus. "I want you to introduce me to my mother-in-law," said the plumber.

"What!" cried Mrs. Jaffray.

"We meant to keep it a secret till Miss Myrtle came of age. But I changed my mind at the door. I never was the man to work from cover, and I ain't going to begin now."

"What!" repeated Mrs. Jaffray, her voice rising almost to a shriek. Then, "Is this true?" she demanded of Myrtle.

"Yes, mother," said the girl, the resolute spirit of her father mounting within her; "you 've always had your way. But I 've set my mind on this thing, and it 's going through."

"If you want particulars about me," said Bumpus, "ask Mr. Roger Jaffray here. They 're with me hand in glove, and promised to help me worry along on the Q. T. But I ain't going to let *them* in for any underhand business."

Mrs. Sturtevant Jaffray turned upon Roger and Mary with a look of rage which even Claflin might have found inhuman enough to paint.

"You wretched little sneaks!" she said between clenched teeth. "I 'll take the skin off your hides for this!"

Thus vanished Mary's dream of more than fifteen dollars a week.

When they got home, Roger mechanically turned over the evening's mail. It was mostly duns. One letter caught his eye: it bore the cheerful imprint of the Elizabethan Players. But it also was a bill—the bill for typewriting his interlude in parts.

He opened his check-book, and as his slender balance was just sufficient, he made out a check.

"It 's the ragged edge," said Roger; "but we 're on it together."

He produced a morocco traveling-bag, gorgeously fitted with a toilet-set of ivory and gold. It was a present from Aunt Augusta in the days before he had turned from Myrtle to Mary. Once before he had pawned it. "Aunt Augusta would be pleased," he laughed, "if she knew where this is going to be to-morrow."

Mary was in tragi-comic tears. " Poor little interlude!" she said.

Roger burst into a peal of laughter. "That was a great plot—Bumpus out of business!"

SANDRINGHAM

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

FIFTH PAPER: ROYAL HOSPITALITY AT SANDRINGHAM—THE COMTESSE DE PARIS AND THE LEAGUE OF THE ROSE—QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE JUBILEE—LORD HARTINGTON—RACING MATTERS

WHEN Lord Randolph Churchill resigned his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, the political world stood aghast. Friends bemoaned, and the toadies and sycophants fell away and vanished. His action aroused much censure, and every hand seemed against him; yet his only crime was to advocate economy. How well I remember my bitter feelings in those days! The political atmosphere around us seemed suddenly full of strife and treachery. To hear Randolph abused in every quarter was gall and wormwood to me,—often, as I thought, by the very men who owed their success, if not their political existence, to him. On every side I heard of the defection of political allies, even of some whom we had every reason to believe would remain loyal. But I suppose the flowing tide was too much for them, and they drifted away with the rest. It was fated that the first political speech made after Randolph's resignation was by Sir John Gorst, who criticized him in no measured terms. Well might Randolph have exclaimed with Zechariah, "I was wounded in the house of my friends." In speaking some years later of Sir John at a public meeting, Randolph referred to him as "my honorable friend." To me, who had bitterly resented what I rightly or wrongly considered an unfriendly act on the part of Sir John, this was too much, and I remonstrated warmly. "The fact is," said Randolph, laughingly, "it slipped out; I forgot." I remember hearing Lord Salisbury say that a man who could not be vindictive was not a strong man. I often quoted this without effect to Randolph.

When I looked back at the few preceding months which seemed so triumphant and full of promise, the *débacle* appeared all the greater. I had made sure that Randolph would enjoy the fruits of office for years to come, and apart from the honor and glory, I regretted those same "fruits." But on this subject he was adamant. "Politics and money do not go

together," he would often say to me; "so put the thought away."

How dark those days seemed! In vain I tried to console myself with the thought that happiness does not depend so much on circumstances as on one's inner self. But I have always found in practice that theories are of little comfort. The vicissitudes of life resemble one of those gilded balls one sees in a fountain. Thrown up by the force of the water, it flies up and down; now at the top, catching the rays of the sun, now cast into the depths, then again shooting up, sometimes so high that it escapes altogether, and falls to the ground.

It is with pleasure that I turn from these unpleasant reflections to the remembrance of a charming visit we paid to Sandringham a month previous, in honor of the Prince of Wales's birthday. The Prince and Princess dispensed their hospitality with that remarkable simplicity of which English royalty alone has the secret. One felt at home at once; indeed, the life was the same as at any pleasant English country house. Breakfast, which began at nine o'clock, was served at small, round tables in a dining-room decorated with Spanish tapestries given by the late King of Spain. The men were in shooting get-up, and the ladies in any dress they chose to affect—short skirts and thick boots or elaborate day gowns. No one noticed or cared. None of the royalties appeared before midday, although the Prince of Wales joined the shooters, who made an early start after breakfast. The feminine contingent, left to their own devices, generally congregated in the large hall, which contained writing-tables, a piano, and masses of books and newspapers.

The amount of scribbling, by the way, which goes on in a country house, and in which Englishwomen in particular indulge, is always a source of astonishment and amusement to foreigners. "Mais qu'est-ce qu'elles écrivent toute la journée?" I have heard them exclaim. But foreigners never can understand the Englishwoman's busy life, full as it is of multitudinous occupations ranging from household duties to political gatherings, and all necessitating correspondence.

Just before luncheon we all sallied forth to join the shooters: some would drive, and others would walk to the rendezvous. The Princess of Wales, looking in her neat walking-dress and small felt hat as young as her own daughters, would drive a pair of ponies. The luncheon in a big tent was always very animated and sometimes so prolonged that a gentle reminder was needed of the birds waiting to be shot. At this time the young Princesses were unmarried. If their manners in public were perhaps too diffident and shy compared with those of foreign royalties, in private they were full of gaiety and fun, dearly loving a joke, particularly if it was directed against some familiar friend who might be staying there.

The sport was exceedingly good and well-managed, owing to the Prince of Wales, who, an excellent shot himself, looked after the arrangements instead of leaving them all to the keepers. The ladies stayed out to see the sport, many forming a gallery around Lord de Grey, who was one of the guns on this occasion, and whose wonderful shooting has gained him world-wide reputation among sportsmen. I remember once that at Panshanger, when I was staying with the late Lord Cowper, I saw Lord de Grey shoot in one stand fifty-two birds out of fifty-four, and on a bet this was done with one hand. He had two loaders and three guns.

Five o'clock tea was a feature at Sandringham. The simplicity of the day attire was discarded in favor of elaborate tea-gowns. After tea, Signor Tosti, who was a great favorite with the royal family, would be made to sing some of his charming songs. He would ramble on in his delightful impromptu manner for hours. Besides his musical gifts, he was a most amusing man, and kept us all laughing at his stories and witty sallies. Sometimes I played duets with the Princess, who was particularly fond of Brahms's Hungarian dances, which were just then in vogue. Or it might be that we would go to Princess Victoria's sitting-room, where there were two pianos, and struggle with a concerto of Schumann. The pace set was terrific, and I was rather glad there was no audience.

Although no uniforms were worn at dinner, this was a ceremonious affair, with every one in full dress and decorations. Being rather unpunctual in those days, I was always on the verge of being

By permission of Frederick Hollyer. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

STUDY BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS FOR A PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD VII, WHEN PRINCE OF WALES

THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE WATTS COLLECTION AT GUILDFORD, SURREY

late. The clocks were put half an hour in advance; but that did not help me, as I traded on the fact, forgetting that it made no difference. When every one was assembled, their Royal Highnesses would be announced, each lady in turn having the privilege of being taken in by her royal host, who arranged the list himself, and was very particular that there should be no hitch as to people finding their places at once. An equerry with a plan of the dining-table would explain to each man who was to be his partner and where he was to sit. The dinner, which never lasted more than an hour, was excellent and admirably ordered, which is not always the case in royal households where indiscriminate profusion is paramount. Conversation was fairly animated; there was none of that stiffness which pervaded Windsor and made one fear the sound of one's own voice. Our host would often chaff some one across the table, giving a vivacious turn to the proceedings. The evenings were not prolonged, for in those days there was no Gottlieb's band to listen to, as there invariably is now, or bridge to keep one up late. The Prince

From a photograph by Downey, London

THE DAUGHTERS OF KING EDWARD VII. PRINCESS VICTORIA; PRINCESS LOUISE, NOW DUCHESS OF FIFE AND PRINCESS ROYAL; PRINCESS MAUD (RECLINING), NOW QUEEN OF NORWAY

From a photograph by Lafayette

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WHEN PRINCESS OF WALES

would have his rubber of whist, while the rest of the company sat about and talked until the Princess made a move to go to bed, when the ladies would troop off together, stopping to laugh and chatter in the passages, which seemed to amuse the young Princesses more than anything else. Sometimes the Princess would ask one into her dressing-room, which was crowded with objects and souvenirs of all kinds. The dressing-table was so littered with miniatures and photographs of children and friends, besides every conceivable bibelot, that there was no room for brushes or toilet things. On a perch in the center of the room was an old and somewhat ferocious white parrot, which I remember made disconcerting pecks at you if you happened to be within his radius. At other times the Princess might surprise you by coming to your room, ostensibly "to see if you had everything you wanted," but in reality to give a few words of advice, or to offer her sympathy if she thought you needed any. For without making people realize it, few things escaped her observant eyes. To those who have the privilege of coming into contact with her, Queen Alexandra has endeared herself by many such kind acts, as well as by her gentle and tactful sympathy.

Among those who were at Sandringham on that occasion were the Comtesse de Paris and the late Lady Salisbury.

I did not know Lady Salisbury well, but she impressed me as being a woman of great strength of character and full of common sense. One could not help liking her, notwithstanding a rather brusque manner. I fancy she disliked affectations of any kind, and her masterly mind must have disdained the ordinary society twaddle to which she was often called upon to listen. I remember a heated argument with her on the duties incumbent on a

A DISTINGUISHED GROUP AT SANDRINGHAM

From left to right: Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII; Lady Randolph Churchill, Comtesse de Paris, Princess of Wales, Lady Salisbury, Comte de Paris, Lady de Grey, Lord de Grey, Mr Christopher Sykes, Miss Charlotte Knollys, Princess Maud, now Queen of Norway (with dog); Princess Victoria, Princesse Hélène d'Orléans, now Duchesse d' Aosta; Princess Louise, now Princess Royal and Duchess of Fife; Mr. Henry Matthews, then Home Secretary and now Viscount Llandaff; Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. C. R. Spencer, now Lord Althorp, Lord Chamberlain.

politician's wife. According to her, they were rather arduous, involving the necessity of making a study of the various political questions of the day. I confess I felt no desire to tackle either the Plan of Campaign or the Budget, which were the two prominent questions of the moment, and thought I could help Randolph more in other ways.

The Comtesse de Paris, of whom I saw a great deal later, was most unlike a Frenchwoman. Tall and rather thin, but with a pleasant smile and a desire to please, she affected rather sporting clothes and fancied herself with a gun. Personally, although I see no harm in a woman shooting game, I cannot say I admire it as an accomplishment. The fact is, I love life so much that the unnecessary curtailing of any creature's existence is more than distasteful to me. Not long ago, while in Scotland, I saw a young and charming woman, who was surely not of a bloodthirsty nature, kill two stags in one morning. The first she shot through the heart. With the aid of a powerful pair of field-glasses, I watched her stalk the second. First she crawled on all fours up a long burn; emerging hot and panting, not to say wet and dirty, she then continued her scramble up a steep hill, taking advantage of any cover afforded by the ground, or remaining in a petrified attitude if by chance a hind happened to look up. The stag, meanwhile, quite oblivious of the danger lurking at hand, was apparently enjoying himself. Surrounded by his hinds, he trusted to their vigilance, and lay in the bracken in the brilliant sunshine. I could just see his fine antlered head, when suddenly, realizing that all was not well, he bounded up, making a magnificent picture as he stood gazing round, his head thrown back in defiance. *Crash! bang!* and this glorious animal became a maimed and tortured thing. Shot through both forelegs, he attempted to gallop down the hill, his poor broken legs tumbling about him, while the affrighted hinds stood riveted to the spot, looking at their lord and master with horror, not unmixed with curiosity. I shall never forget the sight, or that of the dogs set on him, and the final scene, over which I draw a veil. If these things must be done, how can a woman bring herself to do them?

THE DINING-ROOM AT SANDRINGHAM

But this digression has taken me far from the Comtesse de Paris. She was much liked, every one finding her "*bonne enfant.*" Secretly she nourished ambitious schemes for the Comte de Paris, and at that time was confident that he would eventually become King of France.

We had long conversations about the Primrose League, which interested her

ISABELLE, COMTESSE DE PARIS, MOTHER OF THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL AND THE DUCHESSE D'AOSTA

vastly. So greatly did she admire its organization that she started a league in France on more or less the same lines. "La Ligue de la Rose," as it was called, had for its symbol "la Rose de France," and its object was the restoration of the monarchy. Unlike the Primrose League, I fear it did not make the stir or gain the recruits that she hoped. Nevertheless, for some years it flourished in a mild way. H.R.H. having meanwhile honored me with her friendship, I saw a good deal of her, and she constantly sought my advice as to the details of her scheme. An inspired article on the "Rose League" appeared in the "Primrose League Gazette," which gave her great satisfaction.[1] It is sad to think that so much energy and zeal came to nought. The "Ligue," as well as its object, is a thing of the past. But in France political movements are not furthered by the help of women: the existing form of government and the ridicule attached to their public appearance preclude them from airing their views or promoting a cause on a platform. Be-

[1] *Sheen House, East Sheen, Surrey, July 25, '88*
MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

You have been so kind as to interest yourself somewhat in our attempts at a league in France, and I take the liberty of sending you the two circulars which we shall have printed and distributed in a few days. I hope you will read them indulgently, and keep them, so that, if we should in time attain to happy results, we shall be able later to talk them over together. You know that it is you who first gave me the idea of doing something similar in France, and so I think of you always in this great undertaking, and already I owe to you, even before beginning, the firm faith I have that we shall succeed by following your example.

The Rose League will never be the equal of the Primrose League; but perhaps they may meet often in the future.

If I have not mentioned the Primrose League in the circular, it is solely because I have not dared compare the immense success of the first flower with the modest beginnings of the second; but in private letters, and in speaking to all those who are willing to work with me, I have always mentioned it, in order to give every one the same idea: to succeed as you have.

Forgive me for my ambition, and believe me, until I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again,

Yours very affectionately
Isabelle Comtesse de Paris.

Sheen House, East Sheen, Surrey, October 7, 1888
MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

I do not know whether you are in London, but I send you a line there to say that I received last night a number of the "Primrose League Gazette,"

PRINCESSE HÉLÈNE D'ORLÉANS, NOW DUCHESSE D'AOSTA

sides, the majority of Frenchwomen are too much occupied with the domestic affairs of their homes or with business matters to give much attention to anything outside. How different from the part Englishwomen play in politics, and particularly in London society, where they are more important agents than in any other capital of the world! This is owing to the happy blending of matters social and political which an established order of things has fostered for centuries.

Princesse Hélène d'Orléans, who was a dream of beauty, accompanied her mother, the Comtesse de Paris, on her visit to Sandringham. A great favorite with the royal family, the Duke of Clarence's attachment to her later was an open secret. But the difference of religion made an insuperable barrier between them, illustrating with truth the fact that the paths of royalties are not always strewn with roses.

In looking at the old photograph of the party (page 842), I see that Lord Salisbury and Randolph are standing side by side. How little did I or any one else there realize the great and irretrievable breach which was to come so soon and so suddenly between these two! In the midst of delightful people, occupations, and amusements, I was quite happy and far from imagining that the political horizon was not clear.

The celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee (1887) was the occasion of every sort of festivity. London was crowded to its utmost, and people came from all parts of the world to see the pageant and the crowning ceremony in Westminster Abbey. The day was blessed with the proverbial "Queen's weather." Rarely had I seen London look so bright and festive—blue sky and bright sunshine, flags everywhere, and an excited yet patient crowd filling the thoroughfares and the route of the procession. As the wife of an ex-Cabinet Minister, I had the privilege of being given a good place in the abbey. I was immensely impressed with the magnificent sight. Gorgeous uniforms and beautiful dresses were enhanced by the "dim religious light," pierced here and there by the rays of the summer sun as it streamed through the ancient stained-glass windows. The Queen, representing the glory and continuity of England's history, sat alone in the middle of the great nave, a small, pathetic figure surrounded by that vast assembly, whose gaze was riveted upon her. A wave of emotion seemed to pass over them as silent tears were seen to be dropping one by one upon the Queen's folded hands. Perhaps the fact that the Te Deum which was being played had been composed by the Prince Consort added yet another note of sadness to the weight of her memories.

Once again I had occasion to see Queen Victoria at a great function. This was at the opening of the Imperial Institute. The Queen, with a look of intense anxiety on her face, sat on a throne in the middle of the huge hall, which was filled to overflowing. She had to make a speech, which evidently was a great ordeal; but when she did so, her voice, soft and gentle as it was, never wavered for a moment, and every word could be heard by all.

Many were the public functions of all kinds to which we were bidden that year in honor of the Queen's Jubilee. Among them was an invitation from the White Star Company to cruise for a few days on board one of their ships, and to see the Naval Review, which was to take place in the Solent. In the middle of the London season, and suffering from the heat and glare of a big city in the month of June, the prospect was a delightful one. The trip proved most enjoyable. The Duchess of Manchester (since Duchess of Devonshire), Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, and a host of well-

with a very kind article on the Rose League. I want to thank you for sending it, and for the article, for I feel quite sure that you had a very great part in it. If I am wrong pray express my thanks to the author. The Primrose League is indeed kind to welcome so cordially its younger sister—the Rose League.

I sent you, day before yesterday, a number of the "Soleil," so that you might see our new paper in its entirety. You doubtless recognized certain phrases, and I hope you will approve of what I have done; I have, I think, followed your advice. I hear good reports from every side; it appears that the Rose is progressing excellently; I hope this enthusiasm will continue, and it will be to you, above all, that we shall owe our success.

I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you again; and in the meantime pray believe me

Yours very affectionately

Isabelle Comtesse de Paris.

known and agreeable people, were aboard. Great were the political foregatherings, and arguments and discussions never ceased. Although Mr. Chamberlain had left Mr. Gladstone and the Home-Rule Party, he was not yet prepared to join the Conservatives, notwithstanding the overtures made to him by Lord Salisbury. Tired of inactivity, he was revolving at that time, in conjunction with Randolph, a scheme for a new party which was to be called the National Party, and both were anxious that Lord Hartington should join it. The moment was thought propitious, and it was settled that Mr. Chamberlain should speak to Lord Hartington. That afternoon I was sitting on the deck with the latter when Mr. Chamberlain joined us. Drawing up a chair, without preliminaries and with his usual directness, he suddenly plunged into the matter. Lord Hartington, taken *au dépourvu*, looked uncomfortable and answered very shortly. Mr. Chamberlain, full of his scheme, pressed the points home, taking no notice of the monosyllables he got in answer. But after a time the frozen attitude of Lord Hartington began to take effect, and the conversation languished and died. I believe the subject was never reopened. In any case, nothing came of it. I imagine that Lord

From a photograph by Alexander Bassano

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, NOW THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

Hartington was a difficult person to persuade against his will and most uncompromisingly definite in his likes and dislikes. I have always thought that there existed a gulf between him and Mr. Chamberlain that no political expediency could really bridge. But of course this is only my own opinion.

I have heard Randolph say that in most political questions he considered Lord Hartington's judgment infallible. He was slow, but sure. If an important paper, requiring an early answer, was sent to him to read, it might be pigeonholed for weeks. But when he *did* read it, he would at once discover any flaw or weakness, and his verdict generally carried the day. In private life no one is pleasanter or easier to get on with than the Duke. His rather stern countenance belies a mirth-loving soul, and he thoroughly appreciates a joke.

His carelessness about his clothes has become proverbial among his friends, and once on his birthday his lady

THE PRESENCE-CHAMBER, HARDWICK HALL

From photographs by Richard Keene, Limited

THE BED IN WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH SLEPT

HARDWICK HALL, ONE OF THE SEATS OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE
Built by Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury ("Bess of Hardwick"), 1590-97.

friends, thinking that he needed a new hat, sent him every conceivable sort of head-gear from the ceremonious top hat to the flannel cricketing cap. My contribution, I remember, was a pot hat. For hours they poured in; I believe he received over fifty. In old days before he succeeded to the dukedom we used to stay with him at Hardwick Hall for shooting parties. It was a wonderful place, full of thrilling historical associations. I never tired of hearing about them, or of wandering through the beautiful rooms full of the memories of the most ill-fated of queens, and of her gaoler, the great Bess of Hardwick, ancestress of our host. My imagination ran riot when I gazed on the screens and cushions worked by Mary Queen of Scots during the long years of her captivity. Who knows? On these very canvases her tears may have been as numerous as were the stitches with which she tried to find solace. There are some lines written apropos of this gallery by the celebrated and beautiful Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, who spent the first few months after her marriage at Chatsworth and Hardwick, whence she writes in French to her mother, Countess Spencer.

Hardwick,
1774.

. . . . Sachant comme vous le *faîte*, notre solitude ici, que nous avons pour toute société, les arbres du Parc et les portraits de La Gallerie et les Ombres des bonnes gens qui y sonts peints, ici—

Où nous avons pour compagnie
L'Ombre de la reine Marie,
Qui eut un nombre étonnant
De maux, de soucis et d'amants.
Où bien par sa bonté extrême
La grande Elizabeth même
Sort quelque fois du canevas
Pour demander comment l'on va,
(Celle qui régnant sur la terre
De sa Virginité fut fière
Et si l'on en croit ces temps-là
A tort la reine s'en piqua.)

I remember having a large, tapestried room the door of which had a keyhole big enough to put one's hand through, and which gave on to the presence-chamber. The first night I thought the arras seemed to move about, so arming myself with a poker, I thrust it here and there, when to my dismay I felt the tapestry give, and on looking behind, saw a small, winding stone staircase disappearing into unknown depths. This made me so nervous that I sat shivering for hours in an arm-chair, surrounded by all the candles I could find, until I fell asleep from sheer fatigue. It was with quite an emotion that I one day put on a puce satin cloak that had belonged to Bess of Hardwick.

Lord Hartington, in showing us some of the pictures, came across a portrait of one of the dukes of Devonshire of whom he told rather an amusing story. The agent came to the Duke, complaining that his son, the Lord Hartington of the day, was spending enormous sums of money. "Well," said the Duke, "is n't there plenty of it?"

Sir Henry Wolff, Randolph, and I were once staying at Buxton, and we went over as tourists to visit Chatsworth. When I told Lord Hartington that I had been there, and was much impressed with the grandeur and beauty of the place, all he said was, "Did you break anything?"

Ten years later another naval review was held to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee, at which I was also present, having again accepted an invitation to spend three days on board the *Teutonic*, H.M. armed cruiser for the nonce. Among the guests I found Mr. John Morley, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Sir John and Lady Lister Kaye, Lord and Lady Lonsdale, and many other friends. By the irony of fate the captain had particularly picked out Sir John Gorst to sit next to me at dinner. We had not spoken for many years, but of course I ignored the estrangement.

Everything on this occasion was wonderfully well done, and we had many privileges for seeing all there was to be seen. The fleet in array made a splendid show, and at night the harsh ugly lines and grim realities of the ironclads disappeared in the glare of thousands of electric lights, which made a surprisingly brilliant spectacle. The day of the review Lord Lonsdale interested and amused the fleet in general and the *Teutonic* in particular by dashing about in a high-power motor-boat, which shot in

and out among the battle-ships at great speed.

In this year (1887), Randolph, having more leisure after his resignation, became keener about the turf. We had both of us often attended race-meetings, particularly Newmarket, but he had not owned any race-horses. In partnership with Lord Dunraven, Randolph now bought a number of horses, which were trained by R. Sherwood. For some years the stable was very successful. We took a small house on the Chieveley estate, about three miles from the town of Newmarket, where I passed many a pleasant week. We would ride out in the early morning from six to seven to see the horses do their gallops. It was a most healthy and invigorating life, and I became greatly interested in the horses, and used to spend hours with Randolph at Sherwood's, when he and the trainer would study the racing calendar and decide upon the entries for the horses.

Newmarket has become very different from what it was in the early eighties, when I first went there. Then, only the old stands existed, some of which date back quite two hundred years. The ladies who came were habitués, and did not muster a dozen at the outside. Among them were Caroline Duchess of Montrose, who was a large owner of horses; the Duchess of Manchester (now Duchess of Devonshire), and Lady Cardigan, who would drive up in an old-fashioned, yellow tilbury, in which she sat all day. The late Lady Bradford and the late Lady Cadogan were always there; as were Lady Castlereagh (now Lady Londonderry), Mary Lady Gerard, and a few others. It was the fashion to ride, the few who did not appearing in ordinary country clothes. Nowadays velvets and feathers are worn by the mob which throngs the stands, many not knowing a horse from a cow, but coming because it is the fashion. I have heard amusing tales of the ignorance displayed on these occasions. One lady was overheard declaring that as she had not been to Newmarket for years, she had quite "forgotten the names of the horses," and another, that some one had told her the name of "the yearling which was going to win the Derby at the next Newmarket meeting." A charming duchess, who cares only to see her friends at the races, generally brings her needlework, and takes no heed of the strenuous efforts of the horses and jockeys as they race past her.

The shining light of our stable was the "Abbesse de Jouarre," for which Randolph gave £300 at the Doncaster sales. I had been reading "L'Abbesse de Jouarre," written by Renan in order to disprove the assertions of his friends that he could not write something in a light vein. I suggested the name as a fitting one for the beautiful black mare, which was by "Trappist" out of "Festive." She was a gallant little thing, with a heart bigger than her body, and her size made the public so skeptical that she invariably started at long odds. When she won the Oaks those who backed her got 20 to 1. Neither Randolph nor I saw that performance. He was fishing in Norway, and I was spending a few days with some friends who had a house on the Thames. I remember being in a launch on the river and reaching Boulter's lock shortly after the hour of the race. On my asking the lock-keeper which horse had won the big race, he replied, to my great delight and amusement, "The Abcess on the Jaw." The "Abbesse," after winning many races and producing numerous progeny, died in the breeding stables at Welbeck. It was with great satisfaction that I witnessed her grandson "Land League" win the Cambridgeshire in 1907.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "Open Letters"

"TRIUMPH OF TRUTH OVER ERROR"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY BROWN FULLER

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

VIII *(Continued)*

PRESENTLY, after a talk with Mrs. Swanwick, Jefferson, ill-pleased to meet Hamilton, was of a mind to go. Quite aware that he meant to leave a little sting, he said: "I must be gone. Good-by"; and to Hamilton: "You have heard, no doubt, the good news from France—Citizen."

"I have heard of needless murder and of a weak, ill-served, kindly king insulted by a mob of ruffians."

Jefferson's thin face grew yet more somber; but what reply the Secretary might have made was put aside by the cheerful coming of a man in plain, but not Quaker, clothes, a republican Jacobin of the maddest, as was seen by his interchange of "Citizen" with Jefferson, and the warm welcome he received. Thus reinforced, Jefferson lingered where Mrs. Swanwick and Margaret were busy with the hot chocolate, which Hamilton, from youthful habit, liked. At a word from their hostess, De Courval took a basket, and presently brought from the garden slope peaches such as any back yard among us grew in my childhood—yellow clingstones and open hearts. The widow ministered to the other statesman, who liked peaches and was not to be neglected even for her favorite Hamilton, now busily discussing with Schmidt the news sent by Gouverneur Morris.

The new-comer had paid no least attention to his hostess, but sat down at the table and fingered the jumbles, apees, and cake known as "lovers'-knots" of Nanny's make, until he discovered one to his fancy. Mrs. Swanwick gave no obvious sign of annoyance, but smilingly stirred the chocolate, while Margaret quietly removed the dish of cakes and gave the guest a slice of sweetened bread known as "Dutch loaf."

"There are fewer currants in the cake than there were last week," remarked the astronomer, for, as Schmidt said in an aside to De Courval and Hamilton, as they watched the great eat like lesser folk: "This is the famous astronomer, David Rittenhouse. He divides his thoughts between the heavens and his diet; and what else there is of him is Jacobin."

"I wish," said Hamilton, "that heaven equally engaged the rest of his party. May not I have my chocolate, Mrs. Swanwick?"

"Certainly; and might I be noticed a little?" said Mrs. Swanwick to Rittenhouse. The absent-minded philosopher looked up and said:

"I forgot. Pardon me, Citess."

Hamilton laughed merrily. "Is that the last invention?"

"It sounds like the name of some wild little animal," said the Pearl.

"Neat that, Margaret," said Hamilton; "and might I, too, have a peach? Mr. Jefferson has emptied the basket."

Margaret rose, and with De Courval went down the garden, a fair presentment of the sexes, seen and approved by Hamilton, while Jefferson said gaily:

"The transit of Venus, Rittenhouse," for it was that observation which had given this star-gazer fame and recognition abroad.

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE STOOD STILL, AMAZED AT THE REVELATION"

"My compliments, sir," said Schmidt. "I regret not to have said it."

Jefferson bowed. He was at his best, for neither in manners nor in wit was he wanting in his social hour. The astronomer, without comment, went on eating sweet bread. They drank chocolate and chatted idly of the new luxury—ice-cream, which Monsieur de Malerive made for a living, and sold on the mall we now call Independence Square. They talked, too, of the sad influx of people from San Domingo; the widow, attentive, intellectually sympathetic, a pleasant portrait of what the silver-clad Pearl would be in days to come; she, the girl, leaning against a pillar of the porch, a gray figure silently watchful, curious, behind her for background the velvets of the rival statesmen, the long broidered waistcoats, the ribbon-tied queues, and the two strongly contrasted faces. Perhaps only Schmidt recognized the grace and power of the group on the porch.

The warm August evening was near its close, and a dark storm, which hung threateningly over the Jersey shore, broke up the party. Warned by rolling thunder, the three men went away in peaceful talk.

"The hate they have buried in their bellies," said Schmidt; "but, René, they are of the peerage, say what they may. Equality! *Der gute Himmel!* All men equal—and why not all women, too! He left that out. Equal before the law, perhaps—not his slaves; before God, no—nor man. Does he think Hamilton his equal? He does not love the gentleman entirely. But these two are, as fate, inevitable withal, rulers of men. I have seen the labeled creatures of other lands—kings, ministers. These men you saw here are the growth of a virgin soil—*Ach!* 'There were giants in those days,' men will say." Mrs. Swanwick listened quietly, considering what was said, not always as quick as Margaret to understand the German. He spoke further of the never-pleased Virginian, and then the widow, who had kindness for all and respect for what she called experienced opinion, avoiding to be herself the critic and hiding behind a quotation, said,

"There be many that say, Who will shew us any good?"

"Fine Bible-wisdom," said Schmidt.

By and by when she had gone away with Margaret about household matters, Schmidt said to De Courval: "That is one of the beautiful flowers of the formal garden of Fox and Penn. The creed suits the temperament—a garden rose; but my Pearl—*Ach!* a wild rose, creed and creature not matched; nor ever will be."

"I have had a delightful afternoon," said René, unable or indisposed to follow the German's lead. "Supper will be late. You promised me the new book."

"Yes; Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' not easy reading, but worth while."

Thereafter the busy days ran on into weeks, and in October of this tragic 1792 came the appalling news of the murdered Swiss, self-sacrificed for no country and no large principle beyond the pledge of an oath to a foreign king. More horrible was the massacre of the priests in the garden of the Carmelites.

To René's relief, these unlooked-for riots of murder seemed to affect his mother less than he had feared might be the case. "My husband's death was, my son, a prophecy of what was to come." To her it was all personal. For him it was far more, and the German alone understood the double anguish of a man in whom contended a puzzled horror at deaths without apparent reason, of murders of women like the Princesse de Lamballe,—an orgy of obscene insult,—and a wild anger at the march of the Duke of Brunswick upon Paris. It was his country, after all, and he left his mother feeling disappointed that she did not share his hostile feeling in regard to the *émigrés* in the German army.

The wonderful autumn colors of October and November came and passed, a new wonder to the young man; his mother, to all seeming contented, spending her evenings with him over English lessons, or French books out of Logan's excellent library, or busy with never-finished embroidery. On Sundays they went to Gloria Dei, the modest little church of the Swedes. There to-day, amid the roar of trade and shipyards, in the churchyard the birds sing over the grave of their historian, Wilson, and worn epitaphs relate the love and griefs of a people whose blood is claimed with pride by the historic families of Pennsylvania.

During these months, Aunt Gainor was long absent in Boston on a visit, a little to the relief of the vicomtesse. Schmidt, too, was away in New York, to the regret of René, who had come more and more to feel wholesomely his influence and increasing attachment. The money help had set him at ease, and he could now laugh when, on counting the coin in the drawer, he found it undiminished. He had remonstrated in vain. The German smiled. "A year more, and I shall be out of debt." Had René not heard of the widow's cruse? "I must be honest. 'T is my time. The grateful bee in my bonnet does but improve the shining hour of opportunity. What was there to do but laugh?" And René at last laughed.

December came in with snow and gray skies, and the great business De Courval had grown to feel his own felt the gathering storm caused by the decree of freedom to white and black in the French islands. The great shipmasters, Clark, Willing, Girard, the free-thinking merchant, and Wynne, were all looking as bleak as the weather, and prudently ceased to make their usual sea-ventures before the ice formed, while at the coffee-houses the war between England and France, more and more near, threatened new perils to the commerce of the sea.

On January 27, 1793, being Saturday, while De Courval, Wolcott, and Gilbert Stuart, the artist, sat chatting with Hamilton in the dining-room and drinking the widow's chocolate, the painter was begging leave to make a picture of Margaret, and asking them to come and see the portrait of Mrs. Jackson, one of the three charming sisters of Mr. Bingham.

"No, there must be no portrait. It is against the way of Friends," said the mother. "I should hear of it from Friend Waln and others, too."

What more there was, René did not learn. The painter was urgent. Stuart did paint her long afterward, in glorious splendor of brocade, beautiful with powder and nature's rouge. But now came Nanny, the black maid, and waited while Margaret shyly won a little talk with Hamilton, who loved the girl. "I have been thinking," she said, "of Friend Jefferson. Why, sir," she said, "do they have any titles at all, even Citizen? I think a number would be still more simple." She was furnishing an elder with another of the unlooked-for bits of humor which attest the florescence of a mind gathering sense of the comic as the years run on and the fairy godmother, Nature, has her way.

"Good heaven, child! if Mr. Jefferson had his will with your numeration, I should be zero, and he the angel of arithmetic alone knows what."

"What is it, Nanny?" said the mother.

"Massa Wynne want to see Massa Courval—right away, in the front room."

De Courval, wondering what had happened, and why he was wanted in haste, found Wynne in Schmidt's sitting-room. "Close the door," said the master, "and sit down. I have much to say to you, and little time. There is great disturbance in San Domingo. I have debts due me there, and, by ill chance, a cargo probably to be there soon—the *George Washington,* as you may remember. You made out the bill of lading in French."

"I recall it, sir."

"The debts may go for hopeless. The cargo is lost if landed. Port au Prince and Cap Français are in terror, the planters flying to the towns, the plantations in ruins. The decree of freedom for the black has roused the devil among the slaves, and the low-class whites are ruling the towns." He paused to think, and then added: "I send out to-morrow with the flood my fastest ship, the schooner *Marie*, without cargo, mind you. Will you go, nominally as supercargo? You are more thoughtful than your years would imply. You are twenty-seven, I think you said. What you are worth in danger—and there will be much—I do not know. There may be questions involving grave decisions, involving courageous action, not merely what every gentleman has—mere personal fearlessness. I am plain, I trust."

De Courval was silent.

"If you get there first, I save a large loss. Once ashore, the cargo will be seized, and not a cent paid for it. It is to take or leave, Mr. de Courval; I shall not blame you if you say no. But if you do say no, I must go. The loss may be serious."

Here was a chance to repay much kindness, and the threat of danger stirred the

young man's blood. "How long should I be absent?"

"I do not know. The ship may have gone to Martinique, also. There were goods for both islands."

"There is but one question, sir—my mother. She has no one else. And may I talk to Mr. Schmidt?"

"To no one better, if he were here. He is not, and I cannot wait. I shall call for your answer at nine to-night. The tide serves at 6 A.M. I ought to say that your perfect English and as perfect French enable you to pass for being of one nation or the other. Best to be an American. And De Courval? No; that is too plainly French."

"I am Louis René. Why not Mr. Lewis, sir, at need?"

"Good! Excellent! I shall write my instructions with care. They will be full; but much must be left to you and the master."

"Captain Biddle, I suppose."

"Yes. A resolute old sea-dog, but who will obey because I order it. Good night. At nine—I must know at nine."

De Courval lost no time. His mother was alone, as usual avoiding the Saturday visitors.

"Oh," he said to himself as he stood outside of her door, "you must let me go."

He paused before he knocked. Gratitude, interest, awakened eagerness for perilous adventure, called him to this voyage. He had then, as on later occasions, one source of indecision—the mother. If she said no, he must stay; but would she? He knocked gently, and in a moment was standing at her side.

She set aside her book. "What is wrong?" she said. "I do not want to hear any more evil news—or at least, no details. Who else is dead of those we cared for?"

"No one, mother. Mr. Wynne wishes me to sail for him at dawn to-morrow for San Domingo. I may be in time to save him much money."

"Well," she said coldly, "what else?" Her face, always grave, became stern. "And so, to save a trader's money, I am to be left alone."

"Mother, it seems hard for you to understand these people; and there is another side to it. I have been treated with kindness for which there seems to me small reason. Twice my wages have been raised, and this offer is a compliment, as well as a chance to oblige a man I like."

"Wages!" she cried. "Do not imagine me deceived by these good-natured bourgeois, nor by your desire to spare me. Secretary, indeed! Do they fancy me a fool? You are a clerk."

"I am," he said; "but that is not now of importance. He has said that he must go or I must go."

"Then let him go. You must not disobey me, René."

"Mother," he said, "these people have, God knows why, found us a home, and covered us with obligations never possible to be repaid. Here at last comes a chance—and you know our old French saying."

"Yes, yes, I know. But any clerk could go. It is—oh, my son!—that I should miss you day and night."

"Any clerk could not go, *maman*. It asks this thing—a man not afraid. No timid clerk can go. Do not you see, *maman?*"

"He will think you afraid if you stay?"

"Oh, mother, do understand this man better! He is a gentleman—of—of as good a race as ours, a soldier of distinction in the war. He will not think me afraid; but others may."

"Is there danger, my son?"

"Yes. To be honest, very great danger. The blacks are free. The lower whites rule the seaports. It is to be more terrible than the riot of murder at home."

He had remained standing while he talked. For half a minute the dark figure and unchanging face bent over the embroidery-frame without a word of reply. Then rising, she set a hand on each of his shoulders and said, "You must go, René." Centuries of the training and creed of a race of warlike men could not have failed to defeat love-born anxiety, and the dread of loss, in a woman through whom had passed into the making of a man certain ancestral qualities. "You must go," she repeated.

"Thank you, mother. I was afraid—"

"Of what?" she cried. "That I should be afraid for a man of my blood to risk life where duty calls him?"

"No, mother; I was afraid that you might not see it all as I do."

"If, René, this were but a peaceful er-

rand of months away, I should have said no. The debts, all—all might have stood. I should have been ashamed, but obstinate, my son. We will not discuss it. You must go. And is it for long?" The clear, sweet voice broke a little. "Is it for very long?"

"I do not know."

"Ah, well. I do not want to see you in the morning. When you are ready to-night, you will say good-by."

"Yes, mother. And now I must pack my bag." And he left her.

That was strange, he thought. What would have made some women say no decided her to say go. He smiled proudly. "It was like her," he murmured.

When at eight that night he came to say good-by, she kissed him and said only, "Write to me when you can." At nine Hugh Wynne had the answer he confidently expected.

At dusk of day, the old black Cicero tramped after De Courval through the snow, as full of thought he went on, his camlet cloak about him, and under it the sword he had left in the Quaker's attic. He had told Mrs. Swanwick and left a letter for Schmidt, taking, after some hesitation, fifty dollars out of the drawer.

At daybreak, on the slip, Mr. Wynne waited with the captain. "Here," said the merchant, "are your instructions. Use your good sense. You have it. Have no fear of assuming responsibility. Captain Biddle, in case of doubt, trust Mr. Lewis to decide any question involving money."

"Oh, that is his name—Lewis."

"Yes; Mr. Lewis will show you my instructions." Then taking De Courval aside, "You said no word of pay."

"No, sir."

"Very good. Some men would have bargained. I shall see that your salary while absent, eighty dollars a month, is put in Mary Swanwick's hands for your mother."

"Thank you. That leaves me at ease."

"Ah, here is some of my own Maryland tobacco and a pipe the Germans call meerschaum; and one word more: you have infinitely obliged me and my wife. God bless you! Good-by! *Bon voyage!* Your boat is ready, and Captain Biddle is impatient to be gone."

In a few minutes the *Marie,* wing-and-wing, was flying down the Delaware with the first of the ebb, the skim of ice crackling at her bow and a fair wind after her. They were like enough to carry the ebb-tide with them to the capes or even to outsail it.

De Courval stood on the quarter-deck, in the clear, sharp wintry air, while the sun rose over Jersey and deepened the prevalent reds which had so struck his mother when in May, nine months before, they first saw the city. Now he recalled his sad memories of France, their unhappy poverty in England until their old notary in Paris contrived to send them the few thousand livres with which they had come to Pennsylvania with the hopes which so often deceived the emigrant, and then God had found for them friends. He saw, as he thought of them, the German, who held to him some relation of affectionate nearness which was more than friendship and seemed like such as comes, though rarely, when the ties of blood are drawn closer by respect, service, and love. He had ceased to think of the mystery which puzzled many and of which Hamilton and Mr. Justice Wilson were believed to know more than any others. Being of the religion, he had said to Schmidt in a quiet, natural way that their coming together was providential, and the German had said: "Why not? It was provided." Then he saw Gainor Wynne, so sturdy and full of insistent kindness; the strong, decisive nephew; the Quaker homes; all these amazing people; and, somehow with a distinctness no other figure had, the Pearl in the sunlight of an August evening.

The name Margaret fits well—ah—yes. To sing to her the old French verse—there in the garden above the river—well, that would be pleasant—and to hear how it would sound he must try it, being in a happy mood.

The captain turned to listen, for first he whistled the air and then sang:

LE BLASON DE LA MARGUERITE

En Avril où naquit amour,
J'entrai dans son jardin un jour,
Où la beauté d'une fleurette
Me plut sur celles qùe j'y vis.
Ce ne fut pas la pâquerette,
L'oeillet, la rose, ni le lys:
Ce fut la belle Marguerite,
Qu'au cœur j'aurai toujours écrite.

He laughed. That would hardly do—"*au cœur écrite*"; but then, it is only a song.

"Well sung," said the captain, not ignorant of French. "Do you sing that to the lady who is written in your heart?"

"Always," laughed De Courval—"always."

IX.

IT is well for us to follow the fortunes of some of those who were in De Courval's mind as the *Marie* lost sight of the steeple of Christ Church.

Mrs. Swanwick, born in the creed and customs of the Church of England, was by many ties of kindred allied to the Masters, Willings, Morrises, and to that good Whig rector, the Rev. Richard Peters. She had conformed with some doubts to the creed of John Swanwick, her dead husband, but was of no mind to separate her daughter altogether from the gay cousins whose ways her simpler tastes in no wise always approved.

It was also black Nanny's opinion that the girl should see the gayer world, and she expressed herself on this matter to her mistress with the freedom of an old servant. She could neither read nor even tell the time, and never left the house or garden, except for church or the funeral of some relative. Just now, a week after the vicomte had gone, she was busy in the kitchen when Mrs. Swanwick came in.

"Were there many at thy cousin's burial?" asked the mistress.

"Yes, there was; but this goin' out don't agree with me. I ain't young enough to enjoy it." Then she said abruptly: "Miss Margaret she 's pinin' like. She ain't no Quaker—no more than me."

Mrs. Swanwick smiled, and Nanny went on peeling potatoes.

"I don't go with Friends—I 'm church people, and I likes the real quality."

"Yes, I know, Nanny." She had heard all this many times.

"I heard the Governor askin' you—"

"Yes, yes. I think she may go, Nanny."

"She 'll go, and some time she 'll stay," said Nanny.

"Indeed? Well—I shall see," said the mistress.

"Potatoes ain't what they used to be, and neither is folks."

Now and then, with more doubt as Margaret grew and matured, her mother permitted her to stay for a day at Belmont, or at Cliveden with the Chews, but more readily with Darthea Wynne. Just now an occasional visitor, Mr. John Penn, the Proprietary, had come with his wife to ask the girl to dine at Landsdowne. It would be a quiet party. She could come with Mr. Schmidt, who, like Nanny, seeing the girl of late somewhat less gay than usual and indisposed to the young Quaker kinsfolk, with whom she had little in common, urged the mother to consent. She yielded reluctantly. "Ann," said the gentleman in the ruby-colored coat, "would take care of her." This Ann, the daughter of the Chief-Justice Allen, was a friend of Mary Swanwick's youth. There was advice given, and some warnings, which the pleased girl, it is to be feared, thought little of as, wrapped in furs, Schmidt drove her in his sleigh over the float bridge at the middle ferry, and at last along the Mónument Road from the Lancaster Pike to the front of the Italian villa John Penn built where now in the park stands the Horticultural Hall.

The sky was clear, the sun brilliant. There were far-away glimpses of the river, and on the terrace to meet them, at three o'clock, a group of gay young cousins, who came out with Mrs. Byrd of Westover, the hostess, Ann Penn, very splendid in gown and powder, with Mr. Peters, their neighbor, of late made a judge, and the Governor in purple velvet short-clothes and gold buckles. He put out in welcome a lace-ruffled hand, of which he was said to be proud. A hood, and over it a calash for shelter from cold, had replaced the girl's Quaker bonnet, and now it was cast back, and the frost-red cheeks were kissed, and the profuse compliments of the day paid to the really charming face of Margaret, whom nature had set off with color and whom stern decrees of usage had clad for contrast in relieving gray silks.

There was whispering among those madcap cousins as they hurried her away to Ann Greenleaf's room, a niece of Mrs. Penn, "to set thy hair in order for dinner, thou darling Quaker." She was used to their ways, and went merry with the rest up the great stairway whence William

Penn, in the serene beauty of his youth, looked down at the noisy party, now bent upon a prank altogether in the fashion of their day.

As Margaret entered the room, she saw Miss Ann Greenleaf being trussed up in stays by a black maid.

"Why, dear, is the room so dark?" asked Margaret; for the curtains were drawn, and there were candles on the mantel and in sconces.

"The better to see how we shall look—in the evening," replied Miss Willing.

Gowns, silken hose, high, red-heeled shoes, and powder-puffs lay about on bed and chairs.

"We have a little secret," cried Miss Willing, "and we will never tell, dear."

"Never!" cried they.

"We want to dress thee just for to see how thou wouldst look in the gown of decent Christians."

"I could never think of it."

"Come, girls," cried Miss Willing, "let us dress her just once."

"Oh, but just for a half-hour," they said, and gathered around her, laughing, urgent.

Nice Christians these! She would not. Mother would not like it, and—ah, me, she was not unwilling to see herself once in the long cheval-glass. She had had naughty dreams of brocade and powder. Despite her resistance, they had off the prim Quaker dress, and blushing, half-angry, half-pleased, she was in slim attire, saying: "Thou really must not. My stockings, oh, not my stockings! Oh, Molly Greenleaf, how can I? It is dreadful—please not." But the silk stockings were on, and the garters, with compliments my modest pen declines to preserve. There was enough of the maiden neck in view above the undervest, and very splendid length of brocade gown, with lace of the best, and a petticoat, pearl-tinted, "Because, dear, we are all Quakers," they cried. "And do keep still, or the powder will be all over thee. What color, girls! Can it be real? I must kiss thee to see if it be rouge."

"For shame!" cried Margaret, between tears and laughter.

"Now a fan—and patches, Molly Greenleaf! No. The old women wear them; but gloves, crumpled down at the elbow. So!" She had given up at last.

It was only for a frolic half-hour. "Go now and see thyself." Two of the merriest seized lighted candles, for the room was made dark by the drawn curtains, and stood on each side of the long cheval-glass, a pretty picture, with Margaret before the mirror, shy and blushing. "Great heavens! you are a wonder! Is n't she, oh, is n't she, the sweetest thing!"

The Quaker maiden looked down at the rich brocade and then looked up, and knew that she was beautiful. She stood still, amazed at the revelation, and the gods who give us uncalled-for thoughts set in her mind for a moment the figure of the young vicomte. She colored, and cried, laughing, as she turned away from the glass: "You have had your way with me, and now—undress me, girls, please. I should scarce know how."

"Oh, the sweet, innocent thing!" cried they. "But wait a little. Now thy hair—so—and so, and a bit more powder. La, but you are dangerous! Where are thy Quaker gown and stockings? Where can they be! Molly Greenleaf, what have you done with them? And, oh, Cinderella, the slippers fit to a charm." No one knew where had gone the gown, the shoes, the shawl, the rest of the simple garb. "The fairy godmother has done it," cried Miss Cadwalader. "What shall we do?" cried Betty Morris. The gong, a new fashion, rang for dinner. The girl was angry.

"This passes the limit of a jest," she cried. "Go down? I? No. I will die first." They implored, laughing; but she refused, saying, "I sit here till I have my gown," and would speak no more.

At this minute came Mrs. Penn. "What is all this noise, young women? Good Lord! Margaret Swanwick! So this is what these minxes have been at all the morning?"

"I have been tricked," said Margaret, "and—and I will never forgive them—never."

"But come down to dinner, my dear. You will have your revenge when the men see you. There, the Governor dislikes to wait. He has sent up to say dinner is ready."

"I want my gown," said the Pearl, "and I will not go down." Only anger kept her from tears.

"But the Governor must see you. Come, no one will know, and, bless me! but you are a beauty!"

"Is n't she?" they cried in chorus. A glance at the mirror and a triumphant sense of victorious capacities to charm swept over the hesitating girl. Life of late had been as gray as her garb.

"Come, dear. You really must. You are making too much, quite too much, of a bit of innocent fun. If you wait to dress, I shall have to explain it all, and the Governor will say you lack courage; and must I say I left you in tears? And the mutton, my dear child—think of the mutton!"

"I am not in tears, and I hate you all, every one of you; but I will go."

Her head was up, as fan in hand she went down in front of the cousins, now mildly penitent, Mrs. Penn at her side. "Did they think to show off an awkward Quaker cousin, these thoughtless kittens? Give them a lesson, my dear."

"I mean to," said Margaret, her eyes flashing.

The men were about the fire in the great drawing-room, one little girl just slipping out, the future wife of Henry Baring. The party was large—young Mr. Rawle and General Wayne and the Peters from Belmont near by.

The men turned to bow as Mrs. Penn stepped aside, and left to view a startling vision of innocence and youth and loveliness. The girl swept a curtsey, the practice when dreams of the world were teasing her had not been in vain. Then she rose and moved into the room. For a moment there was silence. Except Schmidt, no one knew her. The Governor, bowing, cried, "By George! Margaret, you beat them all! What fairies have metamorphosed you?"

"We, we," cried the chorus. The men paid her compliments after the downright fashion of their set. She was gay, quick to reply, amazingly at ease. Schmidt watched her, comprehending as no one else did the sudden revelation to the young woman of the power and charm of her beauty and the primal joy of unused weapons. To the younger men she was a little reserved and quiet, to the elder men all grace and sweetness, to the trickster cousins, disconcertingly cool.

"Where on earth did she learn it all?" said Mrs. Byrd, as she went out to dinner with Mr. Penn.

"Heaven knows. But it was a saucy trick, and she will pay for it, I fear, at home."

"Will she tell?" said Morris, the master of the rolls, as he followed behind them with Mrs. Wayne.

"Yes," said Mrs. Byrd, "she will tell; but whether or not, the town will ring with it, in a day or two. A pity, too, for the child is brought up in the straightest way of Friends. None of Madame Logan's fine gowns and half-way naughtiness for her."

At dinner Margaret quietly amused Mr. Morris with Schmidt's terror of June, the cat, and with Mr. Jefferson's bout with Hamilton, and the tale of the sad lapse of De Forest, which greatly pleased General Wayne, her left-hand neighbor. When they left the men to their Madeira, she insisted on changing her dress. A not duly penitent bevy of maids assisted, and by and by it was a demure Quaker moth who replaced the gay butterfly and in the drawing-room helped Madame Penn to make tea. They paid her fair compliments, and she smiled, saying: "I, dear Mrs. Penn—was I here? Thou must be mistaken. That was Grandmama Plumstead thou didst have here. Oh, a hundred years ago."

"Ask her to come again," said Mrs. Penn.

"And to stay," said Mrs. Wayne; "a charming creature."

"The maid is clever," said Mrs. Masters.

Meanwhile the wine went round on the coasters over the mahogany table in the dining-room, and men talked of France, and grew hot with wine and more politics than pleased their host, who had no definite opinions, or, if any, a sincere doubt as to the quality of a too aged Madeira.

He gave a toast: "The ladies and our Quaker Venus." They drank it standing.

"This wine needs fining," said his reverence, the rector of Christ Church. They discussed it seriously.

Mr. Rawle cried, "A toast: George Washington and the Federal party."

"No politics, gentlemen," said Penn; "but I will drink the first half of it—His Excellency."

MR. LANGSTROTH on this day rode to town, and there learned that Margaret was at Landsdowne, and also a surprising piece of news with which he did not regale Mary Swanwick.

Full of what he had heard, Mr. Langstroth, being now on horseback and on his way to Gray Pines, his home, was suddenly minded to see his great-niece. Therefore he rode up the avenue at Landsdowne, and hitching his horse, learned that the men were still over their wine. "I will go in," he said, well pleased.

"Ah," said Penn, rising, "you are just in time for the punch." He hated the man and all his positive ways, but, the more for that, was courteous, if rather formal. "A glass for Mr. Langstroth. Your health, sir; your very good health."

"It is not good," said the new-comer.

"But the wine I trust is," said the Governor.

"It might supply goodness," Langstroth replied, "if it were not a bit pricked." It was a tender subject, and his host, feeling grossly wronged, was silent.

"Any fresh news?" said the attorney-general.

"Yes, sir; yes. The Princeton College lottery was drawn this morning, and guess who drew a prize?"

"Not I"—"Nor I," they cried. "Who was it? Not you?"

"I! No such luck."

"Who, then?"

"Well, I bought ten chances in the fall, and one for my great-niece, Margaret Swanwick. Her mother did not like it. Friends are all for putting an end to lotteries."

"And she won?"

"She did. I chose for luck the number of her age and the last two figures of the year—1792. That took it."

"How much? How much?" they shouted, the wine and rum punch having done their work. "How much?"

"Eight thousand, nine hundred, and thirty-four dollars, as I 'm a sinner."

"The girl may have gay gowns now," cried one.

"Let us go out, and tell her," said the Governor, as men still called him; and upon this, having had wine and rum more than was well, they went laughing into the drawing-room.

"Oh, news! news!" cried one and another.

Mrs. Penn looked annoyed. "What is it?" she asked.

"Ho, ho! Fine news!" said Langstroth. "Margaret has the great prize in the Princeton lottery—eight thousand and more. It was drawn this morning."

"What luck!" cried the ladies. "And you are not jesting?"

"No. It is true. I bought it for her," roared Langstroth, triumphant. "Think of that, Margaret—eight thousand and—"

"For me—mine!" said the girl, rising as she spoke. "Don't speak to me, Cousin Penn. I have had too much to-day. I am troubled. I must go." No, she did not want to discuss it. She must go home. "May I not go, Friend Schmidt? If this is a joke, uncle, it is not to my taste. I must go."

"Certainly. The sleigh is at the door."

Langstroth was angry. He had had no thanks, not a word. There was some embarrassment, but the women must need felicitate the unwilling winner. She made short answers.

"The puss has her claws out," murmured Mrs. Byrd, as she heard in reply to her congratulations: "I think it is a misfortune—a—a—what will my mother say? I must go." She was a child again. Mrs. Penn, understanding the girl, went out with her, saying kind things, and helping her to put on her over-wrap.

"Damn the fool!" said her uncle, who had followed her into the hall, and to whom she would not speak.

The gentlemen were silent, not knowing how to sympathize with a misfortune so peculiar. Schmidt, tranquil and undisturbed, made the usual formal adieus and followed her out of the room. He tucked in the furs with kindly care, and through the early evening dusk they drove away across the snow, the girl silent, the man respectful of her mood.

(To be continued)

THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

SECOND PAPER: DENDERAH—KARNAK

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

I DO not find in Egypt any more the strangeness that once amazed, and at first almost bewildered me. Stranger far is Morocco, stranger the country beyond Biskra, near Mogar, round Tonggonot, even about El Kantara. There I feel very far away, as a child feels distance from dear, familiar things. I look to the horizon expectant of I know not what magical occurrences, what mysteries. I am aware of the summons to advance to marvelous lands, where marvelous things must happen. I am taken by that sensation of almost trembling magic which came to me when first I saw a mirage far out in the Sahara. But Egypt, though it contains so many marvels, has no longer for me the marvelous atmosphere. Its keynote is seductiveness.

In Egypt one feels very safe. Smiling policemen in clothes of spotless white—emblematic, surely, of their innocence!—seem to be everywhere, standing calmly in the sun. Very gentle, very tender, although perhaps not very true, are the Bedouins at the Pyramids. Up the Nile the fellaheen smile as kindly as the policemen, smile protectingly upon you, as if they would say, "Allah has placed us here to take care of the confiding stranger." No ferocious demands for money fall upon my ears; only an occasional suggestion is subtly conveyed to me that even the poor must live and that I am immensely rich. An amiable, an almost enticing seductiveness seems emanating from the fertile soil, shining in the golden air, gleaming softly in the amber sands, dimpling in the brown, the mauve, the silver eddies of the Nile. It steals upon one. It ripples over one. It laps one as if with warm and scented waves. A sort of lustrous languor overtakes one. In physical well-being one sinks down, and with wide eyes one gazes and listens and enjoys, and thinks not of the morrow.

The dahabiyeh—her very name, the *Loulia,* has a gentle, seductive, cooing sound—drifts broadside to the current with furled sails, or glides smoothly on before an amiable north wind with sails unfurled. Upon the bloomy banks, rich brown in color, the brown men stoop, and straighten themselves, and stoop again, and sing. The sun gleams on their copper skins, which look polished and metallic. Crouched in his net behind the drowsy oxen, the little boy circles the

livelong day with the sakieh, and the sakieh raises its wailing, wayward voice and sings to the shadoof; and the shadoof sings to the sakieh; and the lifted water falls and flows away into the green wilderness of doura that, like a miniature forest, spreads on every hand to the low mountains, which do not perturb the spirit, as do the iron mountains of Algeria. And always the sun is shining, and the body is drinking in its warmth, and the soul is drinking in its gold. And always the ears are full of warm and drowsy and monotonous music. And always the eyes see the lines of brown bodies, on the brown river-banks above the brown waters, bending, straightening, bending, straightening, with an exquisitely precise monotony. And always the *Loulia* seems to be drifting, so quietly she slips up, or down, the level waterway.

And one drifts, too; one can but drift, happily, sleepily, forgetting every care. From Abydos to Denderah one drifts, and from Denderah to Karnak; to Luxor, to all the marvels on the western shore, and on to Edfu, to Kom Ombos, to Assuan, and perhaps even into Nubia; to Abu-Simbel and to Wadi-Halfa. Life on the Nile is a long dream, as golden and sweet as honey of Hymettus. For I let the "divine serpent," who at Philæ may be seen issuing from her charmed cavern, take me very quietly to see the abodes of the dead, the halls of the vanished, upon her green and sterile shores. I know nothing of the bustling, shrieking steamer that defies her, churning into angry waves her waters for the edification of those who would "do" Egypt and be gone before they know her.

If you are in a hurry, do not come to Egypt. To hurry in Egypt is as wrong as to fall asleep in Wall Street, or to sit in the Greek Theater at Taormina, reading "How to Make a Fortune with a Capital of Fifty Pounds."

From Abydos, home of the cult of Osiris, judge of the dead, I came to Denderah, the great temple of the "Lady of the Underworld," as the goddess Hathor was sometimes called, though she was usually worshiped as the Egyptian Aphrodite, goddess of joy, goddess of love and loveliness. It was early morning when I went ashore. The sun was above the eastern hills, and a boy, clad in a rope of plaited grass, sent me half shyly the greeting, "May your day be happy!"

Youth is, perhaps, the most divine of all the gifts of the gods, as those who wore the lotus-blossom amulet believed thousands of years ago, and Denderah, appropriately, is a very young Egyptian temple, probably, indeed, the youngest of all the temples on the Nile. Its youthfulness—it is only about two thousand years of age—identifies it happily with the happiness and beauty of its presiding deity, and as I rode toward it on the canal-bank in the young freshness of the morning, I thought of the goddess Safekh and of the sacred Persea-tree. When Safekh inscribed upon a leaf of the Persea-tree the name of king or conqueror, he gained everlasting life. Was it the life of youth? An everlasting life of middle age might be a doubtful benefit. And then mentally I added, "unless one lived in Egypt." For here the years drop from one, and every golden hour brings to one surely another drop of the wondrous essence that sets time at defiance and charms sad thoughts away.

Unlike White Abydos, White Denderah stands apart from habitations, in a still solitude upon a blackened mound. From far off I saw the façade, large, bare, and sober, rising, in a nakedness as complete as that of Aphrodite rising from the wave, out of the plain of brown, alluvial soil that was broken here and there by a sharp green of growing things. There was something of sadness in the scene, and again I thought of Hathor as the "Lady of the Underworld," some deep-eyed being, with a pale brow, hair like the night, and yearning, wistful hands stretched out in supplication. There was a hush upon this place. The loud and vehement cry of the shadoof-man died away. The sakieh droned in my ears no more like distant Sicilian pipes playing at Natale. I felt a breath from the desert. And, indeed, the desert was near—that realistic desert which suggests to the traveler approaches to the sea, so that beyond each pallid dune, as he draws near it, he half expects to hear the lapping of the waves. Presently, then, having ascended that marvelous staircase of the New Year, walking in procession with

THE TEMPLE OF HATHOR, DENDERAH

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

the priests upon its walls toward the rays of Ra, I came out upon the temple roof, and looked upon the desert—upon sheeny sands, almost like slopes of satin shining in the sun; upon paler sands in the distance, holding an Arab *campo santo,* in which rose the little creamy cupolas of a sheik's tomb, surrounded by a creamy wall. Those little cupolas gave to me a feeling of the real, the irresistible Africa such as I had not known since I had been in Egypt; and I thought I heard in the distance the ceaseless hum of praying and praising voices.

"God hath rewarded the faithful with gardens through which flow rivulets. They shall be forever therein, and that is the reward of the virtuous."

The sensation of solemnity which overtook me as I approached the temple deepened when I drew close to it, when I stood within it. In the first hall, mighty, magnificent, full of enormous columns from which faces of Hathor once looked to the four points of the compass, I found only one face almost complete, saved from the fury of fanatics by the protection of the goddess of chance, in whom the modern Egyptian so implicitly believes. In shape it was a delicate oval. In the long eyes, about the brow, the cheeks, tnere was a strained expression that suggested to me more than a gravity —almost an anguish—of spirit. As I looked at it, I thought of Eleanora Duse. Was this the ideal of joy in the time of the Ptolemies? Joy may be rapturous, or it may be serene; but could it ever be like this? The pale, delicious blue that here and there, in tiny sections, broke the almost haggard, grayish whiteness of this first hall with the roof of black, like bits of an evening sky seen through tiny window-slits in a somber room, suggested joy, was joy summed up in color. But Hathor's face was weariful and sad.

From the gloom of the inner halls came a sound, loud, angry, menacing, as I walked on, a sound of menace and an odor, heavy and deathlike. Only in the first hall had those builders and decorators of two thousand years ago been moved by their conception of the goddess to hail her, to worship her, with the purity of white, with the sweet gaiety of turquoise. Or so it seems to-day, when the passion of Christianity against Hathor has spent itself and died. Now Christians come to seek what Christian Copts destroyed; wander through the deserted courts, desirous of looking upon the faces that have long since been hacked to pieces. A more benign spirit informs our world, but, alas! Hathor has been sacrificed to the devilries of old. And it is well, perhaps, that her temple should be sad, like a place of silent waiting for the glories that are gone.

With every step my melancholy grew. Encompassed by gloomy odors, assailed by the clamor of gigantic bats, which flew furiously among the monstrous pillars near a roof ominous as a storm-cloud, my spirit was haunted by the sad eyes of Hathor, which gaze forever from that column in the first hall. Were they always like that? Once that face dwelt with a crowd of other faces, looked upon a glory of worship. And all the other faces have gone, and all the glory has passed. And, like so many of the living, the goddess has paid for her splendors. The pendulum swung, and where men adored, men hated her—her the goddess of love and loveliness. And as the human face changes when terror and sorrow come, I felt as if Hathor's face of stone had changed upon its column, looking toward the Nile, in obedience to the anguish in her heart; I felt as if Denderah were a majestic house of grief. So I must always think of it, dark, tragic, and superb. The Egyptians once believed that when death came to a man, the soul of him, which they called the Ba, winged its way to the gods, but that, moved by a sweet unselfishness, it returned sometime to his tomb, to give comfort to the poor, deserted mummy. Upon the lids of sarcophagi it is sometimes represented as a bird, flying down to, or resting upon, the mummy. As I went onward in the darkness, among the columns, over the blocks of stone that form the pavements, seeing vaguely the sacred boats upon the walls, Horus and Thoth, the king before Osiris; as I mounted and descended with the priests to roof and floor, I longed, instead of the clamor of the bats, to hear the light flutter of the soft wings of the Ba of Hathor, flying from Paradise to this sad temple of the desert, to bring her comfort in the gloom. I thought of

her as a poor woman, suffering as only women can in loneliness.

In the museum at Cairo there is the mummy of "the lady Amanit, priestess of Hathor." She lies there upon her back, with her thin body slightly turned toward the left side, as if in an effort to change her position. Her head is completely turned to the same side. Her mouth is wide open, showing all the teeth. The tongue is lolling out. Upon the head the thin, brown hair makes a line above the little ear, and is mingled at the back of the head with false tresses. Round the neck is a mass of ornaments, of amulets and beads. The right arm and hand lie along the body. The expression of "the lady Amanit" is very strange, and very subtle; for it combines horror—which implies activity—with a profound, an impenetrable repose, far beyond the reach of all disturbance. In the temple of Denderah I fancied the lady Amanit ministering sadly, even terribly, to a lonely goddess, moving in fear through an eternal gloom, dying at last there, overwhelmed by tasks too heavy for that tiny body, and the ultra-sensitive spirit that inhabited it. And now she sleeps—one feels that, as one gazes at the mummy—very profoundly, though not yet very calmly, the lady Amanit. But her goddess—still she wakes upon her column.

When I came out at last into the sunlight of the growing day, I circled the temple, skirting its gigantic, corniced walls, from which at intervals the heads and paws of resting lions protrude, to see another woman whose fame for loveliness and seduction is almost as legendary as Aphrodite's. It is fitting enough that Cleopatra's form should be graven upon the temple of Hathor; fitting, also, that though I found her in the presence of deities, and in the company of her son, Cæsarion, her face, which is in profile, should have nothing of Hathor's sad impressiveness. This, no doubt, is not the real Cleopatra. Nevertheless, this face suggests a certain self-complacent cruelty and sensuality essentially human, and utterly detached from all divinity, whereas in the face of the goddess there is a something remote, and even distantly intellectual, which calls the imagination to "the fields beyond."

As I rode back toward the river, I saw again the boy clad in the rope of plaited grass, and again he said, less shyly, "May your day be happy!" It was a kindly wish. In the dawn I had felt it to be almost a prophecy. But now I was haunted by the face of the goddess of Denderah, and I remembered the legend of the lovely Laïs, who, when she began to age, covered herself from the eyes of men with a veil, and went every day at evening to look upon her statue, in which the genius of Praxiteles had rendered permanent the beauty the woman could not keep. One evening, hanging to the statue's pedestal by a garland of red roses, the sculptor found a mirror, upon the polished disk of which were traced these words:

"Laïs, O Goddess, consecrates to thee her mirror: no longer able to see there what she was, she will not see there what she has become."

My Hathor of Denderah, the sad-eyed dweller on the column in the first hall, had she a mirror, would surely hang it, as Laïs hung hers, at the foot of the pedestal of the Egyptian Aphrodite; had she a veil, would surely cover the face that, solitary among the cruel evidences of Christian ferocity, silently says to the gloomy courts, to the shining desert and the Nile,

"Once I was worshiped, but I am worshiped no longer."

Buildings have personalities. Some fascinate as beautiful women fascinate; some charm as a child may charm, naïvely, simply, but irresistibly. Some, like conquerors, men of blood and iron, without bowels of mercy, pitiless and determined, strike awe to the soul, mingled with the almost gasping admiration that power wakes in man. Some bring a sense of heavenly peace to the heart. Some, like certain temples of the Greeks, by their immense dignity, speak to the nature almost as music speaks, and change anxiety to trust. Some tug at the hidden chords of romance and rouse a trembling response. Some seem to be mingling their tears with the tears of the dead; some their laughter with the laughter of the living. The traveler, sailing up the Nile, holds intercourse with many of these different personalities. He is sad, perhaps, as I was with Denderah; dreams

in the sun with Abydos; muses with Luxor beneath the little, tapering minaret whence the call to prayer drops down to be answered by the angelus bell; falls into a reverie in the "thinking place" of Rameses II, near to the giant that was once the mightiest of all Egyptian statues; eagerly wakes to the fascination of record at Deir-el-Bahari; worships in Edfu; by Philæ is carried into a realm of delicate magic, where engineers are not. Each prompts him to a different mood; each wakes in his nature a different response. And at Karnak what is he? What mood enfolds him there? Is he sad, thoughtful, awed, or gay?

An old lady, in a helmet and other things considered no doubt by her as suited to Egypt rather than to herself, remarked in my hearing, with a Scotch accent and an air of summing up, that Karnak was "very nice indeed." There she was wrong—Scotch and wrong. Karnak is not nice. No temple that I have seen upon the banks of the Nile is nice. And Karnak cannot be summed up in a phrase or in many phrases; cannot even be adequately described in few or many words.

Long ago I saw it lighted up with colored fires one night for the khedive, its ravaged magnificence tinted with rose and livid green and blue, its pylons glittering with artificial gold, its population of statues, its obelisks, and columns, changing from things of dream to things of day, from twilight marvels to shadowy specters, and from these to hard and piercing realities at the cruel will of pigmies crouching by its walls. Now, after many years, I saw it first quietly by moonlight after watching the sunset from the summit of the great pylon. That was a pageant worth more than the khedive's.

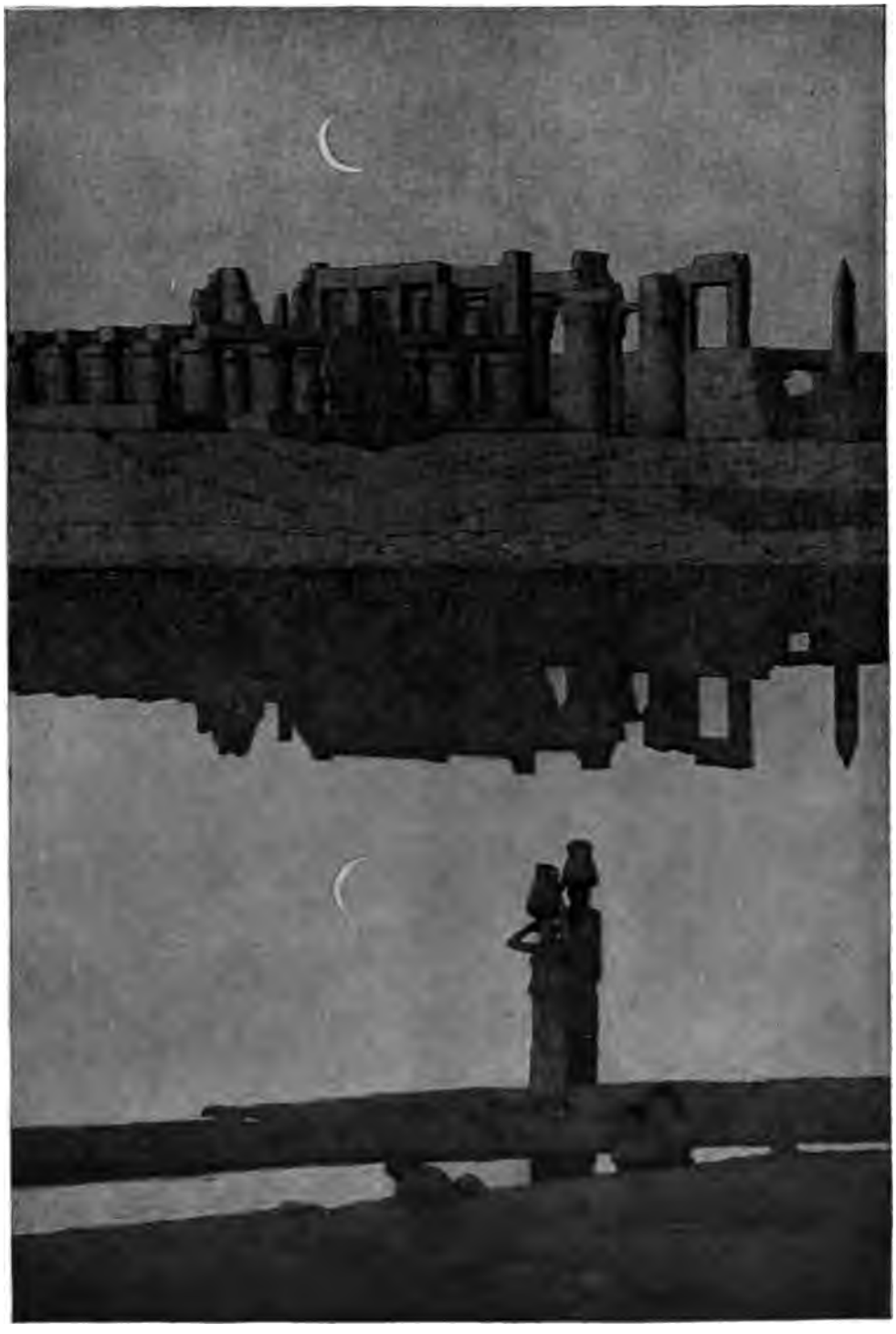
I was in the air; had something of the released feeling I have often known upon the tower of Biskra, looking out toward evening to the Sahara spaces. But here I was not confronted with an immensity of nature, but with a gleaming river and an immensity of man. Beneath me was the native village, in the heart of daylight dusty and unkempt, but now becoming charged with velvety beauty, with the soft and heavy mystery that at evening is born among great palm-trees. Along the path that led from it, coming toward the avenue of sphinxes, with ram's-heads that watch forever before the temple door, a great white camel stepped, its rider a tiny child with a close, white cap upon his head. The child was singing to the glory of the sunset, or was it to the glory of Amen, "the hidden one," once the local god of Thebes, to whom the grandest temple in the world was dedicated? I listened to the childish, quavering voice, twittering almost like a bird, and one word alone came up to me —the word one hears in Egypt from all the lips that speak and sing: from the Nubians round their fires at night, from the lithe boatmen of the lower reaches of the Nile, from the Bedouins of the desert, and the donkey boys of the villages, from the sheik who reads one's future in water spilt on a plate, and the Bisharin with buttered curls who runs to sell one beads from his tent among the sand-dunes.

"Allah!" the child was singing as he passed upon his way. Pigeons circled above their pretty towers. The bats came out, as if they knew how precious is their black at evening against the ethereal lemon color, the orange, and the red. The little obelisk beyond the last sphinx on the left began to change, as in Egypt all things change at sunset—pylon and dusty bush, colossus and baked earth hovel, sycamore, and tamarisk, statue and trotting donkey. It looked like a mysterious finger pointed in warning toward the sky. The Nile began to gleam. Upon its steel and silver, torches of amber flame were lighted. The Libyan mountains became spectral beyond the tombs of the kings. The tiny, rough cupolas that mark a grave close to the sphinxes, in daytime dingy and poor, now seemed made of some splendid material worthy to roof the mummy of a king. Far off a pool of the Nile, that from here looked like a little palm-fringed lake, turned ruby red. The flags from the standards of Luxor, among the minarets, flew out straight against a sky that was as pale as a primrose, and almost cold in its amazing delicacy.

I turned, and behind me the moon was risen. Already its silver rays fell upon the ruins of Karnak; upon the thickets of lotus columns; upon solitary gateways

that now give entrance to no courts; upon the sacred lake, with its reeds, where the black water-fowl were asleep; upon sloping walls, shored up by enormous stanchions, like ribs of some prehistoric leviathan; upon small chambers; upon fallen blocks of masonry, fragments of architrave and pavement, of capital and cornice; and upon the people of Karnak—those fascinating people who still cling to their habitation in the ruins, faithful through misfortune, affectionate with a steadfastness that defies the cruelty of time; upon the little, lonely white sphinx with the woman's face and the downward-sloping eyes full of sleepy seduction; upon Rameses II, with the face of a kindly child, not of a king; upon the sphinx, bereft of its companion, which crouches before the kiosk of Taharga, the king of Ethiopia; upon those two who stand together as if devoted, yet by their attitudes seem to express characters diametrically opposed, gray men and vivid, the one with folded arms calling to Peace, the other with arms stretched down in a gesture of crude determination, summoning War, as if from the underworld; upon the granite foot and ankle in the temple of Rameses III, which in its perfection, like the headless Victory in Paris, and the Niobide Chiaramonti in the Vatican, suggests a great personality, is a great personality that once met with is not to be forgotten: upon these and their companions, who would not forsake the halls and courts where once they dwelt with splendor, where now they dwell with ruin that attracts the gaping world. The moon was risen, but the west was still full of color and light. It faded. There was a pause. Only a bar of dull red, holding a hint of brown, lay where the sun had sunk. And minutes passed —minutes for me full of silent expectation, while the moonlight grew a little stronger, a few more silver rays slipped down upon the ruins. I turned toward the east. And then came that curious crescendo of color and light which, in Egypt, succeeds the diminuendo of color and light that is the prelude to the pause before the afterglow. Everything seemed to be in subtle movement, heaving as a breast heaves with the breath; swelling slightly, as if in an effort to be more, to attract attention, to gain in significance. Pale things became livid, holding apparently some under-brightness which partly penetrated its envelop, but a brightness that was white and almost frightful. Black things seemed to glow with blackness. The air quivered. Its silence surely thrilled with sound—with sound that grew ever louder.

In the east I saw an effect. To the west I turned for the cause. The sunset light was returning. Horus would not permit Tum to reign even for a few brief moments, and Khuns, the sacred god of the moon, would be witness of a conflict in that lovely western region of the ocean of the sky where the bark of the sun had floated away beneath the mountain rim upon the red-and-orange tides. The afterglow was like an exquisite spasm, is always like an exquisite spasm, a beautiful, almost desperate effort ending in the quiet darkness of defeat. And through that spasmodic effort a world lived for some minutes with a life that seemed unreal, startling, magical. Color returned to the sky—color ethereal, trembling as if it knew it ought not to return. Yet it stayed for a while and even glowed, though it looked always strangely purified, and full of a crystal coldness. The birds that flew against it were no longer birds, but dark, moving ornaments, devised surely by a supreme artist to heighten here and there the beauty of the sky. Everything that moved against the afterglow—man, woman, child, camel and donkey, dog and goat, languishing buffalo, and plunging horse—became at once an ornament, invented, I fancied, by a genius to emphasize, by relieving it, the color in which the sky was drowned. And Khuns watched serenely, as if he knew the end. And almost suddenly the miraculous effort failed. Things again revealed their truth, whether commonplace or not. That pool of the Nile was no more a red jewel set in a feathery pattern of strange design, but only water fading from my sight beyond a group of palms. And that below me was only a camel going homeward, and that a child leading a bronze-colored sheep with a curly coat, and that a dusty flat-roofed hovel, not the fairy home of jinn, or the abode of some magician working marvels with the sun-rays he had gathered in his net. The air was no longer thrilling with music. The breast that



THE SACRED LAKE, KARNAK

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

had heaved with a divine breath was still as the breast of a corpse.

And Khuns reigned quietly over the plains of Karnak.

Karnak has no distinctive personality. Built under many kings its ruins are as complex as were probably once its completed temples, with their shrines, their towers, their courts, their hypostyle halls. As I looked down that evening in the moonlight I saw, softened and made more touching than in daytime, those alluring complexities, brought by the night and Khuns into a unity that was both tender and superb. Masses of masonry lay jumbled in shadow and in silver; gigantic walls cast sharply defined gloom; obelisks pointed significantly to the sky, seeming, as they always do, to be murmuring a message; huge doorways stood up like giants unafraid of their loneliness and yet pathetic in it; here was a watching statue, there one that seemed to sleep, seen from afar. Yonder Queen Hatshepsu, who wrought wonders at Deir-el-Bahari, and who is more familiar perhaps as Hatasu, had left her traces, and nearer, to the right, Rameses III had made a temple, surely for the birds, so fond they are of it, so pertinaciously they haunt it. Rameses II, mutilated and immense, stood on guard before the terrific hall of Seti I; and between him and my platform in the air rose the solitary lotus column that prepares you for the wonder of Seti's hall, which otherwise might almost overwhelm you—unless you are a Scotch lady in a helmet. And Khuns had his temple here by the Sphinx of the twelfth Rameses, and Ptah, who created "the sun egg and the moon egg," and who was said—only said, alas!—to have established on earth the "everlasting justice," had his, and still their stones receive the silver moon-rays and wake the wonder of men. Thothmes III, Thothmes I, Shishak, who smote the kneeling prisoners and vanquished Jeroboam, Medamut and Mut, Amenhotep I, and Amenhotep II—all have left their records or been celebrated at Karnak. Purposely I mingled them in my mind—did not attempt to put them in their proper order, or even to disentangle gods and goddesses from conquerors and kings. In the warm and seductive night Khuns whispered to me: "As long ago at Bekhten I exorcized the demon from the suffering Princess, so now I exorcize from these ruins all spirits but my own. To-night these ruins shall suggest nothing but majesty, tranquillity, and beauty. Their records are for Ra, and must be studied by his rays. In mine they shall speak not to the intellect, but only to the emotions and the soul."

And presently I went down, and yielding a complete and happy obedience to Khuns, I wandered alone through the stupendous vestiges of past eras, dead ambitions, vanished glory, and long-outworn belief, and I ignored eras, ambitions, glory, and belief, and thought only of form, and height, of the miracle of blackness against silver, and of the pathos of statues whose ever-open eyes at night, when one is near them, suggest the working of some evil spell, perpetual watchfulness, combined with eternal inactivity, the unslumbering mind caged in the body that is paralyzed.

There is a temple at Karnak that I love, and I scarcely know why I care for it so much. It is on the right of the solitary lotus column before you come to the terrific hall of Seti. Some people pass it by, having but little time, and being hypnotized, it seems, by the more astounding ruin that lies beyond it. And perhaps it would be well, on a first visit, to enter it last; to let its influence be the final one to rest upon your spirit. This is the temple of Rameses III, a brown place of calm and retirement, an ineffable place of peace. Yes, though the birds love it and fill it often with their voices, it is a sanctuary of peace. Upon the floor the soft sand lies, placing silence beneath your footsteps. The pale brown of walls and columns, almost yellow in the sunshine, is delicate and soothing, and inclines the heart to calm. Delicious, suggestive of a beautiful tapestry, rich and ornate, yet always quiet, are the brown reliefs upon the stone. What are they? Does it matter? They soften the walls, make them more personal, more tender. That surely is their mission. This temple holds for me a spell. As soon as I enter it, I feel the touch of the lotus, as if an invisible and kindly hand swept a blossom lightly across my face and downward to my heart. This courtyard, these small chambers beyond it, that last door-

way framing a lovely darkness, soothe me even more than the terra-cotta hermitages of the Certosa of Pavia. And all the statues here are calm with an irrevocable calmness, faithful through passing years with a very sober faithfulness to the temple they adorn. In no other place, one feels it, could they be thus at peace, with hands crossed forever upon their breasts which are torn by no anxieties, thrilled by no joys. As one stands among them, or, sitting on the base of a column in the chamber that lies beyond them, looks on them from a little distance, their attitude is like a summons to men to contend no more, to be still, to enter into rest.

Come to this temple when you leave the hall of Seti. There you are in a place of triumph. Scarlet, some say, is the color of a great note sounded on a bugle. This hall is like a bugle-call of the past, thrilling even now down all the ages with a triumph that is surely greater than any other triumph. It suggests blaze—blaze of scarlet, blaze of bugle, blaze of glory, blaze of life and time, of ambition and achievement. In these columns, in the putting up of them, dead men sought to climb to sun and stars, limitless in desire, limitless in industry, limitless in will. And at the tops of the columns blooms the lotus, the symbol of rising. What a triumph in stone this hall was once, what a triumph in stone its ruin is to-day! Perhaps, among temples, it is the most wondrous thing in all Egypt, as it was no doubt the most wondrous temple in the world; among temples, I say, for the Sphinx is of all the marvels of Egypt by far the most marvelous. The grandeur of this hall at most moves one to tears, like the marching past of conquerors, stirs the heart with leaping thrills at the capacities of men. Through the thicket of columns as tall as forest trees the intense blue of the African sky stares down, and their great shadows lie along the warm and sunlighted ground. Listen! There are voices chanting. Men are working here—working as men worked how many thousands of years ago. But these are calling upon the Mohammedan's god as they slowly drag to the appointed places the mighty blocks of stone. And it is to-day a Frenchman who oversees them.

"Help! Help! Allah give us help!
Help! Help! Allah give us help!"

The dust flies up about their naked feet. Triumph and work; work succeeded by the triumph all can see. I like to hear the workmen's voices within the hall of Seti. I like to see the dust stirred by their tramping feet.

And then I like to go once more to the little temple, to enter through its defaced gateway, to stand alone in its silence between the rows of statues with their arms folded upon their quiet breasts, to gaze into the tender darkness beyond,—the darkness that looks consecrated,—to feel that peace is more wonderful than triumph, that the end of things is peace.

Triumph and deathless peace, the bugle-call and silence—these are the notes of Karnak.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD

WHEN, in 1861, Abraham Lincoln went to Washington to be inaugurated as President, I was an assistant professor, with the assimilated rank of captain, at the West Point Military Academy. In the month of May, by the call of Mr. Blaine, an election by the Third Maine Regiment, and a commission of colonel by the Hon. Israel Washburn, I became commander of the first three-years regiment from Maine, my native State.

After organizing this regiment a thousand strong, I answered a sudden call from Mr. Lincoln, hastened the regiment to Washington, and encamped it close beside the Second Maine, commanded by Colonel Jameson. His regiment and mine had gathered up the first fruits of loyalty and devotion in the Penobscot and Kennebec valleys. Being a military man by profession, I was extremely anxious that my regiment should stand abreast of any in point of drill, discipline, and every other requisite for field-service. We officers took particular pains to make our evening parades and reviews not only varied, but attractive. Burnside had a Rhode Island brigade on Capitol Hill. Cabinet officers, senators, representatives, and well-to-do citizens who could afford to ride in carriages in those times, drove out every evening to see our parades. Some went to Capitol Hill, and some to Meridian Hill, where Jameson and I were exercising our functions.

One evening just as I was closing our evening parade, after the officers had marched up and made their last salute, an orderly, approaching, said: "Some gentlemen in a carriage out there by Fourteenth Street wish to see you." I walked over toward the carriage, which was much like an ordinary hack, with two ordinary-looking men in it.

Some one standing outside said: "Colonel Howard, permit me to introduce you to our President, Mr. Lincoln."

The President wore a silk hat and a thin overcoat of dark color. He did not seem to me, in his sitting posture, to be tall, as the papers represented him. He smiled, and extended his hand, which I took, naturally with some feeling of embarrassment. He was the first President that I had met, and was, of course, the great commander-in-chief upon whom a young officer would look with reverence and awe. His pleasant smile, his handshake, and his words, "I have enjoyed very much looking at your show, Colonel Howard," put me at once at my ease. I remember no more of what took place or of what was said on that occasion. After a few minutes, raising my hat and saluting the President, I returned to my command.

My next interview with Mr. Lincoln, as nearly as I can recall it, came about in this way: I paid my respects to Colonel Joseph K. F. Mansfield, who was commanding the home-district at Washington, and also to the Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, and after that (probably with one of them) I passed on to the White House, to pay my formal respects to the President. He was standing by his desk in his large reception-room when I entered. Then I noticed his height, so much greater than that of any one in attendance. There were present cabinet officers, a few senators, and several army officers of rank. As they were considering some military problem, I did not

at first approach the President to speak to him, but stood back with other officers, waiting an opportunity to get his attention. The conversation became animated, and without duly considering the fact that I was a young man, I ventured to express an opinion on some important point. Mr. Seward, who differed with me, answered me curtly, and indicated plainly that he thought that young and inexperienced officers should reserve their judgment. I felt the rebuke keenly. Mr. Lincoln looked at me with a curious smile, and greeted me, as I remember, with both hands extended. Whatever he did or said I do not distinctly recall, but I do remember that my heart went out to him with that loyalty and affection that made me his personal defender and friend from that day on.

I did not see the President again until after the first Battle of Bull Run. On the third day of September, 1861, I received my promotion as brigadier-general of volunteers. Immediately I was separated from my regiment and from the brigade which I had been commanding, awaiting an assignment. McClellan was then in command of the army. A few days after my elevation, and before I took the new brigade at Bladensburg, I had my quarters in what was called the "Chain Building," near the great Presbyterian Church on New York Avenue. I was permitted to occupy a room which, several years before, General Scott had had for his retiring-room. While here, my adjutant-general, F. D. Sewall, and I received notice that there was to be a great review and inspection of troops on the south side of the Potomac, and we were invited to be present, though not to participate in the exercises.

We rode over the Long Bridge and passed on to the large open fields beyond Arlington. Here we found the troops drawn up in long lines, with a distinct brigade and division formation, waiting for the reviewing officers. Many civilians, including ladies and gentlemen, and officers of the army and navy off duty, had taken up good positions of observation in places where they would not interrupt the parade. Captain Sewall and I stood near a group of people, among whom were several of the old officers, some in uniform and some in civilian dress, and ladies from well-known Washington families.

In a few minutes after our arrival, President Lincoln, in a carriage drawn by four horses, with three gentlemen accompanying him, drove to our vicinity. About the same time General McClellan, with a large staff and escort, all in full dress, appeared near the carriage and dismounted. A small, active horse, of course bridled and saddled, was brought forward by an orderly. The President seized the reins and mounted. It took a few minutes to let out the stirrup-straps long enough for him; then he joined McClellan, who, with his staff and escort, had already vaulted into their saddles within a stone's throw of my position. We had a good opportunity to observe the situation. The President's tall hat was on the back of his head, his long coat flowed back from the horse's flank, his trousers were hitched up so that there was some space between them and his shoes, and his feet were pretty near the ground. McClellan was handsome and graceful anywhere, and particularly so when in full uniform and mounted upon a faultless steed. The contrast between the two was indeed striking and ludicrous. All the group about me laughed at the awkward figure, and remarks like this were made: "Look at that old ape! What a shame it is that we should have such a buffoon for President!"

Every word spoken was of that sort. Though I should have liked to see him make a better appearance, yet noticing that he rode sturdily with the best of them, I spoke sharply to some of his maligners, and rebuked them as well as I could. My speech had the effect of checking the ridicule. As we beheld the cavalcade moving on toward the troops, we all noticed that when McClellan trotted, so did the President by his side, and without interruption he held himself firmly in his saddle and accomplished the extended review without further awkwardness than would pertain to such an inappropriate dress and outfit as he had.

It was at this time, on Mr. Lincoln's return to his carriage, just after he had started toward the Long Bridge, that a young Ohio officer, running after him,

called out in a shrill and piteous tone: "Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln!" Mr. Lincoln caused the driver to hold up his team, and, leaning over the side of his open carriage, he motioned for the young officer to approach. The young man ran up almost out of breath and said that Colonel W. T. Sherman had threatened his life; that he had said to him: "Young man, if you do not do so and so, I will have you shot."

Mr. Lincoln quietly and gently said to him, in a voice just above a whisper: "My lad, I know Colonel Sherman very well, and I believe he would do it." The team drove on, and left the young officer feeling that there was no appeal against this military tyranny. Mr. Lincoln thus humorously sustained the discipline of the army.

As my rank increased, and my command became larger, I came in contact with Mr. Lincoln more frequently—often enough for him to remember me and to give me pleasant recognition whenever we met. I had been left on the battle-field with my division at Antietam, to help gather in all the wounded and to bury the dead, after the remainder of the army had marched off to Harper's Ferry. It was a terrible and gruesome task, and made many of my command quite ill. Still, we were able, by slow marches, to overtake McClellan's army at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Lincoln was very much dissatisfied that the Army of the Potomac had not more promptly followed up its victory after Antietam, but, in order not to give a hasty judgment against his general, he himself came up to Harper's Ferry to take a look at the troops.

Just after my arrival, I went to General McClellan's headquarters, and found President Lincoln there, getting ready for an inspection of the army. He was dressed as usual, but McClellan had seen to it that on this occasion he had a more suitable mount, a large, well-broken horse and appropriate trappings. Mr. Lincoln was cordial to me as I spoke my name and introduced my adjutant-general, Major Eliphalet Whittlesy, who had been a minister and professor at Bowdoin College. Having been sent by me upon some duty, the major rode off. Mr. Lincoln was admiring his fine horsemanship when some officer said, "That 's a parson, Mr. President."

"Parson! Parson! He looks more like a cavalier," said he.

As I was sitting on my horse near him, a little despatch engine shot rapidly past the engine-house where John Brown had been caught at the close of the "John Brown Raid," and gave forth a prolonged shrill whistle, ending in a high-keyed screech.

"What 's that?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"That 's called the 'Flying Dutchman,'" some one replied.

"Oh, it is? It should be named the 'Skeered Virginian.'"

Before Chancellorsville I had recently come to the command of the Eleventh Army Corps. Soon after this, President Lincoln came with General Hooker to review my troops. The corps presented a fine appearance along the hills and slopes. General Hooker and the President seemed pleased, and I was congratulated by observing officers upon our splendid review.

Mr. Lincoln, however, said nothing to me till just as he was finishing the inspection; then he asked: "How is it, General Howard, that you have so large a part of your army over there?"

He referred to men off duty, who were mingled with citizens on the slopes opposite the place of our parade. Of course I explained as well as I could how the quartermaster's men, orderlies, cooks, and other details, had come out of camp to see the President.

Mr. Lincoln smiled and remarked gently: "That review is about as big as ours." His evident criticism, though humorously given, was a wholesome one to me. At any rate, such details of men out of rank did not again appear on any future parade.

After the exercises, I had returned to my tent and taken off my accoutrements when the doorway to the fine evergreen bower which the German pioneers had made for me in front of my tent was darkened by the entrance of some one. Looking out, I saw Mr. Lincoln, with his hat in his hand, bowing low enough to walk in, coming to pay me a visit. I have remembered that visit with great satisfaction. He laughed at the low roof of the bower. He sat down on my camp-

bed, admired my robe, made from the skins of South American mountain-sheep, and noticed and spoke of the large set of tablets that hung against the rear tent-pole. For that day the words were, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

I was made to realize very soon, especially after the defeat of Chancellorsville, that Mr. Lincoln had become very strongly my friend. He would not suffer me to be removed from the head of the corps until it had had another trial. He closed his answer to my opposers and critics with the words, "Give him time, and he will bring things straight."

As illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's superb faith, I will give an instance that I have never seen in print. In the largest room in the White House, on the second floor, were gathered a number of officers of the army, then of prominence by reason of the commands that they held in the field; many civilians who held no office, but who had come from the North to see Washington and pay their respects to Mr. Lincoln, and perhaps get contracts essential to running the government; and a few members of Congress.

At first it appeared more like a large reception, where, after shaking hands, people stayed to chat with one another. Not far from Mr. Lincoln, a prominent senator, whom we may call Senator D——, in a strong, deep voice remarked: "I believe that, if we could only do right as a people, the Lord would help us, and we should have a decided success in this terrible struggle." Mr. Lincoln, hearing the remark of the senator, with his clear, shrill enunciation, cried out: "My faith is greater than yours."

Everybody turned and looked at the President, who was head and shoulders above all there assembled. The senator who had spoken then said, "How so, Mr. Lincoln?"

"I am confident," said he, "that God will make us do sufficiently right to give us the victory."

After General Lee had crossed the Potomac River, following his retreat from Gettysburg, there was considerable criticism of General Meade, particularly in the public press, because he did not follow up Lee's army and strike it a heavy blow when it was at the river-crossing. I saw that my own name was coming into what I thought undue prominence, so I wrote to Mr. Lincoln as earnest a letter as I could in behalf of General Meade, showing him how thoroughly united were the principal officers in his support. Mr. Lincoln then wrote me that excellent letter, dated July 21, 1863, which, together with mine, has already been published. It was characteristic of Lincoln to say:

> I was deeply mortified by the escape of Lee's Army across the Potomac. . . . Perhaps my mortification was heightened because I had always believed,—making my belief a hobby possibly,—that the main Rebel Army, going north of the Potomac, could never return if well attended to, and because I was so greatly flattered in this belief by the operations at Gettysburg. A few days having passed, I am now profoundly grateful for what was done, without criticism for what was not done. General Meade has my confidence as a brave and skillful officer and a true man. . . .

Very recently I met one of the few living commissioned officers of my own regiment. He said that at one time while encamped on Meridian Hill, when I had a bilious attack and for a few days was extremely ill, Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Charlotte Cushman, the celebrated tragic actress of the day, paid me a visit. This officer, then a corporal, was guarding my tent, and let the visitors come in to see me. The next day, this officer said, Mr. Lincoln came again, bringing with him his little son Tad. After inquiring about my condition, Mr. Lincoln went away to find the surgeon, leaving Tad with the corporal, cautioning him to be very quiet. He remembers that Tad asked, "Is the colonel very sick—awful sick?"

"Yes, he 's awful sick," answered the corporal.

Then Tad added thoughtfully, "Father fears he is going to die."

There is not much in an incident like this, but it shows how kind and tender Mr. Lincoln was, and how deeply interested in the welfare of one of his youngest colonels.

I have only one more personal incident to relate. Some time after the above-mentioned letter was written, my corps, with General Slocum's, was ordered to the Middle West, to join the Army of the Cumberland, which had suffered a reverse at the battle of Chickamauga. Af-

ter I had embarked my entire force upon different trains of cars, which, coming from Alexandria, passed through Washington and on to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, I stopped long enough in the capital to pay a visit to Mr. Lincoln. At this interview I remained with him longer than ever before—perhaps two hours. He had many inquiries to make, and treated me with great kindness and consideration. I had a government chart with me, which was not mounted. Mr. Lincoln had the same chart with a good back, which he pulled down from the large frame in the corner of his office. He offered me his map in exchange for mine, remarking, "*That* will be better for *you,* and *yours* is good enough for *me.*"

Previous to this, I remember his placing his finger upon Cumberland Gap and asking: "Could you not, General Howard, with your corps pass through that gap and seize Knoxville and deliver those people of east Tennessee?" Then he turned and looked into my eyes and said, with a singularly intense expression of face: "They are loyal there, General; they are loyal."

I realized after more than a year's campaigning among the people of the mountains what Mr. Lincoln meant by "They are loyal." They never changed their love and devotion to the Old Flag. Thousands of them flocked to our support, and nearly all the population did everything in their power to assist and supply the wants of our soldiers. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lincoln so impressed me at that interview with the sturdy character and the exceeding needs of the people of the mountains that I began almost immediately to establish schools among them, and since my retirement from the army, I have devoted myself night and day to the building up of a central institution (Lincoln's Memorial University) near that Cumberland Gap, which in intended to be not only a great help to the mountain youth, but a veritable monument to him whom I have served and loved these many years, Abraham Lincoln.

BILL

BY ROY NORTON

THERE were three of us, Tom, me, and Bill. Bill was the dog and the last to join.

The place of our coming together was in Alaska, away off up there where even nowadays there are but few white men, and where, at that time, all was covered over with the glamour of mystery and the splendid terror of the unknown.

We never knew where Bill came from, but, anyway, that was nobody's business, and in Alaska at that time there were lots of questions which no man ever asked another. Maybe Bill had done something for which, if there had been necessity, he would have changed his name; but we never thought so. As far as we ever knew, he was a thoroughbred gentleman, with all that the title implies, by birth and instinct. Certainly he was always on the square with us, and we went through some pretty hard times together.

Tradition said that Bill first landed in Alaska, swimming with an unknown white man,—probably his partner,—and valiantly trying to assist him to the shore. The Indians at Katmai picked them from the smother of foam where the breakers sweep over shoals on one side and hammer themselves to spray against a tall cliff on the other.

The man lost his life, but Bill pulled through, and was finally dragged away, overpowered and resisting, into the interior, to become the property of the tyune, or chief, of Kolukuk. That 's where we first met him.

Tom and I had a hard time getting into Kolukuk. Had been out of grub for a day or two when we first sighted

the village, then unknown to white men, away over across an arm of the sea. This arm was frozen and covered with snow as we looked down upon it from a high, bleak embankment. At best, salt ice is pretty treacherous; but we were too desperate to wait to travel round the rim of this basin, so we unhooked the sled-rope and turned it loose. Down it went, smashing, bumping, and bounding out upon the border ice.

We followed with the dogs, slipping, sliding, and scrambling, until we, too, landed. Then we hooked them in again and started on this cold, white flat toward the peeping roofs of the igloos, where the smoke rose up as though anxious to get freed from it all.

Away out on the ice, a full mile from the village, and alone in stately solitude and filled with disgust for Alaska, sat Bill. We yelled at him, wondering who he was, and why he was out there by himself, and then, to our surprise, he arose to his feet and came to a fine point. Stood with head and tail stretched rigidly out and his right foreleg lifted for a moment as if he were posing for a statue. He was only waiting for another sound to make sure that we were white men.

We called again, using our hands to yell through, and that ended Bill's hesitancy or wait for introduction. The wind, with a handicap, could n't have caught him as he came to us. He stopped out in front, heedless of the snarling team and wanting to make quite sure that we were his sort. Then he lunged all over us, he was so glad to see his own kind of folk again.

"Well, what do you think of that? It 's a white man's dog," said Tom.

Bill looked at him and understood. And right here, as we three met, we knew that we understood him. God fixes things so that some times it 's possible for men and dogs to communicate with each other, and this was one of those times.

"I 've had a devil of a time here in this strong-smelling Indian village," Bill said by way of conversation, "and am mighty glad you came along. I 'm hungry to talk to, and be with, my own people again." It was there we named him Bill, first because that 's a gentleman's name, and second because he looked like a partner we once had down Arizona-way.

Then we drove hard toward the igloos, thinking that after all these months we were going to meet one human being that we could feel sure of; but it was a disappointment. There was n't any white man there, and most of the Indians had never seen one. They crowded around us in sullen, suspicious curiosity. We were n't popular.

The only reason we got into the kasima —that 's a sort of club house—was because they thought we must be some kind of traders. And all the time while we stood outside, Bill stayed with us, showing his teeth to the village dogs, and occasionally trying to snap an Indian that came too near. How he did hate the whole lot!

We 'd been in some pretty rank Indian villages, but this one beat them all. The natives were very poor, very unfriendly, and, worst of all, very dirty. We crawled through the usual tunnel, fighting our way with any dogs we met in the darkness, and up into an underground burrow. Bill started after us, but the tyune raised such a yell that we did n't take Bill's part, because we did n't want to make the chief too hostile. So Bill went back and crawled on our sled, being anxious to stay with something civilized.

Outside, the night came down, a wind raged and tore loose chunks of ice and floating snow from the silent whiteness, and we were mighty glad to be sheltered, even in such a hole as this. It was a big place, lighted only by the flare of the fire from the pit in the center of the dirt floor, with no opening except the door to the tunnel and a little hole in the roof covered over with sewn bladders.

In this stifling nest were crowded about fifty bucks, squaws, and papooses, and, to add to the general bad odor, bladders of seal oil, strings of dried fish, and chunks of rancid blubber jostled one another from the ridge-poles and fought to see which could smell the loudest. They were n't a pretty lot, these Indians, in the silence and the darkness, with the flash of light occasionally shining up against their straight, matted hair and ugly cheekbones. To make any sort of peace we had to pass around a little tea, which they took readily, and in return gave grudging

toleration. They knew we hated them, and we knew they hated us, from the jump-off.

Tom and I drew cuts to see which one should sleep next to the wall, and Tom won. He always was a lucky cuss. The tyune took the place of honor next me, or else got there because he hoped to steal something before the night was over. He was a squat, villainous-looking old buck, wrinkled around the eyes and adorned with sparse whiskers which looked as if they might have been stolen from some careless porcupine. They just added to his general shagginess.

Along in the night I woke up with something blowing noisily and warmly against the back of my neck. The fire in the pit had died down to coals, so it was dark. I reached out and took a feel at this thing. It was the tyune's face, where he had worked himself under my robe, the air having cooled off a bit. I carefully raised my foot till it was firmly planted in his paunch, and with a good brace against Tom, kicked. He landed about ten feet out.

There were wails, and shrieks, and shouts, and, above all, savage growls and barks. Bill was there, and had got pretty busy. Just as a buck threw a pitch knot on the coals in the pit and the flames began hurrying upward, Tom and I got to our feet. Down on the ground was the tyune, with Bill trying to gnaw a hole in him.

We yelled at the dog, and he backed off with a jump and landed between Tom and me. By this time we were with our backs against the wall, and pistols in hand, wondering what was going to hit first.

It was n't a very comforting picture that came when the light grew strong. There we three stood,—Tom, Bill, and me,—Bill snarling and with every hair on his silky back at a stand, and a bunch of mad savages drawn round us in a semicircle. The fire in its flickering showed just how sore they were, and made pretty prominent the spears they held. They did n't need paint to go to war right then. They were all ready.

The tyune blamed it all on Bill. In a gentle patois, composed of Russian, Chinook, and Siwash, he explained that Bill always had been a devil, and, before his voice broke off in a grunt, promised to eat Bill's heart. I guess he would have prepared him for that expiatory ceremony right then if we had backed ground. Between growls, Bill heard him and actually looked up at me and grinned with joy—a kind of unholy "got-him-that-time" look.

It cost us ten minutes' powwow, which was cheap, and a pound of tobacco, which was expensive, to get peace in the family, and then we had time to look around. Bill had been so hungry to associate with white men that he had dug a tunnel and eaten clean through a wood door to enjoy our society. But when the kasima grew quiet again, you may be sure Bill went to sleep between Tom's feet and mine. Neither Tom nor I wanted to take a chance, because Bill gave us to understand that the tyune would murder him if we did n't stand pat. So we stood.

And that 's about the pleasant sort of time we had for the next couple of days till the storm let up and we hired a guide and got ready to tackle the pass beyond the village. Naturally we had many quiet talks together, Tom, and me, and Bill.

Bill said as plain as could be, "You fellows are n't going to leave a thoroughbred like me here in this hole, are you?" And we had come to an agreement we would n't.

Well, we offered the tyune everything from a jews'-harp to a dog for Bill, but he just would n't let go. For three hours we tried to *kaboosak*,—that means trade,—but it was no use. So we decided to run a bluff, and slid out of the igloos and over the snow toward the mountains. We never got a chance to run it, though.

Before we had gone a mile, and that, too, with Bill's entreaties and pleadings ringing out in the cold air all the time, we heard a commotion back of us. There came Bill, and he was coming, too; don't mistake. He had chewed the thongs with which the tyune, after blanketing his head with a pelt, had bound him, and was running so hard that his belly was n't more than six inches from the snow crust.

Bill was n't saying anything, but about the whole village, led by the tyune, was. Pretty soon the tyune dragged out one of those old Hudson Bay blunderbusses and turned loose a couple of shots at him. No

more, though, because those slugs which the benevolent H. B. used to trade cost a nickel each, and that makes gunning expensive.

I forgot to say that Tom and me had the finest dog team that was ever brought together in the Arctic. Anyhow, I think so. Had them trained so that with a *"Yip-yip"* they would break into a dead run. When we saw that mob coming after Bill, we made a jump for the sled, did the tallest *"yip-yipping"* we had ever done, and were off in a cloud of snowdust. The guide had stopped, and when we caught up with him, did n't want to join the party. But we needed his advice, so stopped the dogs long enough to take him on—about as you would a sack of salt.

We looked back. The tyune, being a little overfed and out of practice, had dropped behind, but there was one big buck pelting along that looked fit to run a week without a let-up. Evidently the whole village had their bets on him, but Bill was distancing him at every jump.

We went at least three miles this way before an accident happened to Bill. The long, loose ends of the thong caught round a snag sticking through the snow, he did a great somersault in the air, and found himself a prisoner. Lord! how he did yell at us!

"Can't you see I 'm tangled?" he called over and over again. That 's the only time I ever heard him cry as if in hopelessness. We halted the sled, and I went back, resolved to stop the runner with a gun, if necessary. Just as I got Bill loose and was accepting his thanks, I heard a noise on the sled ahead, and Tom and the guide were having it.

The guide was n't inclined to guide. Wanted to go back to his igloo, and howled all sorts of gibberish because we wanted to take Bill along. Tom expostulated with him, using his fist. Tom 's no slouch.

I, too, had business. I dropped on my knee, to get good aim, and took a wing-shot at the runner. He was out of range, but there came a little spurt of snow about ten feet ahead of him and that discouraged him. I did n't have to shoot again, although Bill wanted me to. The native stopped real quick, shook his fists, and made medicine to the gods to do all sorts of things to us, and started back to his family.

That was the first time, so far as I know, that Tom or I ever stole anything. And we never have been sorry. But after that, night and day, we had to watch that guide.

Talk about Chilkoot Pass, made famous by the struggles of Boston boot-and-shoe clerks to get to Klondike; it 's nothing but a summer outing for the Amalgamated Ladies and Gentlemen's Heroic Mountain Climbing and Geographical Society compared with the one we went over.

It 's a kind of funnel-shaped thing, about twenty miles long, and if you 're fool enough to tackle it, you wait outside till there are no snow whirls around the peaks and the day is still; then you dash madly into this funnel, and hope you are going to get through the spout end before the wind comes up. If Old Boreas comes up, you try to back out; failing in this, you die. Then you quit trying.

Now, there 's a place in this pass where, after you 've crawled up, and up, and up, along a steep slope, you swing around a mountain's edge and find yourself with nothing but a narrow ledge to work over for five or six hundred feet. Fierce place that! Just a little sloping shelf, and if you happen inadvertently to drop off, there won't be anything to distract your attention for quite a while.

The guide's feet slipped and for about a minute he wallowed around on his ugly face and tried to scratch holes in the ice with his fingers and toes. If he 'd been given ice-picks he might have done better. I did n't have time to watch him drop, although it would have been interesting. I was too busy.

The dogs backed up, the sled lost way, and then commenced to sheer off to follow the guide. There was n't anything for me to do but try to hold it with my body. I threw myself flat down on the crust. I stopped the sled all right, but it began to look as though I, too, would go over, when all of a sudden something grabbed me from the uphill side; there was a scratching of claws gripping into the ice, and Bill was dragging me back for all he was worth.

You know how just a little help sometimes makes things easy? Well, that 's

what Bill did for me. He had n't been very particular, not having much time to choose holds, and had set his teeth pretty well into my hip. He was glad and at the same time apologetic until I just sat down, with my back to the wall, gathered his head up against my breast, and thanked him for the good turn. And all that time Tom, who had come back from away up ahead, stood there saying over and over, "Well,-I 'll be ——!"

Then we went ahead, and being pretty well through the pass, did n't miss the guide much. I rather think Bill was glad he went overboard.

In the wild places where a man 's free there are trips and trips, but this was a bad one, with villages far between,—hundreds of miles,—and many of them starving, the caribou having run north that winter. It was always on and on, the snow soft at times, till you wore your heart out tugging at your sled-ropes and swore at the balls that clogged the web when your shoes settled deeply. Then would come the cold days when traveling was good, but you suffered in other ways.

Back of the sled were bloody prints on the snow where Bill walked. A blanket kept the chill from cutting through his silky hide, but nature had n't made his feet for the North. The wolves and dogs and other wild things up there, even to the rabbits, have big splay feet covered with hair around the pads—kind of a natural snow-shoe. Those dogs know how to care for themselves, but it was hard on Bill. It was a new game to him. He used to come limping to me, hold up a paw, and say: "Get a little of that ice out of there, won't you, pal? It hurts some." We made moccasins for him, but they did n't do much good.

So we took to hauling him on the sled, although he protested, and let me know that he felt himself something of a nuisance. But he never lost heart nor complained, and on nights when timber wolves prowled round and round the camp, trying to bring down a dog, would have willingly taken a chance and ended his life in one splendid fight, fang to fang and sinew to sinew. He never fought with the team. He was too dignified, and merely tolerated the other dogs as beasts of burden. And they seemed to realize that in his way he was a king. Intelligence is always commanding.

Half-rations for the dogs and our grub gone; moldy dog fish for ourselves and quarter rations for the dogs; then no rations at all; hunger shrieking in the wind, and the weakened team down until it could barely drag the almost empty sled; the tent and stove abandoned, and an unknown trail ahead—that 's what we came to.

In a starving camp, surrounded by staggering, footsore, skeleton dogs, one night we came to the last resort and resolved to begin the following day by the sacrifice of a dog, and so on each day, until we could reach somewhere out over the whiteness and find food. But it did n't come to that, because on that very night Bill, with his finely trained nose, again saved the situation.

Out back of the camp-fire he unearthed from beneath the snow an abandoned cache of fish, years old, but better, much better, than starvation. And he called to us to come as the famished pack hurled itself upon him. Heaven! how we fought, we men and dogs! And when they were beaten back, Tom had his legs torn to the muscles, I had my share, and from under the lot we took out staunch old Bill, still silent, and uncomplaining, and victorious.

The find saved our lives, but always after that Bill was a cripple. In the battle some one of the pack had ripped the shoulder tendons of one of his legs, and sent him limping through life.

He was in better shape when we reached a village, the most prosperous one on the coast, and made ready to take the next and hardest jump. At this place we found a half-breed missionary, a fine old chap, doing all the good he could for his people and living there year in and year out, patiently earning his way to a white man's heaven. He was a good man, I know, because Bill forgave that half strain of Indian blood and took to him.

The way ahead was so hard and unknown that we decided to leave Bill there with the missionary to recuperate till spring, when we could send round the coast and have him brought to us. But it was a mighty hard thing to do, and I 'm not ashamed to say that Tom and I were all broken up. I told Bill, but for once he did n't seem to understand, or else took

it as a joke. I sha'n't forget my last day with him. There were a few ptarmigan around there, and Bill and I played truant like a pair of boys together and went hunting. Bill was happier than I had ever seen him before. And he knew more at that game than I did. He worked very hard, though, and was tired the next morning when we put the rested pack into the harness and prepared to go.

Bill limped up to the sled, and I never saw any one so badly hurt as he was when I said: "Bill, you are n't going any farther this trip. You 're going to stay here, where you can rest and get strong, until spring."

I could n't look into his eyes, because he said: "What have I done? Have n't I always tried to do the square thing? Are n't we pardners? Did I ever show the white feather?"

It had to be done, though, so I took him into a log hut, hugged him, and told him "Good-by," and we pulled out. From behind us came the long wails of one cruelly deserted, and mourning a farewell.

There is n't much more to this story; all our lonesomeness in the separation, and the weariness and suffering of the trip which nearly ended our lives, does n't count. We did well that early spring, and when the ice was gone, Tom worked the claim alone while I went back in a little coaster to bring Bill. But he 's there yet.

After we left him behind, he grew moody, and always yearned for us. He passed his days in running to the tops of the little hills and watching, always watching, for some one who never came. He retained his dignity, and gently, but without reciprocating, accepted any courtesies shown him by the missionary, who loved and understood and pitied him. Dog and half-breed, both were gentlemen.

There came a night when the ice had gone out and some fishermen came in a smack—came in while the night was cruel, the waves ripping across the shoals, and the skies wildly heavy with the tearing storm. The Indians huddled on the beach in powerlessness when the smack went down, and the dogs of the village, blindly aware of the tragedy of the sea before them, stretched hairy throats heavenward and wailed the Malmoot song of the dying—all the dogs but Bill.

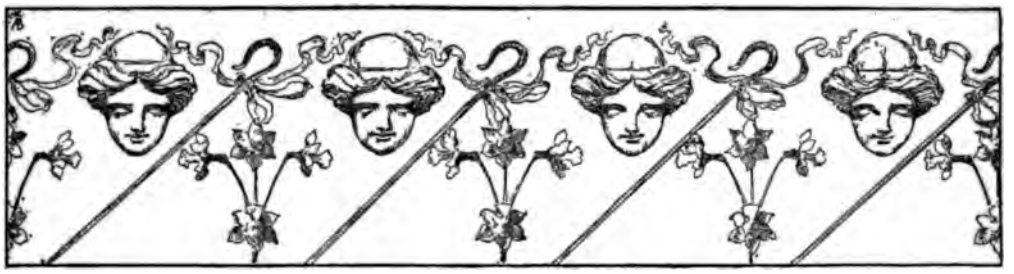
In silent sorrow he limped backward and forward, until from out the half-darkness came a call in the speech he knew: "Help! Help! For God's sake, help!"

In the ghastly flare of the night, from where he stood he saw a man, a white man, clinging to a piece of drift and lifted on the crest of the waves. It was one of his own people, and he knew it. I can fancy brave old Bill, in splendid valor, saying to himself: "I 'm deserted by my friends, and not much good; I don't like the water, and I 'm a cripple: but, anyway, I 'll make a try."

That was the end. When the sea beat the bank sullenly on the next gloomy morning, it chucked, with savage derision, two things on the beach—the body of a man with widely staring eyes and clenched fingers, and that of a crippled pointer dog whose teeth had been so firmly set in the man's flannel shirt that natives had to tear the garments of the dead to bring separation.

Once, so a Britisher told me, there was a man named Byron who wrote an epitaph for a dog and put up a monument. I 'm sure our monument is bigger. It stands out there over that bleak point when the snows are everywhere, or in summer-time looks accusingly at the sea. It says:

"NOT TO A DOG; BUT TO OUR PARDNER BILL."



UNCATALOGUED

BY EDNA KENTON

VENN came out from the doctor's log shanty, and sat down in the sunshine, his face pale and his body shaking. Once he held up his thin right hand, and stared at it, as it wavered and shook before his eyes. Once he glanced across the road at his tent, as Tillotson shambled in his direction; and, had the man shown a disposition to come nearer, Venn would have retreated to its thin shelter. But Tillotson, as aimless in his walk as in his talk, turned aside and shuffled down a ravine path; and so Venn sat, shaking, on his screened log, in the brilliant Colorado sunshine, and tried to make himself believe that he had heard aright, that the doctor had not been talking blithering nonsense. His thin lips twitched and trembled, and his dull eyes stared straight ahead.

Dr. Wolcott, stepping from his cabin, and shutting the door behind him, caught sight of the thin, unsteady figure on the half-hidden log, and before he crossed the beaten path toward the line of tents to visit Billy Marks, dying, poor lad, with his fifth hemorrhage, he swerved a little from his track, and came up behind Venn, to give his patient's shoulder a firm, gentle grasp.

"It 's not too much for you, man?" he asked quietly.

Venn looked up with blurred eyes. "I 'm making a baby of myself, Wolcott," he said. "I think I could have stood the other news better."

"I want you to hurry things along," replied Wolcott, with cheery brevity. "You came out here expecting to die, and a lunger-camp is a bit depressing, I grant. And you were a pretty bad case to start with—by George! I *don't* see how you 've made it! But you 're getting well, irrefutably well. If you wanted to, you could be hard at work right now on some of your gaudy daubs. It 'll do you good to start in again. You see, man, you 're getting well."

"It 's too much for me yet awhile," said Venn, brusquely. "I could have dropped into a lunger's grave without making much of a protest. I don't deserve it,—I was n't making a fight,—and there 's that cursedly brave little Marks—"

"He 's got a wife back East," said Wolcott. "I 've a fancy he 's holding on to life in the bare hope that some miracle will somehow bring her to him, for there 's no money for her to come out on. I 'd send for her myself if I could, but I 've done that twice lately—to save life; and while I 'm paid ten times over, I just can't do it so soon again simply for the comfort of a doomed man."

Venn's hand went swiftly into his pocket. "Here," he said roughly. "It 's my month's income—my last, I said this morning, when I opened the letter. Cash it, and use what you need, and hand me what 's left. I can scrape along. If he 's got a wife, he ought to have her with him, poor devil! You could telegraph it to-night to her, could n't you?"

"Jackson drove over to the station to-day," said Wolcott, "and he 's not back

yet. He 'll have to use the same horse again, but there 's no time to lose. This is decent of you, Venn. I 'll send Jackson back to-night, after he and his horse have had time to rest up a bit. This news ought to buoy Billy up for a few days—long enough for her to get here. I 'll wait to tell him till we hear from her—Jackson can wait over night for her telegram."

He shook hands with Venn, and Venn blushed like a criminal, after the fashion of men catching each other in the doing of good deeds; and then Wolcott passed on, leaving Venn to his dizzy musings.

Life, life! His again! He had given up so completely to the thought of death's being his swift-coming portion that, with Wolcott, he hardly saw how it was possible that his disease was conquered. Six months before he had gone out from the East, filled with reckless anger at the thought that his life must go out in such a way; flinging impotent batteries of ultimate questions at an implacable law. Somehow, in the melting sunshine of the West and the tingling air of this camp, he had lost most of his anger, and had ceased to ask any of his questions. He had simply settled down to die; content, as a dog might be content, with the sun while it shone, and with sleep and food. He had laughed in bitter mirth over a box which had followed him, holding his brushes, canvases, tubes of paint, all his paraphernalia, which Cossett, thinking to be kind, had packed, regardless of Venn's angry refusal to take anything with him, and had sent after him. Venn had opened the box wide enough to see what it held, and then had pitched it under his cot, where it had remained. Sometime the color out here in this wild place made his fingers tingle for a second, but the thrill passed with his consciousness of it, and he sank back again into his dogged waiting for the end.

For he had watched several men fight to the death as poor Billy Marks was fighting now, and he had known it all for a losing battle. Where lay the use of fighting, when one was caught like a rat, and caged like a rat! That had been his attitude—a sullen non-resistance before certain death. And somehow, in spite of his stubborn indifference and lassitude, he was getting well—he was getting well! And yonder, in that white tent with its flapping curtain, Billy Marks, who had fought for life like a maddened little hero, was going fast. Venn did not see how it was possible for Marks to hold on till the next train from the East, to say nothing of his laborious living out the days which must pass before his wife could come. And yet, if a fellow had a wife, and wanted her, and she wanted him, it was worse than death if they could n't have each other for the time that was left them.

He realized at last that he was still holding the black pocket-book from which he had taken the check which he had passed over to Wolcott; that he had been staring at its leather sides till his eyes were watering, not from emotion, but from simple overstrain. He knew that he had been thinking of many, many things, but he put his crowding thoughts resolutely aside, and began to fuss over the pocket-book before he put it away.

And suddenly his straying fingers, as idle as a child's, touched a tiny, two-by-four-inch pamphlet, and the world, which for six long months had been for almost every moment dun and sordid and terrible, blossomed at that magic touch into a beauty which was pain. Inspiration to live and work rushed on him from every shrub, every massive rock, every cloud. A bird was poised in the brilliant blue above him, an embodied song, a miracle. Even Tillotson's ungainly, plodding figure in the distance seemed pure poetry, because it held a marvelous ego, because it was life, life, life!

He drew out the tiny book and opened it with fingers which trembled again. Cossett had sent it to him two days ago; the pictures it catalogued were to follow. They had proved good friends, fine comrades, those boys back yonder, all of them. They had faithfully written him all the gossip of the studios and the town happenings; had sent him bits of sketches and scrawls of verse and rough-hewn blockings of figurines and fountains, and all manner of designs from façades to keys and hinges. They had done their level-best, those good fellows, to keep his spirits up, and keep him in touch with the world so far to the East. They had taken his silences for what they were, deliberate simulations of indifference, and had not

noticed them. And at last, because in one of his brief letters, he had growled out a protest against being deprived of the fellows' private views, they had done this thing. The catalogue had come from Cossett, with a letter explaining its absurdities. Since he could not see their latest work in all its conceded grandeur, Cossett told him, they were sending the mountain, slightly pared, to their good brother, Mohammed. While the art-gallery itself was making its leisurely way to him, he might enjoy a careful study of their specially designed catalogue. They besought tenderness of attitude toward their work, implored that the critical faculty, when it involved adverse criticism, might be sternly repressed, and that their efforts to please might be viewed through the lenient eyes of the heart. If he missed some fine effects he might look for, he must lay it to the fact that on canvases limited in area from one to six inches square, some fineness has to be sacrificed to "broad" treatment; and if, on the other hand, he missed breadth, he must remind himself that on such a canvas even a Monet must paint with eyelashes. At all events, the boys had done their best by the "Midget Exhibit," and old Venn was to take it and make it his.

So this afternoon old Venn sat, humbled, reading over the titles of the paintings, and watching eagerly for the first sight of Jackson coming along the far, far road. Perhaps Jackson might be bearing to him even now the "Midget Exhibit." He was wild to see it, was all but fretful with eagerness and impatience.

"The Model—in pastel—E. Reid." Reid had never dabbled in pastel before. Venn wondered what the product would be like. "A Nocturne in A Flat—Buster Wape." Venn grinned. He could imagine what Buster would make of such a subject, so Whistlerian in sound. "From Cossett's Window—Harry Meier." That dear old window, every changing view of which Venn loved to homesickness, which he and Cossett had shared for the last four half-way-happy years. "American Beauties"; "The Star"; "The Ballet"; "The Crow"; "The Moon"; "A Poster"; "A Royal Flush"—Venn groaned with eagerness. This all meant something to him now, after Wolcott's words this afternoon. He had not cared for any of it before,—not a picayune.

At the end there was a poem. No need to tell him that Buster Wape wrote it; there was the very swing of Buster's restless legs in the meter; he could fairly hear Buster's beautiful clog to the *pat-pat* of the fellows' hands as he read for the second time in fact, but for the first time in feeling, the foolish verses:

> This Midget
> Exhibit
> We 're sending you
> Where coyotes howl
> For their grub that 's due
> Since you stick to
> The alkali dust,
> Where the skies bend blue,
> And the gold doth rust
> In the west-end pot
> Of that rainbow game
> We all are chasing.
> If it 's all the same
> To you, old man,
> We 're sending it
> In size not much,
> From Meier's " Dutch
> Interior "
> To Thompson's " Lake
> Superior,"
> To grace the den
> Of you, Paul Venn -
> Paul Venn, to you
> With a howdy-do.

And a round hundred of them—one hundred foolish, nonsensical bits of masterpieces!

Venn got up from his log, and walked a bit of the way down the road. He shaded his eyes with his hands, and stared down it, and suddenly whooped a joyful whoop. Jackson was coming, hot on the trail. Venn trembled to think how sore a thing his disappointment was to be if the "Midget Exhibit" had not come, and then he laughed delightedly at the thought of being disappointed in anything again. It was delicious, miraculous, to care about things, to be wild with eagerness, maddened at the bare thought of disappointment. He was aware in that moment that he had solved one at least of the thousand problems he had so tauntingly cast for answering at the feet of that implacable law which six months ago had seemed to mock him. The use of suffering? To make men happy. The question and the answer came like flashes

of blinding light. There seemed no logic to them, no reasoning that was even rudimentary, yet Venn knew that he had the answer to a part at least of life. And he had had to come out here, to this little tented encampment, habited by cowards and heroes, to learn it.

He walked down the road to meet Jackson, and that worthy waved his hat from afar, with a comprehensive sweep which seemed to Venn an encouraging omen that the package sent by express had come, as indeed it had. Venn reached up, as Jackson came alongside, and in spite of protest, dragged the heavy box down to earth.

"Wolcott wants to see you," he said to the objecting Jackson. "For Heaven's sake! move on. I want to open this thing right here."

He pushed it out of the road into a sunny hollow, and pried at the cratings until he wrenched them off from the flat, yard-square box. Beneath, in their safe wrappings, lay four oblong, grayish-green, burlapped "walls," with twenty-five pictures to a "wall," numbered to correspond with the tiny catalogue which he still held.

" 'Paul Venn, to you, with a howdy-do!' " he muttered as he struggled with the wrappings and twine. The nonsense of it, and the delight, to see the living, vital work of these good friends on such a day in his life when all the earth and air was throbbing with life and the joy of living!

For a long hour he poured over them, lingering over one panel absurdly long before he laid it aside to take up another. Harry Meier's greens and subdued blues were never so glaucous; his faded rose tints and dead-yellow golds and dull violets shone with the luster of faded gems. Abbott's "Crow," in black and white chalk on blue paper, with its full effect of light and shade—how Abbott had grown! Eliot's "Temple," with its marble steps, through the first layer of transparency of which the eye sunk marvelously to the hard substance! Lannert's picture in white and ruddy copper tones, of a white-gowned, red-haired girl standing against some rusty chrysanthemums! Page's "Star," after Fortuny, perhaps, but the coloring was Page's own! Murray's landscape—Murray, who painted only the stream and the moonlighted night.

Venn picked up the last panel, just for a passing survey. He was surfeited now with delights. He wanted to save a part of this, fresh and new, for another day, for the next morning, when he was to waken to a glorious day, to life, instead of to life-in-death. His wakings had been the hardest moments of his sodden existence during these last six months. Just a quick glance, and he would lay this last one aside for to-morrow's joyful pleasure.

He bent low, with a smothered cry. From out the center of the panel an uncatalogued picture flashed up at him, an unnumbered one. A landscape this; a sweep of sea deeply purple, a sky stained with clouds hot and cold as only the evening knows how to blend them, and from one cloud, far out to sea, a storm of rain, falling in a plume of mist!

Panting, appalled, incredulous, and yet undoubting, he drew back. If he had not recognized the subject, he must have known instantly the distinctive handling of the medium, and if he had been blind to the smothered boldness of execution, he could never have ignored the subject —that purple sea, those clouds hot and cool, that plume of misty, scourging rain; a sight on which his eyes and hers had feasted that summer night six years ago.

And yet how had Cossett dared accept it, or demand it—that contribution to this kindly gallery! It could have been no accident; no one would choose, save for a gift exhibition such as this, to paint such a scene on a canvas six inches square. He bent close and gazed broodingly at the texture of the canvas. It was the quality she loved, if that detail were needed to confirm identification absolute in subject and treatment. But why that subject, that one spot of earth, that one moment of all eternity—why had it been caught and prisoned here!

Staggered, blinded by the strange discovery, Venn looked no further, but mechanically packed the panels together, and took the box by its rope, and went stupidly back to the camp. How had it come to be!

He put the new art-gallery in his tent, and then he went down to that log of his, where he spent many of his afternoons,

close to camp, and yet screened from it, and tried to think the thing out. But from the start he felt it to be unexplainable. Cossett should have written him something of it; yet Cossett knew too well the seal of silence which Venn had placed on that part of his life to dare to break it carelessly—those two years which interrupted briefly their lives together, his and Cossett's.

No, Cossett would not write, would not dare to write, of that shut chapter in Venn's life. And yet he had boldly dared to put in that uncatalogued painting; he was the only man, Venn would swear, who knew of its presence on the panel. The act seemed mysterious, full of subtle meaning; and yet what meaning could there be, except that, hearing of his plight,—Venn knew they all expected him to die, and that right soon,—she had grown pitiful. His face flushed darkly at the thought. He would not take pity, or kindly feeling, even, from her; of all things he would not accept pity or kindliness. Not once in all these months while he was facing death night and day had he wished for her, cared for sight of her. He had been glad to know, so finally, that he no longer missed her, nor desired her. It had been one of his greatest comforts in these six months to tell himself that that chapter was indeed an ended thing, that at last she was less than nothing to him, that memory no longer stabbed him fiercely.

For it had been a bitter story of two proud spirits brought together for a few months in primal love and yielding, and then, mysteriously revolting for a space, one from the other, seeking peace in pride rather than through patience and sustained tenderness. Added to that was the story of the man's passion for his art, and his devoted, pagan adherence to his principles, his firm resolve to avoid commercialism as he would some loathsome plague, opposed to the woman's passionate pride in and longing for Success, as she spelled success. And when one added to all this the pregnant fact that the bitter question of money lay in the woman's favor, the inevitable end had come in bitterness and scorn on both sides.

Venn wondered to-day, as he had wondered many times in these four years, why neither of them had ever sought a divorce. Each had been generous enough to the other there. They had talked that subject over with a surplus of common sense, which, if applied to other problems, might have straightened out the tangle.

"Divorce is unutterably common," Muriel had said. "It seems to me now that one marriage is enough and to spare for any woman. If you ever wish the divorce, it is yours."

"I never had much opinion of a man who gets his decree without full cause," he had told her. "As you say, one marriage holds ample experience for a lifetime. Since we cannot live together decently and in peace, mutual consent to separation is enough, for the present at least."

So they had parted in outward friendliness, but with inward bitterness which rankled in each heart for many months.

"I did love you once," she told him, the last day they were together. "I sometimes think I hate you now, but I did love you once. The memory of that is all that gives me back my self-respect, in the face of this wreck we have made of things. You may think more kindly of me sometimes, remembering that."

Venn stared gloomily ahead of him. Yes, she had loved him once as devotedly as he had loved her. Even though she hated him now, she had loved him once. Since the day she uttered those words, he had hardly thought of them, for the bitterness of their last year together had all but wiped out the memories of their first one. But she had loved him once, as he had worshiped her. After the glory had faded and the dream had died, he had gone back to Cossett, to force success to come to him. And it had come, quick and strong of step, and had stayed by him, until this dread disease had caught him and cast him down, and hurled him out here, to empty contemplation of the voids of space. And she had gone to Paris to study, and success had come to her across the ocean which separated them, the depths of which were not so deep as the gulf of bitter resentment which parted their spirits.

But for a brief space they had loved. How was it that such love as theirs had been could perish so utterly? A memory of that purple sea rose before him as vivid as the tiny painting of it, the sea which

they had watched together on the Maine coast on the evening of their wedding-day, with its staining clouds and its plume of rain far out to sea. How had it come to be there on any one of those four panels? Was it tempered kindliness, or pity, or Cossett's solicitation, or Cossett's demand—

Venn got slowly up from his log, and walked up to his tent. It was all but dusk, and almost supper-time, and bed-time followed quickly. He saw Jackson already eating a quick supper before he should start back on his long return ride to send the telegram and the money to Billy Marks's wife. His wife! Venn's heart throbbed quickly. To die that way, if she might but reach him in time—Billy might call himself blessed.

He found himself in his tent at last, having followed so far the impulse which had driven him from his ruminative log, and he followed further impulse by dragging the box out again, and taking up the fourth panel, only one of the pictures of which he had seen. It stared up at him again, in the light of the fast-dying day, that purple sea. Its message—its message! It had one. If it were not big with portent, it would not have been sent to the dying man they all thought him. She was so proud, but she would bend in pity to a dying man. Venn's face flushed again, and his stung pride began to rise; but with a spasm of sense he crushed it down. "You fool, you fool!" he told himself. "Study it out; study it out, you fool!"

Slowly his hand went out toward the tiny canvas, fastened by thumb-nails and small rings to the soft, light wood of the panel. He took out the nails and lifted it off and turned its back to him. When he saw the writing, he knew that he had expected to find the message there. His breath came quickly as he bent to read:

I have eaten your bread and salt;
I have drunk your water and wine;
The deaths ye died I have watched beside;
And the lives that ye led were mine.

Venn raised his head at last at the sound of a quick voice near him. He was amazed to find it was dark. Dusk came quickly here; it did not steal imperceptibly along, but he had not noticed it. The voice was Wolcott's.

"Stay in over night, Jackson, and come out in the morning with the answer. It 's a hard trip to take twice; but when a man 's got a wife who cares, he ought to have her out here. So get the message off quickly."

"A wife who cares!" But did she? Was it merely pity because he was dying alone? And if it were love still, he could not reach her save through others, to tell her that two people who had loved once as they had loved were fools, *fools,* to let anything in all the mighty universe come between them, let alone the pettiest impulses of their lower natures.

He stepped quickly to the door. "Wolcott!" he called sharply. "Have Jackson wait. I want to send a telegram in by him."

He turned back and snatched up pencil and paper. He could not send it to Muriel; it must go to Cossett. Thank God for a good friend! He wrote it with reckless disregard of words and rates, and he marked it "Rush!" instead of sending it as an unimportant night message.

"If it 's pity because I 'm dying, no matter. If it 's more, wire address."

Cossett would understand that, he knew. He handed it to Jackson, and watched him break into his favorite dash down the road; then he turned to hear patiently Wolcott's vivid comments on his nerve tension and slight fever.

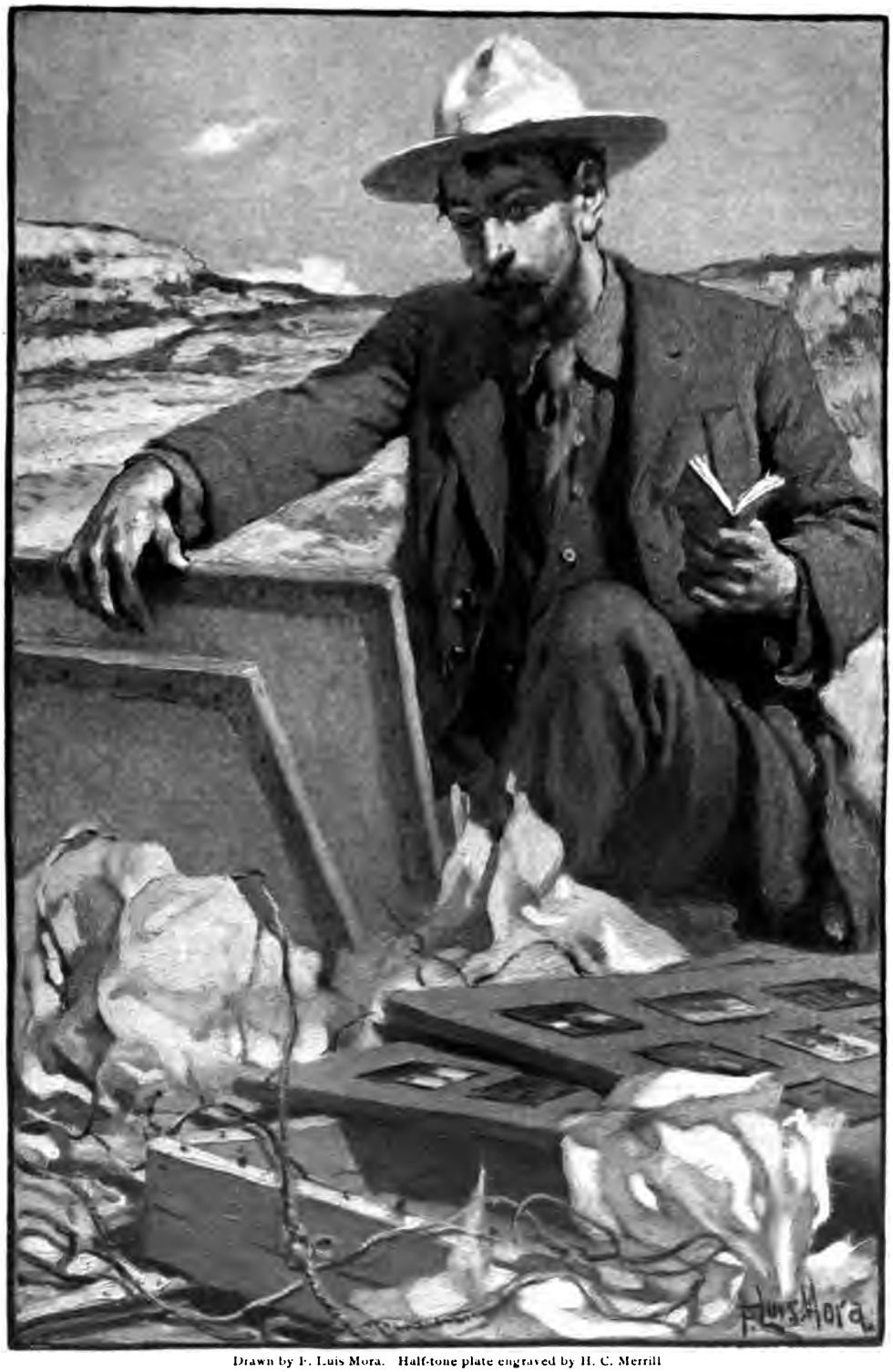
"I talked to you to-day to make you brace up in sweet peace," he said curtly. "I 'll send you your supper here, and I want you to sleep like a dog to-night. Do you understand?"

"I 'll sleep," said Venn, obediently. And in very truth he did.

Jackson came back the next morning with two telegrams. One was for Venn from Cossett. "Am writing," it read laconically, and Venn put it from him with disappointment. The other was from Billy Marks's wife. She would be at the station twenty miles away on Wednesday afternoon.

The next few days dragged their creeping length along. Venn took what walks he might to kill time, and when Wolcott and the nurses allowed it, he dropped in to see Billy. That helped them both a little.

"I 'm going to weather it," Billy said



Drawn by F. Luis Mora. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"APPALLED, INCREDULOUS, AND YET UNDOUBTING, HE DREW BACK"

to him once, his thin, pinched little face smiling gladly up at Venn. "I 'm going to weather it till she comes. And then, after we 've seen each other again, and have the chance we 've prayed for to say the few things we want to say, why, then the burden of pain won't be so heavy. I wonder where Mary got the money. Perhaps her hard old father loosened up at the last minute. It does n't matter; she 's coming."

Another time Venn wandered in aimlessly, to be greeted with a wave of Billy's thin hand. "It 's fifty-one hours yet," he said gaily. "After it gets below the fifty mark, time 'll go like lightning—won't it?—till the last five or ten. I 'm not counting the time she 's on the road from the station, because somehow it seems like she 'll be right here by me the minute she steps off the train. My God! how I want to tell her what she 's done for me, to make me clean and decent enough to face death without too much whimpering! We 've been married six years, Venn, and over, with never a cloud, never a quarrel. Ah, but it 's been sweet!"

Venn's hands clenched and unclenched nervously. Cossett's telegram was ever before his mind, writ large against that purple sea. Six years! With never a quarrel! The memory of a life well spent and wisely! And this at its end—the swift coming of the loved one, both of them too uplifted in the thought of meeting to think too bitterly of the parting which must be. He felt his eyes dimming, and he got up hastily, and stumbled toward the flapping door.

When Wednesday morning dawned he was almost the first one astir.

"How is he?" he asked Wolcott, nervously.

"The pluckiest beggar you ever saw," Wolcott said brusquely, as he always spoke when he was greatly moved. "He 's going to make it, and they may have a blessed week or two or three together before the certain end. It 's a sight like this, Venn, that makes the most hardened of us clear-sighted moderns almost believe that spirit reaches out to spirit, and sustains—and follows—across the grave."

All morning Venn wandered nervously about. Once or twice he glanced in on Billy's glorified face, and at last, because he could not bear the sight of such happiness in the face of his own pitiful loneliness and accusation of spirit, he put the camp behind him, and strode out to what had come to be his haven, the dead log sunk in the ravine along the road. By this time Mary should have come; it was past the time for the Eastern express. By now she should be well started with Jackson on the agonizingly long drive from the station to the camp. Just before he fled into solitude he had cast one glance in at Billy, and he could not get the picture out of his mind, as he saw him then, with his brave face turned at last to the wall, the better to pass these final hours.

Venn passed them, too, in fear and suspense, sitting doggedly upon his log behind his screen of undergrowth. He was still there when he heard the swift roll of wheels at last, and saw Jackson drive by with his passengers, two women, one tall and composed, holding fast to her the small, shivering body of the other. The latter he knew for Mary, for Billy had described her many times with great detail, and always reiterated the fact of her tininess.

"It 's a good thing somebody came with her," Venn reflected nervously. "It was a cursed trip for her." He swore gently at the stinging wetness of his eyes over the thought of that glorified meeting between those two, who had never known a cloud in their heaven, who had always loved.

"I daresay Cossett could n't write so soon," he reflected, with added gloom. "And if he did, Jackson would n't have waited to-day, of all days, for the mail to be sorted out."

His hand went down mechanically into his pocket, as it had gone many, many times, after the hundred and first painting, the uncatalogued stray, the one which needed neither name nor signature—the tiny streak of purple sea, and cloud, and falling rain. He took it from its rough wrappings, to look again upon the work of Muriel's hand, every stroke of which he knew by now. But he turned it quickly over, as he always did, to read and reread the firm inscription on its back:

I have eaten your bread and salt;
I have drunk your water and wine;
The deaths ye died I have watched beside;
And the lives that ye led were mine.

More and more was he feeling the groping reaching of his spirit after hers. He and she had loved. False loves might die and be no more, but theirs had been love. It was right, after all their bitter pain and stiff-necked pride, that both should doubt and be fearful; but it was right, too, that they should let the spirit of all love teach them at last; that they should let their pain and their bitter pride melt away and be no more. This message must mean something, a brave, loyal something from her: he could not, would not, call it merely pity until he knew that he must call it that, in spite of Cossett's curt telegram, in spite of all the mystery.

The deaths ye died I have watched beside;
And the lives that ye led were mine.

He looked up from the written message to see Muriel! She was coming, with Wolcott, down the path from Billy Marks's tent. He stared like a man gone drunk, with no power to move or to cry out. This was Cossett's answer—Muriel! Her clear voice came to him, piercingly sweet, through the thin, fine air:

"You must not tell him, Dr. Wolcott. You must let me find him. Things have not gone well with us for a long time. I must be the first to see him when he knows. If he were dying, like poor Mary's boy back there, I would yield. But you tell me it is life I have come to greet, not death; that all the years lie before us. I *must* be the first to see him when he knows—"

Her throat closed against all speech as she saw him sitting like a stone man upon his sanctuary log. He staggered to his feet, and for a space they stood, reading together the answer he had wrenched quivering from his life-in-death. And then, regardless of all things save love only, with the swiftness of a spirit, she came to him.

APRIL

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

WHAT time the prairie still lay bleak and frore,
I sauntered forth: like some old palimpsest
That waits new writing for the old suppressed,
Such seemed the dreary fields I wandered o'er—
A worn, age-yellowed parchment, little more.
Fragments of words whose thought could not be guessed;
And not a single spear of grass to attest
That here would yet be lavished a new lore.
To-day upon the selfsame fields I stroll.
The selfsame? Nay; the mighty vellum hath been
Illuminated with its summer green.
As long as spring is spring and soul is soul,
I ask not why earth, sky, and all between,
Have not been tossed aside, a crumpled scroll.

DESTINY AND THE WESTERN RAILROAD

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

WE of the unstirred East are accustomed to look upon the railroad as a mere feature of the landscape, a natural phenomenon to be enjoyed or suffered, as the case may be, a convenience subject to inconveniences. We may know the conductor of our favorite train and the station-agent, who also looks after our express packages; but the president of the road—who could be more distant and impersonal? For in the East the railroad is an incident; in the West, a destiny.

You will not remain long in this new land before you feel the intimate, personal, paternal presence of the railroad, advising, beguiling, influencing, offering you largess here, blocking your pet purposes there, until you acquire a new idea of the meaning and function of the road.

I shall not forget the surprised exclamation of a general agent when I innocently suggested that his road might be interested in Western development.

"Why," he replied, "the West is purely a railroad enterprise. We started it in our publicity department."

It was a remark that contains more than the usual grain of truth. The West was inevitable, but the railroad was the instrument of its fate.

In the East, the railroad was built to connect important towns; it was amiably subservient to an old civilization; it accepted the dictates of the alderman and the legislator, it came to town meekly, glad to find an unoccupied spot where it might plant its station, allowing small matters like streets to force it up in the air on bridges or bury it deep in tunnels; but in the West the road developed the full stature of independence. It pushed its way across States, counties, plains, mountains, consulting only the dictates of its own pleasure. Towns came because of the road, not the road because of the towns. Some official put an inky finger on the map. "There," he said, "is a good place for a city. Call it Smith's Coulee, after our master-mechanic."

And the railroad, having thus a sort of automatic gift of prophecy, acquired all the land in the immediate neighborhood, reserved every possible privilege for itself, and offered corner lots to future inhabitants. First Smith's Coulee was a tank-stop, then a place on the map, then a post-office, then a town, then perhaps a city, with electric lights and telephones. Except the mining-camps, which grew up where they willed in spite of the road, this is the history of nearly all the towns of the West, even some of the most important. More than one Pacific coast port destined to become a great city owes its existence to the fact that an engineer found this particular spot the easiest approach for his road.

American towns have been denied individuality. "You see one," says the critic, "and you see all." But these Western railroad towns are peculiar unto themselves. The Montana town is the Montana town, and very different indeed

from the Ohio or the Michigan town. Smith's Coulee lies close at the side of its parent, the railroad, as if fearing to venture out into the open plain—a single long, wide street, the grimy red station, freight-house, and water-tank on one side, and a row of square-front, unpainted wooden stores on the other, with saddled cayuses standing, check-rein down, in front of the Gem Saloon. There is a general store, which is also the post-office, a feed stable, an agricultural-implement emporium, a barber shop, and numerous saloons, all in a row. The dust swirls in at one end of the street and out at the other, and twice every day the limited express goes streaking through. As the town grows, they plant a brick schoolhouse—the school is always the best building in a Western town—on a fenced square of the desert, a little way out; then a bare wooden church with silent steeple rises on a corner—probably the first corner, geographical or moral, that the town ever had.

Presently a side street appears, and a residential part, though it is difficult enough even for the homes to get away from the railroad. Then the road builds a coal-bin beyond the water-tank, paints it red, and another street opens on the farther side of the tracks, with a feed and hardware store at the crossing. At the end of the fourth year, Smith's Coulee has a Fourth-of-July celebration; the inhabitants declare it good, and it grows and waxes strong. At the end of ten years it has become the greatest in the world in something or other—in the number of horses it ships to market, or the amount of alfalfa it raises, or the height of the stand-pipe of its waterworks.

With coming self-consciousness it discovers a bitter rival in Jones City, fifty miles farther up the track, named after the fourth vice-president and celebrated as having the best base-ball team in the State. Earnest, strenuous, ambitious towns are these, full of ozone and energy. The ubiquitous commercial traveler who occupies the best chair in the smoking compartment will tell you that they are "lively towns," "good business places," and how much they sell of shoes and saddles and calico.

Smith's Coulee and Jones City read many newspapers,—read out of all proportion to their size,—and go into politics as though politics really meant something. Two parties grow up, extra-political, but enthusiastic, one pro-railroad, the other anti-railroad. And still later, especially during hard times, they amalgamate and become fiercely anti-railroad (including all the inhabitants except the station-agent and the roundhouse foreman). Petitions are drawn up and resolutions are adopted looking to the reduction of freight-rates. We of the East live in peaceful ignorance of freight-rates, but if you talk any length of time with any Western business man, you will find him veering around sooner or later to freight-rates. He will tell you that if the road would only make a through tariff (he speaks volubly of tariffs, differentials, yardage, and the like) of forty-eight cents instead of fifty-three, —only five cents reduction, mind you,— a new industry would blossom forthwith, cities would boom joyfully, settlers would rush in; but while the rate is fifty-three cents, any one can see that ruin is the only outcome. Mass-meetings are held, letters are printed in the papers, Congress is petitioned, the influential citizen puts on his derby hat and goes to see the officials; but the patriarchal road, driving its red trains across a thousand miles of desert and over two mountain ranges, in the dust and heat of summer and the deep snows of winter, goes its superior way, and the rate remains at fifty-three. But the road has not forgotten its people, though they wax impatient. By and by, to-morrow, when that tunnel in Idaho is finished and the coal-mine in Wyoming is opened, after the people have entirely forgotten the heat of the freight controversy in the absorbing attempt to compel the road to make Smith's a regular stop for its much belauded express (dining-car, barber shop, library, and all that), the road calmly makes a rate of forty-nine, or perhaps forty-five or forty-two, and no one thinks anything more about it.

Built upon faith in a virgin country, with a restless, expansive, ambitious people, the road is ever solicitous for development, being wholly unable to look upon its plains and mountains except with the eye of the prophetic imagination. If you doubt, read the newest railroad pamph-

let, and you will see the very desert smiling with crops, gold bursting from the hills, and deer and elk and bear to be seen from the car windows. Talk with the special agent, and lose your very soul in longing for a Montana farm or an Oregon orchard or a Colorado ranch. Ask any settler in some part of the West why he immigrated, and he will invariably point you back to the beguiling road, a pamphlet, a fevered folder, an enthusiastic agent. You will find that he has not only been solicited, but perhaps moved free of expense by the road; that he has settled on railroad land, and possibly he is now building with railroad timber and plowing with a railroad plow. And he has usually thrived, you will find, under the parental care of the road. He understands the bargain: he comes out and settles to-day, assisted by the road in his pioneer struggle; next year or the year after he will have grain or cattle to ship, and he will buy sugar and coffee, which has paid toll to the road, and he will travel back and forth in the passenger-cars and induce his friends to join him. Thus the road proves its faith, justifies its prophecies, planting acorns for oaks to grow.

So the road plays its part in all the wide activities of Western life. You will find it a vital power in politics, often sinister, often corrupting, always commanding. Here is an especially bright newspaper which supports with sober logic the pretensions of the road. Delve deep, and you will find the money of the road working in the editorial till. Here is a struggling church: the road has not only furnished the land for the new building, but its money has purchased the cabinet organ and the big Bible. This street carnival glitters more brightly because the road has been amiable; this water-power has been developed because the road took part of the stock; this library has more books because the first vice-president has been interested. And so, mingling good and evil, the road pursues its commanding purposes—the development of an empire.

The West has a curious way of recognizing the importance of the road by a species of personification. After you have been in Seattle or Tacoma or Everett or Portland or San Francisco for a time, you will acquire an absorbing interest in the doings of "Jim" Hill, Harriman, W. A. Clark—in short, what these men are planning for their roads. James J. Hill, indeed, has been one of the potent factors in all these public enterprises of the railroads. It was his theory, as well as that of Henry Villard and Collis P. Huntington, those other railroad geniuses, that the road must develop the country in order that the country might develop the road. So we find Villard interesting himself in drafting the constitutions of the new Northwestern States, and Hill giving practical advice to the farmers for the improvement of their wheat crops. The East is merely curious concerning its millionaires and railroad presidents,—they are a pleasant and highly flavored social diversion,—but to the West a railroad magnate is a source of personal solicitude and anxiety, for he seems to stand at the very door of fate. You will hear endless discussion in Washington as to whether "Jim" Hill really means to favor Everett or Seattle as a terminal point, what "Jim" Hill intends to do for Fairhaven, when "Jim" Hill expects to have his new ships running to the Orient, and how in the world will he make them pay. In Spokane you will be questioned as to whether or not "Jim" Hill should make special terminal rates to that city, and before you have an opportunity to reply, you will be assured that he certainly should. Portland will tell you eagerly of Harriman's plans. Los Angeles vibrates with interest in the new road from Salt Lake City, what Moffat will do, and what W. A. Clark purposes, and what bearing all this will have on the Santa Fé.

And yet, great as is the power and prominence of the road in the West, it is itself only the instrument by which a mighty nation is making progress. The road was the effort of the East to knit to itself with steel the far-outlying Rockies and the Pacific coast. Without the road, the West and the East, diverse in interest and sentiment, never could have been held together. With the interchange of ideas and commodities which it encourages, the American people have been able to build up a great empire, holding together vast territory, firmly founded upon national unity.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "Open Letters"

GREEK SCIENCE—STATUE FOR THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

FROM THE STATUE BY KENYON COX

AS SEEN BY HIS BRIDE

BY GEORGE LEE BURTON

WITH PICTURES BY HORACE TAYLOR

"NELL, you darling, did you have a good time?"

"No."

"What! On your wedding-trip?"

"No."

"What 's the matter? Is n't he nice?"

"Ye-es."

"He was n't cross?"

"No."

"Does n't he love you?"

"Yes."

"Don't you love him?"

"Yes."

"What 's the matter with him?"

"Well, Betty, if you will not mention it to a single soul, I will tell you. Will you promise?"

"Oh, yes; I promise."

"On your honor as my maid of honor?"

"Yes, yes. What is it?"

"Not to a soul?"

"Not to a soul. Do hurry, dear!"

"Betty, he does n't know anything but business, business, business. He does n't talk or think of anything else unless you shake him. I 'm going to get a divorce."

"Why, Nell, you can't for that!"

"If I can't, I ought to."

"Nell, are you crazy? What do you mean? What did he do?"

"What did n't he do!"

"Tell me about it, dearest."

"I will; I need sympathy. I must confide in some one, Betty, and perhaps it had best be you. I have had trying times—a series of progressive exasperations."

"Yes, dear. What happened first?"

"The first was soon after we left you at the station. It could not have been over half an hour, for the porter had just gotten through sweeping up the rice. We were quiet for a few minutes, looking out of the window. Oh, it was a glorious, sunny day, you remember, and everything was lovely! At last we had gotten away from you and the other three hundred friends, and seemed really to belong to each other. Only we two; the rest of the world did not matter, and I murmured, 'What are you thinking of, Tom?' "

"His answer?"

"He said: 'I was thinking of the force at the works, and wondering whether they would push through that Nebraska shipment. It is an important one, and should be rushed. I 'm afraid Jenkins won't give it prompt attention."

"Too bad!"

"Now, Betty, stop smiling; this is serious to me. No, you need not deny it; I saw you. I 'm not going to tell you anything more."

"Nell, don't be silly; I 'm feeling for you. That was only a contraction of the lips."

"I don't like contractions of the lips; you must not have any more of them."

"No, darling. What did you do?"

"I would not tell you another thing, if I had any one else to talk to."

"Don't, dear; you know how I sympathize with you. He was horrid. What did you do then?"

"Horrid? I should say so! I was so shocked I could not speak for a minute. But I was not going to let him spoil the very beginning of our trip, so I dropped my hand carelessly upon his to let him know I was living, and said something about the old shipment as interestedly and hopefully as I could."

"That was fine!"

"But I did not get over it all afternoon. A Nebraska shipment, indeed!"

"Think of it! Then you talked of the scenery?"

Drawn by Horace Taylor

"'WOULD N'T THAT BE A FINE PLACE FOR A BRIDGE?'"

"Well, not just then. But don't mention scenery; I tried that an hour later."

"Did n't he like the gorgeous woods and hills and valleys?"

"Did n't he? I raved over them, and he responded: 'Very pretty, very pretty; would n't that be a fine place for a bridge?' And he talked on about steel spans until I scratched my finger on a pin and called for his sympathy."

"You clever girl! You got it, of course?"

"Of course; but my finger did not recover for two days. And, Betty, that was the day we were married!"

"The wretch! He did not deserve you."

"No, hardly; still, he is nice in his way."

"But you wish him nice in your way, too."

"Exactly. He wishes a wife like other persons, and is able and willing to give her the right setting and all the extras; but *I* desire a *husband* like other girls', and not just a business machine."

"Of course not. What did he do next?"

"The following day in Buffalo we got a splendid touring-car and went out for a spin. We had not gone half a mile when I saw Evelyn Van Dent, and had the car stopped to take her up. Evelyn was surprised; had not known we were there; and interested as could be, because she had never seen Tom before."

"Did she go with you?"

"No, she could n't; would have loved to go; so we stood there chatting for five minutes. At least Evelyn and I chatted, but Tom caught sight of a huge steel building going up a block away, and spent the time looking at it over Evelyn's head."

"No!"

"She is pretty, too. I did not object to that so much, but, Betty, Tom did not look at me either! And Evelyn talks so much; you know Evelyn. She 'll never forgive him, and she will emphasize his not noticing me—not his gazing over her head. Finally I had to just drag him back with questions from that black steel skeleton. Did you ever see such a man?"

"Never. What taste!"

"Yes, not to look at me a little, even if he did overlook Evelyn. Would you have supposed that my husband would prefer staring at a steel framework to looking at me?"

"I can't imagine such a thing. Why, you are a beauty, dear."

"Some men used to tell me so, but you see my husband's taste. He can't think of anything but steel when it 's in sight."

"What a pity! He is good-looking, though."

"Yes; and he has nice manners—when he thinks of them. But you never can tell how soon he may forget everything except business."

"You wish him to be a good business man, Nell."

"Certainly; but not to be nothing but

a good business man. I believe in concentration and all that; but he ought to be able to throw off business sometimes. It narrows him so; and it is n't good for him, either. He would last longer if he relaxed more."

"He should not be *always* absorbed in his work. Poor child! What happened next?"

"I gave him a light account of Evelyn's habit of starting talk that seemed to impress him, and we got on pretty well after that until we reached New York. We were driving one afternoon in Central Park, and I foolishly suggested that we go up to the Metropolitan to see the pictures. He was willing; he is always willing to do anything I suggest, so I really have to like him a little."

"I should think so!"

"But his being so good and smart in his way makes his business absorption irritating out of business hours."

"Yes, unbearable. What happened in the Metropolitan?"

"We were looking at some pictures, when who should come in but Robert Willet. You know I refused him about

Drawn by Horace Taylor

"'TOM . . . SPENT THE TIME LOOKING AT IT OVER EVELYN'S HEAD'"

two years ago when I was visiting in New York; and I thought six months afterward that I might accept him. I also thought he suspected it; but he never asked me again, the mean thing!"

"He 's not worth thinking about. Is he still single?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Nothing; only I 'm going to New York next month, you know."

"Don't notice him; Robert is horrid."

"What did he do?"

"Why, he greeted me as a long-lost sister, and looked Tom over critically while he held his hand and gurgled his joy. Tom was new to him, and he wished to see the kind of man I liked."

"Tom stands inspection rather well—that tall, thin type, with steady, dark eyes emphasized by the glasses."

"Yes, if Bob had only gone then! But he joined us to do the pictures. Tom was comparatively quiet for a while, and followed our lead in admiration; but finally he picked out one for himself and called on us to admire it. Of course he chose the wrong one."

"What was it?"

"Some nondescript little water thing, with a steel bridge in the middle distance. I discouraged him; but Bob began with laughing eyes to praise its absent good points,—the miserable little daub!—and had a great time leading him on. I tried to break in, but Bob was watching closely, and I could not appear to protect Tom too much."

"Did Tom suspect?"

"No; he took it all in, and swelled with pride in his own artistic judgment. Bob did do it neatly, and Tom made it easy for him. Men like their judgment of things they know nothing about to be confirmed by an expert, you know."

"How did you get him away?"

"I did n't just then. Tom went on admiring wrong pictures, and Bob kept encouraging him, because he saw it worried me, though I tried to appear careless. Finally Tom was feeling so good and so glad to have a man again to be chummy with, that he stood and looked about at the walls and ceiling and asked, 'Is there much steel in this building?' "

"What did Mr. Willet say?"

"He stared for a moment until I explained Tom's business; then he laughed and said: 'Not so much as in some of the office buildings down-town; artists are rather honest chaps, as a rule.' It was not much of a joke, and poor taste, I thought; but Tom was so intent on his own specialty that he did not see it,—took it literally,—and Bob saw that he did not see it, and that I knew that he realized that Tom did n't understand and wished that he did. So Bob laughed again, looking at me. Was n't that insolent? He ought not to have been there, anyway."

"Why, Nell, he had a right to go."

"Not on that day. Tom would have appeared better anywhere than in an art gallery with a painter."

"How did you relieve the situation?"

"As best I could, under the circumstances. I remarked, 'My husband is such a practical man; he never could be an artist with paint and canvas and little brushes. He is only a constructive genius, who uses steel to build things that help the busy world in a forceful way.' "

"That was n't so bad."

"I said it as sweetly as possible, in a half-deprecatory manner, yet in such a tone that for the moment Bob seemed to feel that Tom's work was the only work worth while; and that 's what I meant him to feel. Of course it did not last; but he left us respecting Tom, and almost envying him his work."

"I don't wonder. You did not waste your time at the School of Expression. Did anything else happen in New York?"

"Of course; something is always happening. Oh, I see how it will be all through my life!"

"Why don't you change him, dear?"

"I would if I could. You just wait until you get married."

"Can't you do anything?"

"I don't know. You say I can't get a divorce; I 'll do what I can in self-defense, but I 'm afraid he 's too old. I wish I could have known fifteen years ago that he would be my husband, and had had him put through a course. I think any man who intends to marry ought to train himself to be entertaining to his wife, and not merely to provide for her."

"Too late now. What else did you say happened in New York?"

"More than enough. First, Mrs. Shaw

gave us a dinner. You remember Mrs. Shaw?"

"Yes; she 's a dear."

"She certainly is. She got twenty persons together in our honor, mostly old acquaintances, but left out Bob at my request."

"He did not deserve to come."

"No. I only hope he wished to."

"Did n't the dinner go well?"

"Not exactly. Tom was seated next to Mrs. Shaw, and on his other side was a very pretty girl, a new one, a protégée of Mrs. Shaw. Beyond her was Mrs. Shaw's father; he 's full of business, too—iron-works and mines and things. Between Mrs. Shaw and that nice girl Tom should have been satisfied and satisfactory; but before we got through with the third course he was deep in a technical business conversation with that old man, and the pretty girl had stopped eating and was leaning back in her chair to let them talk."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, and the two men were so interested that they were absolutely unaware of the situation. I was mortified to the verge of nervous prostration, and so busy at the other side of the table making responses to Mr. Shaw,—he was bent upon keeping me from noticing how bad it was,—that I just could not make them stop at once. The others were watching them and saying things aside."

Drawn by Horace Taylor

"'IS THERE MUCH STEEL IN THIS BUILDING?'"

"I wish I had been there."

"Now, Betty, if you are going to sit up and laugh at us, too, I 'll stop right here."

"Please go on, darling; I did not mean to hurt you."

"It was n't funny; it was tragic."

"Yes, tragic. How did it end?"

"You ought not to hear another word. You don't really care for me."

"Nell, you know I 'm devoted to you. Please continue."

"Not unless you can listen sympathetically without laughing."

"Dear, I 'm yours all seriously and sympathetically."

"Really?"

"Truly. Who interrupted them?"

"Finally Mrs. Shaw noticed the pauses and the business men's duet, and turned to save the situation; but the poor soul did not know Tom."

"What did she say?"

"Say? She had just been talking books to the man at her other elbow, so she said to Tom: 'Mr. Fletcher, which do *you* think was the greater factor in Lily Bart's career, her conscience or her taste?' It was awfully sweet in her, but—"

"Rather sudden for Tom?"

"Rather. The whole table had stopped to listen, for they understood what Mrs. Shaw was doing, and saw Tom regretfully turn from the old gentleman. 'Miss Bart?' he asked uncertainly. 'I don't think I ever met the lady. Where does she live?'"

"What did Mrs. Shaw do?"

"There was a tangible pause,—it was like the highest hurdle in a hurdle-race; even two of the men exchanged glances,—until Mrs. Shaw answered lightly, 'Why, in "The House of Mirth," you know.' Then Tom knew he was lost, and replied, 'I never found my way there.' And he looked it. Mrs. Shaw tried to help him out by asserting that men who accomplished anything nowadays really had no time for novels; but everybody saw it was a lift. Still, it was sweet in her."

"Yes, it was. Where did you come in?"

"I waited until then, when three or four looked at me to see how I was taking

Drawn by Horace Taylor

"'HE WAS DEEP IN A TECHNICAL BUSINESS CONVERSATION WITH THAT OLD MAN'"

it. Then I bent forward toward Tom with the most fetchingly affectionate glance I could muster and said, 'Tom, it 's nicer living a novel than reading one, is n't it?' Silly hackneyed words, but I could n't think of anything else at the time; and I tried to make the look and tone fresh and individual, as unconscious of the rest of them as possible."

"And he?"

"'Yes, it is,' was all he said; but the way in which he looked at me turned the other girls pale green with jealousy, and the men looked positively lonesome."

"Very neat."

"But he should have known about Lily, when everybody—*everybody* has been reading the book. He 's so out of touch with all that side of life. Sometimes I don't know whether to be angry at him, or proud of him because he never pretends."

"Does n't he care for anything but business?"

"Nothing—except me. Is n't it dreadful!"

"It does narrow him a bit."

"I should say so! And Betty, think what a starved old age he will have. If he does n't kill himself working, at last, when he is too old for business, he will get to be a doddering old man going around mumbling steel quotations to himself. If his business were taken away, his mind would be a perfect blank."

"Not so bad as that!"

"Not quite, as yet, perhaps; but think what he will come to unless I can help him!"

"Did you say something else happened in New York?"

"Yes; but I can't tell you that last, it was too humiliating."

"I don't believe it, Nell. You always exaggerate your troubles."

"Very well; if that 's the view you take of them, you shall not hear any more."

"Don't stop; you did have a hard time."

"Yes, but I 'm through."

"Was the last worse than the others?"

"Worse? You know nothing about woe."

"Neither do you."

"Betty!"

"It was probably some trifling embarrassment."

"You don't know what you are talking about: he deserted me on my wedding-trip!"

"Why, Nell, what *do* you mean?"

"Just what I say."

"*Deserted* you?"

"Yes; left me an abandoned bride in a New York hotel."

"The villain! How could he?"

"That sounds good; get more indignant."

"You 're jesting, Nell."

"I was never more serious."

"How *could* he?"

"That 's what I kept asking myself in my desolation."

"What do you mean? How did it happen?"

"One morning after breakfast he went down from our suite to the office to see about a motor for a drive. I expected him back in a few minutes, and proceeded to get ready; but he did not come. After

half an hour I rang and sent down for him, and then learned that he had gotten a telegram at the desk; that he had instantly, in his businesslike manner, called for a railroad time-card, sent out a telegram, jumped into his motor, and rushed to the station just in time to make his train."

"I never heard of such a thing. Was some one dying?"

"Dying? Hardly. I telephoned as his wife, and had them read me the telegrams. It was simply a heavy order that

Drawn by Horace Taylor

"'HE 'S CHASING HER ON THE NEXT TRAIN'"

his firm was anxious to land, and he wired back to them that he would run down and see the parties himself—only a three-hours' trip."

"But did he not go up to bid you good-by, or even send word to you?"

"No, Betty; that 's what hurt. He had barely time to catch that train, and he forgot me completely—forgot he was married."

"Impossible!"

"Yes, he did. The telegram and opportunity were unexpected, and took him off his feet. He knew he could land that contract, and went right after it without one other thought."

"What did you do?"

"When I fully realized the situation, I threw my things into my trunks, and within an hour was seated in a train for Washington."

"Why, Nell!"

"Yes; I inquired about trains, so that the hotel people would know where I was going, and then started at once."

"Had you planned to go to Washington?"

"No; but I thought the gentleman could come after me if he wished to see me again. I decided to let him discover for himself whether or not the pleasure of pursuit is greater than the pleasure of possession."

"How could you?"

"Well, I thought if I could n't get any enjoyment out of my wedding-trip, I would get some excitement out of it, at least."

"The idea! How soon did you hear from him?"

"We had passed Philadelphia when his first telegram reached me, although I learned afterward that he had sent one to our New York hotel when he remembered on his outgoing train that he had a wife waiting somewhere for him. That came after I had gone."

"What did this one say?"

"*'Wait for me in Baltimore. Will follow next train. Answer.'*"

"Did you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He needed disciplining. And somehow in his efforts to locate me the telegraph operators had learned, and told the trainmen that I was a bride fleeing from her husband."

"Why, Nell!"

"Yes. Shortly after I got the telegram, persons began to walk through our car to see me, and I heard a wretched porter saying: 'There 's the runaway bride, the one in blue. Yes, sir; thank you, sir; don't know what was the matter, but he 's chasing her on the next train, the operator said, sir.'"

"How insulting!"

"Was n't it terrible?"

"Did you answer the telegram?"

"No; so I got another in Baltimore, begging me to stop over, and saying he would explain everything. That started

the conductor to smiling, too, and telling others about it. I went on through to Washington."

"Without answering?"

"Of course."

"Did you hear from him there?"

"I should say so. By this time he had the detectives after me—to protect me, he said. That 's just like Tom; he 's the best business man you ever saw. A detective handed me a telegram in Washington, begging me to stop over; but I could n't then, I was so angry."

"Where did you go from Washington?"

"On to Charleston. They could n't arrest me, you know, and papa had filled my purse before I left home. But that hateful detective did buy a ticket, and rode in the same car; and although I got five more telegrams before I reached Charleston, I did not see any more trainmen smiling, or pointing me out."

"Did you stop in Charleston?"

"No. I had become amused by this time. Tom was somewhere between Philadelphia and Washington, hurrying after me, so I decided to keep up the game a little longer, and went on down to St. Augustine. Besides, St. Augustine is lovely, and I thought that a total change of climate and environment would be good for him."

"Dear me! And the detective?"

"He went along, too, in the same car."

"How annoying!"

"Yes; because I knew he was always there, representing the pursuer. He never spoke to me, though; only came up every two or three hours and silently handed me a telegram. Tom took to sending them to him. It was rather nice to know that some reliable man was on hand in case of need, except for the idea of his being a watchman; but I did not need him at all."

"What did the telegrams say?"

"At first they were humble, almost affectionate. But after he had sent a half-dozen or so, and gotten no replies, they dropped down to bulletins. *'Reached Washington. Have to wait for through train. Hope you are enjoying your trip.'*"

"That was impudent!"

"Was it? The next read, *'The steak served for dinner was tough, suggestive of my luck.'* And the next, *'It has begun to rain'*—nothing more."

"It was hardly necessary to telegraph that."

"No; but the station from which it was sent indicated his progress. The next was, *'You may be interested to know that I landed the contract I went after.'*"

"That was impudent again."

"Shortly before I reached St. Augustine there came one which said, *'It is no use; I shall follow you down to the South Pole and back again. Unless you really prefer to travel alone, you had better wait for me.'*"

"And you waited?"

"Yes. I had intended to wait, anyway, although I did not tell him that."

"You had a lovely trip."

"Lovely, indeed! It is not lovely disciplining a husband; it 's wearing."

"He is an impossible man, is n't he?"

"Yes, impossible. It 's impossible not to like him, and yet impossible to enjoy him fully."

"At least you were not bothered talking to him on the way down."

"No, but I wished for him to talk to. That was another reason why I stopped: I had n't talked for so long, I felt myself growing dumb."

"What did you do when he arrived?"

"I disciplined him some more. You see, I had kept quiet all through the trip, and although his detective waited at St. Augustine until he came, neither of them knew how I was taking it. So I gave him a hard period after he arrived: I was subdued, injured, crushed by his desertion; not blaming, but suffering, until he felt like a brute. I made him forget steel for several hours; at least, he could not give it his concentrated thought."

"How did he stand the treatment?"

"He was very humble, and finally got so patiently contrite that I said a few more things that were in my mind, and then forgave him openly. We had a really beautiful five-days' stay in St. Augustine after that."

"Which he enjoyed?"

"Yes, I think so; I know it. Day after day we used to wander about the narrow streets, past the quaint little houses, and out through the old city gates toward the fountain of perpetual youth—just toward it. We rambled over the old fort, and caught something of the spirit of those early days, which still lingers there.

It seems a place that Time has forgotten or where one forgets Time. We ran out to the beach, and there, for hours and hours together, we basked in the brightest sunshine, under the bluest sky; and as we looked out over the endless sea, and talked of love, some poetry—at least a little bit—must have filtered down into his soul."

"Then he is not absolutely hopeless?"

"Well, perhaps not absolutely, if you say I cannot get a divorce. Whenever I see that he is becoming too steely, I shall start on a little trip to St. Augustine. He will come, too, and we shall again go out together through those quaint old city gates toward—just toward—the fountain of perpetual youth."

Drawn by Horace Taylor

"'WE RAN OUT TO THE BEACH'"

TRANSMUTATION

BY ELIZABETH WHITING

SEE, dear, I burn upon this April hill
The letters I have treasured for so long.
The day runs over with the bluebirds' song;
The buoyant wind blows delicately chill,
Twisting the clean, bright flames that have their will
On our hearts' record, whirling for a breath
Gray wraiths of paper whereupon in death
Waver the words that shake my spirit still.
Herein I prove me worthy of your trust,
Leaving our letters not to mold and dust,
Nor, after me, ravished of alien eyes;
But changing them through fire and the spring's
Swift alchemy into fair, growing things.
So have the heart's frustrations made me wise.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE SOUTHWEST

THROUGH THE LEGAL ABOLITION OF GAMBLING

BY BARTON WOOD CURRIE

ALMOST unconsciously Arizona and New Mexico have outlawed the gambler and thrown off the heavy yoke of his presence, with all its attendant evils. The frontiersman had borne him for years unthinkingly. Familiarity had bred a careless contempt of him. Then he had always been in the picture, not prominent, not looming high in shadow or bold in outline, but merely filling out the background. It had never seemed in all the years he had preyed upon them, roused their worst and most futile desires, and set torch to their primal passions, that, were he eliminated, a brighter, healthier, more luminously ideal setting would be obtained; that other lost details would spring up into higher light to gladden the eye and thrill the heart.

Therefore the change has been accepted for the most part ingenuously. There is little prating or preaching over it. There it is, a fact: we have got rid of this insidious influence; we are sleeping better for it; we are kinder to our wives and children; we have more money to spend on the home; we have fewer worries to forget in drink; and our little towns and cities have become much more free of loafers and renegades, professional rogues and blackguards.

Yet the mistake must not be made of ascribing the change primarily to any reform wave that swept the desert lands west of the Continental Divide. In the main those responsible for the anti-gambling laws were the persons active in seeking statehood for the Territories. They did not take the step initially, however, by first prohibiting gambling by Territorial statute and then saying to Congress: "See how good we have become! Are we not deserving, now, of having our stars on the flag?" No, it was from Representative Littlefield of Maine that the Arizonians and New Mexicans took the cue, or, rather, as it has been put, the "big hint." Mr. Littlefield proposed a bill in Congress, making gambling in the Territories a misdemeanor punishable by $5000 fine and one year's imprisonment. Delegate Mark Smith of Arizona complicated the situation by decrying the suggestion. He challenged the representative from Maine by saying with more heat than tact:

> I do not wish it understood that I am here in sympathy with gambling, but I do protest against the gentleman from Maine, the farthest point in the United States from my home, coming here to meddle in our quarrels when, with prohibition in his own State, there are 150 saloons open in the town of Bangor, Maine. The gentleman should confine his philanthropies to his own State.

When the Arizona politicians and champions of statehood read the reports of this proceeding, Mr. Smith was reproved in Arizona language quite in temper with the climate. Did he not know that statehood was desired at almost any cost? Abolish gambling? Certainly; forthwith. We will do it at home, and muffle Mr. Littlefield's thunder. And they did do it with a rush. It might be said that their zeal carried them to ludicrous excesses. The Territorial Council passed a bill that prohibited gambling from April 1, 1907. The good people of Prescott, however, could not wait until All Fools' Day. They framed an ordinance,

going into effect on February 1, that not only shut down all forty of the public games, but laid under inhibition many social diversions. The ordinance forbade the playing of euchre for prizes, and all other games popular in social circles—whist, five hundred, cinch, hearts, and forty-five—likewise were put under the ban.

Now, all this reform activity did not go unnoticed in the sister Territory. The politicians of New Mexico were equally covetous of statehood, held elusively high by the President and Congress. So their Council forced through an anti-gambling bill that sent the professional gambler over the New Mexican border on the first day of 1908. The anti-gambling bill of this Territory was comprehensively specific in enumerating forbidden games of chance, and it may be seen from the text that the gamblers had at least not been stingy in the variety of entertainment offered their patrons. The bill in part reads:

> Any person within the Territory of New Mexico who deals, plays, carries or opens, or causes to be opened, or conducts either as owner or employee, whether for hire or not, any game of faro, monte, roulette, lansquenet, rouge-et-noir, rondo, fantan, poker, seven-and-a-half, twenty-one, chuckaluck, slot machine or any banking or percentage game, or any other kind of game played with cards, dice or any device, for money, checks, credit or any other representative of value, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than $500, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than six months, or both.

The gambling license was formerly $250 a year for each device or lay-out as a general tax, and a similar sum to the district and county school funds. The saloons paid $400 for a license and $400 to the school funds. The two industries were usually combined, and there were few that could not boast of from four to eight games or tables. Gambling and drinking were considered impregnably intrenched evils. The gamblers and saloonkeepers to a large extent supported the public schools. Now most of the burden will be laid upon the liquor traffic.

In the towns of Roswell and Artesia, New Mexico, gambling has been abolished by ordinance, and the liquor license has been raised from $1000 to $2000. This will probably be done in all progressive towns and villages now that a strong public sentiment has been roused against gambling and in favor of high license. It is the popular hope that this new reign of law and order will attract the settler from the East.

The Territorial anti-gambling law as framed and passed in February, 1907, is peculiarly stringent. Not only does it provide for the punishment of the proprietors of gambling places, but all persons concerned in gambling of any sort are liable: the man who runs the business, the person or persons who own the premises in which the offense is committed, and the player or victim. Each particular game or device in an establishment is a separate offense each day that it is in operation.

Now, while all this law-making was going on, the gambler, long an important citizen and oftentimes an influential political factor, was totally left out of the reckoning. He immediately characterized the measure branding him "outlaw," as a smug game of high politics. Why was he so ruthlessly unconsidered? Here he had been struggling along *honestly*, legally, to earn his [paltry thousand] per cent. on his public-spirited investments. He had gone to reckless expense to fit up his "parlors" and "palaces" with costly if not always tasteful "art" objects, inlaid roulette-wheels and silver-plated faro-lay-outs; he had paneled his walls with mirrors [so he could see the other man's gun behind his back without turning]. Furthermore, did he not support the schools with the taxes wrung from his tables? And then to outlaw him!

Although this revolutionary reform on the frontier seems only of yesterday, as legislative reforms go, a journey to the Southwest Territories will find them as happily adapted to the new order of things as if their little communities had always led a cozy existence under curfew laws.

"Have you noticed any marked difference in the economic and social status of things?" I heard a fussy little tourist ask a general storekeeper in a northern Arizona town that had once been notorious for its bad men and big games. This was

scarcely six months after the gambling curse had been lifted.

The big, bluff native rubbed his ear reflectively, and then replied with judicial solemnity, as if he were testing the weight of each word on his scales:

"Well—things ain't jest the same. I don't sell so many silk vests and giddy neckties as I used to; but I figure out I sell a whaling sight more pork and beans, and—get paid for them."

The passing of the "silk vest" marked the beginning of a new social epoch in the Southwest. It meant the narrowing of our frontier to a closely circumscribed area. To-day Nevada alone offers a haven to the gambler. The real "wild and woolly" romance of California died before Bret Harte. The automobile has drawn the lines closer and closer. The "gasolene camel" of the American desert is developing vast territories along entirely new lines. Some call it a feverish progress, tending to over-development and over-exploitation.

The transformation in the sister Territories, however, has let down the lid on a very Pandora's box of evils and vices, given law and order a new majesty, and, better than all, placed woman upon her proper pedestal.

In a northern Arizona town which had long suffered from the curse of gambling I met a swaggering young fellow who was a pitiful sort of would-be sport. No other description would fit him exactly. He said in a tone of affected disgust:

"Oh, this place is dead now. Every man, woman, and beast goes to bed at eight o'clock. Sleeping," he sneered, "has become one of our principal industries."

"Possibly," I ventured, "they rise earlier in the morning, feeling brighter and happier, better prepared to face the day and make some good of it."

He turned from me contemptuously, and muttered something about "undesirable Puritans from the East" trying to run the West. Fortunately, his kind are few and becoming scarcer.

Had he taken the narrowest sort of notice of the morning's awakening of the little community in which he lived, and which he so superciliously condemned, he should have been thrilled by the appearance of the cheerful and happy people he saw along the brick sidewalks. There was no cold, gray dawn in their daybreak; there were no hollow-eyed and haggard-featured fathers and husbands and sons in the pale, ghastly dens now snuffed of their glamour. You saw them out about their little industries with a firm step and a brave eye. Inveterate gamblers, semi-maniacs who dreamed of a system more vague than the quest of the absolute, were rare. The vast majority had been of the moth species, easily drawn to the flame the law allowed to burn. Licensed gambling-houses, perpetually ringing with life and the clink of gold and silver, furnished ample lure to those whose lives were more or less confined to solitary routine. They were not splendid moths, with much golden pollen on their wings. Rather, in the individual, they were poor insects with only a grain or two to sacrifice. Yet, because of their number, they made the best patrons.

The going of the gambler has suddenly erased the strongest mark of frontier free-and-easiness; in other words, licensed vice. While he remained as a powerful presence, a sordid, rapacious parasite, the worst that was in human nature was bound to crop to the surface. Desperate passions were sure to find their tragic climaxes. Dice, drink, and the scarlet woman were so closely related that the total elimination of the first as a legalized sin meant the potential discouragement of attendant vices.

The town of Winslow, Arizona, is a divisional headquarters on the Santa Fé. There is a roundhouse where many railroaders are employed. A decade since, when it was the center of a prosperous cattle country, steers of the famous Hash Knife ranch roamed its edges; Indians and Indian traders, cattle-rustlers, horse-thieves, desperadoes of many brands,—in fact, all the heterogeneous riffraff that roam the wilds,—were drawn to it for their revels. At night its main street was a blazing row of gambling-houses and saloons.

When I drove up into the Indian reservations last September, I was entirely unprepared for any noticeable change. I made mild inquiry of Brick Hawley, who guided the mountain buckboard through the silent wastes of the mesa country, concerning the character of Winslow.

He made a wry face and grumbled: "There 's nothing left but an engine-stable and a bunch of saloons rottin' on their spiles."

Cloudbursts engaged our serious attention as we wound down the trail toward the railroad. Drenched to the skin, splashed with mud, breathless from the buffets of the gale, and bruised and sore from a long day's pounding on a flinty desert road, we were on the very outskirts of the town before I got hint of our approach. The head-lights in the roundhouse and the few dingy lamps on the station platform shone ghastly gray through a nebulous curtain of mist. There were no lights in the clusters of bungalows, and the main street had somewhat the appearance of a wall about a cemetery. No hum of voices and banging of cracked pianos came from the shuttered saloons. Though the rain had ceased and stars cut bright diamond beams in a sky of shining basalt, neither dog nor man moved in thoroughfare or lane. Could this have been only a few months before a "red-hot Arizona town"?

As the ponies stumbled in a miry by-road walled by slumbering little houses, Brick Hawley rumbled as he pulled up the ponies at the first murky shaft of light that marked an open doorway: "This beats the northeastern end of black creation! Say, this whole metropolis has gone to the hay, the feathers,—*Sabe?*—the woolly mattress, and the sun not more 'n down. This, on our right, is the once celebrated A. C. Hotel, formerly a palatial hostelry where bell-hops hopped and they burned three lamps in the lobby. But now! Bet you an eagle's wing you got to wake up the clerk, and that the bartender is either in bed or reciting his correspondence-college lesson on mixing tame cocktails to the office cat. My dear young friend,—" his scorn had worked him almost into tears,—"I hope your folks knew what a fierce place you were coming to when you set out for Arizona. There 's eight saloons along this main street, eight more down some of the side streets. Think of it! Eight! But why? There 's nobody in 'em.

"But let me tell you, son, it ain't always been so. Up to the first of last April this burg *went*. There was The Palace and The Fashion and The Parlor, where you could get any game they ever invented from lansquenet to chuckaluck. The roulette-wheels cycled for you day and night.

"It did n't make no difference when a man drifted down from the wilderness, there was always something doing. This street here was blazin' gay till dawn, and back in that little alley we come through pink lanterns were hung all round the bungalows. You could always hear a bunch of the boys singing or cutting up, and it did your heart good to hear a gun go off or a whoop or two as you wound down the trail into town.

"But now—thunder and drums!—there ain't nothing. Honest, I don't see how the saloons stand it, for nobody drinks any more since they cut out the games. And there 's poor old 'Speedy,' the greatest gambler in northern Arizona. What you think Speedy 's doing now? Raising fox-terriers and beagles. Sometimes it strikes me funny, for that wheel of his was a terror for getting your last bean. But then again it makes me want ter weep to think a high-class gambler like him is down to raising little wire-haired dogs. An' they say he goes to bed at nine o'clock."

In his rugged, cynical way, and undoubtedly from an entirely warped angle of view, Brick Hawley had described the change that one can note throughout the sister Territories. The scarlet life has been snuffed in the Southwest. From Holbrook to the California line, and from the Grand Cañon to Yuma, the lights go out at nine, and midnight finds the chastened folk of the desert either deep in slumber or awake to some innocent amusement.

But it is only at night that you notice anything like a somber change. With morning the tawdry dream of yesterday is forgotten. You find a people who have risen fresh and bright and smiling.

The taxes that the gamblers paid in New Mexico alone averaged $164,000 a year. It was greater in Arizona, and the total was only a tithe of the tribute wrung from the players, or, as the sporting writers put it, "the patrons of the game."

They were all "sure-thing" gamblers, these parasites of the Southwest. The

opportunities for gain from them were virtually nil. The following extract from a message of former Governor Hagerman of New Mexico to the Territorial Council reveals how these frontier gamblers trimmed their wicks to singe the moths.

Some of the games as played here afford the player 250 per cent. less chance of winning than similar games afford in the larger gambling establishments of Europe, which pay enormous dividends to their stockholders. The games most general in New Mexico are so arranged that the chances are many times in favor of the proprietors.

The editor of the "Holbrook (Arizona) Argus," who had spoken eloquently to me on the change, suggested that I visit some of the little drygoods shops. They were splendid barometers, he urged, of the transformation. So I went into a bright place, where a matronly woman sat knitting behind a counter. A pampered yellow cat lay stretched out on a bolt of soft-green cloth, purring in silky feline contentment. A young girl, as radiant as a peony in a red gingham dress, was arranging a tempting array of laces on a show-case. In the rear of this tidy bazaar two boys were hammering at a bulky packing-case.

Had the good mistress of the shop noticed a change since gambling had been stopped?

"Why, my dear young man," she cried, hitting up the stroke of her knitting-needles in a burst of enthusiasm, "has there been a change?" Her bosom rose in a deep sigh; her eyes sparkled. "Just you step back where the boys are," she said proudly, "and see the silks and satins I 've got in from Kansas City. Yes; and they are for dresses—dresses for the village people, the wives and mothers and sisters—not for the *others*. Before," she added, blushing and lowering her voice, "I sold some silk stockings and a good many feathers. But in dress-goods it was all ginghams and calicoes. You see, *they* —the others—did n't make their dresses; bought them ready-made from the big towns."

In these few words she had painted a picture the dullest could read. And she gave it life and color as she gossiped about her customers—what they were buying, how all the children had shoes; how promptly the bills were paid; how the minister in the little green church behind the roundhouse had preached a sermon on it which made everybody proud and happy. Surely all this was refreshing to hear and gave one a delightful focus of things. Where in the great cities could one read such a lesson, unobscure, outright, and convincing?

In the course of my wanderings through Arizona (since the change) I discovered ex-gamblers who had found new selves in their transformed surroundings, and mildly profitable departures from the enterprises of their early careers. There were others who would resent in burning diatribe the affront put upon a "time-honored" profession.

"The Deacon" was pointed out to me as one of them. He began his career in Tombstone in the days of the Tough Nut Mine and the notorious Bird Cage Opera House, when the camp boasted 168 saloons and five score gambling-houses. He had spread his net of games on the sloping hillsides of Jerome, once the wickedest camp in Arizona. He had been a "big gambler" who took off the limit. Approaching the meridian of life, he still carries himself with the enforced youthful spryness of the Western gambler. His fair skin has become faintly florid; the underlids of his eyes are heavy and slightly puffed. His eyes are a peculiar gray, utterly lacking in any warmth of color; the pupils, gleaming like little steel disks, contract and expand with changing emotions. The handsome features are spoiled by a mask-like fixety of line and shadow. Every muscle seems trained to conceal or repress the play of nerves beneath the surface.

But it is the voice and harshly oracular delivery that finally center your attention. It is the voice of one long used to tyranny —the tyranny of moral suasion backed by a gun. To hear such a voice in lamentation is to suffer a distinct shock. The tone is still inflexibly harsh, uncompromisingly egotistical, yet it is utterly without its wonted flavor of finality.

It was in Ash Fork that I met "The Deacon." He was leaning gloomily against the bar, glancing superciliously about, and frowning at the corners of the barn-like room, where discarded gambling paraphernalia were gathering dust

and cobwebs. As adroitly and delicately as possible I led the conversation round to the new, somber tone of Arizona life, bringing up the name of old "Speedy."

"He has settled down to raising fox-terriers?" I said tentatively.

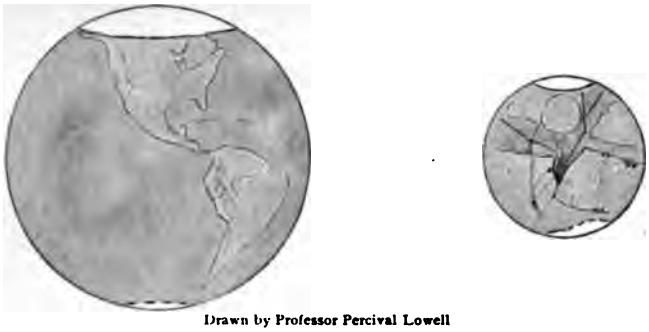
"Yes," he replied, moistening his thin lips with the tip of his tongue, "and he made a mistake at that. Should have taken up kittens. That 's what the people want in Arizona now—tabby-cats and balls of yarn. When the boys come down from the mines or ranches we should be ready to take them in to a knitting-bee. Yes, Mr. Tenderfoot,"—his lip curled insolently,—"you can go home and tell the folks in the *enlightened* East that the sister Territories of Arizona and New Mexico are now as tame as a Quaker reservation. The accursed evil of gambling has been lifted; the gambler is no longer a *decent* citizen, whether or no he pays his bills and taxes, gives to the poor, and supports the public schools. Although only yesterday he had a voice in the community, to-day he must remain dumb. He is an outlaw, a social outcast. His old friends and pals, who once valued him so highly that they followed his guidance in politics and honored him by borrowing his money, now pity him. As if he wanted any of their sympathy! Yes, we can move on to Nevada, as a good many have; but who can tell how long the play will be open there? And then there are more gamblers—tin horns mostly—in the State now than jack-rabbits.

"Will there be gambling in spite of the law? Of course, in towns like Phoenix, Prescott, and Tucson, there is now. But what is there in it? You 've got to give up more than half you make to the graft; you 've got to take all sorts of insults from the tenderfoots without even pulling a gun and watching their hair rise on their high brows. You 're no better than a pickpocket or a sneak-thief in the eye of the law. If anybody gets killed in your place, you go to a hot-house jail and melt for seven years or more.

"Young man,"—and there was a ghost of a sob in his voice,—"the buttermilk boys have driven us into the ditch. There 's nothing left for us but to go to work for a living, or play penuckle with the alfalfa-growers in the back room of a saloon. And they 've become receiving-vaults, with the roulette-wheels serving as free-lunch counters, and the faro-tables covered with the bartender's fancy work. They 'll be taking down the pictures pretty soon and hanging up worsted mottoes. Yes, it is a milksop frontier now, and I 'm glad the Mormons are coming in thick. The Mormons are great at raising flocks and crops in the dry places, and the days when the cowmen and miners ran things are over."

In shooting his last bolt, "The Deacon" had stripped himself bare, revealed his savage dullness, his stubborn blindness to actual conditions. Men of his sort can never see white in popular sentiments that sweep away the old barriers to progress and civic betterment. They do not look *out* for motives. Seemingly they cannot. They look in, and read their own hearts. They grip for the throb of their own impulses. Virtues they lack to them do not exist.

The politicians heard and heeded the demand; that is, they heeded it when they realized it could serve their purpose no longer to remain deaf to it. In conclusion it must be said, in fairness to the people of the two Territories, that they did not wait for Representative Littlefield to urge the prohibition of gambling. They had been clamoring for the reform long before he spoke. The moral sentiment was there; the majority voice demanded that the gambler be dispossessed, and as counsel for the people the politicians at last served the eviction warrants. Naturally, as shrewd politicians, they chose the psychological moment when the good work could be done with spectacular effect.



Drawn by Professor Percival Lowell

COMPARATIVE SIZES OF THE EARTH AND MARS WITH THE POLAR CAPS OF BOTH IN THEIR SPRINGTIME

MARS AND THE FUTURE OF THE EARTH

(MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE)

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL. D.

Director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona

STUDY of Mars proves that planet to occupy earthwise in some sort the post of prophet. For, in addition to the side-lights it throws upon our past, it is by way of foretelling our future. It enables us to no mean extent to foresee what eventually will overtake the earth in process of time; inasmuch as from a scrutiny of Mars coming events cast not their shadows, but their light before.

It is the planet's size that fits it thus for the rôle of seer. Its smaller bulk has caused it to age quicker than our earth, and in consequence it has long since passed through that stage of its planetary career which the earth at present is experiencing, and has advanced to a further one, to which in time the earth itself must come, if it be not overwhelmed beforehand by other catastrophe. In detail, of course, no two planets of different initial mass repeat each other's evolutionary history; but in a general way they severally follow something of the same road.

MARS HAS LOST ITS OCEANS

IT is in the matter of water that Mars stands forth as a prophet, and this in two ways; as polar ice and as oceanic expanses.

The first of these has reference to our own glacial epoch, a geologic phenomenon the strangeness and seeming unaccountableness of which has grown as scientists have contemplated it with more care. That vast areas of the earth's Northern hemisphere, and of the Southern, too, were at times covered by a continuous ice-sheet is a fact remarkable enough in itself, but grown still more curious from the difficulty experienced in assigning it adequate cause. Cosmic cooling of our planet will not explain it, certain as that cooling is; for the refrigeration was partial, and recurrent as well. Croll tried to account for it, but ingenious as his idea was, it will not hold water—in the shape of ice—in the form in which he put it, and it is now virtually abandoned by geologists, although it contains considerable truth.

Now, it is not a little interesting that Mars should have something to say upon the subject—something which throws light upon the phenomenon as a general planetary process, and specifically upon its occurrence on our earth. It is because

Mars happens to present precisely the astronomic conditions which form the basis of Croll's theory, and at the same time shows the exact opposite of the prescribed results, that its evidence is valuable.

Glaciation would result from a greater deposition of hoar-frost or snow in winter than the succeeding summer's sun could melt. A lengthening of winter at the expense of summer would seem, therefore, able to bring it about. Now, a greater eccentricity in the orbit of the earth than is the case to-day existed in the past, and would produce just this effect. So it was argued that it had done so. Unfortunately for the theory, Mars moves now in an orbit more eccentric than that of the earth ever can have been, and its other conditions are similarly propitious, yet the hemisphere which should show glaciation—the Southern one—not only does not, but comes farther from doing so than the other. For while the Northern cap diminishes from 78° across to 6°, the Southern dwindles from 96° to nothing. This shows that while for various reasons the longer winter results in a greater deposition, the shorter but hotter summer of its hemisphere more than melts it away.

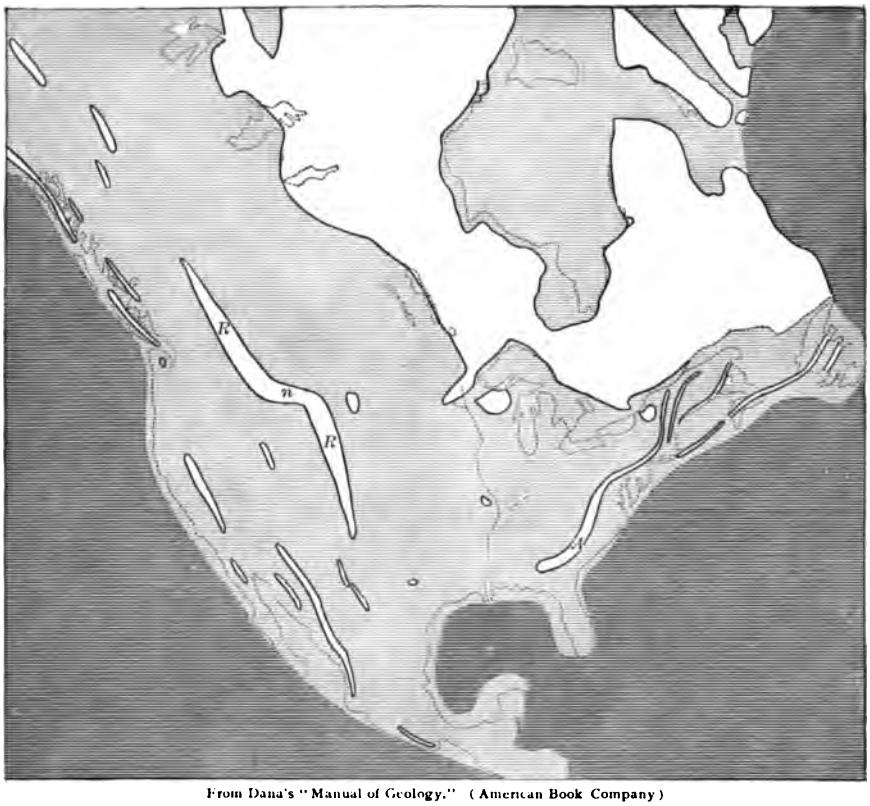
Now, if we increase pro rata the precipitation over the whole planet, we perceive that the extent of the Southern cap at its greatest will still more outdo the Northern one, and as the melting capacities of the two summers are approximately constant quantities, a time will come when the remains of the Southern cap will surpass that of the other, and glaciation ensue.

Thus, amount of precipitation is the fundamental factor to an ice-age, the really decisive question upon which it turns. Secular cooling will not necessarily bring it about, and Mars shows us that a planet may wholly escape such a termination to its career by having previously parted with sufficient moisture, and actually enjoy an anti-glacial state in its old age.

The thought leads us to the second matter in which the present state of Mars foretells the future of the earth. As we saw when reasoning upon the blue-green areas, Mars apparently had seas in the past, though it possesses none to-day. (See drawings on page 920.) To the student of the planet the question at once arises, how this not wholly regrettable deprivation was acquired, since it was not congenital.

There are two ways in which a planet not only may, but inevitably must, be robbed of its aqueous supply—from without and from within. It may lose its oceans by absorption into its interior and by a slow depletion into space. While a body is yet molten, the continuity of its substance bars entrance to aught else; but as it cools and shrinks, fissures and crevices open in it, and into these the surface water sooner or later finds its way. As a planet ages, its very wrinkles must cause it to dry up. This is one drain upon its surface seas that is sure to occur. The other is equally scheduled to happen. It depends upon the fact that gases are composed of particles called molecules traveling at great speeds. Temperature is the expression of this energy, varying, indeed, as the product of the square of the speed by the mass of the particle. Such motion it is that causes gases to expand. In their journeyings the molecules collide, and thus give and take velocity. In consequence, some are moving swiftly, some slowly. The molecules are flying about in all directions, and as long as they do not go too fast, the planet about which they act as atmosphere continues to control them by its gravity. This it can continue to do up to a speed called its critical velocity, which is the velocity the planet can impart to a particle falling freely to it from infinite space. For the planet can annul just the speed it is able to cause and no more. But if in their give and take of motion, a molecule gets to going faster than the critical velocity, it will escape into space and start on interstellar travels of its own. These molecules will never return to the body they have left, and as such desertion is constantly going on, it will eventually deplete the planet of all the gases it once possessed.

Now, from any liquid surface evaporation is perpetually taking place; so that an ocean is being slowly and silently lifted into the air. Ordinarily its particles fall again in the shape of rain, but not those which by collision gain sufficient speed. These from their tiptoe vantage-point take final flight into interplanetary space. The smaller the body, the sooner



From Dana's "Manual of Geology." (American Book Company)

MAP OF NORTH AMERICA SHOWING APPROXIMATELY THE AREAS OF DRY LAND (INDICATED BY THE WHITE SPACES) AT THE CLOSE OF ARCHÆAN TIME

This is the first in Professor Dana's series of maps showing the gradual emergence of North America from the oceans.

must it lose its seas, for the less can it hold on by its lesser gravity to its water-vapor. Three stages in the inevitable parting with its hydrosphere are exemplified to-day by the earth, Mars, and the moon. On the earth the sea-bottoms still hold seas, on Mars they only nourish vegetation, on the moon they contain nothing at all.

Parity of reasoning points to the road the earth must follow. Sharpened by science, we actually perceive the progress along it that our world has already made.

THE OCEANS OF EARTH ARE DISAPPEARING

ATTENTION shows that loss of water has been going on through the eons that have passed, and that the process is taking place under our very eyes to-day. Once laid down, the earth's oceans have been slowly disappearing since. The reason they have not wholly departed is partly because there was so much to go, partly because its greater mass has helped the earth to hold on to them the better. The speed of departure the earth can restrain is more than double that for Mars—6.9 miles per second instead of 3.1 miles. Thus the way by the skies is less available. On the other hand, the greater initial heat of its interior has kept the water from sinking in to a degree beyond what is possible in a smaller globe. The earth has thus lagged in its losings, but it has lost, for all that.

GAIN OF LAND IN NORTH AMERICA AND EUROPE

WITHDRAWAL of water should show in a diminution of the surface of the planet covered by the sea. Observation proves this to be a fact. With research we may assure ourselves that the depletion is in process. The late Professor Dana of

New Haven constructed maps of North America from the evidence afforded by the geologic sedimentary strata, showing what of it had been terra firma in the successive periods of geologic time. A comparison of his charts gives most interesting and conclusive proof that the land in North America has been gaining at the expense of the sea from the time the sea first was.

But North America was not alone in its natural territorial aggrandizement. Europe exemplifies the same generally steady, if temporarily fluctuating, conquest of terrain. As in North America, the terrain started at the north, and encroached upon the ocean farther and farther southward. What we commonly regard as Europe was, in paleozoic times, under the surface of the sea. Only the north of Scotland and Scandinavia protruded. Had the present great navies of the world been in existence then, they would have found ample scope for their operations, but would have missed their present bases of supply, since they could have sailed over the sites of London, Paris, or Berlin.

Wherever geologists have studied them, the strata tell the same tale. The land has spread, the ocean shrunk from the time they first partitioned out the surface. Now, a generally universal gain of the sort can mean only one of two things. Either the oceans have been deepening or disappearing. If crumplings of the crust have caused the former, they should have been equally busied in elevating the continental plateaus. There is no evidence that any wide-spread raisings of the sort have happened; for though mountain-chains have been often pushed up, they have denoted local crumpling, not broad buckler-like embossments. We are left, then, with the alternative that the seas have been slowly reduced in volume.

LOWERING OF THE SEA-LEVEL

TESTIMONY to this keeps cropping up. Only the other day the Chagos Archipelago, a little-known congeries of coral-reefs south of the Maldives, was studied by Mr. Stanley Gardiner of the Sladen Expedition, who concluded, from the appearance of the atolls which, like oases in the desert, dot the waste of waters, that an alteration of level has been universal throughout the Indo-Pacific coral-reef region, from latitude 30° north to latitude 25° south. From the fact that it was so wide-spread, there being evidence of many local upheavals throughout the zone, he inferred it to be due to a withdrawal of water rather than to a change of level in the ocean floor. The amount required to account for the appearance varied from five to thirty-five feet. Thirty-five feet may at first sound small, but occurring over hundreds of thousands of square miles, it means a good deal of water lost.

INLAND SEAS

WHAT is exhaling in the oceanic areas may be gaged by what is transpiring in the smaller cut-off bodies of water, such as the Caspian, the Sea of Aral, and the Great Salt Lake. For the drainage-basins of these inland seas are not only comparable with, but actually larger in proportion than, those of the oceans. Consequently they are fed the better of the two. Nevertheless, they are all with one consent evaporating at a very perceptible rate. Most of them are below the level of the sea, which in itself bespeaks the depletion undergone since they were left behind by the retreating main body of water. Marine shells, fishes, and seals, persisting in the Caspian still, testify to its abandoned character. Seals, indeed, witness to its now distancing its greater prototype in its haste to be gone, in spite of the huge fresh-water drainage it at present receives. For in the great Kara Bugas Gulf, on the Caspian's eastern side, the evaporation is so great that while a current sets into it from its narrow opening, with no compensating outward one, it is becoming so salt that seals can no longer live there. Even more is this the case with the Great Salt Lake, and on a smaller scale with the Dead Sea. If, then, they are disappearing under our eyes, the more certainly must this be true of the parent body.

TERRESTRIALITY SUCCEEDS TERRAQUEOUSNESS

THE earth, then, is going the way of Mars. As there now, so here in time will be ushered in a phase of planetary evolu-

tion to which the earth as yet is a stranger --the purely terrestrial, as opposed to the present terraqueous, character of its surface. Much must surely follow such a change of scene. What it will be like we must study Mars to know, since Mars presents us the picture of a world that has reached that pass. To all of us this cannot but offer a certain exploratory incentive—one concerned not with space alone, but with time. For while we directly scan the planet for what it has to say about itself, we are indirectly reading a story which has something to tell of our own future career. If we can succeed in separating in this the particular from the generic, what is local to Mars from what is cosmic in character, we shall do on a broad scale what the early astrologers thought to do on a narrow one, and instead of reading in the skies the fortunes of individuals, decipher there the fate of the whole earth.

Something further of this sort we may indeed do, and this by help of the same principle that led us to the loss of seas. The drying-up which causes their extinction is no less active on the land. Being a general deprivation common to the whole planet, the two kinds of surface must suffer synchronously. The effects, however, are much less bearable on terra firma. What in the withdrawal of water lowers oceans to affluence, reduces tracts of vegetation to penury. The once fertile fields become deserts.

DESERTS

Deserts already exist on the earth, and the nameless horror that attaches to the word in the thoughts of all who have had experience of them, or are gifted with imagination to conceive, is in truth greater than we commonly suppose. For the cosmic circumstance about them which is most terrible is not that deserts are, but that deserts have begun to be. Not as local, evitable evils are they only to be pictured, but as the general unescapable death-grip on our world. For it is the beginning of the end. What depauperates the forests to grass-lands, and thence to wastes, must in turn attack the sea-bottoms when they shall have parted with their seas. Last of the fertile spots upon the planet because of the salts the streams have for ages washed down, and of the remnant of moisture that would still drain into them, eventually they must share the fortune of their predecessors, and the planet roll a parched orb through space. The picture is forbidding; but the fact seems one to which we are constructively pledged and into which we are in some sort already adventured.

Girdling the earth with what it takes but little personification to liken to the life-extinguishing serpent's coils, run two desert-belts of country. The one follows, roughly speaking, the Tropic of Cancer, extending northward from it; the other, the Tropic of Capricorn. Arizona is in the northern band, as are the Sahara, Arabia, and the deserts of central Asia.

Now, these desert-belts are growing. In the great desert of northern Arizona the traveler, threading his way across a sage-brush and cacti plain shut in by abrupt-sided shelves of land rising here and there some hundreds of feet higher, suddenly comes upon a petrified forest. Trunks of trees in all stages of fracture strew the ground over a space some miles in extent. So perfect are their forms, he is almost minded to think the usual wasteful wood-chopper has been by and left the scattered products of his art in littered confusion upon the scene of his exploit. Only their beautiful color conveys a sense of strangeness to the eye, and leaning down and touching them, he finds that they are—stone. Chalcedony, not carbon! Form has outlived substance and kept the resemblance, while the particles of the original matter have all been spirited away. Yet so perfect is the presentment, one can hardly believe the fact, and where one fallen giant spans a little cañon, one almost thinks to hear the sound of water rushing down the creek.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA

But it is some millions of years and more since this catastrophe befell, and the torrent, uprooting it, left it prone, with limbs outstretched in futile grasp upon the other side. A conifer it was, cousin only to such as grow to-day, and flourished probably in the Cretaceous era; for the land has not been under water here since the advent of Tertiary times.

PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA

Nowhere near it, except for the rare cottonwoods along the bank of the Little Colorado, grows anything to-day. The land which once supported these forests is incompetent to do so now. Yet nothing has changed there since except the decreasing water-supply. During Tertiary and Quarternary time the rainfall has been growing less and less. Proof of this is offered by the great pine oasis that caps the plateau of which these petrified forests form a part, and is kerneled by the San Francisco peaks. The height above sea-level of the spot where the chalcedony trunks are strewn is about 4500 feet; the lower present limit of the pine in its full development is 6500 feet. Two thousand feet upward the verdure-line has retreated since the former forests were. And this is no local alteration, for upon the other side of the plateau petrified remains of trees are similarly found.

The line of perpetual green has risen because in desert regions the moisture is found most plentiful nearest to the clouds from which it falls upon a parching earth. Streams, instead of gathering volume as they go, are largest near their source, and grow less and less with each fresh mile of flow. The brooks descending from the Anti-Lebanon, in Syria, water the gardens of Damascus, and, thence issuing upon the plain, lose themselves just beyond the threshold of its gates. So in the Arizona desert, though in a less degree; and those who live there know it but too well. It is desert craft for Indians or cow-boys to seek water on the mesas, not at their base. To ascend after it is one of the foot-notes of their trade.

EGYPT AND CARTHAGE

THE evidence here brought before us of a secular parching of the land is not wholly confined to Western North America. Crossing to the other side of the world, we come upon like remains. Upon the plateau above the Nile, near Cairo, the traveler goes to see another petrified graveyard of trees. It is prehistoric, yet contemporaneous with man; for paleolithic and neolithic implements have been found not far away, showing that in the morning of his race man lived and hunted in these forests, where neither hunter nor hunted could exist to-day.

Upon the Southern coast of the Mediterranean, at the edges of the great Sahara, are to be seen to-day the ruins of vast aqueducts stalking silently across the plains. Fallen into decay now, they attest something more than the passing of the force of those who built them from the scene they once made great. Carthage has crumbled again to earth, and these sentineling arches alone remain to show what tentacles of sustenance it formerly thrust out. Still architecturally impressive, they span not space alone, but time. They testify to a something to be carried as well as a city to carry it to. This, now, has disappeared as completely as the inhabitants. At the present day the streams there are incompetent to supply the aqueducts, the very presence of which attests that in the past this was not so. The land has parched since times so recent as to be historic, recorded by the monuments of man.

Nor are we left to monuments for sole light upon the subject. The very fauna has changed. Animals that once inhabited the land are unable to live there now because of the increasing aridity of the habitat. Thus they add their testimony to that of the mute purveyors of water whose occupation is gone. The surprising thing is that it should all have happened so recently. In a startling manner

it brings before us the speed with which the desert is gaining on the habitable earth.

PALESTINE

PALESTINE tells the same story. The land which once flowed with milk and honey can hardly flow bad water now. Nor is this because the folk who made its greatness have since been scattered over the face of the earth. Much goes to ruin when the master hand is stilled, but no rich country ever lapsed to desert for this cause unless its fertility was all irrigation-made. Conclusive and convincing is here the evidence that the land itself has been changed.

SUBTROPICAL REGIONS CHIEFLY AFFECTED

UPON comparing the places where this desertism appears, it will be found that all occur in a band about the earth not far from either tropic, and extending north or south from it according to the hemisphere concerned. Now, when we turn to the tables of the rainfall for different parallels, we find this localization explained.

It is precisely in these belts that the average rainfall is least, except, indeed, far north, where the steppes attest to like aridity. The occurrence of the deserts is thus an affair of the circulation of the atmosphere, and from that fact is lifted at once into the region of general planetary evolution. For atmospheric circulation is a necessary consequence of a body having an atmosphere and being exposed to the action of the sun. The general effects of it are as follows: The equatorial region being the most continuously heated by the solar beams, the air above it rises and flows over at the top, necessarily poleward, since gravity will not allow it to go anywhere else. The air about the tropics flows in to take its place. Meanwhile the lower portion of the equatorial emigrant, finding the space below less occupied, descends to earth in the forties, causing the prevailing winds in those regions. The upper part proceeds more or less spirally round the pole. This general circulation is independent in its main action of the character of the ground. Areas of sea and land modify the motions, but do not negative the results.

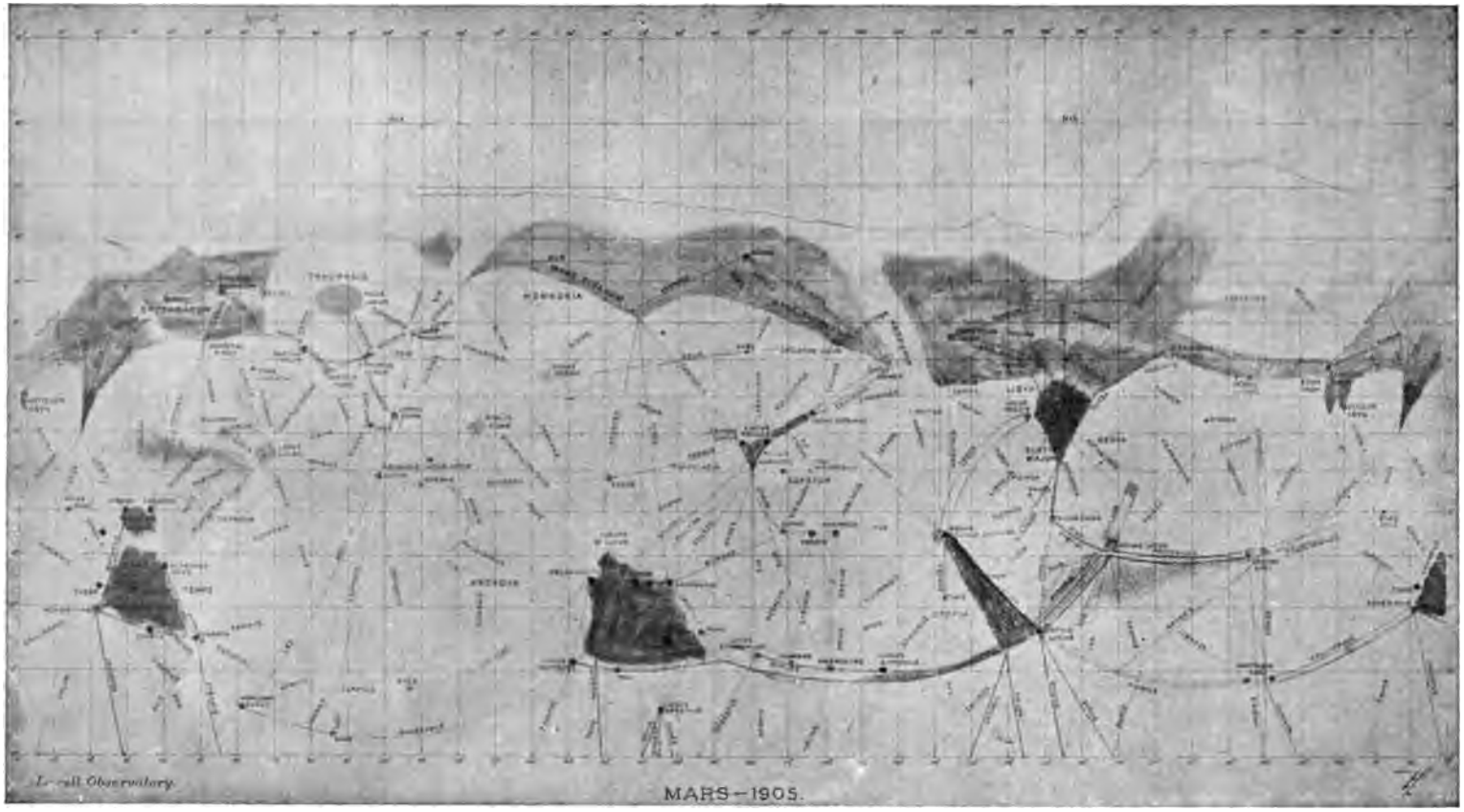
Now, keeping this circulation in the mind's eye, we note that, other things being equal, those winds that descend from colder regions to warmer ones must be dry. For, on being heated, air becomes capable of taking up more moisture than before, and is by this restrained from depositing the water it already contains in the form of rain or snow or dew. It thus keeps with it such moisture as it has or as it acquires, and instead of being a bountiful dropper of fatness from its clouds, courses over the surface a scorching sirocco. Such is the fundamental, uncomplicated process, and, in consequence, desert-belts are bound to form in time, and just where we find those of the earth to-day, barring exceptions locally explained. For adventitious bodies of water over which these winds pass may supply them with water which mountain-chains may precipitate again on their windward side by the cooling of the winds due to rising up their flanks. Either of these accidents of surface may thus modify the effect without affecting the principle.

PLANETARY CHANGE FAR ADVANCED ON MARS

TURNING now to Mars, we find what is but in its infancy on earth, there in full control. Not only are the desert-belts in existence, but the whole surface, except for the sea-bottoms, has gone the same way. Five eighths of it all is now an arid waste, unrelieved from sterility by surface moisture or covering. Bare itself, it is pitilessly held up to a brazen sun, unprotected by any shield of cloud.

Absence of moisture should not alter the general wind circulation sketched above, and we should expect to find the wet and dry zones much what they are on the earth, if trace of them still existed. To the map of Mars we therefore turn to mark whether this be so. In such envisagement, one antedating circumstance must be allowed for: the local positioning of the oceanic basins; for an ocean, by reason of its original supply, would outlast its latitudinal time-limit. Its marine constitution would defy the law.

Now, the oceans of Mars lie in the Southern hemisphere of the planet. This qualifies the action in that hemisphere, and makes the Southern subtropic zone



MARE ACIDALIUM MARE PROPONTI WEDGE OF CASIUS

MAP OF MARS (MERCATOR'S PROJECTION) SHOWING THE LATITUDE OF THE "SEAS" *ACIDALIUM*, *PROPONTIS*, AND *CASIUS*

DRAWN BY PROFESSOR PERCIVAL LOWELL

one of verdure to-day. This, therefore, is no disproof of the general law; it is but an added argument that these present blue-green areas were seas at some former epoch.

Otherwise is it with the surfaceography of the Northern hemisphere, since in the beginning that was probably fairly free from land-and-water distribution of a sufficiently pronounced type to hinder the play of the desert-making tendency. Here, then, we should look for confirmation of the principle that the subtropic zone should be more arid than the temperate one, and here we find something which is suggestive. The Southern subtropic zone is destitute of blue-green areas—that is, areas of vegetation—all round the planet. Not so the temperate zone above it. In the latter are found all the larger blue-green regions in the planet's Northern hemisphere—the Mare Acidalium, the Propontis, and the Wedge of Casius. And all these are approximately upon the same parallel of latitude. The Lucus Niliacus, and the Mare Acidalium stretch from latitude 29° north to latitude 55°; the Propontis from 37° to 48°; and the Wedge of Casius from 35° to 56°. That such consensus in situation can be due to chance is certainly unlikely. Here, then, linger the last vestiges of vegetation of the Northern hemisphere.

THE OPALINE TINTS OF MARS

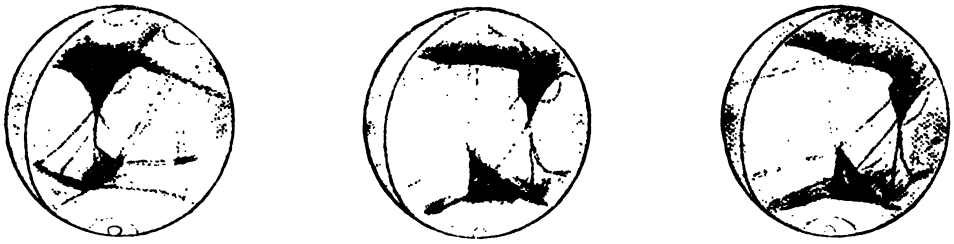
As important is the present great extent of the Martian deserts. Beautiful as the opaline tints of the planet look down the far vista of the telescope-tube, they represent a really terrible reality. To the bodily eye, the aspect of the disk is lovely beyond compare; but to the mind's eye, its import is horrible. A vast expanse of arid ground, world-wide in its extent, girdling the planet completely in circumference, and stretching in places almost from pole to pole, is what those opaline glamours typify. All deserts, seen from a safe distance, have something of this charm of tint. Their bare rock gives them color, from yellow marl through ruddy sandstone to blue slate. And color shows across space for the massing due to great extent. But this very color, unchanging in its hue, means the extinction of life. Pitilessly persistent, the opal here bears out its attributed sinister intent.

To let one's thoughts dwell on these Martian Saharas is gradually to enter into the spirit of the spot, and so to gain comprehension of what else Mars offers to view. Without such background always omnipresent in the picture, the lesser and more pregnant features fail of effect in their true value. To conceive of this great buckler of brazen sand and rock, as level as a polished shield, and stretching to the far distance, where it stands sharp-cut by the horizon of the sky, unrelieved even by mountain-notching of the blue, is to realize in part what life on it must mean. Where days and months of travel would bring one no nearer to its edge, despair might well settle on the mind. And the sun in its daily course rises from out the stony waste only to set in it again.

HOW THE EARTH WILL FOLLOW MARS

To this condition the earth must come. With steady, if stealthy, stride, Saharas, as we have seen, are even now possessing themselves of its surface. The end is doubtless yet far off, but it is as fatalistically sure as that to-morrow's sun will rise, unless some other catastrophe occur first. It is perhaps not pleasing to learn the manner of our death. But science is concerned only with the fact, and Mars we have to thank for its presentment.

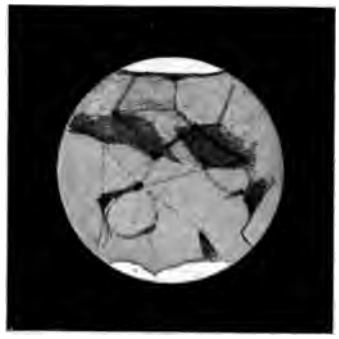
Before the final stage in the long life drama of a planet is thus brought to its close, there will come a time when the water, having virtually left the surface, still lingers for a little in the air. For the atmosphere is the pathway the water takes to the sky. Insufficient in amount to leave a surplus on the ground in the shape of oceans, or even lakes and ponds, a certain quantity will still hover above them. From the mode of its withdrawal, a planet must lose its surface water long before it loses the aqueous vapor from its air, so that the absence of the one argues nothing against the presence of the other. Now there are physical reasons connected with evaporation which would make for more water in the air of Mars than of the earth, and yet not permit of precipitation. Nor must it be imagined that the spectroscope would reveal it. The latest spectroscopic investigations, at Flagstaff and else-



EFFECT OF THE SPRING MIST AROUND THE NORTH POLAR CAP OF MARS AS DRAWN BY PROFESSOR LOWELL, JANUARY 25, 1905. (MARTIAN DATE, JUNE 23)

where, prove that instrument not to be a sufficiently delicate one to pronounce upon the point. Thus, for instance, it fails of certainly recording the atmosphere of Venus (in the oxygen bands), though that air is otherwise very evident and much more sure of spectroscopic revelation by the dispersion method used than could be that of water vapor on Mars.

It is highly probable that water vapor is present in no small amount in the air of Mars.



LINES IN THE DARK AREAS OF MARS SHOWING THAT THE LATTER ARE NOT SEAS. FROM A DRAWING MADE AT THE LOWELL OBSERVATORY, JULY 11, 1907

(See page 912)

WATER PRESENT IN THE MARTIAN ATMOSPHERE

THAT such is at the present moment the condition of Mars we have evidence in the aspect of the planet. As the North polar cap melts, there comes a season when an indefinite pearly appearance fringes its edge, obliterating its contours, which before were sharp. This persists for some weeks, off and on, and when at last it clears, the cap is seen to be reduced to its least extent. That it is mist caused by the melting of the cap there is little doubt.

That it exists in the air is cause for deposition on the ground. But the only way in which so scant an amount could remain deposited in any part of the planet would be as frozen moisture about the pole. For as snow it stays fixed, evaporation at a low temperature going on much less fast than from water under its appropriate higher temperature. A snowfield suitably situated might thus persist where a pond would speedily perish. The polar snows would be the only place where moisture could descend to the surface to stay, being brought to the polar regions by the planetary winds.

NOVEMBER 5, 1907 — SEPTEMBER 1, 1907

From drawings by Professor Lowell

PAIRING ON THE TERMINATOR (RIGHT-HAND EDGE) OF MARS WHERE DARK AREAS CROSS; INDICATING THAT THEY LIE AT A LOWER LEVEL THAN THE REST OF THE SURFACE, AND WERE ONCE SEAS. (SEE PAGE 912)

With regard to humidity, what scant moisture the desert-born equatorial winds might possess, would be deposited northward as they cooled, in part impermanently in the forties, in part more permanently at the poles. The return flow of air in winter, being steadily warmed, would not tend to deposit moisture down the disk; nor in summer either, to any extent, although from the melting of the cap such winds would then be more charged with vapor. Unlike our own earth, therefore, moisture would proceed poleward, to remain there. Not only, therefore, is the water much less in amount on Mars, but what is there tends to be kept about the poles. The only available supply lies in the arctic and antarctic regions, stationary on the ground or else is in process of journeying to it again.

In this last stage of temporizing, the water that once as such bespread Mars's face now is. The well-nigh total disappearance of the one cap, and the entire extinction of the other, show how each summer melts what the winter had deposited, and that in both cases this is nearly the sum total of the cap. Covering as each does so much territory, one might suppose the water not scanty, but comparable in quantity to the earth's supply. If we calculate it, however, we shall find this anything but the case. At Point Barrow, in Alaska, in latitude 71° north, where the temperature is below freezing from September 1 to June 15, 75 inches of snow fall during the nine and a half months. Ten inches of snow are equal to one inch of water. This quantity, then, measures the amount of the impermanent cap, and forms a basis for comparison with the depth of the snow-cap melted on Mars. It seems, too, not an improbable value for what occurs there; for though on the one hand it is likely that day by day the snowfall is greater at Point Barrow than on Thyle, in Mars, at the same latitude, or the other, the winter season is there twice as long. To be lavish, we may estimate that the equivalent of 100 inches of snow fall on Thyle. That would mean ten inches of water. Now, the Southern cap of Mars, the larger of the two, covers 106° across at its greatest, which makes its area equal to one fifth of the whole surface of the planet. To this we need not add the other cap, since it at the time stretches over only 6°, a vanishing quantity in comparison. On earth, oceans cover 72 per cent. of the surface, and are, on the average, 2100 fathoms deep. Calculation from these data gives the amount of water on the earth as 189,000 times that on Mars. We said rightly, then, that Mars was badly off for water.

In consequence of this state of things, the water-supply of the planet is both scant in amount, and tethered at that. For it is tied up during the greater part of the year at one pole or the other. For a few weeks only of each six months it stands unlocked, first in the arctic, then in the antarctic, zone. Then, and then only, may this deposit, meager as it is, be drawn upon. Mars is indebted for the staff of life to a polar pittance sparsely doled out, and that only at appointed times.

THE SURFACE OF MARS A WATERLESS WORLD

STUDY of the natural features of the planet leaves us, then, this picture of its present state—a world-wide desert where fertile spots are the exception, not the rule, and where water everywhere is scarce. So scanty is this organic essential, that over the greater part of the surface there is none to quicken vegetation or to support life. Only here and there by nature are possible those processes which make our earth the habitable, homelike place we know. In our survey of Mars, then, we behold the saddening picture of a world athirst, where, as in our own Saharas, water is the one thing needful, and yet where by nature it cannot be got. But one line of salvation is open to it, and that lies in the periodic unlocking of the remnant of water that each year gathers as snow and ice about its poles.

A HIGH TYPE OF LIFE PROBABLE ON MARS

THE evidence of observation thus bears out what we might suspect from the planet's smaller size: that it is much further along in its planetary career than is our earth. This aging in its own condition must have its effect upon any life it may

previously have brought forth. That life at the present moment would be likely to be of a high order. For whatever its actual age, any life now existent on Mars must be in the land stage of its development, on the whole a much higher one than the marine. But, more than this, it should probably have gone much further if it exist at all, for in its evolving of terra firma, Mars has far outstripped the earth. Mars's surface is now all land. Its forms of life must be not only terrestrial as against aquatic, but even as opposed to terraqueous ones. They must have reached not simply the stage of land-dwelling where the possibilities are greater for those able to embrace them, but that further point of pinching poverty where brain is needed to survive at all.

The struggle for existence in their planet's decrepitude and decay would tend to evolve intelligence to cope with circumstances growing momentarily more and more adverse. But, furthermore, the solidarity that the conditions prescribed would conduce to a breadth of understanding sufficient to utilize it. Intercommunication over the whole globe is made not only possible, but obligatory. This would lead to the easier spreading over it of some dominant creature,—especially were this being of an advanced order of intellect,—able to rise above its bodily limitations to amelioration of the conditions through exercise of mind. What absence of seas would thus entail, absence of mountains would further. These two obstacles to distribution removed, life there would tend the quicker to reach a highly organized stage. Thus Martian conditions themselves make for intelligence.

THE PROBABILITY OF LIFE ON MARS AT THE PRESENT TIME

Our knowledge of it would likewise have its likelihood increased. Not only could any beings there disclose their presence only through their works, but from the physical features the planet presents, we are led to believe that such disclosure would be distinctly more probable than in the case of the earth. Any markings made by mind should there be more definite, more uniform, and more wide-spread than those human ones with which we are familiar. More dominant of its domicile, it should so have impressed itself upon its habitat as to impress us across intervening space.

What the character of such markings might be, we shall best conceive by letting the pitiless forbiddingness of the Martian surface take hold upon our thought. Between the two polar husbandings of the only water left, stands the pathless desert —pathless even to the water semiannually set free. Only overhead does the moisture find natural passage to its winter sojourn at the other pole. Untraversable without water to organic life, and uninhabitable, the Sahara cuts off completely the planet's hemispheres from each other, barring surface commerce by sundering its supplies. Thirst—the thirst of the desert—comes to us as we realize the situation, parching our throat as we think of a thirst impossible of quenching except in the far-off and by nature unattainable polar snows.

Turning again to Mars with quickened sense, we witness an astounding thing, the study of which in its mien, its moods, and its meaning, the next two chapters will take up.

SPRING O' THE YEAR

BY MARY AUSTIN

Author of "Isidro"

WHEN Don Pedro Ruiz, owner of five hundred fat wethers and two hundred ewes, was a little bowed in the back and a little frosty about the temples, a sickness got abroad among his sheep and took a good half of them. The next year a bear stampeded the flock toward a forty-foot barranca over which two hundred pitched to destruction. After that Don Pedro went down to La Liebre and hired out as a herder. The superintendent thereupon gave him a lamb band, flock-wise, seasoned ewes, mostly with twin lambs; and because there was old kindness between him and the superintendent of La Liebre, and because he had by long usage established a right to much good pasture in the neighborhood of Wild Rose, Don Pedro was allowed to take the flock out in his own charge, with a couple of dogs, and no companion herder except to set him on his way.

Being master of his movements, he was able to spend much more time with his family than falls to the lot of the hired herder. This was important, for Don Pedro had at that time, besides the Señora Ruiz, who was fat and comfortable, a daughter grown up as tall and slim as a moonbeam, with saint's eyes and a mouth as soft and scarlet as a crumpled pomegranate flower. She was of marriageable age and needed a father's care.

It was ten flock journeys from La Liebre to the meadow of Wild Rose, below Tres Piños, where Don Pedro had his house, the *ramada* of vines, a long, low two-walled hut, the fig-tree, the pomegranates, and the scarlet strings of chilis drying in the sun. That is, it was ten journeys, taken leisurely, when the grass was rank and the chili-cojote in bloom. It was barely seven in the fall of the year, with the feed scant and only one water-hole between the ranch-house and Wild Rose. Don Pedro would bring up the flock from the shearing, by which time the grazing would be in its prime; here he could feed for six weeks within sight of his own hearth smoke and candle.

Then he swung out desertward to little green oases and cañon floors that caught the run-off of the quick winter rains for other six weeks, by which time the meadow of Wild Rose would be grown again. Thus the old man had the more leisure for adoring his daughter of the saint's eyes.

He was not so good at that business, however, as Ruy Garcia, who had, besides a perfect rosary of adoring names for her, a most remarkably fine voice for singing them, and a very good guitar, which he brought out from Tres Piños twice in the week to strum in the ramada. He might have come oftener but that the old Don looked so sourly upon him, and the eyes of Felicita, misty and tender with music, had, so Ruy Garcia, who had expressive eyes himself and knew how to use them, assured himself, no spark in them for Ruy Garcia.

When matters were at this pass there came a winter of extraordinary rains, and Don Pedro contracted rheumatism. Then, since it would have been a blasphemy, as Heaven had sent him a daughter, to wish for a son, he thanked God that, being a daughter, Felicita was such as she was. She had been brought up with the sheep, of course; she had brought up the dogs herself by hand. If they served Don Pedro and the flock willingly, judge how they ran their feet off at the bidding of this tall, slim girl who went at the rounding-up as if it were a new and merry play invented expressly to give herd dogs an occasion for being proud of

themselves. She would be out in the blue-ringed dawn before the flock had begun to feed, having covered the two or three miles between them and the house light-footed and laughing. She set the flock in motion where the feed was tallest, and by the time old Pedro crawled aching from his blankets, she would be blowing the coals under his coffee-pot. Don Pedro called her Santissima, Daughter of Saints, Prop of his House, and other names not less fervent and glowing than those of Ruy Garcia, who had got beyond name-calling and adored her dumbly, awed and absurdly happy to sit with her in the idle noons when the flock panted, each with its head under its neighbor's belly, while old Ruiz slept under the bitter-brush and the sun marched solemnly like the Host in the clean, high heaven. And for his forbearance in the matter of perfervid declarations, Felicita rewarded him by sending him out with the dogs to the evening round-up. Days of wind and lowering cloud she had the flock all under her hand while the old Don's wife nursed his pains with hot drinks and flannels.

It was reported that Ruy Garcia, when he was told that the Ruiz girl had turned herd-girl to her father's sheep, spending whole days in the open a flock journey from home, set spurs to his horse and never left off galloping until he had found her. But he could never win her consent to so much as being seen in her neighborhood unless Don Pedro was about. He succeeded so far in seeing her that when the rain came drumming on the broad leaves of the mallow, he sent the girl and the old man to the house, and he, Ruy Garcia, who despised sheep and thought a whole day out of the saddle misspent, kept the flock alone. Which proves that he was a very astute young man or that he really loved her. Don Pedro softened much toward young Garcia in those days, and the Señora Ruiz made him toothsome enchiladas and *chile relleno*.

But there were times, and you may be sure the young man never heard of them, for Felicita was a modest girl and the pride of Pedro Ruiz was great, when she slept with the flock and warded them through the night. She would lie out there on the shadeless, turtle-backed hills sweeping girdlewise about Wild Rose, and bed the flock so as always to point the star of her mother's candle in the window of her home. Three times when the twilight-fire was lighted she made it to wink with the flare of burning greasewood, and in the morning sent up smoke, tall and thin, of green sage. Then Pedro and his wife would understand that it was well with the flock, and bless the saints accordingly. The girl would put on her father's clothes for the work,—she was full as tall as he, though as slender and swaying as a stalk of mariposa,—and when she had strapped on an old horse-pistol, had a very pretty swagger that made her parents laugh with a choke in the throat and a "Santa Maria, was there ever such a child as ours!" No, never, Ruy Garcia could have told them. The girl came to no harm; indeed, there was none she could come to in the open wilderness. But she got a most glowing color, and her hair blew every way, like tendrils of the megarrhiza.

Don Pedro's ailment did not mend with the winter, and what with medicines, and the herder's wage being no more than a dollar a day, with food and tobacco, it seemed less than ever expedient to hire another man in his place. Besides, if the flock went down to the shearing at La Liebre without Ruiz, it was doubtful if ever he got another to tend. It was kindness only that won him this—kindness and a reputation for skill with lambs; for the band numbered less than a thousand, and it was cheaper to run three thousand in a bunch, with two men to handle them. So when the haze of spring began to brood over the land, and Pedro Ruiz had taken to his bed, it began to be also an anxious matter how the flock could be brought to the shearing. It would be two weeks going, for Ruiz was permitted to keep the flock at Wild Rose for lambing, and the lambs were tender, and ten days returning. All the way lay through open desert until the last, when it turned into the pass between the broad-headed oaks that kept the contours of the hills.

Pedro Ruiz and his wife lay awake in their bed far into the night discussing what was to be done about it; but Felicita, on the hill-slope with the flock, had never but one opinion. She would go with the flock herself.

"Felicita *mia*," said her father, "you

are the best of daughters, but the thing is impossible. Even if you were a boy, impossible; it is too hard for you."

"I will go as a boy," said Felicita. "Who is there to guess?" There was that in her father's eyes when he looked at her that said it would not be hard guessing.

"I am as tall as a boy," she said merrily, "and I think I have a beard coming," presenting the minute velvet down of her cheek for inspection. Then she got down on her knees by his bed and had her arms around him. After that old Pedro blessed God for the gift of a child, and surrendered.

When it became necessary to take Ruy Garcia into confidence, he was scandalized.

"It is too hard for you. It is man's work," he said.

Felicita tossed her head. "But where is the man?"

"Felicita!"

The girl relented, seeing tears in his eyes.

"I know you would do it, Ruy; but we cannot afford to hire you, and cannot take it as a gift."

"But let me go with you, to make sure no harm comes to you," he pleaded.

"What harm could come? Would you rob me of my good name?"

"Garcia is a good name," said the boy, stoutly, though he blushed hotly all over to say it. "I would give it to you if I might go with you."

"No, no, Ruy. You are kind, but the best you can do is to get me some clothes. I cannot go into La Liebre with my father's things. Get me some clothes that will look as if they belonged to me. I am only a little smaller than you."

A very pretty boy she looked when she was properly dressed for it, but Ruy Garcia had another shock when he found all her lovely hair must come off. And with Felicita laughing, Señora Ruiz snuffing, and old Pedro wiping his eyes in the bed, he dared not so much as hint at a wish for one of those thick, wavy locks.

"Why have you your blankets tied on your saddle, Ruy?" asked the girl. The boy kept his eyes on the ground.

"I go on a journey—to Posada. I have some work there. I shall be gone a month or six weeks."

"By which time," said Felicita, "I shall be back from La Liebre. Come and hear my adventures."

The boy looked at her very earnestly and tender-eyed, but with never a word.

A great many unpleasant things might have happened to Felicita going south with the flock along the foot of the Sierra wall; no rain fell to distress her, no wind arose to scatter the flock. Coyotes ringed her sheep with demoniac noises, but got none of the lambs, and the deadly milkweed did not spring about her trail. She saw no dust of other flocks; they had all gone south for the lambing two months before. Here and there about the washes were pleasant splashes of spring. One would say they had spilled over the mountain rim from the fulgent San Joaquin.

Rising at dawn, when the flock began to feed, Felicita made her breakfast of coffee and great lumps of bread. By midmorning, when the sheep lay down or dozed upon their feet, huddled in an open space, she cooked a meal, and took her noon siesta under the sage. Then the flock fed, traveling south until moonrise, when the dogs bedded them, and the girl crept into her blankets with a lump of bread which she was often too tired to eat; and slept till the dogs waked her.

It was remarkable that the first night out Felicita had been nervous and wakeful and the dogs had barked; but by the second night she felt the friendly presence of the wilderness: it pervaded all her sleep. Felicita had never heard of any supernatural being but the saints and the blessed Personages; therefore she acknowledged their protection in her prayers, like the good girl she was.

At the eighteen-mile house she had dinner with teamsters who called her "bub," to her great satisfaction. The next day a prospector, passing, asked her for the makings of a cigarette. Ruy Garcia had provided her for that contingency. So by no greater hardship than the responsibility of the lambs involved, and with growing assurance of her boy's disguise, she came to the ranch-house of La Liebre, among the oaks. What she should do there had been agreed upon at home.

"Señor?"

The superintendent of La Liebre looked up from his tally-books to see a

wondrously slim lad, Raphael-eyed, with a face burned as dusky red as a pomegranate in the sun, wearing a shepherd's dress, with two herd dogs at his knees.

"I am Pedro Ruiz, son of Pedro Ruiz, whom you know. I have brought my father's flock, also a letter." He took it forthwith out of his hat, showing a lovely head of rough-cropped, wavy hair. The letter was a most wordy and moving appeal to the Señor Superintendente to have regard for his past faithfulness and the excellent condition of the flock, and to return them in the charge of this, his most dutiful son; and in the meantime to keep the lad as much as possible under his eye, as he was somewhat ill furnished for the riot of shearings.

"I should think so," thought the superintendent, eying the lad all over. Young Pedro blushed the darker, and hung his head. A modest lad.

"And you brought the flock from Wild Rose yourself? You are young for the work."

"If you will but look," said the boy. "They are in good condition. One new lamb for every ewe, and over two hundred of those that had twins." All this being exactly as the letter had said, the superintendent approved the lad, had his blankets spread in the patio, kept him to run between the ranch-house and the shearing-pens. By this means young Pedro was able to avoid much that would have been difficult for a girl to bear; for the shearing is holiday-time, and wine goes freely about.

Pedro Ruiz had not been long a hired herder, and only one of those who drew in at La Liebre knew much of his affairs. That was Jules Giraud, as quizzing and gossipy an old rascal as ever wagged an unshaven chin. He came in late from the Sierra pastures, and was put to help at the sacking-frame. Here he had a glimpse of the slender lad who ran at the superintendent's word.

"A likely lad," said old Jules, "born to be a breaker of hearts; Pedro Ruiz, is he," he said, when he had asked, and been answered, "son of Don Pedro? Well, I have known the old man these ten years back, but I have heard of no son. A daughter he had who should have been about the age of this one—" Giraud broke off to look long and keenly after the boy. In the course of a day or two he made an opportunity to ask after Don Pedro's health, "and the rest of your brothers and sisters," said Jules.

"I am my father's only child," said the boy, carelessly, and then suddenly blushed a deep, painful red.

"Ho, ho!" said old Jules, under his breath. He kept what he thought to himself, for next day the parting of the flocks began, and Jules had already purposed going up along the desert at the foot of the Sierra wall.

Felicita was beyond everything glad to be upon the trail again. The hazardous week of the shearing past, the feed abundant, spring in the air, under foot, in the heart, every day shining as a jewel, she sang as she walked in the dust of the flock. The first day's travel lay through the shallow cañon of oaks, the evening wound up at the edge of the chaparral. Other fires winked at night in the tender twilight-haze; bells of the flocks carried far in the night. Felicita had no means of knowing that the nearest of the fires was of Jules Giraud, and slept, a sense of friendly presence all about her, as mindlessly as her own sheep.

The next day at the noon halt old Jules came up with her. The girl scented danger at once, became nervous and anxious-eyed. The horse-pistol was in the saddle-bag on the pack-burro that fed forward with the flock. She had forgotten there was such a thing as danger in the world. Jules was complimentary and insinuating and sentimental. He drew close, growing more assured, and enjoying her torment. He said of shepherding that it was a lonely life. One needed a companion now—for the lovely days, and the nights. Ah, the nights with the stars like fires! The knuckles of the girl's hand grasping the herder's staff were stretched white.

"For the trail one needs a companion, assuredly," said Jules, coming nearer; "for choice, a lovely maid, about your size. Curse me, but you have glorious eyes, boy; they go quite through me. Almost they might be a girl's. Do you know, if you were a girl, now, what I would do to you? This!" He was about to snatch a kiss. Felicita struck at him fiercely with her staff, and burst into tears—and by the act stood confessed a

girl. Jules Giraud was rubbing his bruised head, the girl's hands were at her eyes, therefore neither of them saw quite what happened. There was a hurry and scramble of feet, a jet of soft, hissing, hot Spanish curses, and something whirling through the air that knocked old Jules flat, and stood over him, flashing and threatening.

"Dog of a herder," it said, "shall I send you to the devil at once or save you to be hanged?" Jules, though he was half-stunned with astonishment, thought himself no fool. A personable and infuriated young man springing out upon you at the mere snatching of a kiss from a pretty girl in boy's clothes meant but one thing to Jules. He winked feebly as he lay supinely between Ruy Garcia's feet.

"My good fellow, I had no idea the girl was yours. 'T was no more than a kiss I wanted."

Ruy Garcia left him, and went over to where the girl stood sobbing.

"Are you hurt, Felicita?" he faltered, not so much as daring to touch her. Jules sat up and regarded them.

"Go ahead, young man," he leered. "She 'll not crack you with her staff, I 'll warrant."

"If you say another word, I shall crack your head open," said Ruy, stoutly. "I am going to marry her."

He looked at Felicita anxiously, to see how she would take this. Felicita dried her eyes; whereupon Ruy Garcia put his arm around her. He turned to the herder.

"She did not know I had come," he said. "She came because her father was ill, and I followed to see that she met with no harm. It is the business of men to protect women, not to molest them."

Giraud was a Frenchman, therefore a sentimentalist. He gave them a very pretty blessing as he got upon his feet, and took himself to his own flock, but the young people did not hear him. There had occurred a miracle. Felicita trembled; the shock of her trembling passed to Ruy Garcia; his head swam. What shining of the saint's eyes, what glow along the burnt splendor of her cheek assured him, what tingling of the soft young palms that clung together, I know not. Quivering lip strayed to lip. Ah, a miracle!

Felicita spoke first, withdrawing with gentle dignity.

"Ruy, you have done wrongly."

"What, to knock over old Jules?" said the boy, aghast. Felicita's eyes swam with tears.

"For that I thank you, and my father will thank you better when I am home; but in following me you did wrong. It might have got me much mistaken."

"Did you think I would have let you go alone? Besides, what does it matter, if we are going to be married?" It was impossible for Felicita to be more rosy and dewy-eyed than she was, but she held him off gravely.

"For that there is the more reason nobody should breathe upon my name." It is the surpassing miracle of love that it rises superior to loving. Ruy Garcia was made to see that so long as the girl wandered abroad in boy's guise he must drop back into the silent, the unrewarded guardian of the trail; and adoring her as being no lower than the saints save perhaps in the matter of being kissable, content to have it so.

They went up, then, a week's journey toward Wild Rose. By day they sighted each other moving dimly in the mist of spring. By twilight their fires signaled in the dusk. By night, lying miles apart on the sentient earth, they thrilled to each other under the starry spaces. Gilias and lupins ran purple under foot; miles of burnt gold of poppies spread about the knees of the mountain. The new-shorn flock went whitely in the midst of rank pasture; bloom of the sky-blue larkspurs muffled the bells. They passed the eighteen-mile house, passed Red Butte, swung out to avoid the gulches about Coyote Holes, scrambled up the gorge of Black Rock, sighted the lazy, low-backed hills about Wild Rose. Day by day the horse of Ruy Garcia, obeying the heart of his master rather than the rein, edged toward the flock of Pedro Ruiz. The last day but one the two solemn young things went voiceless within hail. The last day saw them draw together at the meadow of Wild Rose.

There was an excellent excuse of a bunch of surpassing lilies which Ruy Garcia would give to Felicita. Such

flowers bloom on the desert in wet years only. Felicita took them gravely, with dropped eyes. Ruy Garcia walked with his bridle on his arm. They broke through the thicket of wild almonds, droning with bees and heavy with perfume. There was a foot-deep gully here that Felicita must be helped over. She had been ten flock journeys to La Liebre and back, but Ruy Garcia must needs give her his hand over the gully.

They went on thus, hand in hand, until they sighted the roof under the fig-tree.

"Confess," said Ruy Garcia, "that you are glad I came."

"For the sake of what happened to Jules Giraud, yes," said Felicita.

"For nothing else?"

"What else?"

"This." Ruy Garcia's horse started as if it had heard an order to move on.

"Tell me," said Ruy, with his arm around her—"in all that two weeks going, did you not feel me near you, not once?"

"Better than that—I knew it."

"Knew it? But how?"

"I guessed it in the beginning, when I saw your blankets tied behind the saddle, and the woman at the eighteen-mile house told me you had passed that day. Besides, I knew—you would not leave me—"

"Oh, adorable one! Felicita *mia!*" said Ruy Garcia.

The flock, scenting the home pastures, jangled on hurriedly, the dogs upon their heels. The light fell low and struck sidelong through the hills. Little white gilias, musky and sweet, came out underfoot, and white stars overhead. The flock blethered at the home corral, and old Pedro Ruiz, hobbling out to let them in, stood a long time at the bars wondering what had become of Felicita.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WHISTLER

WHILE IN THE OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY

BY JOHN ROSS KEY

YEARS ago the offices of the United States Coast Survey were located in three or four old houses two or three squares south of the Capitol. Captain Benham, afterward General Benham, U. S. A., was in charge. During the winter of 1853–54, the drawing department, which was in charge of Captain Gibson, was moved to a new building, which was one of three newly erected a few doors south of the main office.

A short time after the removal to the new quarters, the corps of draftsmen was increased by a new member, who was introduced as Mr. James Whistler. He was a slender young man of medium height, with dark, curly hair and a small mustache. A Scotch cap was set well forward over his eyes, and he wore a shawl of dark-blue and green plaid thrown over his shoulders, as was the fashion of the day. He was assigned to a room on the third floor, adjoining the one where I was employed as a draftsman, and we soon became good friends.

It was reported about the office that

Whistler had been at West Point, and that his disinclination to obey rules, chief of which had been his lack of promptness, had led to his retirement.[1] His artistic ability, which had been recognized at West Point, induced Captain Benham, who was a friend of Whistler's father, to give the young man a position in the drawing department of the Coast Survey. I also remember hearing it stated at that time that Professor Weir, the artist who painted the picture of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and instructor of drawing at West Point, had declared that "Whistler with only the most ordinary industry would make a name as an artist."

It was not long before it was seen that Whistler's mind was wandering from his work. He did not appear to be interested or to have any definite idea of what was to be done, and his experiments in map-drawing were not successful.

His artistic feeling, however, found expression in any number of clever, droll, or humorous sketches, made without effort on the margins of his map failures, or on bits of paper, which he kept on his table. His keen sense of humor frequently led him to attempt to illustrate some character in song or story.

A droll figure of lugubrious expression, hat in hand, illustrating a line from an English song, "All around me 'at I wears a green willow," was one of the drawings which he gave to me when I had watched him complete it.

A little water color which he did at this time, and which I much coveted, was claimed from his hands by Mr. Martin, an elderly gentleman employed as a draftsman, and a friend of Captain Benham and Whistler's father. It illustrated the Cobbler, in "Pickwick Papers," who had been imprisoned for debt. His friends, visiting him, found him lying on a blanket under a table. Replying to their inquiries as to his unusual position, the prisoner explained that he had always been accustomed to a four-poster, and could not sleep without one. It was a charming bit of color, subdued and soft in tone, appropriate to the subject. Many years afterward I met Mr. Martin at the home of General Benham in Boston, and he told me with much satisfaction that he still had the little picture in his possession. It impressed me as being the only drawing that I ever saw Whistler make at that time which could be called a picture.

So strong was his proclivity to sketch what was in his mind that a bare white wall offered temptation not to be resisted, and the wall along the stairs leading down to the superintendent's room was soon covered by Whistler with pencil-sketches of soldiers fencing, soldiers on parade, at rest, or in action, and various little heads. He frequently stopped on his way up or down to correct or add to these drawings. During this time I never knew him to attempt to portray the features of those about him, until one day he took up one of my crayons and began to draw me as I sat at my student's sketch-board. He was not pleased with his effort, and finally threw the half-completed sketch upon the floor; but when I asked him to finish the drawing, he picked it up, and rubbed and erased it several times, something I had never seen him do before. Mr. Martin, who always showed the liveliest interest in Whistler's sketches, looked on for a moment, and said reprovingly to me, "You have worried Whistler so much that he can't draw." Much displeased with his effort, Whistler again threw the sketch upon the floor, and I picked it up and put it away. It is here reproduced for the first time, with the permission of the painter's executor, his sister-in-law, Miss Birnie-Philipps.

It seemed that it was only the creations of his own brain or his own ideas that formed so freely under his pen or pencil. The accuracy required in the making of maps and surveys, where mathematical calculations are the foundation of projections upon which are drawn the topographical or hydrographical conventional signs, was not to Whistler's liking, and the laborious application involved was beyond his nature, or inconsistent with it. He was preoccupied in those days with producing the soldiers and heads of his fancy, and when he had completed a bit that pleased him, he signed it with the initials J. W.

[1] On this point Whistler is reported to have said that "if silicon had been a gas" he might have been a great general.—EDITOR.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT BY WHISTLER, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

CRAYON DRAWING OF JOHN ROSS KEY, GRANDSON OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (SEE PAGE 929)

I cannot remember hearing him laugh, and he seldom smiled. Neither can I remember ever seeing him ill-natured or in a bad temper.

When, after many trials, it was plain that he would not take to map-drawing, it was suggested that he might etch the little views of entrances to harbors that were then engraved upon the lower part of coast-maps.

As I had been in the office some time, and had made friends with the engravers, I went with Whistler to introduce him to the men in that department. Mr. McCoy, one of the best engravers in the office, a kindly, genial Irishman, always ready to aid or advise the younger men, listened while I explained our mission. He then went over the whole process with us—how to prepare the copper plate, how to put on the ground, and how to smoke dark, so that the lines made by the point could be plainly seen.

For the first time since his entrance into the office Whistler was intensely interested. Always sedate, he was also singularly indifferent, but on this occasion he seemed to realize that a new medium for the expression of his artistic sense was being put within his grasp. He listened attentively to McCoy's somewhat wordy explanations, asked a few questions, and squinted inquisitively through his half-closed eyes at the samples of work placed before him. Having been provided with a copper plate, such as was kept for the use of beginners, and an etching-point, he started off to make his first experiment as an etcher. I watched him with unabated interest from the moment he began his work until he completed it, which took a day or two. At intervals, while doing the topographical view, he paused to sketch on the upper part of the plate, the vignette of "Mrs. Partington" and "Ike," a soldier's head, a suggestion of a portrait of himself as a Spanish hidalgo, and other bits, which are the charm of the work.

After he had finished etching, I watched him put the wax preparation around the plate, making a sort of reservoir to hold the acid, as McCoy had instructed. Then he poured the acid on the plate, and together we watched it bite and bubble about the line, as with a brush he carefully wiped the line to prevent the refuse accumulating and biting unequally. When it was decided that the plate was bitten sufficiently, and the acid was poured off, and the wax removed, we went again to McCoy to ask him how to get the ground off. I do not now recall McCoy's instructions, but I believe we were told to heat the plate. Finally we went to the basement, where the printer washed the plate, and an impression was then taken of Whistler's first etching. While we were engaged in examining the proof, Captain Gibson came along, and inquired of me if I did not think that Whistler could do his work without suggestions from me. I was therefore forced to return to my tedious task of map-making.

The result of Whistler's experiment sank deep into my mind, and I resolved to attempt this line of work myself at the first opportunity. One day when I returned from my vacation, I found that Whistler was no longer connected with the office. I have heard it stated that he lost his position because of the drawings on this plate, but there is no foundation for this report. As I have explained, this plate was merely an experiment, intended as such. Had it been actual work, it would have been etched upon the lower part of one of the large plates upon which the maps were engraved, as is shown on a coast view which Whistler did later, and which was published by the Coast Survey office, a copy of which is now in the Lenox Library. With the intention of taking up etching myself, I one day went into that department, where small pieces of copper were given out to beginners. Among the scraps of copper I found Whistler's first plate. "Yes, you can take that, and have it cleaned off," the man in charge told me. When I had explained that I preferred to keep the plate as it was, I paid the small amount charged for the copper, and carried home my prize. I kept it as one of my treasures for over forty years. When I went abroad, I took it with me, intending to return it to Whistler; but unfortunately he was away from London every time I called to see him.

The hours of the Coast Survey offices were from nine until three; but Whistler invariably came late to work. He lived on Thirteenth Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue; but as he would not get up in time

in the morning, he frequently missed his breakfast, and soon got into the way of going to a restaurant for his meals. An excellent restaurant and confectionery store was then kept in the vicinity by Mr. and Mrs. Gautier. They had taken a fancy to Whistler, and always made an effort to get him whatever he desired. He seemed to have charmed them into bestowing upon him and his friends extra attentions, and I was frequently invited to join him and share his good fare.

We often played billiards in the evening at a room on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, where we met other youths and young men, who gathered there to play the game. I could play more than ordinarily well, but Whistler was so painfully near-sighted that he played badly, and I remember that when he lost a game, he would pitch down his quarter of a dollar, the price of the game, exclaiming, "Here goes my breakfast—" this, I fancy, from a sense of humor over the shortness of his purse, rather than from any real need, as he was then boarding with the Gautiers. I do not recall his making any intimate friendships with those whom we met either at the billiard-room or in the office, and he was not interested in young ladies. He rarely drew pictures of women except of the Mrs. Partington type—characters in books he had read. He had no bad habits, and did not smoke. His manners were quiet and sedate, and his attractive personality interested every one with whom he came in contact, and I never knew any one to say an unkind word of him. If he had any pecuniary troubles at that time, he kept them to himself.

One of the draftsmen, an old Englishman, was then in the habit of taking long walks to sketch the woods and to fish in the streams near the city. I often went with him, and did my best to persuade Whistler to join us, but he could not be induced to make the exertion. He was the most indolent young man I have ever known. This was made evident in social life, as well as in his business relations. A courteous and punctilious old gentleman, Mr. Perrine of Baltimore, a friend of Whistler's father, once related to me his own experience with James, whom he had invited to be his guest at his home in Cathedral Street. Whistler came, but would not get up in the morning. "I thought I would give him a gentle reproof for his laziness, so I knocked at his door one morning, and entered upon his call to 'Come in.' I found him sitting on the side of the bed, looking very sleepy, putting on his stocking. I said, 'James, are you aware that breakfast has been over some time?' He did not seem interested, merely remarking, 'Has it?' in such a manner that I felt my effort was vain, and I withdrew without another word."

After Whistler left the office of the Coast Survey, I never met him again. I cannot understand how a man of his undoubted genius could have remained so long unrecognized in an art center like London, as I have heard he was. Nor can I comprehend how it could be possible for one of so kindly a nature in youth to become as embittered as he is reported to have been when he grew older, or how he could have acquired the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." It certainly must have been "gentle." It could hardly have been otherwise, as I remember him. In his art he had the unmistakable stamp of genius, for his work was purely emotional, coupled with an inherent power of expression which is never the result of industry or method acquired by earnest study.

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EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCES C. HOUSTON

THE AGE OF MENTAL VIRILITY

AN INQUIRY INTO THE RECORDS OF ACHIEVEMENT OF THE WORLD'S CHIEF WORKERS AND THINKERS

BY W. A. NEWMAN DORLAND

PREFATORY

IT is now over three years since the investigation which has culminated in the developments here recorded was undertaken. It began in this wise. In conversation with Dr. Harris A. Slocum of Philadelphia on the tendency—visibly increasing in this country—of relegating the older and middle-aged men to the oblivion of an "innocuous desuetude" in order that the more progressive and aggressive young men might be given a clear track in the rush to the front, the question suggested itself to the writer: What has been the age of the acme of mental activity as shown by the records of the famous men of modern times?

It was evident that in order to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion the scope of the investigation should be comprehensive, since it was fully appreciated that a limited study could readily be so distorted as to prove anything the investigator might prefer. Two elements in the investigation were, therefore, recognized at the very start to be most essential; namely, a comprehensive view and a receptive mind, which would not preconclude and then institute a process that would demonstrate the accuracy of the conclusion. The study has been, accordingly, one primarily designed for the writer's own information, based upon the following problem: At what period of their lives did men of distinction do their best work, and when were the *magna opera* accomplished?

Four hundred records of men famous in all lines of intellectual activity were most carefully compiled and analyzed. It was soon found that these records could conveniently be grouped into two classes more or less distinct, though not showing a clearly defined line of demarcation. These groups were, concisely, the *workers* and the *thinkers*. A word of explanation is necessary.

While it is true that all men whose records were included in the study are embraced in the broader signification of the thinking class, in a more restricted sense a division can be made. Thus, among the "thinkers" might be grouped all those whose intellectual activities manifested themselves in processes of ratiocination, with the object in view of arriving at abstractions or metaphysical concepts or of drawing positive deductions from a careful analytical study of large numbers of correlated facts. This class could perhaps be best typified by the philosophers or by the natural scientists. By the "workers" in this restricted meaning is meant that group of men whose intellectual activities culminated in some practical and visible application of their lines of thought; these could best be represented by inventors or by the warriors of the world.

It will be noticed that the thinkers, pure and simple, must vastly outnumber those who have the ingenuity or who enjoy the opportunity of practically demonstrating their lines of thought. In a group of the "workers" would be found actors, artists, chemists, and physicists, explorers, inventors, musical composers, physicians, surgeons, and warriors. A grouping of the "thinkers" would include astronomers and mathematicians, divines and reformers, dramatists and

playwrights, essayists, historians, jurists, naturalists, novelists, philosophers, political economists, poets, satirists, humorists, and statesmen.

A CATALOGUE OF GENIUS

MERELY to enumerate the names of these distinguished men of other days becomes an inspiration. Involuntarily we doff our hats, and with reverent mien note the procession while it passes before us. First, the statesmen Talleyrand, Lincoln, Washington, and Daniel Webster; then Machiavelli, founder of one of the schools of modern diplomacy; the immortal bard of Avon; Robert Burns and Lord Byron; Erasmus, the philosophical reformer; Savonarola, the Florentine reformer and statesman; Sterne, Rabelais, and Cervantes, the satirists; Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest of natural philosophers; Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer; the novelists Balzac, Hawthorne, Trollope, and Verne; Crispi and Garibaldi, the statesmen; Jean Paul Richter, greatest of German humorists; Poe, the mystic and poet; Arago, the physicist; John Napier, the inventor of logarithms; Leidy, Agassiz, Darwin, Buffon, and Cope, the naturalists; Le Sage, the dramatist and novelist; Böhme, the father of German philosophy; Talmage, Jonathan Edwards, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks, distinguished American divines; Renan, the philologist and historian; Blackstone, the jurist; Cooper, Lover, Sue, and Thackeray, the novelists; Leibnitz, the philosopher and mathematician; the great tragedians Macready, Barrett, Booth, and Irving; Michelangelo, the greatest of known artists; the chemists Priestley, Scheele, Lavoisier, and Liebig; Sir Richard Burton, translator of the "Arabian Nights"; Morse, the inventor of the telegraphic alphabet; the poets Wordsworth, Walt Whitman, Southey, and Keats; George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends; Count Cavour, regenerator of Italy and one of the greatest of modern statesmen; Dion Boucicault, the playwright; the essayists Addison and Sir Richard Steele of "Tatler" and "Spectator" fame; the historians Freeman, Froude, Bancroft, Hallam, and Prescott; Audubon, the ornithologist; Théophile Gautier, the essayist and novelist; the Grimm brothers, authors of the popular German fairy-tales; the beloved Hans Christian Andersen; Savigny, the founder of modern jurisprudence; Samuel Pepys, without whose "Diary" the history of the court of Charles II could not have been written; Bacon, Lotze, Kant, Spencer, and Schopenhauer, the weighty philosophers; Turgot, the political economist, who has been pronounced one of the most massive and imposing figures of the eighteenth century; the poets Longfellow, Tennyson, Milton, and Whittier; the reformers Huss, Wyclif, Zwingli, and Knox; the immortal Samuel Butler; Bismarck, the "man of blood and iron" of Germany; the eloquent statesmen Patrick Henry, John Jay, Albert Gallatin, John Hancock, and Richard Henry Lee; Thomas Jefferson, father of American democracy; Correggio, del Sarto, Perugino, Rubens, Raphael, and Murillo, masters of painting; Cruikshank and Hogarth, pictorial satirists; the tragedians Garrick, Forrest, and Kemble; Thomas Chatterton, the unfortunate boy poet; Petrarch, founder of humanism and the inaugurator of the renaissance in Italy; George Whitefield, one of the most eloquent of pulpit orators; Ibsen, the "grand old man" of Norway; Corneille, Molière, and Racine, the dramatists; John Ruskin, the eminent art critic; Rousseau, La Rochefoucauld, Montaigne, and Emerson, the essayists; the genial George William Curtis; Thomas De Quincey, Matthew Arnold, and Washington Irving; Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury; Cardinals Newman, Richelieu, Wolsey, and Mazarin; the Hungarian Kossuth; Marat, Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre of the French "Terror"; Robert Morris, financier of the American Revolution; Millet, the painter of peasant life; the masters Titian, Paul Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, and Vandyke; Dalton, Boyle, and Faraday, the physicists; Christopher Columbus; Du Chaillu, Speke, Livingstone, Stanley, and Mungo Park, the African explorers; Bach, Verdi, Weber, and Richard Wagner, the great musical composers; Galvani, the physiologist; the naval heroes, John Paul Jones and Lord Nelson; the Duke of Marlborough; Lord Clive, founder of the empire of British India; the poets Keble, Shelley, Cowper, Chaucer, and Spenser; Isaac Watts, the hymn-

writer; Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambrai; James Rennell, most celebrated of English geographers, and Carl Ritter, probably the greatest geographer of modern times; Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Chopin, and Liszt; Jenner, discoverer of vaccination, and Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood; Gladstone, England's "grand old man"; the premiers George Canning, John Bright, William Pitt, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Robert Peel, and the Earl of Beaconsfield; the famous American statesmen John C. Calhoun, John Adams, Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglas, and Alexander Hamilton; Schiller, dramatist and poet; Rembrandt, the "Shakspere of Holland"; Sir Walter Raleigh; the great generals Sheridan, Sherman, Grant, and Robert E. Lee; Gay-Lussac, the physicist; the novelists Dickens, Hugo, Bulwer-Lytton, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, and Chateaubriand; Scott, the poet and novelist; the astronomers Galileo, Copernicus, Herschel, Kepler, and Biot; Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist; Horace Greeley, the editor; the essayists Charles Lamb, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, and James Russell Lowell; Littré, compiler of the best dictionary of any living language; Napoleon Bonaparte; Oliver Cromwell; Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Huxley, Lacépède, Lamarck, and Baron Cuvier, the naturalists; John Bunyan; Dean Stanley; Canon Farrar; Voltaire, the prince of atheists; August Böckh, one of the greatest scholars that Germany has produced in modern times; the philosophers Hobbes, Comte, Descartes, Schelling, Spinoza, Condillac, Condorcet, and Diderot; General Lew Wallace, soldier, statesman, and novelist, Saint-Simon, founder of French socialism; Adam Smith, greatest of political economists; Von Baer, founder of the science of comparative embryology; Tyndall, the physicist; Ebers, the orientalist; Du Maurier, the artist-novelist; the mathematicians Euler, Lagrange, and D'Alembert; Thomas Arnold, famous head-master of Rugby; Ben Jonson, Douglas Jerrold, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the playwrights; Grote and Hume, philosophical historians; Mommsen, the venerable German historian; the American statesmen Blaine, John Hay, Benjamin Franklin, and James Monroe; William Penn; Haydn, Handel, Schumann, Schubert, Gluck, and Gounod, the composers; Schliemann, the archæologist; James Watt, inventor of the modern condensing steam-engine; Rudolf Virchow, pathologist and exponent of the democracy of learning; the Duke of Wellington; Sir Astley Cooper, the great London surgeon; Sir Humphry Davy, the natural philosopher; the poets Dante, Goethe, Robert Browning, Heine, De Musset, and Thomas Moore; Owen Meredith, the poet-statesman; Archbishop Cranmer; Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus; Guizot, the venerable historian and statesman; William Lloyd Garrison, the great antislavery agitator; Thiers, "liberator of the territory"; Doré, prince of illustrators; the tragedian Edmund Kean; Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane, Arctic explorers; Benjamin Rush, the great American physician and statesman; Bessemer, inventor of the pneumatic process in the manufacture of steel; Sir Christopher Wren, the architect; Rossetti, the poet-painter; Albrecht Dürer, best known by his engravings on copper; Joseph Jefferson, most famous of American comedians; Brahms, Spohr, Rossini, Johann Strauss, the musical composers; the generals Von Moltke and Sir Charles Napier; Hölderlin, the exquisite German poet; Béranger, the beloved French song-writer; Christopher Marlowe, the father of English tragedy and the creator of English blank verse; Emanuel Swedenborg; Dean Swift; Archbishop Laud; La Fontaine, the fabulist; the statesmen Baron von Bunsen, Gambetta, Charles James Fox, Bolingbroke, and Warren Hastings; the inseparable Beaumont and Fletcher; Thomas Hood, the poet and humorist; Lyell and Hugh Miller, the geologists; Lavater, the great physiognomist; the historians Von Ranke, Gibbon, Motley, Michelet, Dean Milman, Niebuhr, and Francis Parkman; Max Müller, the eminent philologist; the essayists J. G. Holland, N. P. Willis, James Kirke Paulding, Robert Burton, Isaac D'Israeli, and Baron Friedrich von Grimm; the painters Botticelli, Corot, Constable, and Turner; John Hunter, the great English physician; George Stephenson, the "father of railways"; the astronomers Laplace and Leverrier; Thomas Chal-

mers, the doughty Scottish clergyman; Lessing, the dramatist and essayist; the gifted Lamartine, poet, statesman, and historian; James Boswell, the follower of Johnson; De Maupassant, the most perfect master of the short story; the novelists Zola, Daudet, Henry Fielding, Samuel Warren, Lever, Reade, Kingsley, Dumas *père,* and Bret Harte; the philosophers Locke, Hegel, Berkeley, Fichte, and John Stuart Mill; Boerhaave, one of the most celebrated physicians of modern times; the explorers La Salle and Champlain; the painters Bouguereau, Meissonier, Reynolds, West, Landseer, Gainsborough, and Blake; the poets Coleridge, Dryden, Goldsmith, Lanier, and Gray; Calvin, Luther, and Melanchthon, the reformers; Burke, Sir Thomas More, and Lord Palmerston, able statesmen of England; George Romney, historical and portrait painter; Daniel Defoe; Robert Louis Stevenson, poet and novelist; Baron Humboldt, the traveler and naturalist; Linnæus, the botanist; Pasteur, the chemist and biologist; the learned and gifted Walter Savage Landor; the poets Young, Pope, Pollok, and Thomson; Samuel Richardson, inventor of the modern novel of domestic life and manners; Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), mathematician and winsome story-teller; Sydney Smith and Spurgeon, the divines; Lord Macaulay, historian and essayist; Velasquez, head of the Spanish school of painting; Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet and eminent Japanese scholar; William Cullen Bryant; Montesquieu, philosophical historian; John Wesley, founder of Methodism; Tintoretto, one of the greatest painters of the Venetian school; and Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, the most notable critic of our time.

This array is a magnificent array of genius showing mentality having stupendous cerebrational power, whose influence upon the thinking world has been inestimable. The lives of such men, reduced to statistical records, will bear a close examination, and the resulting deductions will incontrovertibly carry with them a certain intrinsic value.

THE INITIAL AGE OF MENTAL ACTIVITY

In the first place, it is interesting and instructive to mark the beginning age of the mental activity of these men. By this is meant the age at which the man first began to manifest mental activity in the line or lines in which he subsequently became famous. Let it be noted that before this date in most instances, but not invariably, the youths proved unmistakably that their mentality was developing in an unusual degree, and in many cases this activity was manifested at peculiarly precocious periods.

The average initial age of the 400 records was twenty-four. It is suggestive that the workers began earlier than the thinkers,—at twenty-two,—while the thinkers' average stands at twenty-six.

The average, likewise, shows striking variation for the different classes or occupations. Thus, as might be anticipated from the remarkable careers of many of the musical composers, these men began their life-work at the average age of seventeen. The actors closely follow at eighteen, while warriors, artists, divines, and jurists show an average initial age of twenty-two. Dramatists and playwrights follow at twenty-three, and poets, physicians, and surgeons, inventors, chemists, and physicists, occupy the position of mental equilibrium, at the outset, at an average age of twenty-four. The naturalists average twenty-five; explorers, novelists, essayists, historians, astronomers, mathematicians, and statesmen generally began to develop their respective lines of thought at twenty-six; the philosophers at twenty-seven; the reformers at twenty-eight; and the satirists and humorists not until thirty-two years of age. When it is recalled that satire is a highly specialized literary form, most rare and difficult of attainment, this late primary development acquires a peculiar signification in a study of this kind.

EVOLUTION OF THE MIND

These interesting and suggestive figures seem unmistakably to indicate a sure and progressive mental evolution which may be represented somewhat, though imperfectly, in the following manner: From infancy through adolescence to the full maturity of the adult, the emotional side of the individual is at its highest. Reaching its acme at maturity, it then begins to diminish in intensity, as it is over-

topped by the higher mental elements. Thus, musicians, who, save artists, are probably more justly entitled to the appellation of genius than any other class of men, do much of their best work at a remarkably tender age. The imaginative, imitative, religious, adventurous, and belligerent elements of the mind, are strongly developed in these plastic years. It becomes evident, therefore, that actors and preachers, explorers and soldiers, poets and dramatists, all subject to the domination of the emotions, do excellent and masterful work in the early years of their lives. As the deeper and more rational elements of cerebration are developed, these either end their life-work altogether or modify it unconsciously to meet the changed mental conditions. Thus, many who began as poets abandoned that esthetic and beautiful field of adventure for the broader and richer scope afforded by fiction and other prose writing. Many of the scientists, philosophers, and statesmen showed no special aptitude until the emotional period of their lives had passed. Epic poets and musicians brought the experience of maturer years to act upon and aid the imaginative and emotional brain-cells of their younger days. The bitter wrongs and injustices that every observant life-time entails, dampens the ardor of youth, and the speculative philosopher, the biting and cynical satirist, or the more kindly disposed and dry humorist, grows into being.

Thus, just as surely as there is a physical and natural evolution of the being and of the race, so there is an individual, a tribal or national, and a racial evolution of the mind. Such a conclusion is inevitably forced upon us by a study such as this. He was a deep observer who divided a man's mental working life into four decades; thus, from twenty to thirty bronze, thirty to forty silver, forty to fifty gold, and from fifty to sixty iron. Intellect and judgment are strongest in the average person between forty and sixty. It was Du Maurier who said: "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is forty. A man at forty has ceased to hunt the moon." Then, as an afterthought, he says: "I would add that in order to enjoy life after forty, it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success."

IS PRECOCITY A SIGN OF DEGENERACY?

In the light of the foregoing, it becomes evident that precocity is not always a thing to be desired. Indeed, it may, just as surely as a prematurely ripened fruit indicates decay and early death, mean an early degeneration and loss of the mental faculties. By many biologists it is considered an expression of premature senility. As Lombroso has indicated, many of the men of genius were subjects of degeneracy. There is a period of antenatal growth known to scientists as the senile period, embracing the fourth and fifth months of prenatal existence. It has been found that a slight arrest of development at this period is characteristic of the class of beings known as degenerates, and precocity is recognized as one of the expressions of this developmental defect. Relief de la Bretonne, who composed at fourteen a poem on his first twelve loves, is a remarkable instance of this form of degenerate precocity. "A wit of five is a fool of twenty," is an adage founded upon the popular appreciation of this unpleasant truth.

Nevertheless, it stands to reason that not every instance of unusual childish brilliancy is dependent upon a degenerate state of mind. There is a precocity due to parental influence and unconscious infantile imitation. This we may designate as the environmental precocity, a perfectly normal condition, but one which involves close parental supervision in order to maintain the mental and judicial balance, and thereby avoid a brain-tire with so ous and even permanent intellectual pairment.

Properly guided and fostered thr the plastic and impressional period of tutelage, these young men will be directed into the channels of life-work for which they are best designed. They will thereby be thoroughly prepared for the true period of productiveness in intellectual lines, which extends not infrequently well beyond that absurdity which has been designated as the "dead-line of fifty." It will not be inappropriate at this point to call attention to some of these early indications of mental activity on the part

of the young not subject to the precocity of degeneracy.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE YOUNG IN MUSIC

As has already been intimated, the poets, musicians, artists, and soldiers, representing the true geniuses of the world and those in whom the imaginative and impulsive elements are the strongest, have distinguished themselves early in life. This is eminently true of the musicians, whose records are, in this respect, truly marvelous. Thus, Mozart, when only three years of age, shared the harpsichord lessons of his sister Maria, who was eight years old. At four he played minuets and composed little pieces. He performed in public for the first time when five years old. At eight he played before the English royalty, made his first attempt at the composition of a symphony, published his third set of sonatas, and wrote "God is our Refuge," an anthem for four voices. At ten he first essayed the oratorio; at eleven composed an opera bouffe, "La Finta Semplice"; at fourteen, composed the music for the opera "Mitridate, Re di Ponto"; at fifteen wrote the serenata, "Ascanio in Alba"; at sixteen, the operas, "Il Sogno di Scipione" and "Lucio Silla," both of which were brilliant successes; and at nineteen, the opera "La Finta Giardiniera."

Meyerbeer was an excellent pianist at five; at seven played Mozart's concerto in D minor in public; at ten had written an opera, "Jephthas Gelübde," and at thirteen produced his second opera, "Wirth und Gast." At six Eichhorn and Eybler gave public concerts, and Spohr at the same age took the leading part in Kalkbrenner's trios; at nineteen he printed his first violin concerto. Handel showed his musical talent at a very early age. At eight his playing attracted the attention of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels; in his twelfth year he made his début as a virtuoso at the court of Berlin; at thirteen he composed a mass; at seventeen wrote "Florinde" and "Nero"; and at nineteen was a theater director. At the age of nine Liszt displayed great musical ability; in his eleventh year he played before enthusiastic audiences in Vienna; and at fourteen he wrote the operetta "Don Sancho."

Mendelssohn first played in public at nine, and at eleven he began to compose with astonishing rapidity. At that age he wrote his cantata "In rührend feierlichen Tönen," and produced nearly sixty movements, including songs, pianoforte sonatas, a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, a sonata for violin and pianoforte, pieces for the organ, and a little dramatic piece in three scenes. At twelve he wrote five symphonies for stringed instruments, each in three movements; motets for four voices; an opera in one act —"Soldatenliebschaft"; another, "Die beiden Pädagogen"; part of a third, "Die wandernde Comödianten"; and an immense quantity of other music of various kinds. At thirteen he produced an opera in three acts—"Die beiden Neffen, oder der Onkel aus Boston"; a pianoforte concerto; and an immense amount of other music. At fifteen he composed his fine symphony in C minor, a quartet in B minor, and a pianoforte sestet. At sixteen he wrote a "Kyrie" for five voices; his pianoforte capriccio in F sharp minor; and an opera in two acts, "Die Hochzeit des Camacho," a work of considerable importance. Before he was eighteen he had completed his famous overture to Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Here was a remarkable instance of precocious productiveness.

Verdi, when only ten, was appointed organist at Le Roncole, and at fifteen wrote his first symphony. Rossini sang solos in church at ten; at thirteen appeared in the opera house as Adolfo in Paer's "Camilla," and at eighteen produced at Venice his first opera, "La Cambiale di Matrimonio." Weber at twelve published a set of "Six Fughetti"; at thirteen wrote "Variations for the Pianoforte" and an opera, "The Power of Love and Wine." When he was fourteen, his opera "The Wood-Maiden" was publicly presented; at seventeen he published his third opera, "Peter Schmoll and His Neighbor"; and at eighteen he was appointed conductor of opera at Breslau. Cherubini awoke popular enthusiasm with a mass at thirteen. Schubert began writing music at thirteen, and when eighteen composed two symphonies, five operas, and no less than one hundred and thirty-seven songs, besides a multitude of other important pieces.

At seventeen Wagner published his first important composition,—the overture in B flat,—and at twenty his first symphony was performed. Brahms at the age of twenty had written a string quartet, the first pianoforte sonata, the scherzo in E flat minor, and a group of songs, including the dramatic "Liebestreu." It is a truth pregnant with suggestion that Beethoven, that prince of musicians, who occupies in music the place held by Shakspere in poetry, did not compose anything entitled to mention until after he had reached his twenty-fifth birthday.

THE MEN OF WAR

THE bellicose vein of youth has from time immemorial produced many of the famous fighters of the world, who have turned and overturned the world, and repeatedly altered its geography. The fighting strain, once established, is hard to overcome, however, and though the young have distinguished themselves in war, as will be seen directly, they cannot usurp to themselves all the trophies of Mars. Still, their record of achievement forms no mean page in the history of the world. At sixteen Henry IV of France was at the head of the Huguenot army, at nineteen he became King of Navarre, and before the age of forty-four he overthrew his enemies and became King of France. Scipio Africanus the Elder distinguished himself at the battle of Ticinus at the age of sixteen, and at twenty-nine overthrew the power of Carthage at Zama. Alexander the Great defeated the celebrated Theban band at Chæronea before he had attained the age of eighteen, ascended the throne at twenty, had conquered the world at twenty-five, and died at thirty-two. Charles XII completed his first campaign against Denmark at eighteen, overthrew 80,000 Russians at Narva before nineteen, conquered Poland and Saxony at twenty-four, and died at thirty-six. Peter the Great of Russia was proclaimed Czar at ten years of age, organized a large army at twenty, won the victory of Embach at thirty, and founded St. Petersburg at thirty-one. At the age of twenty-one, Eugene of Savoy was colonel, at twenty-four he was lieutenant field-marshal, and shortly after general *field-marshal; at thirty-four* he won the battle of Zenta, and at forty-one coöperated with Marlborough at Blenheim. Condé defeated the Spaniards at Rocroi at twenty-two, and won all his military fame before the age of twenty-five. Julius Cæsar commanded a fleet before Mitylene, and distinguished himself before the age of twenty-two; he completed his first war in Spain, and was made a consul before the age of forty. Philip of Macedon ascended the throne at twenty-two and was the conqueror of Greece at forty-five. Lord Clive distinguished himself at twenty-two, attained his greatest fame at thirty-five, and had founded the British Empire in India by forty. Napoleon was a major at twenty-four, general of brigade at twenty-five, and commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at twenty-six. He achieved all his victories and was finally overthrown before the age of forty-four. Saxe was a *maréchal-de-camp* at twenty-four, and Marshal of France at forty-four. Vauban, the great engineer, had conducted several sieges at twenty-five, and was *maréchal-de-camp* at forty-three. Charlemagne was crowned king at twenty-six, was master of France and the larger part of Germany at twenty-nine, placed on his head the iron crown of Italy at thirty-two, and conquered Spain at thirty-six. Hannibal was made commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian army in Spain at twenty-six, and had won all his great battles in Italy, concluding with Cannæ, at thirty-one. Frederick the Great ascended the throne at twenty-eight; terminated the first Silesian war at thirty, and the second at thirty-three; and ten years later, with a population of only five hundred thousand, he triumphed over a league of more than one hundred millions of people. Montecuculi, at the age of thirty-one, with two thousand horse attacked ten thousand Swedes, and captured all their baggage and artillery; at thirty-two he won the victory of Triebel. Wolfe was conqueror of Quebec at thirty-two, and Turenne, passing through the grades of captain, colonel, major-general and lieutenant-general, became a marshal of France at thirty-two, and won all his distinction before forty. Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru at thirty-five and died at forty, while Cortez effected the conquest of Mexico and completed his

military career before the age of thirty-six. At thirty-six Scipio Africanus the Younger had conquered the Carthaginian armies and completed the destruction of Carthage. Genghis Khan had achieved many of his victories and became emperor of the Mongols at forty, and Gonsalvo de Cordova achieved a great reputation and was made commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at forty-one.

It is a curious fact that the three great wars of recent times were fought largely by older generals. Some one has gone to the trouble to compile the ages of these officers, and with interesting results: Thus, in 1861, the ages of some of the Union commanders in the great Civil War were: Grant, 39; Sherman, 41; Sheridan, 30; McClellan, 35; Rosecrans, 42; Thomas, 45; Buell, 43; Hancock, 37; Meade, 46; McDowell, 43; Pope, 38. Among the Confederates, Lee was 55; Bragg, 46; Jackson, 37; Hood, 30; Early, 43; Longstreet, 40; Beauregard, 45; Stuart, 28; Hill, 36; Buckner, 37. The Franco-Prussian war was fought largely by old generals. Von Moltke was 70 and Von Steinmetz was 74. The triumphs of the recent Russo-Japanese conflict were those of old men. Marquis Oyama was 62; Nodzu, 63; Kuroki, 60; Oku, 58; Nogi, 55; Nishi, 58; Kodama, 52; and Fushimi, 46.

PRECOCITY AMONG ARTISTS, POETS, AND OTHERS

EVIDENCE of environmental precocity have been noted in other lines of life. Thus, Visconti was a marvel of intelligence at sixteen months, and preached at six years. Horace Greeley, before he was two years old, gave evidence of remarkable precocity; he had learned his letters before he could talk plainly, and at six had read the Bible through. Gassendi preached at four, and Mirabeau at three. The latter published books at ten. John Stuart Mill learned the Greek alphabet at three; by eight he had read much Greek; at eight he learned Latin; at twelve began a thorough study of scholastic logic; and at thirteen began the study of political economy. Wren invented an astronomical instrument and dedicated it in Latin to his father when only four years of age. Claude Joseph Vernet drew in crayons at four, and was celebrated as a painter at twenty. Pico della Mirandola in his childhood knew Latin, Greek, Chaldaic, Hebrew, and Arabic. G. Wetton could translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew at five, and at ten knew Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic. Isaac Watts began the study of the classics in his fifth year, and at seven or eight composed some of his devotional pieces. Corot from childhood demonstrated that he was a born artist. Landseer in his fifth year drew fairly well, and excellently at eight years of age. At ten he was an admirable draftsman, and at thirteen he drew a majestic St. Bernard dog so finely that his brother Thomas engraved and published the work. Bulwer-Lytton the novelist wrote ballads at five years of age, and at fifteen published "Ismael, an Oriental Tale, with other Poems." Scott at the age of six defined himself as a "virtuoso"; at ten he was a connoisseur in various readings. Dean Alford at six wrote a little manuscript volume, "The Travels of St. Paul"; before eight he had penned a collection of Latin odes in miniature; at nine he had compiled a compendious "History of the Jews," and before ten he had produced a series of terse sermons. Wieland at seven knew Latin, meditated an epic at thirteen, and published a poem at sixteen. At seven Cope made drawings of jellyfish and other marine fauna which he had seen on a voyage to Boston. Kotzebue attempted comedies at seven, and wrote his first tragedy at eighteen. Reynolds at eight made a fine drawing of his school-house, and Leibnitz at the same age taught himself Latin, and at twelve had begun Greek. Macaulay at eight had written a "Compendium of Universal History" and a romance in three cantos—"The Battle of Cheviot"; at ten he wrote a long poem on the history of Olaus Magnus, and "Fingal," a poem in twelve books of blank verse. Dante composed a sonnet to Beatrice at nine, and Goethe wrote several languages before the age of ten. Metastasio improvised at ten; and Robert Browning, while still a youth, acquired the triple reputation of poet, musician, and modeler. Edwin Forrest when scarcely eleven years old formed a Thespian society, and Gainsborough at ten had sketched every fine tree and vic-

turesque cottage near Sudbury. Lope de Vega Carpio wrote poems at twelve, and at the same age Byron, Pope, and Tennyson began their work. Pope's "Ode on Solitude" appeared at this age, and his "Pastorals" were published at sixteen. At twelve Tennyson wrote an epic of six thousand lines, and at fourteen a drama in blank verse of perfect meter. Calderon published his "Chariot of Heaven" at thirteen; and Ascoli, a work in Wallachian and Trioulian dialects. Hans Christian Andersen, before his fourteenth year, had written several tragedies and poems, including the "Dying Child." Raphael was renowned at fourteen; Fénélon preached an excellent sermon at fifteen; and at the same age Victor Hugo wrote "Irtamène." At sixteen Moore translated "Anacreon," and Lamennais wrote the "Words of a Believer." Spenser published verse at sixteen and seventeen; at eighteen Albert Gallatin was clear-minded, sober, and practical; at the same age Lessing wrote a comedy, "Der junge Gelehrte"; Jerrold, his first comedy, "More Frightened than Hurt"; and Byron, his "Hours of Idleness." Bryant at nineteen wrote his celebrated "Thanatopsis," and Gautier his "Alberta" and other poems. Galileo from his earliest childhood was remarkable for intellectual aptitude and mechanical invention. At nineteen he discovered the isochronism of the pendulum in the cathedral of Pisa, and fifty years later turned this to account in the construction of an astronomical clock. Before the age of twenty, Hugo had published "Hans of Iceland" and his first volume of "Odes and Ballads."

THE PHILOSOPHERS

THERE is a danger here, capable of becoming a bone of contention and a rock of offense, that as fair and impartial students of the human mind we must recognize and avoid. These remarkable statements that must astound us and arouse a wave of enthusiasm, admiration, and respect, represent precocious beginnings only or in large part, and must not be confounded with the true life-work of the persons. Professor Wallin of Princeton and others are eminently correct when they call attention to the fact that Comte and Pascal, Kant and Schelling, Hume, Helmholtz, Schopenhauer, Bacon, and many others of the school of philosophers, were thinkers at unusually tender years. The work done then, however, was not their life-work, but only the faint dawning that indicated the brilliant day that was to follow. Thus, while Bacon may have conceived his "Novum Organum" at fifteen, it was not until the ripe age of fifty-nine that he gave it to the printers. While Kant, the greatest of all criticists, wrote his "Estimate of Living Force" at twenty-three, he published his "Critique of Pure Reason" at fifty-seven. Schelling began writing as a boy of seventeen, and at twenty-five published his "System of Transcendental Idealism," one of the most finished and satisfactory of his works; but it was not until after his death at seventy-nine that his substantial and weighty "Philosophy of Mythology and Revelation" was given to the world. Helmholtz at twenty-six wrote his "Kraft," the most important essay in natural science for centuries, but what of his magnificent work of the next quarter of a century? It is easy to advance arguments to prove the accuracy of any theory, but a study of the mentality of a given person requires a comprehensive review of all his work. It remains true, therefore, that beyond being suggestive of richness to come, these early beginnings do not indicate the acme of mental ability. This is present only during the years in which the masterwork of the person is being accomplished. It is essential, accordingly, to find the age of the performance of the *magnum opus,* in order to affirm when a man is at his highest value to his fellows.

THE AGE OF THE MASTERPIECE

THE *summum bonum* of a man's life—who shall say when or what it is in any given case? It becomes almost a work of supererogation to attempt to designate any single act or performance as the one most valuable in any man's career. Reduced to the ultimate, it becomes, after all, only the expression of an individual opinion, save in those striking instances in which by general consent a certain achievement is recognized as the man's greatest work. No one would deny that

in "Paradise Lost" Milton attained the highest expression of his mentality, that Wellington achieved his greatest fame when he won the field of Waterloo, that Bacon's "Novum Organum" is his greatest accomplishment, and that "Don Quixote" exceeded anything else that Cervantes ever did. In other life-records one act may appear equal to another at different stages in the man's development; or to one observer the influence of one deed may far outweigh that of another, and contrariwise. This difficulty has been exceedingly hard to overcome, and without any attempt at dogmatism, but with the earnest desire to ascertain the truth as far as may be possible, has the decision been made in the disputable records.

Having been arranged in this manner, the records give an average age of fifty for the performance of the masterwork. For the workers the average age is forty-seven, and for the thinkers fifty-two. Chemists and physicists average the youngest at forty-one; dramatists and playwrights, poets and inventors, follow at forty-four; novelists give an average of forty-six; explorers and warriors, forty-seven; musical composers and actors, forty-eight; artists and divines occupy the position of equilibrium at fifty; essayists and reformers stand at fifty-one; physicians and surgeons line up with the statesmen at fifty-two; philosophers give an average of fifty-four; astronomers and mathematicians, satirists and humorists, reach fifty-six; historians, fifty-seven; and naturalists and jurists, fifty-eight. As may be noted, there is a rearrangement of the order at this time, but the thinkers, as before, and as would naturally be expected, attain their full maturity at a later period than the workers.

The corollary is evident. Provided health and optimism remain, the man of fifty can command success as readily as the man of thirty. Health plus optimism read the secret of success; the one God-given, the other inborn, also, but capable of cultivation to the point of enthusiasm.

THE DURATION OF MENTAL ACTIVITY

A LINE of mental activity, once begun may continue indefinitely, its duration being dependent upon a number of correlated conditions, such as the state of health, opportunity, accident, and ambition. In the four-hundred records comprised in the present study, the average duration of the mental process was forty years. For the thinkers it was thirty-nine years, and for the workers forty-one. This only confirms the natural inference, since the thinkers generally develop later in life. The only reason why there is not a greater difference is that a considerable number of the thinkers prolonged their mental labors, and most effectively, far beyond the usual limit of productive cerebration. The duration is the shortest for poets and satirists and humorists, being only thirty-three years. Explorers, reformers, novelists, dramatists, and playwrights show a duration of thirty-five years; warriors, chemists, physicists, and philosophers, thirty-seven years; statesmen, thirty-eight years; essayists, forty years; musical composers, forty-one years; actors and artists, forty-two years; historians and divines, forty-three years; jurists, forty-four years; naturalists, forty-five years; physicians and surgeons, forty-six years; astronomers and mathematicians, forty-seven years; and inventors, forty-nine years.

Thirty-five per cent. of the men ceased their mental activity in the seventh decade; 22½ per cent. in the eighth; 20¾ per cent. in the sixth; 10¼ per cent. in the fifth; 6 per cent. in the ninth; 4½ per cent. in the fourth. One man, Chatterton, ended his career in the second decade; three in the tenth decade; and five in the third. 78¼ per cent. closed their life-work between fifty and eighty years of age, and 85 per cent., after the fiftieth year.

While in the vast majority of cases declining physical and mental ability progressed *pari passu* to the cessation of life, there loom up amid the general wreck of the bodily and cerebral powers some striking instances of remarkable mental vitality and virility, standing out, like beacon-lights of hope, far beyond the period of normal decay. These mental heroes counterbalance the achievements of the young, already mentioned, if not in numbers, truly in productive value and influence upon the culture and welfare of the race. No greater inspiration can be found in all the records of life-work than

in a review of these achievements of old age.

A GROUP OF TITANS

THUS Böckh, the "baby" member of the group, at seventy published one of the greatest of his works, "Zur Geschichte der Mondcyclen der Hellenen." Between the ages of seventy and eighty-three, Commodore Vanderbilt increased the mileage of his road from 120 to 10,000 and added about one hundred millions to his fortune. Grote, in his seventy-first year, began his work on "Aristotle." At this time he writes: "My power of doing work is sadly diminished as to quantity, but as to quality (both perspicacity, memory, and suggestive association bringing up new communications), I am sure that my intellect is as good as it ever was." He died in his seventy-seventh year, leaving "Aristotle" unfinished. At seventy-two, Handel, blind for the last six years of his life, composed his oratorio, "Triumph of Time and Truth," and died at seventy-four, working until the last. Eight days before his death he played the organ at a performance of his "Messiah." At the same age Meyerbeer produced his greatest opera "L'Africaine," Samuel Johnson published the best of his works, "Lives of the Poets," and Littré completed his greatest of all dictionaries. Wordsworth was appointed to the laureateship at seventy-three, and lived to see his eightieth birthday. George Buchanan, the stout old Scotchman, wrote his "De Jure Regni" in defense of popular rights at seventy-three, and lived four years longer. Galileo at seventy-three made his last telescopic discovery—that of the diurnal and monthly librations of the moon. At seventy-four, Kant wrote his "Anthropology," the "Metaphysics of Ethics," and the "Strife of the Faculties," and Thiers became President of the French Republic, holding that exalted office for two years. Tintoretto at the same age painted his crowning production, the vast "Paradise," a canvas seventy-four feet by thirty. Savigny published his treatise on "Obligations" at seventy-four; Verdi, when seventy-four, produced his masterpiece, "Otello," which is thought to be an immense advance over anything he had yet written, and in his eightieth year wrote "Falstaff," which was as brilliant a work as "Otello." When eighty-five he wrote his "Ave Maria," "Laudi alla Virgine," "Stabat Mater," and "Te Deum," all wonderfully beautiful. Holmes at seventy-four published his medical essays, and "Pages from an Old Volume of Life"; at seventy-five wrote his essay on Emerson; at seventy-six published "A Mortal Antipathy" and "The New Portfolio"; at seventy-eight wrote "Our Hundred Days in Europe"; and at seventy-nine published "Over the Tea-Cups," dying at the ripe old age of eighty-five. Longfellow at seventy-five wrote his imposing meditation "Hermes Trismogistus" and the beautiful "Bells of San Blas." At the same age Isaac D'Israeli published his "Amenities of Literature," a three-volume work, and that notwithstanding total blindness for three years preceding. At seventy-five Henry Clay was still a leader in the land, Hallam published his "Literary Essays and Characters," Metternich was driven from power, Bismarck was forced from the Chancellorship by the German Emperor, Crispi assumed the Premiership of Italy, and Allen G. Thurman was nominated for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Hugo at seventy-five wrote "History of a Crime"; at seventy-seven published "Le Pape"; at seventy-eight, "L'Ane"; at seventy-nine, "Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit"; and at eighty, "Torquemada." Lamartine at seventy-six wrote a novel, "Fior d'Aliza." Washington Irving lived to be seventy-six, and wrote his "Life of Washington" in his last years. Perugino at seventy-six painted the walls of the Church of Castello di Fontignano, and Humboldt postponed until his seventy-sixth year the beginning of the crowning task of his life, the preparation of the "Kosmos," which he successfully completed in his ninetieth year. Biot at seventy-seven prepared an enlarged edition of his "Physical Astronomy," which he completed at eighty-three, living five years longer. Jacob Grimm died at seventy-eight, working to the last, and Laplace, dying at the same age, said with his last breath: "What we know is nothing; what we do not know is immense." Lamarck at seventy-eight completed his greatest zoölogical work,

"The Natural History of Invertebrates," and lived until eighty-five years of age. Whittier at seventy-nine published "Poems of Nature" and "St. Gregory's Guest." William Cullen Bryant, when seventy-five, published his "Letters from Spain and Other Countries" and "Letters from the East"; when seventy-seven he published his translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"; at seventy-nine, a volume of "Orations and Addresses," and was active until his death from heat-exhaustion when eighty-four years old. Browning wrote with undiminished vigor until his death at seventy-seven. When seventy-five he published "Parleyings with Certain People," and "Asolando" appeared shortly before the close of his life. Joseph Jefferson, the beloved American comedian, was as effective in all his rôles when seventy-five as when at the height of his physical power. Macklan, the Irish actor, born in 1690, performed in England in 1789, being then in his ninety-ninth year.

What shall we say of the octogenarians and of those who were older? As is well known, Cato at this age began the study of Greek, Plutarch began his first lessons in Latin, and Socrates learned to play on instruments of music. Arnauld, the theologian and sage, translated Josephus in his eightieth year. Gladstone began his great Midlothian campaign, which overthrew the Conservative Government, and put himself and his party in power, at eighty years of age. He became Premier for the fourth time at eighty-three, and held the office for two years. West painted admirably until eighty years of age, and Goethe, at Weimar, completed "Faust" when as old. Hahnemann married at eighty, and was working at ninety-one years. Simonides won the prize for verse when over eighty years of age, and Ranke at the age of eighty began his "History of the World," and lived to complete twelve volumes, dying at the age of ninety-one. His later works show no diminution of power, and he wrote until within a few days of his death. Buffon, the great French naturalist, until shortly before his death at eighty-one, labored upon his "Natural History," a work of forty-four volumes. Henry G. Davis at eighty-one was nominated for the Vice-Presidency of the United States; Palmerston was Prime Minister of England when he died at that age, and John Quincy Adams was a power in the House of Representatives when stricken at eighty-one. Bancroft published the concluding volume of his "History" at eighty-two, and died at ninety-one. Charles Willson Peale, the painter, at eighty-two wielded his brush without the aid of spectacles and did some of his best work. Voltaire at eighty-three published a tragedy, "Irène"; and Tennyson, whose age was eighty-three, gave the world in his "Crossing the Bar" one of the most beautiful of swan-songs. Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life, and Herbert Spencer died at the same age, almost with pen in hand. Thomas Jefferson was fruitful in council until the day of his death at eighty-three. Rennell at eighty-three read a paper "Concerning the Identity of the Remains at Jerash, whether they are those of Gerasa or Pella," and the next year another "Concerning the place where Julius Cæsar landed in Britain." Talleyrand, dying at eighty-four, had, under successive French rulers, been a power all his life. Landor wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" when eighty-five years old, and at eighty-seven published his last volume of "Heroic Idylls." Guizot at eighty-seven showed unimpaired mental vigor and activity, and Hobbes, the English philosopher, at the same age published his version of the "Odyssey," and his "Iliad" one year later. A few weeks before his death, in his ninetieth year, he wrote to his publisher, "I shall have something in English for you shortly." Von Moltke, when eighty-eight, was still chief of staff of the Prussian army, and John Wesley at that age preached almost every day and still held the helm of Methodism. At eighty-nine, Michelangelo was still painting his great canvases; Theophrastus's greatest work, "The Character of Man," was begun on his ninetieth birthday, and Izaak Walton wielded a ready pen at ninety. John Adams retained all his great mental ability up to the time of his death at ninety-one, and Pope Leo XIII showed no sign of intellectual decrepitude when he died of old age at ninety-three. Cornaro was in far better health at ninety-five than at thirty, and, it is said, was as happy as a boy. Fon-

tenelle was as light-hearted at ninety-eight as at forty. Titian at ninety-eight painted his "Battle of Lepanto," and, wonder of wonders! Chevreul, the great scientist, whose untiring labors in the realm of color have so enriched the world, was busy, keen, and active when death called him at the age of 103.

With such achievements of the truly aged confronting us, who so bold as to attempt to set a limit to the usefulness of any man? It remains true, as the venerable Dr. Cuyler has indicated, that for many of the purposes and achievements of life youth and early manhood are the most favorable; but for certain others the compacted mental fiber, long experience, and matured judgment of old age, are the most serviceable endowments. The one cannot usurp the place of the other, and the first only paves the way for the second. Not infrequently those mentalities that ripen the slowest last the longest, and often the history of these great men has been persistent neglect and worldly coldness until forty or more years have passed before their greatness has been conceded by their contemporaries. Truly, "the life history of a great genius is almost invariably one of a sad and somber tone, a walk apart from the beaten path." Such are the words of one who should know what the "doers of deeds" must endure. Be this as it may, it is now recognized that many of the finest achievements in business, statesmanship, literature, and in all activities, have been wrought by men long past sixty. Writes one: "No strong man will accept sixty as the arbitrary limit of his ambition and working ability."

Axiomatically speaking, the determination and the capacity to hold on and to make never-ending effort are the main elements in deciding success in self-culture, advancement, and growth in every line of work. Heredity, however, counts for much. Innate nervous and mental energy are essential. He who comes into the world but feebly equipped in these qualifications is sadly handicapped in the battle of life. Likewise environment influences destiny to a noteworthy degree. Early surroundings, parental and associate, determine the direction and growth of the mind. Self-confidence, determined effort, and inherent mental force will work wonders, no matter how rugged the soil may seem.

THE BRAIN OF GENIUS

THE old theory that weight of brain endows its possessor with superior faculties has long since been discarded. Sims has demonstrated conclusively that many celebrated men possessed brains having a lesser weight than the brain of ordinary mortals or even of idiots. The brilliant Gambetta had a brain which did not equal in weight that of the average child, while the brains of Agassiz, Byron, Daniel Webster, Napoleon, and other great men did not exceed in weight those of the ordinary commonplace man. A curious fact was that heavy as it was, the brain of Turgenieff, the Russian novelist, was greatly exceeded in weight by that of an ignorant laboring man. All of which will go to prove that a heavy brain is no criterion of a person's intellectuality, nor does a light brain denote inferior mental capacity. Sims advocated the theory that the colder the climate the larger is the brain. Marchand, in some very interesting studies, has demonstrated that there is no constant relation between body-weight and brain-weight. In general, the weight of the brain is greater between the ages of twenty and sixty than between sixty and eighty. In estimating the mental capacity of a brain it is necessary to consider qualitative conditions and morphologic superiority as well as, and in preference to, the weight of the organ. A most remarkable suggestion, recently made by Dr. Edward A. Spitzka, is well worthy of careful study and development. In a recent address before the American Philosophical Society he stated that his observations go to show that men of an aggressive military trend are born when their fathers are between twenty and thirty years old; when the father is between thirty and forty the son is likely to be given to the arts or literature; between forty and fifty, he is apt to become a great statesman, and when the father is past fifty, as in the cases of Aristotle and Benjamin Franklin, the son is destined to show remarkable brain-development and ability. The influence of a father's age upon the brain-capacity of his offspring is a new subject awaiting the developing touch of some ambitious investigator.

THE INSTINCT OF ANIMALS

BY BENJAMIN KIDD

Author of "Social Evolution," "Principles of Western Civilization," etc.

SOME time ago I was standing in the small zoölogical garden in Pretoria, established by the late President Kruger for the instruction and amusement of his people. I had been in the place some time, and was watching half a dozen monkeys which were chained to trees inside a wire fence. One of these had attracted my attention. This was at first merely because of his behavior to a certain class of visitors. It was soon after the late war in South Africa, and some of those who were strolling through the place were soldiers who had taken part in it. This particular monkey, whether by training or otherwise, always flew into a great rage at the sight of the British uniform, chattering furiously, and grinning at the worn khaki-clad men who from time to time approached the rails to look at him. The visitors had been throwing various kinds of food to the monkeys, and some of it had fallen beyond the limit of the chains and lay on the ground out of reach. The other monkeys kept each near the foot of his respective tree, but this one remained on the ground near the railings with an air of preoccupation which was noticeable. Now and then visitors approached who carried sticks, and presently one of these was dangled loosely outside the rails. In an instant the monkey had snatched it, and had fled chattering with it to the foot of his tree. I expected to see him examine it curiously, and perhaps break it in pieces, as is the way of monkeys. But no; he had a more deliberate aim. Advancing on all fours to the limit of his chain, and with the stick stretched out in his hand, he proceeded, amid the greatest excitement among the other monkeys, to rake in, one by one, the titbits which had accumulated, hitherto beyond reach. Although there was nothing new to me in the act, for I had previously lived with and studied monkeys at close quarters, I shall not forget the effect for the moment on my mind, and on the minds of some of the spectators as I saw it reproduced in their faces. Had not the zoölogists been right in placing the monkey among the primates? Here was something more than mere animal instinct. Was not this an example of mind conquering the dull tyranny of things as they are, and the first tool-using animal emerging beneath our eyes?

It has been my experience to be able to study animal instincts and animal intelligence, both in the lower and higher animals, in many conditions, for a period now extending over more than twenty years. Deep and lasting, on the whole, has been the impression left as to the results of animal instincts. Nevertheless, it yields place to a deeper feeling as to the character of the enormous interval which separates the highest example of animal instinct from even such a simple act of intelligence as that recorded above. The most permanent result of my own studies in animal capacities has been a gradually increasing conviction as to the as yet unimagined significance of mind in the further evolution of the universe. But I think that a first step toward a truer appreciation of the almost inconceivable potentialities of mind in the future is a clearer perception of the differ-

ence which marks off its higher manifestations from even the most remarkable examples of animal instinct.

On the table before me is a little red-covered box connected underneath the window-frame with the outer air, and corresponding in some respects to that used by bee-keepers when they wish to start a new colony. It contains a single full-sized comb filled with bee-brood in all stages of development, which was transferred four days ago from an ordinary bar-framed hive. The excitement now visible among the bees as I let down the shutter is intense. In one spot they have broken down the worker-cells and are building up a large structure, at the bottom of which one catches occasional glimpses of a white grub that an eager crowd of bees, jostling one another in their excitement, are endeavoring to feed. It is the new queen that is to be. This action of the bees in thus, on the loss of the mother of the hive, selecting a worker-grub and rearing from it a new queen, has often been described. There is no example of animal capacity in nature which is more striking or which has been oftener remarked upon as displaying reasoning power. It exhibits an apparent intelligence and foreknowledge which call forth the admiration of all observers. Nevertheless, it has to be admitted that the same bees in other circumstances show no particular gifts of intelligence. Bees when short of food readily steal honey from other hives. But in a great number of experiments which I have tried in which the queenless bees have been left without either egg or larva from which to begin a new queen, I have never had a case in which they have attempted to avoid extinction by obtaining a larva or egg from another hive, which they might easily do. Bees have a wonderful instinct for finding their way. Yet out of their usual habits they readily lose it. If one among her companions is killed, the others exhibit neither fear, nor resentment, nor interest. If one is provoked to use her sting, she makes no intelligent attempt to withdraw it, as she sometimes might do, but walks away, stupidly dragging out her entrails and causing her own death by the act.

The instincts by which migratory birds find their way, year after year, for thousands of miles, over wastes of sea and land, appear to us little short of marvelous, and seem often to indicate in like manner a high order of intelligence. Yet it by no means follows that we are witnessing in these cases also any more than a mechanical or unreflecting response of the organism to its environment. Why the powers appear to us so wonderful is that we do not always know the exact nature of the stimulus, and possibly do not ourselves possess, or possess only in a very rudimentary form, the senses which are concerned in responding to it. The attunement of an organism in this manner to the calls of its environment, through senses which are beyond us, but senses which compel it to do mechanically what in the higher animals is done by intelligence, is, nevertheless, one of the most wonderful products of natural selection.

Some years ago it was my good fortune to rear from the beginning a specimen of the young of the common cuckoo. The habits of this migratory bird, which is a spring visitor in Europe, though it is not found on the North American continent, are well known by repute. The female lays her eggs in the nests of small birds, and the young cuckoo, when only a few days old, and while it is yet blind and almost naked, ejects from the nest, with a purposiveness which is almost uncanny to watch, its fellow-nestlings, and receives thereafter the sole care of its foster-parents. As my young cuckoo became full-grown, the degree of complexity and perfection obtained by nature in mechanically attuning this bird to the wants of its curious migratory life was extraordinary to witness, and made an unusual impression on my mind. The cuckoo, it may be mentioned, travels, in its annual migrations, enormous distances over land and sea, sometimes from the extreme north of Europe, across the equator, into the Southern Hemisphere. In this case there is no room for thinking that the young birds find their way as the result of any teaching from the older birds of the kind that Mr. John Burroughs questioned in a past number of THE CENTURY; for these leave many weeks later than the older birds, and so travel apart.

As the season waned, and the time for the migration of my young cuckoo ap-

proached and passed, its behavior grew interesting. The bird always became very restless in the evening. Being much attached to me, it generally settled at last, so as to be near me, on the stationery case on the table on which I was writing, in the dim light thrown by the upper surface of the green shade of the reading-lamp by which I worked. Here, as the hours wore on, the same thing happened every night. After a short interval the muscles of the wings began to quiver, this action being to all appearance involuntary. The movement gradually increased, the bird otherwise remaining quite still, until it grew to a noiseless but rapid fanning motion of the kind that one sees in a moth when drying its wings on emerging from the chrysalis. This movement still tended to grow both in degree and intensity, and it generally lasted as long as I sat up during the night. In the early stages of this mood the bird responded when I spoke to it; but in time it ceased to do this, and became lost in a kind of trance, with eyes open and wings ceaselessly moving. Brain, muscles, nervous system, and will, all seemed inhibited by the stimulus that excited it. The bird became, as it were, locked in the passion of that sense by which the movement of flying was thus simulated. It was one of the strangest sights I have ever witnessed—this young migratory creature of the air which had never been out of my house, and which had never known any of its kind, sitting beside me in the gloom of our Northern winter, and in the dim lamplight, and by a kind of inherited imagination, which was yet not imagination in our sense, flying thus through the night, league-long, over lands and oceans it had never seen.

There was, I think, no question of the exercise of intelligence in this case. What had rather to be noticed was the entire physical system of the bird thus hereditarily attuned, and in an inconceivable degree of perfection, to react to stimuli related to the necessities of its migratory habit of life. In instances like this the stimuli to which the organism responds, as a wound-up spring responds to the touch which sets it loose, are mostly beyond our senses. We may form some conception of them as being probably similar in character to those which enable the sexes of various animals to distinguish each other, and often, in certain forms, to find each other even when immense distances apart. These stimuli are, no doubt, of various kinds. Sometimes, as when one sees birds migrating south against a head wind, they may be related to a highly sublimated sense of smell, or something akin to it. It may be mentioned in this connection how even a slight peculiar odor often serves in our own case to evoke immediately and powerfully ideas and emotions associated with it; and it would seem not improbable that we have in such a fact suggestion of the rudimentary survival in man of a faculty which has played a great part in the evolution of life on a lower scale.

One of the senses in birds and other animals giving rise to remarkable results, which, by a certain class of observers, are often mistakenly spoken of as indicating a high degree of intelligence, is the sense of direction. Darwin relates an incident of a horse which he had sent by railway from his home in Kent, England, over a hundred miles westward to the Isle of Wight. "On the first day that I rode eastward," he continues, "my horse was very unwilling to return towards his stable, and he several times turned round. This led me to make repeated trials, and every time that I slackened the reins he turned sharply round, and began to trot to the eastward by a little north, which was nearly in the direction of his home in Kent." Darwin concluded that the horse knew, even at so great distance, the direction in which his old home lay. Similar facts will be familiar to most persons who have had experience with horses. They have been related to me in great number by cattlemen in the Western States of America, and by Australians who have lived in the bush. A similar faculty is highly developed in dogs, cats, and other domestic animals. It has been proved not to be due to any conscious noting of landmarks, for animals have found their way back over immense distances, even when they have been sent on the outward journey in closed boxes.

It is interesting to note that this faculty of judging direction seems to bear no relation to the place of the animal in the general scale of intelligence. It is pos-

sessed to a considerable degree by dogs and cats; but it is possessed in a very high degree by seals, who find their way unerringly back every year to their rookeries from enormous distances to which they disperse in the open sea. It reaches an extremely high degree of perfection in migratory birds not otherwise noted for intelligence. Even animals low in the scale, like fish, find their way regularly for great distances to their spawning-grounds. A case is related of a snake, carried in a closed carriage from Madras to Pondicherry, a distance of 100 miles, which found its way back. The turtles which annually visit Ascension Island to deposit their eggs are another oft-quoted example of the perfection of this instinct. How these animals can find this comparatively small speck of land in the midst of a vast ocean is, with our present knowledge, unaccountable.

Possibly we have in man in this case also a suggestion of the survival in rudimentary form of a faculty far more highly developed in lower animals. Those used to the open life of the West have told me that many of those bred to it come to carry with them, even when out of sight of all landmarks, an overpowering instinct of direction. In the case of men this sense appears to work by a process of subconscious dead-reckoning in the mind; but in the case of animals it is doubtless often supplemented and directed by stimuli which do not reach our senses. The character or direction of the light, changes of temperature, nature of the wind, odors, emanations, or radiations which mean nothing to us, or which do not reach our senses at all, may profoundly influence animals whose safety or welfare for innumerable generations in the past has depended on correctly interpreting in action the message which they convey.

That the clue or explanation in all these cases of instinct is a comparatively simple one, if we only knew it, is, I think, highly probable. Recently, in South Africa, in discussing the scouting during the late war with one who had acted as a scout, I challenged a test. We were taken out on a dark, cloudy, and still night, turned round many times, and at last asked to point in the direction of the place whence we had started. My companion failed; I succeeded without hesitation, and I seemed to him for the time being to be endowed with a special and unaccountable sense of direction What I had done, however, was simply to experiment with a trick known to poachers and sportsmen in England. I had wetted my fingers, and, holding them up, was enabled to distinguish the direction of the very slight air current. My inexplicable gift was, in short, due to no more than the simple device which had rendered me, for a moment, extra sensitive to the direction of the wind.

However wonderful and however inexplicable animal instincts like the foregoing may be, they are not, I think, usually accompanied by the exercise of any high degree of intelligence. They represent rather the mechanism of mind in an early stage in the evolution of life. The instincts in question are always born with the animals; but what is inherited is not, as is sometimes imagined, knowledge or ideas; it is simply the physical organization, common to a whole species, adjusted, often with exquisite perfection, to respond more or less mechanically to stimuli related to the average welfare of the animal. Why the instinct often appears wonderful to us is that we do not possess the same organization, and that the stimuli to which it responds are therefore often beyond the reach of our own senses.

A more noteworthy class of instincts than these belong to a higher class. Most students of wild nature in northern Europe, Asia, or North America will have made the acquaintance of the wild duck from which our common domestic duck is descended. If this shy bird is surprised in the spring in sedge or reeds with her young, she possesses a peculiar habit which is interesting to watch, and about which Darwin and Romanes held some difference of opinion. I have many times witnessed the habit myself. If one comes on the mother bird in wading through the sedge, she first attempts to escape through the cover without attracting notice. As soon as the eye catches her, she is seen to be swimming rapidly in front, followed by the brood of ducklings, the latter packed together so closely that they seem to move through the water behind her like a solid bank of dark-brown

fur. The moment the mother duck perceives that she is seen, she springs clear out of the water. Not, however, to fly away; for, as you see, she falls back, painfully flapping a broken wing, and beating heavily about in her attempts to escape. The eye always momentarily loses sight of the young birds in following these movements, and the ducklings invariably have disappeared when it seeks them again. It is next to impossible to find them afterward, although they are never far off. As to the final scene, I quote my own words as I have used them elsewhere to describe it: "As you continue to move, you notice that the unusual exertion is having a wonderfully curative effect on the broken wing of the mother. She is already taking short flights with it, still occasionally flopping back heavily into the water. As you look she sits up and flaps both wings airily enough. Now she springs into the air and, wheeling several times nimbly overhead, actually takes her departure altogether, with a series of wild derisive quacks as a parting salute. You feel somehow as if you had not got the best of the encounter, and that you have been treated throughout as a creature of inferior intelligence."

Darwin, in explanation of this instinct in the wild duck, thought that it was impossible to conceive the mother bird as consciously imitating the actions of a wounded duck, for she, in the vast majority of cases, could never have seen such. The original groundwork of the habit he considered to have been such action as one sees in the common hen, which, when her chickens are approached by a stranger, rushes excitedly about with ruffled plumage and extended wings. Natural selection, he considered, had accumulated in the wild duck those variations of this habit in which the actions of a wounded bird were mimicked, until in time a fairly good imitation resulted. The instinct was, in short, an example of those more or less perfect but unconscious and mechanical adjustments to the conditions of existence that we have been already discussing. Romanes, however, went further than this; he agreed in the main with Darwin's view as to the origin of the instinct, but he held that direct intelligence in misleading an enemy now played a considerable part in the exercise of this peculiar habit on the part of the mother wild duck.

I am inclined to think that this view of Romanes is correct, and that there may be conscious, deliberate, and individual intention on the part of the mother to deceive, and so to adjust her actions as to cover the retreat of her young. Experiments which I have made since this article was begun with wild ducks which I have tamed, have, however, led me to think that there is a physical cause for the action, and that the conscious purpose may be only secondary. I have purposely chosen this example because it well illustrates the way in which an instinct of the lowest class merges into a higher order of intelligence. But I have also noticed it because it gives us a probable clue, to be referred to presently, as to the conditions favorable to the display of individual intelligence in animals in a large class of examples that attract attention.

As we rise in the scale of animal intelligence, there are two leading facts which have to be noticed. In the first place, it has to be observed that the organized mechanical response to stimuli which has been so far described, and which constitutes instinct in its lowest form, becomes replaced by something higher. We begin to have conscious intelligence in the individual initiating and directing action in such circumstances as may arise, and doing this with a growing perception of the relations between cause and effect. In the second place, it has to be remarked that zoölogical affinity does not indicate the line of this upward advance. The rat and the beaver, for instance, which furnish two of the most notable examples of animal intelligence, belong to a group comparatively low in the scale. The positions of the horse, the dog, the parrot, and even that of the elephant and the monkey, are similarly not clearly suggested by their structural affinities.

The conditions just referred to as favorable to the display of individual intelligence in animals are, I think, worthy of closer attention than they have hitherto received. Civilized man thinks so readily, and so easily, that we do not realize what a special and concentrated effort the mere rudiments of thought must imply in an animal. The expres-

sion of unutterable weariness which overspreads the faces of some savages when they are asked questions requiring a little mental effort has often been recorded by observers. How much more should we expect thought to require a supreme effort in an animal. In the valuable series of experiments recently conducted by L. T. Hobhouse, it is interesting to notice the efforts made to fix the attention of the animals, and how difficult it often was to retain it.

It may be observed that in most of the striking instances of individual intelligence that are from time to time recorded, there is a condition that is usually present. The circumstances are nearly always those in which some overpowering cause tends to concentrate the animal's mind on one subject. Among ourselves it is well known how such a condition stimulates thought. Every public speaker who has held a large audience knows how it tends to promote the flow of ideas. It is the explanation usually given to account for the results produced by hypnotic suggestion. In animals, in those cases of exceptional individual intelligence referred to, it may be noticed how often this condition prevails. Cats, birds, and almost all animals, may be noticed to exhibit, as in the case of the wild duck just mentioned, greatly quickened intelligence in their actions in supreme crises where the safety of their young is concerned. Similarly, in cases of extreme individual danger, or of great desire, we often get marked instances of animal intelligence. Where both these conditions are combined, as in the attitude of wolves, jackals, foxes, and other animals to traps, we get those surprising instances of intelligence which are recounted, and often received with incredulity, though they are probably in the great majority of cases quite true. Mr. Crehore, writing in "Nature" from Boston some years ago of the experience of professional trappers in northern Michigan, gave instances of foxes acting so intelligently in regard to the mechanism of the ordinary spring-trap that they consistently burrowed beneath the jaws so as to push down the pan from beneath, and thus spring the trap with safety.

Similarly, in cases of concentration of attention under the influence of stron emotional excitement, as when the anima is wounded, there is often evidence o great stimulation of intelligence. Me nault relates the case of an eagle caugh in a trap and afterward undergoing surgical operation. "Though his hea was left loose, he made no attempt to in terfere with the agonizing extraction o the splinters, or to disturb the arrange ments of the annoying bandages. H seemed really to understand the nature o the services rendered, and that they wer for his good." Most persons will hav had, some time or other, similar experi ences with cats or dogs, or in relievin animals caught in traps. Romanes quote a number of instances of elephants intel ligently submitting to surgical operations bracing themselves against pain and, i the words of the operators, behaving a if they understood the object of the acts Monkeys when wounded are almost hu man in their behavior.

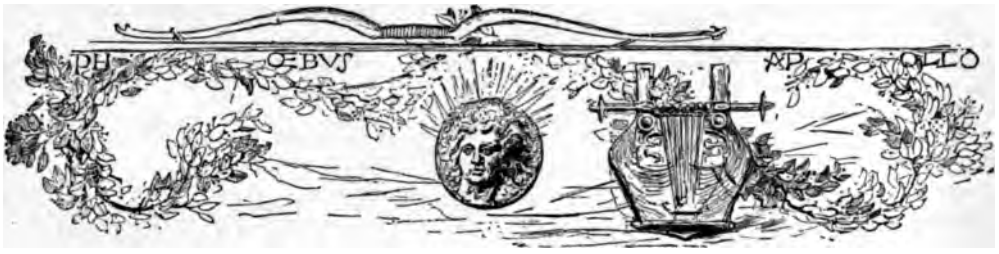
The impression left on the mind b long and close study of animal instinc and intelligence is apt to be differen from that which is popularly conceived When all due consideration is given t the powers possessed by the higher ani mals, one is, I think, impressed most i the end by the enormous interval of prog ress beyond this which the human min so evidently represents. When it is con sidered how naturally it comes to man t use tools, it seems matter for surprise no that we should occasionally see this fac ulty in animals, but rather that we shoul so rarely, even in the higher animals, se intelligence rise to this level. When w observe an elephant prepare a branch t switch off flies, or see a monkey use stick to rake in nuts, as in the exampl quoted at the beginning of this article we are much impressed. Yet how far off after all, do these efforts leave the anima mind! The monkey, although he rises t this level, will sit and warm himself at fire without ever grasping the relation ship between the fire and the fuel whic feeds it. He will be the intelligent com panion of man, and yet all his life neve reach the communionship of the most ele mentary forms of speech. An intelligen bird like the parrot, on the other hand will articulate human language perfectly and yet with no mind behind to furnis

the link between the spoken words and the ideas they represent.

The relationship between cause and effect appears to the human mind so self-evident that in certain systems of philosophy it is regarded as the most elementary and fundamental of all knowledge. Yet there is certainly no conception of it in the minds of most animals. The common domestic fowl will suffer the utmost inconvenience in tossing loose pieces of green food over her head in the endeavor to break off morsels small enough to swallow. After a time she learns by experience that pieces under her, upon which she happens to be standing, are conveniently fixed, and she will look for them there. Yet for two seasons in which I had a group of Buff Orpingtons under close and almost daily observation in relation to this fact, I never once, during the hundreds of times I witnessed the act, could be sure that I saw any of them connect the cause with the effect, and consciously grasp with her claw, or hold down in position, a piece of food. Green food did not grow in detached pieces in nature, and the automaton, adjusted to nature, contained, therefore, no response. Even where animals perform such acts with apparent intelligence, we never can be sure how far the result is due to inherited reflex action. We ourselves blink at a blow which threatens the eye, and duck our heads at the sound of shells; but we do so without any conscious intervention of mind reasoning from cause to effect. We do it because we have inherited the reflex which compels us to act thus in response to the necessary stimuli.

It is often asked, If the action of instinct is thus so automatic and often so perfect in nature, where does the higher function of mind come in? Let me give an example in reply. I have in my house at present a wasps' nest in being. Three fourths of the work of the insects during the season has been directed toward raising the large crop of queens and males which marks the end of the year. Every instinct of the nest has been for months adjusted to this social need. Yet what is the final result? The number of young queens in my nest is about 3000, there being almost as many males. As the number of wasps in the world does not presumably increase, and as such a nest is always begun in the spring by a single queen, it follows that for one male and fertile female to attain their perfect end, some 5998 must on the average perish and fail. Such is the stupendous cost of life before the epoch of mind.

It is for reasons like these that there is to be observed everywhere throughout life one definite upward line of development, namely, the rising curve which marks the ascent of mind. We marvel at the complexity and history of the single cell in which the individual life in the higher forms always begins, a speck of matter capable of transmitting all the features and potentialities of inheritance which separate the various forms of life and distinguish one individual from another. But who can estimate the almost inconceivable complexity of the inherited forces which organize, in a single lifetime, the few ounces of gray matter of the human brain? But yesterday the components were a handful of inert material, to-day they have become the physical basis of the supreme reasoning consciousness of man and all that it implies. It is only by the comparative study and analysis of animal instinct and animal intelligence that we begin to have some feeble idea of the cost of the process in evolution, and of the unfathomable epochs of development which separate such a result from the first beginnings of life. No one who has grasped in any real sense the significance of mind in the evolution of life can hold the belief that the cycle of the manifestations of it which we have begun to witness will ever cease, or that it is destined to be in any way bounded even by the life of the planet on which we live.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

MR. STEDMAN'S life was so generous in the giving of its very substance,—time and helpful sympathy,—to his fellow-craftsmen, individually and as a class, that his own artistic expression was less in quantity than it might otherwise have been. But who would desire to have different that career of unstinted kindness? And who that knew his private life would not wish to rejoice at the memory of this rare trait of generosity, and the heroism with which he met pain and misfortune, rather than make vain repinings at the diminished body of his literary accomplishment?

Yet Stedman's prose writings, and especially his three books of wise and sympathetic criticism,—all of which were published serially in this magazine,—his editing in collaboration of "The Library of American Literature" and of the writings of Poe; his work in the American and Victorian "Anthologies," and his poetry, are a record that is likely to be honored more and more as it is better studied and appreciated.

A poet is ranked by his best, and taking Stedman's most characteristic and best, we have a group of poems which deserve an even wider recognition than they have yet received. The waters of time dissolve all that is impermanent in a poet's expression; the rock of his true art remains. A strong poet's too imitative and less inspired verse will pass; but his genuinely artistic accomplishment will shine the clearer as time goes on.

Certain qualities of mellowness were rare in Stedman's verse; the intimate, poignant note he seldom struck. At times his poetry was more interesting as learned and brilliant exercise than as spontaneous lyrical expression; but in many a lyric the hardness became musical resonance, the art glistened and rang like some masterpiece of the molder's fashioning. There was a heroic beat in some of his songs and ballads that reminded one of Campbell's ringing verse, and some of his poetry, like the Ossawatomie trumpet-blast, the poems on Cuba and Crete, and "Wanted—a Man," had a strikingly prophetic strain. Again, his verse reminiscent of old Dutch New York, and poems like "Pan in Wall Street," have a gaiety, and sometimes a playful tenderness, that will make them permanently cherished.

He remained to the end as true a child of New England as he was a loyal citizen of the rushing city of his adoption, and his New England poems are touched with affectionate enthusiasm. Such pieces as "The Doorstep" and "Country Sleighing" are proofs at hand, and along with his poem of the plague-ship, "Spoken at Sea," "The Old Admiral," the cavalry song in "Alice of Monmouth," and "Morgan the Buccaneer," are marked by a masterly and virile lyricism. "The Hand of Lincoln," a later poem, has had no little vogue, and is sure to become a classic in American literature. Some of his songs and early ballads are also widely bruited, but when one remembers the immediate fame of "The Diamond Wedding" and "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry,"—poems of the period before the Civil War,—one wonders whether it was not true of him that the higher his standing as a poet, the less

popular his reputation. Perhaps this only means that his later poems were, because of a less dramatic period, not of the sort to "take the town."

To remind the reader of a poet's best expression is the most grateful task of criticism. In accordance with this we cannot refrain from printing here the first and the last stanzas of "Country Sleighing," whose leaping cadences, when once known, are unforgettable:

In January, when down the dairy
The cream and clabber freeze,
When snow-drifts cover the fences over,
We farmers take our ease.
At night we rig the team,
And bring the cutter out;
Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,
And heap the furs about.

* * * * *

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow,
And swiftly homeward glide.
What midnight splendor! how warm and tender
The maiden by your side!
The sleighs drop far apart,
Her words are soft and low;
Now, if you love her, love her, love her,
'T is safe to tell her so.

And here are, too, the first and last stanzas of "Spoken at Sea—The Log-book of the Steamship Virginia":

Twelve hundred miles and more
From the stormy English shore,
All aright, the seventh night,
On her course our vessel bore.
Her lantern shone ahead,
And the green lamp and the red
To starboard and to larboard
Shot their light.

* * * * *

"Yet that you all may know
Who is't that hailed you so,
(Slow he saith, and under breath,)
I leave my sign below!"
Then from our crowded hold
A dreadful cry uprolled,
Unbroken, and the token,—
It was Death.

We quote next the first and the closing stanzas of "The Hand of Lincoln":

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold:
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,—how large of mould

* * * * *

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

Taylor, Stoddard, Aldrich, Stedman—chief figures in the second group of American poets—have all passed to the unseen. Among them none stood more strenuously for the purity of his art and the dignity of the profession of letters, than he who was the last to go. To those writers who for these many years have had the habit of turning to him for counsel, who have been helped by his discriminating and encouraging criticism, who have worked with him in movements for the interest and honor of literature, who have been witnesses of his devotion and his heroic endurance, Edmund Clarence Stedman will be a name of beautiful and inspiring memory.

His life was generous as his life was long,
Filled to the brim with friendship and with song.

THE PATRIOTISM OF A USEFUL LIFE

APROPOS OF THE SERVICES TO AMERICA OF STEDMAN AND MACDOWELL

ONE does not magnify the office of the literary or the musical profession in maintaining that the death of Edmund Clarence Stedman and, five days later, that of Edward MacDowell constitute, each by itself, a national loss. Aside from their creative work, each gave to Bacon's saying, "I hold every man a debtor to his profession," a more than faithful, rather a knightly, interpretation, and showed a devoted and serious sense of the value of his art to the higher development of his country. Each was an exemplar of the artist who lives not for himself, but for his craft, and while there are many others, bred in the same lofty traditions of service, who may be relied upon to give themselves generously to the still formative work of creating and enlarging intelligent literary and musical opinion, the accomplishment of these two men cannot be duplicated. Both have

given momentum to influences of great public value.

Stedman's criticisms and anthologies, both of British and American poetry, have not only the comprehensiveness of an orderly and scholarly mind, to whom method was efficiency, but, what is rare in combination, have the constant sense of poetic values. In this part of his work he has set a high standard and laid broad and deep the foundations for critical study of American poetry. A poet himself, his judgment was always marked by sympathy and constructiveness. He hailed new poets with gladness, and went out of his way to give them stimulating appreciation or helpful admonition.

Lovers of literature everywhere sought his advice. Thousands, including many who had no claim upon him, correspondents in every part of the country, can bear witness to his scrupulous and generous attention. No one who asked him for bread ever received a stone. He was

> the kindest man,
> The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
> In doing courtesies.

In this way as well as by his publications he disseminated among the writing fraternity a sense of the dignity of letters and of the principles of the craft.

In other ways he showed his regard for literature as a cause. As President of the American Copyright League, in succession to Lowell, he continued to his death his uninterrupted efforts to buttress the rights of intellectual property. As Chairman of the American Committee of the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome, he gave wise counsel and enthusiastic interest to that project to spread the love of English poetry by giving honor, in that Anglo-Saxon center, to the two poets, to whose influence he felt himself, in common with the intellectual world, deeply indebted. As member. and for two years President, of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, he threw himself at seventy with the freshness of youth into this promising movement to federate men of the various arts in fellowship and public service, for he foresaw the possibilities of influence that such concentration would give to the interests of culture, which, with the spread of wealth, there is such crying need to promote among us.

MacDowell, though personally a man of less experience of the world than Stedman, was yet, and perhaps all the more for that reason, deeply interested in the popularization of music in America—desiring for it the widest scope of happy influence upon our national life. The charge of narrowness, brought with more or less pertinence against composers, he would meet not by compromises with material things, but by a coördination of the arts, so that the creative artist may

> Stand four-square to every wind that blows.

He was therefore deeply interested in the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and his own plans have fortunately taken practical shape in the MacDowell Association. Like Stedman, his intellectual product comprises much of national flavor, and, like the distinguished poet, the distinguished composer was the untiring friend of his fellow-craftsmen, sacrificing himself daily to the advancement of others. His beautiful spirit, no less than his noble music, is a part of the national heritage. The "Integer Vitæ" was never more appropriately sung than at his funeral.

We hear much in criticism of the aloofness of the artist—much in derogation of him as a "gentle hermit." But are not such men, unselfishly working for the good of the nation—for the dignity and usefulness of their art—entitled to be ranked among the patriots whom we should honor ourselves and teach our children to honor?

OPEN LETTERS

Henry Brown Fuller

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

MR. HENRY BROWN FULLER, whose picture the "Triumph of Truth over Error" is reproduced on page 850, was born at Deerfield in 1867. He is the son of the distinguished painter George Fuller. At nineteen he entered the Cowles Art School in Boston, where he received his first training under Dennis M. Bunker. In 1888-89 he studied at the Art Students League in New York, and then went to Paris, where he worked under Raphael Collin.

It will be remembered that it was not until after he had reached middle life that the elder Fuller's fame as a painter began; therefore it is not surprising that his son did not at once discover that form of art through which his individual artistic gift has found its best expression.

The "Triumph of Truth over Error" may, in a legitimate sense, be said to follow in the train of that series of ideal figure pictures through which Mr. Fuller has gradually become known — "The Mother and Child," presented by Mr. Evans to the Smithsonian Institution, "Illusions" (which received a medal at the Pan-American Exposition, and through which Mr. Fuller became an Associate of the National Academy), "The Fates," and others. But in the picture under consideration one sees the full stature of the artist: there is in it a stronger note and a more vivid color.

In color the picture is striking. The outer draperies of the figure of Truth are an intense red, and the white radiance of the figure itself triumphs over the sinister blackness of Error and the somber clouds below, as if Truth had vanquished not only the embodiment of darkness, but Night itself.

Frances Duncan.

A Painter as Sculptor

"GREEK SCIENCE" BY MR. KENYON COX

(SEE PAGE 895)

ALTHOUGH the appointment of Mr. Kenyon Cox as Professor of Painting at Columbia University, following upon the successful completion of his statue, entitled "Greek Science," for the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, would seem to involve a contradiction, such is not the case. Mr. Cox is by no means the only contemporary modern painter to essay sculpture with credit to himself, the late President of the Royal Academy, Lord Leighton, as well as George Frederick Watts and the Frenchman, Gérôme, having each revealed a highly developed sense of plastic form. It remained, however, for Mr. Daniel C. French to disclose Mr. Cox's undoubted talent for the round, and it was through Mr. French that the new painter-sculptor received the commission to execute the statue, the detailed model for which is shown in this number of THE CENTURY. The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, having intrusted to Mr. French the work of providing for its new building some thirty statues to stand against the pilasters on the attic story, with the understanding that the figures were to be made under his personal direction by other sculptors, offered Mr. Cox the opportunity to make one of them. True to expectations, Mr. Cox's first design was approved, and the completed model, the height of which is three feet, was at once accepted by the Park Commissioners, the Trustees of the Institute, and the architects in charge of the building, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. The statues will probably be put in position early in 1909, and it is interesting to know that Mr. French regards this particular model, because of its plastic dignity and general fitness, as thoroughly vindicating his choice of Mr. Cox as a sculptor.

Christian Brinton.

Frances Houston's Portrait of Ethel Barrymore

THE portrait of Miss Barrymore on page 933 was painted by Mrs. Houston during the summer of 1906. Unfortunately, it is the artist's last work, as she died in October of that year.

The two qualities that gave distinction to Mrs. Houston's work were undoubtedly her sense of style and her sense of beauty. Frances C. Lyon was born in Michigan, studied in Paris, came back to Boston, where she married, and the remainder of her life was divided between that city and her summer home in New Hampshire. She worked quietly, satisfied with the joy of creating many forms of beauty in pottery, goldsmith's work, and gardening, in which branches of art she was also an adept.

Mrs. Houston's canvases have great technical value, as this charming portrait shows, and its publication may call attention to the importance of contemporary art in America.

T. W. Dewing.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Ten Lads of Erin

THEY were ten hearty lads from green Erin just over,
And all the ten coats of them buttoned behind;
And they strolled the wide meadows of herd's-grass and clover,
Intent on whatever of fun they could find.

A broad field of flax with the sun on it glistening
Stretched out like a bay that is full to the brim;
Said one of the ten to the nine of them listening:
"'T is American wather; let 's in for a shwim."

Then off came the shoes and the corduroy breeches,
And off came the coats from the ten brawny backs,
And freed from the hindrance of buttons and stitches,
The whole bully lot of them plunged in the flax.

The way that they floundered and dived, it was glorious!
And when in their clothes they at last did appear,
Said one of the lads in a whisper stentorious:
"Shtan' up, till I count if the tin are all here."

The show that they made did old Erin the honor
When they straightened their shoulders and waited in line,
But the one who was counting said, "Faix, there 's a gòner,
Wid all of my countin' I make only nine."

They cried in confusion, "Bad cess to the day for us!"
Till one, and his two eyes were brighter than coals,
Said, "B'ys, here 's a foine little puddle of clay for us,
Let 's shtick in our noses and reckon the holes."

When their noses came out with the mud to them clinging,
And the little round holes in the puddle they saw,
They kicked out a jig to the tune of their singing,
And shouted, "There 's tin of us! Erin go braugh!"

Florence J. Boyce.

Drawn by Charles Nuttall

THE DAILY REMINDER

To jog the memory of the husband whose wife is visiting her mama.

Drawn by Mark Henderson

NOT SO WONDERFUL

FARMER BURDOCK: Remarkable mem'ries these waiters has. That feller did n't give me no check, an' yet he hands out my hat an' umbrellar without even hesitatin'.

De New Pickaninny

COME heah, Remus, Jaspeh, Jawn,
Belinda, Lu, Mariah;
Luk heah what Ah foun' dis mawn
By de chimly fiah.
Heahd de sof'est kind ob cries,
Fished him from de ashes;
Li'l' brown cheeks en china eyes,
Hid in silky lashes.

Hi-low! Bi-low!
Nuddeh gif' f'om heaben;
Ten pickaninnies on de flo' –
Make room foh eleben.

Dess a teensy-weensy slip
Bundled in his cradle;
Sweeteh den de honey-drip
Or de 'lasses ladle.
How 'd he git heah? Listen, true,
When you all was sleepin'
Blackbuhd dropped him down de flue
While de moon was peepin'.

Hi-low! Bi-low!
Nuddeh gif' f'om heaben;
Ten pickaninnies on de flo' –
Make room foh eleben.

Victor A. Hermann.

Esperanto

ESPERANTO? Do I like it? Well, I guess
I do, by Jingo!
Every time I chance to strike it, seems a very
useful lingo.
'T is the very cream of jargons, when you get
its phrases handy,
And for family confidences it 's a perfect
Jacob dandy.

If there 's something I 'd be telling to my
wifey at the table
That would rouse a perfect bedlam, not to
say a second Babel,
'Mongst the children, I just put it in the soft
and winning phrases
That my grasp of Esperanto at my sure
disposal places.

When our cook got rather lively, and was
working up a riot,
Till we thought sixteen policemen we should
need to keep her quiet,
Just ten words in Esperanto sent her flying
through the windy,
For she thought that I was crazy and was
looking for a shindy.

Then I find it very useful when the telephone
gets phony,
And I want to use expressions rather forcible
than tony.
I invite the operator to depart at once for
Hades;
And when spoke in Esperanto, you can say
it to the ladies.

Then it goes, oh, simply bully! when I 'm
sitting at a smoker,
And become the steady target of some
over-witty joker.
If my repartee is dormant, and my ready wit
is thinnish,
Why, a flick of Esperanto gives the merry
lad his finish.

Most of all I find it useful in my efforts
literary,
For of late ideas are skittish and are more
than passing wary;
So instead of writing verses of my own, I 'm
putting Dante,
Shakspere, Pope, and Mr. Milton into fluent
Esperanty.

I am doing James's novels, - and I tell you it
is deuced-
Ly delightful for to read them in that
language clear and lucid.
I 'm re-writing Ade and Dooley, and the
essays of Macaulay—
Mr. M. in Esperanto trips along quite
Bernard-Shawly.

History and tales and novels, realistic and
romantic,
Nature-fakes and little papers, *con amore* or
pedantic,
Makes no difference what the form is, simple
paragraph or canto,
Everything takes on new beauties when
embalmed in Esperanto.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Too Sure, Perhaps

In the old Puritanic times,
First in his sect and section,
Lived Ira Holt, who held most dear
The doctrine of election.
Each day he praised the Lord anew
For wise and gracious favor;
The thought that myriads shared it not
Gave gratitude a flavor.
Sweetly submissive to his creed—
Sure of his own salvation—
He mourned not that the non-elect
Must undergo cremation.
One day when Polly, Ira's niece,
Was serving him at dinner
And he was busy with his beef,
She thought—the guileless sinner!—
That she would have a word to say
Upon his chosen tenet;
So while he reveled in his meat,
She, turning, from a rennet,
Stopped short, and questioned Ira thus:
"Now, uncle, *are* you *certain*
That you are one of God's elect?"
And pretty Polly Curtin
Looked straight into her uncle's face.
He, meantime, far from folly,
While cutting up his beef in squares,
Glanced solemnly at Polly.
"Why, my dear niece, of course I am."
And taking up securely
A precious morsel on his fork,
He said, "Yes, just as surely
As this will go into my mouth,
So sure is my election."
Just then the titbit, by some chance,
Slid in the wrong direction,
And, lo! old Nick, the household dog,
Sleek in his coat of sable,
With upturned and wide-open jaws,
Gulped down what dropped from table.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Drawn by Horace Taylor

"AND, LO! OLD NICK, THE HOUSEHOLD DOG"

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